

COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue,  
With vigour arise,  
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth,  
Though wandering on earth,  
This is not our place;  
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 The Saviour did call,  
We gave up our all;  
And still we forgo  
For Jesus' dear sake our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find  
For the country behind;  
But onward we move,  
And still we are seeking a country above:

5 A country of joy,  
And free from alloy,  
We thither repair:  
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

6 The rougher our way,  
The shorter our stay;  
The tempests that rise  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*