

**L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
Of all who travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,  
Who would on Thee alone rely;  
On Thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place;  
We hasten through this vale of woe,  
And, restless to behold Thy face,  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,  
But seek a city out of sight;  
Thither our steady course we steer,  
Aspiring to the plains of light,  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Raised by the breath of love divine,  
We tread the way the saints have trod;  
The Church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God;  
With joy upon our heads, arise  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*