





I long to behold Him arrayed With glory and light from above, The King in his beauty displayed, His beauty of holiest love: I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his abode; O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!

With him I on Zion shall stand, (For Jesus hath spoken the word) The breadth of Immanuel's land Survey by the light of my Lord; But when, on thy bosom reclined, Thy face I am strengthened to see, My fulness of rapture I find, My heaven of heavens, in thee.

How happy the people that dwell Secure in the city above! No pain the inhabitants feel, No sickness or sorrow shall prove! Physician of souls, unto me Forgiveness and holiness give; And then from the body set free, And then to the city receive.

Charles Wesley