Come away to the skies, my beloved





Come away to the skies, my belovèd, arise And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day, come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.

Now with singing and praise let us spend all the days By our heavenly Father bestowed, While His grace we receive from His bounty, and live To the honor and glory of God!

For the glory we were first created to share, Both the nature and kingdom divine, Now created again that our lives may remain Throughout time and eternity Thine.

We with thanks do approve the design Of that love that hath joined us to Jesus' Name; Now united in heart, let us never more part, Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

Hallelujah! we sing to our Father and King, And His rapturous praises repeat: To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again! Sing all Heaven and fall at His feet!

Charles Wesley