Hermon C. M.

1. How happy ev'ry child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven;

2. O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,

3. O, would He more of heav'n bestow,
And let the vessels break,

This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heav'n;

We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And anticipate that day:

And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;

A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see;

We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,

In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,

The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heav'n prepared for me.

And with His glorious presence here
Our earth-en vessels filled.

And shout, and wonder at His grace,
To all eternity!

Words: Charles Wesley
Music: Rev. John P. McFerrin