Hermon C. M.

1. How happy ev'ry child of grace Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n;
A country far from mortal sight;—Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heav'n prepared for me.

2. O what a blessed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs, And anticipate that day;
We feel the resurrection near, Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here Our earthly vessels filled.

3. O, would He more of heav'n bestow, And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go, To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me,
And shout, and wonder at His grace, To all eternity!