

1. And let this fee-ble bo-dy fail, And let it faint or die; } Shall join the dis-em-bo-died saints, And find its long-sought rest,
My soul shall quit this mourn-ful vale, and soar to worlds on high;

2. In hope of that im-mor-tal crown, I now the cross sus-tain; } I'll suf-fer on my three-score years, Till my de-liv-'rer come,
And glad-ly wan-der up and down; And smile at toil and pain;

3. Oh! what hath Je-sus bought for me! Be-fore my ra-vish'd eyes } I see a world of spir-its bright, Who taste their plea-sures there-
Riv-ers of life di-vine I see, And trees of Par-a-dise;

(That on-ly bliss for which it pants,) In my Re-deem-er's breast.

And wipe a-way his ser-vant's tears, And take this ex-ile home.

They all are robed in spot-less white, And conq'ring palms they bear.