

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri-fles with me now is o'er; A coun-try I've found where true joys a-bound,

2. The souls that be-lieve, in glo-ry shall live, And me in that num-ber will Je-sus re-ceive; My soul don't de-lay, he calls thee a-way,

3. No mor-tal doth know what he can be-stow, What light, strength and comfort—go af-ter him, go? Lo! on-ward I move t'a ci-ty a-bove,

4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin, 'Midst out-ward af-flic-tion shall feel Christ with-in; And when I'm to die, re-ceive me I'll cry,

To dwell I'm de-ter-mined on that hap-py ground.

Rise, fol-low thy Sa-vior, and bles this glad day.

None guess-es how wondrous my journey will prove.

For Je-sus hath loved me I can-not tell why.