

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er; A country I've found where true joys abound,

2. The souls that believe, in glory shall live, And me in that number will Jesus receive; My soul don't delay, he calls thee away,

3. No mortal doth know what he can bestow, What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go? Lo! onward I move to a city above,

4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin, 'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within; And when I'm to die, receive me I'll cry,

To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless this glad day.

None guess-es how wondrous my journey will prove.

For Jesus hath loved me I cannot tell why.