

AND though our bodies part,  
To distant lands repair;  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.

- 2 O, let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below;  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To farther conquests go!
- 3 The vineyard of their Lord  
Before His labourers lies;  
And lo! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies . . .
- 4 Where all our toils are o'er  
Our suffering and our pain!  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.
- 5 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.
- 6 The Church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
And, crowned with endless joy, return  
To our eternal rest.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*