

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
March on with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
We'll gladly fulfil,
Our talents improve,
By patience of hope, and by labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream:
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone:
The ultimate year
Rushes into our view, and eternity's here!

5 May each in that Day
Be able to say,
'I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.'

6 May each from the Lord
Receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy, and sit down by My throne.'

Charles Wesley, 1707-88