

Hymn of Eve

(Uxbridge)

Charles Wesley
8.8.8.8. D.

ARNE'S *Death of Abel*, 1755

1. A way with our sor-row and fear! We soon shall re-co-ver our home,
2. Our mourn-ing is all at an end, When, raised by the life-gi-ving word,
3. By faith we al-rea-dy be-hold That love-ly Je-ru-sa-lem here:
4. No need of the sun in that day, Which ne-ver is fol-lowed by night,

The ci-ti of saints shall ap-pear The day of e-ter-ni-ty come:
We see the new ci-ti de-scend, A-dorned as a bride for her Lord;
Her walls are of jas-per and gold, As cry-stal her build-ings are clear:
Where Je-sus's beau-ties dis-play A pure and a per-ma-nent light:

From earth we shall quick-ly re-move, And mount to our na-tive a-bode,
The ci-ti so ho-ly and clean, No sor-row can breathe in the air;
Im-mov-ab-ly found-ed in grace, She stands as she e-ver hath stood,
The Lamb is their light and their Sun, And lo, by re-flec-tion they shine,

The house of our Fa-ther a-bove, The pa-lace of an-gels and God.
No gloom of af-flic-tion or sin, No sha-dow of e-vil is there.
And bright-ly her Build-er dis-plays, And flames with the glo-ry of God.
With Je-sus in-ef-fa-bly one, And bright in ef-ful-gence di-vine.