

# How Happy Every Child of Grace

Words: Charles Wesley, (1707-1788), ("The Hope of Heaven")

Music: Early American melody

Verse 1:

C                      F              C                                      G  
How happy every child of grace, who knows his sins for-giv'n!  
C                                      F              C                                      C  
This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n!  
                                    G              F                                      C                      G  
A country far from mor-tal sight, yet O! by faith I see  
C                                      F              C                                      G              C  
The land of rest, the saints' de-light, the heaven pre-pared for me.

Verse 2:

A stranger in the world below, I calmly sojourn here;  
Nor can its happiness or woe provoke my hope or fear:  
Its evils in a moment end, its joys as soon are past;  
But O! the bliss to which I tend eternally shall last.

Verse 3:

O what a blessed hope is ours, while here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers, and antedate that day:  
We feel the resurrection near, our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here His life in us revealed.