

How Happy Every Child of Grace,

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: Early American

1. How hap - py eve - ry child of grace, who knows his sins for -
2. A stran - ger in the world be - low, I calm - ly so - journ
3. O what a bless - ed hope is ours, while here on earth we

- giv'n! This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in
here; Nor can its hap - pi - ness or woe, pro - voke my hope or
stay, We more than taste the heav'n - ly pow'rs, and an - te - date that

heav'n! A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, yet O! by faith I see The
fear: Its e - vils in a mo - ment end, its joys as soon are past; But
day: We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, our life in Christ con - cealed, And

land of rest, the saints' de - light, the heav'n pre - pared for me.
O! the bliss to which I tend e - ter - nal - ly shall last.
with his glor - ious pres - ence here His life in us re - vealed.