

Thessalonica



We know, by faith we know, If this vile house of clay, This tabernacle, sink below In ruinous decay, We have a house above, Not made with mortal hands; And firm, as our Redeemer's love, That heavenly fabric stands.

It stands securely high, Indissolubly sure; Our glorious mansion in the sky Shall evermore endure: O were we entered there, To perfect heaven restored! O were we all caught up to share The triumph of our Lord!

O let us put on thee In perfect holiness, And rise prepared thy face to see, Thy bright, unclouded face! Thy grace with glory crown, Who hast the earnest given, And now triumphantly come down, And take our souls to heaven!

Charles Wesley