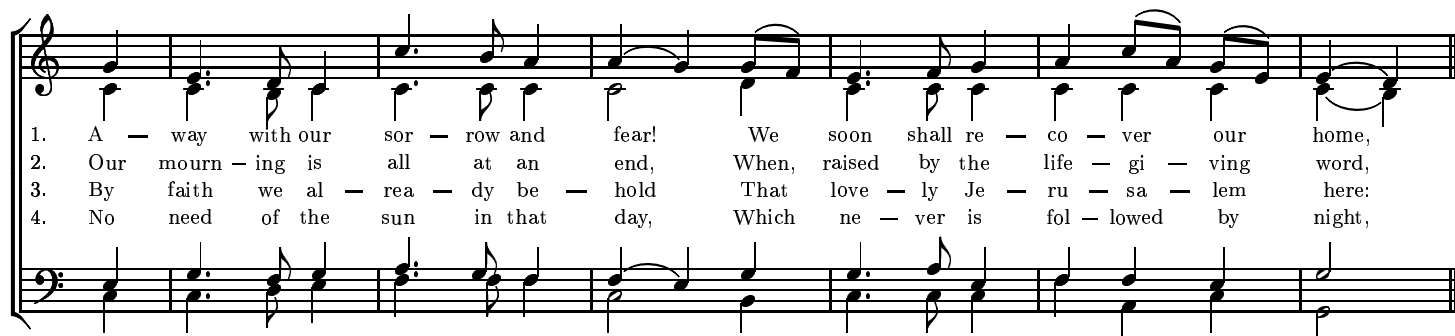


Hymn of Eve

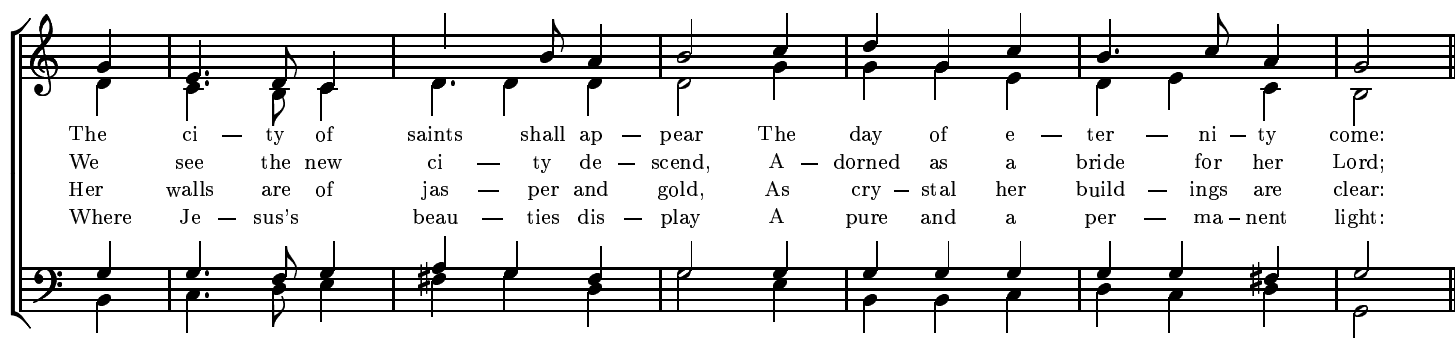
(Uxbridge)

Charles Wesley
8.8.8.8. D.

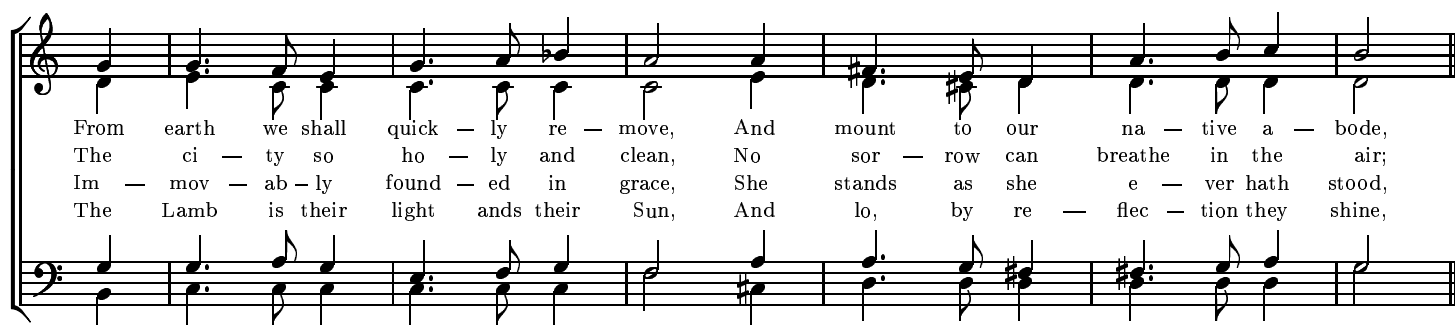
ARNE'S *Death of Abel*, 1755



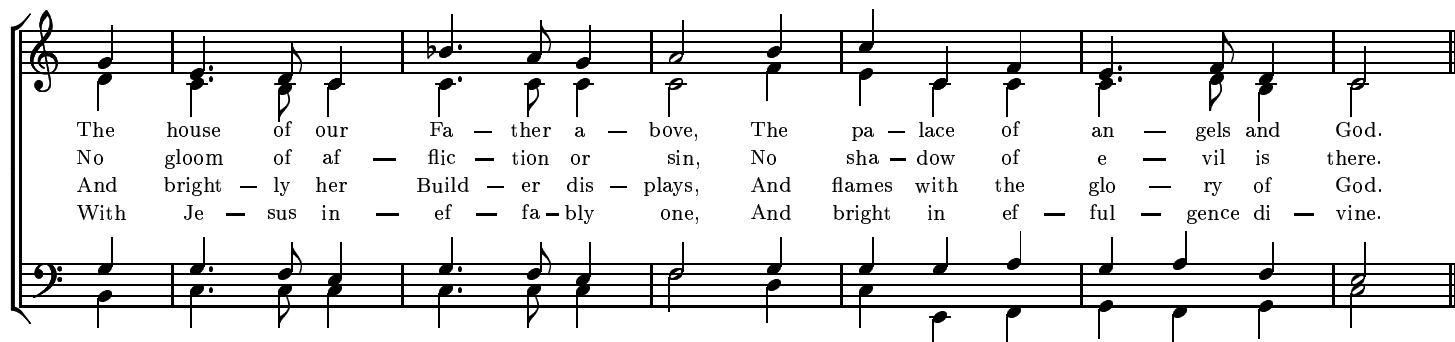
1. A — way with our sor — row and fear! We soon shall re — co — ver our home,
2. Our mourn — ing is all at an end, When, raised by the life — gi — ving word,
3. By faith we al — rea — dy be — hold That love — ly Je — ru — sa — lem here:
4. No need of the sun in that day, Which ne — ver is fol — lowed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



The ci — ty of saints shall ap — pear The day of e — ter — ni — ty come:
We see the new ci — ty 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 — ty 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.