

How happy, gracious Lord, are we

Charles Wesley

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How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are,
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved, below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise:
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

With all who chant thy Name on high,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
(A bright harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.