

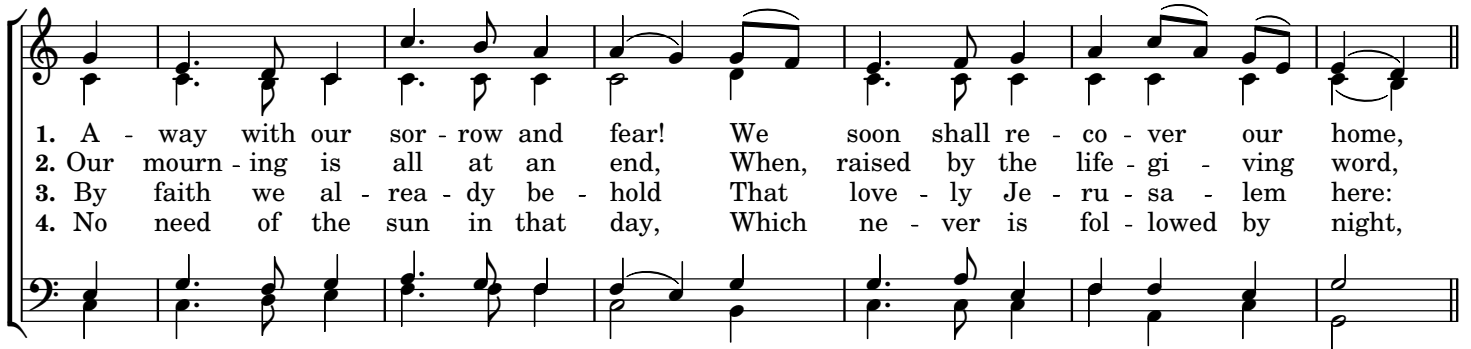
# Hymn of Eve

(Uxbridge)

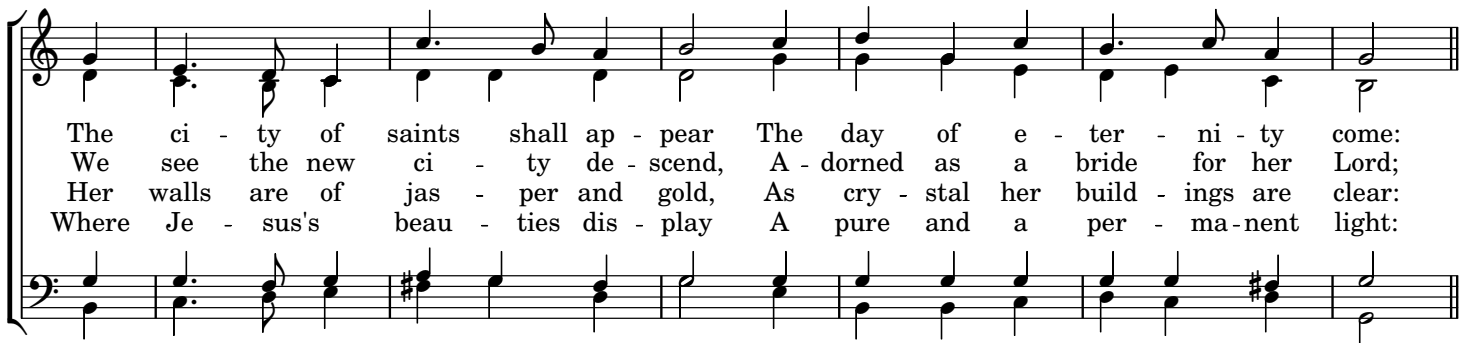
Charles Wesley

Arne's *Death of Abel*, 1755

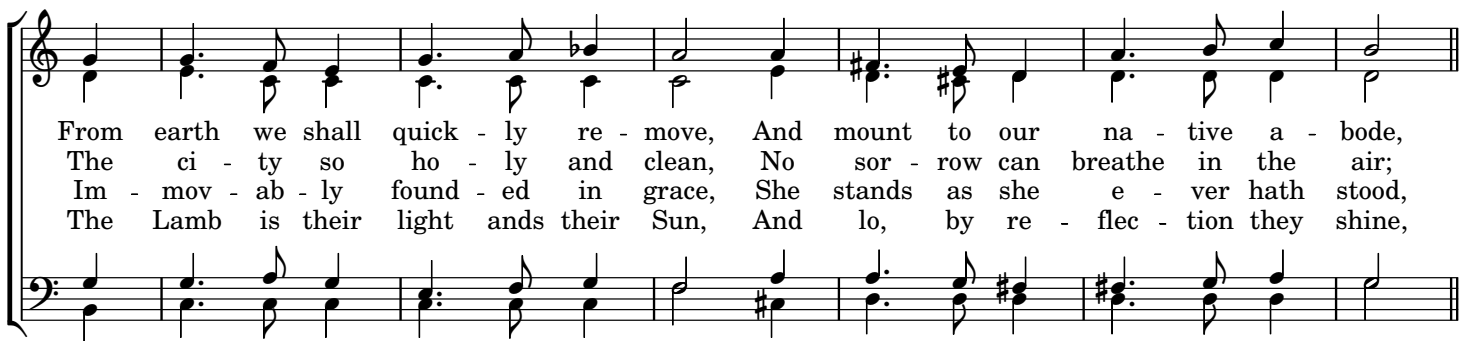
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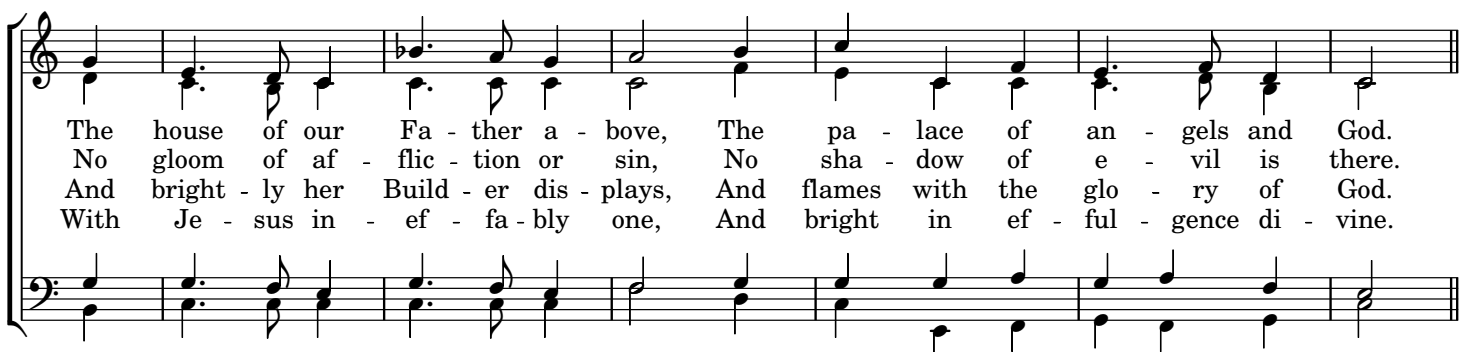
1. A - way with our sor - row and fear! We soon shall re - co - ver our home,  
2. Our mourn - ing is all at an end, When, raised by the life - gi - ving word,  
3. By faith we al - rea - dy be - hold That love - ly Je - ru - sa - lem here:  
4. No need of the sun in that day, Which ne - ver is fol -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