







- 2. This gay and busy world would strive my footsteps to detain, but every pleasure she can give is transient, hurtful, vain.
- 3. Her pomp and show, her toil and care, and all she sets to view, serve but to dazzle and ensnare those who such baits pursue.
- 4. She once beguiled my erring feet, her flowery paths to tread; but disappointment and regret my weary search repaid.
- 5. Oh, there's a different world above, on which I fix my eye, a world of happiness and love, of truth and purity.
- 6. Admitted there I fain would be, thither my steps I turn; e'en now far off its light I see, its glories I discern.
- 7. E'en now I almost seem to hear the voice of many a saint, once loved on earth, rejoicing there in bliss no words can paint.

- 8. And thus with one accord the cry,
 "Oh, linger not below!
 Turn from that world thine heart and eye,
 if thou our bliss wouldst know.
- 9. With us thou soon shalt strike thy lyre, and chant Emmanuel's grace, with countless hosts his love admire, and see him face to face."
- 10. Then once again, vain world, to thee I bid a long farewell;thou hast no ties, no charms for me, to tempt me here to dwell.
- 11. Saviour, the Lord of worlds above, King of the land I seek, support me by thy strengthening love, though fearful, faint, and weak.
- 12. Prepare me for that blissful home, where all thy children meet; then not the terrors of the tomb shall keep me from thy feet.

Words: Charlotte Elliott. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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