

Charles Wesley

1. He's gone! the spot-less soul is gone Tri - um-phant to his place a - bove;
The pris - on walls are bro-ken down, The an-gels speed his swift re-move; And, shout-ing, on their wings he flies, And gains his rest in

2. Saved by the mer - it of his Lord, Glo - ry and praise to Christ he gives;
Yet still his mer - ci - ful re - ward Ac - cord-ing to his works re-ceives; And with the seed he sowed be - low, His bliss e - ter-nal-

par - a - dise. Ho-san-na: ho - san - na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry, glo-ry let us sing! Grate-ful hon-ors to our King,

ly shall grow. Ho-san-na: ho - san - na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry, glo-ry let us sing! Grate-ful hon-ors to our King,

Charles Wesley wrote hymns on the death of friends or prominent members of the Methodist movement, publishing these in *Funeral Hymns* (first in 1746 and in several later editions). This hymn was written to commemorate the death of the Rev. James Hervey on December 25, 1758.