

Children of the heavenly King, as ye journey, sweetly sing; sing your Saviour's worthy praise, glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God in the way the fathers trod; they are happy now, and we soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light! Sion's city is in sight; there our endless home shall be, there our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren! joyful stand on the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obedient we would go, gladly leaving all below; only thou our leader be, and we still will follow thee.

Words: John Cennick (1718-1755)

Music: Melody and most of the harmony by Benjamin Milgrove (1731-1810)