1. Come, let us a-new our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear.
2. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream Glide swift-ly a-way, And the fu-gi-tive mo-ment re-fus-es to stay; fought my way thru; I have fin-ished the work thou didst give me to do.”
3. Oh, that each in the day of His com-ing may say, “I have His a-dor-a-ble will let us glad-ly ful-fill, And our tal-ents im-prove By the pa-tience of hope and the la-bor of love, For the ar-row is flown and the mo-ments are gone. The mil-Oh, that each from His Lord may re-ci-eve the glad word: “Well and len-ni-al year Press-es on to our view, and e-ten- ni-ty’s here, faith-ful-ly done; En-ter in-to my joy and sit down on my throne;
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
Presses on to our view, and eternity's here.
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788
Music: Attr. to James Lucas, b. 1726

2 Timothy 4:7–8
Matthew 25:21 (14–30)