1. Ye simple souls who stray
   Far from the path of peace,
2. Madness and misery
   Ye count our life beneath,
3. Riches unsearchable
   In Jesus' love we know,
4. With him we walk in white;
   We in his image shine;

That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and death.
And not the great or good can see
Or glorious way.
And pleasures springing from the well
Of life our soul.
Our robes are robes of glorious light, Our righteous
hapiness, Why will ye folly love,
in our death. But thru the Holy Ghost
souls o'er flow. As we seek heav'nly bliss,
ness di vine. On all the kings of earth

And throng the downward road, And hate the wisdom
We witness better things, For he whose blood is
Angels our steps attend, And God himself our
With pity we look down And claim, in virtue
from above, And mock the sons of God?
all our boast Has made us priests and kings.
Father is, And Jesus is our Friend.
of our birth, A never-fading crown.

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788, adapted
Music: Evan Stephens, 1854–1930

Alma 5:37–38
Revelation 1:5–6