

## *Collection of Psalms and Hymns – Charles Wesley Verse (1741)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #44]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

In January 1741 John Wesley issued his third offering with the title *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. Nearly two-thirds of the items in this offering were drawn from the earlier works: forty-four selections from *CPH* (1737), 50 selections from *CPH* (1738).

This is the first volume in this series that Wesley issued with explicit claim of being the editor. He was clearly the one responsible both for selecting from the earlier editions and for gathering the new material that comprises the remaining third of this volume. As in the earlier works, Wesley turned to other authors for the majority of the sixty new items included. He drew at least forty-five of these new hymns and psalms from published sources.

This leaves fifteen new items in this collection which *may* be the first inclusion in the *CPH* series of original work by John or Charles Wesley. As with *HSP* (1739), this is a bit uncertain because John occasionally fails to identify the source when drawing on other writers. We have tried to exclude below all items by other writers, but a few may remain unidentified.

Since we have excluded translations, Charles Wesley would be the presumed author of most of the works below, as explained in the introduction to *HSP* (1739).

A complete text of *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1741) can be found on this website in the subsection devoted to John Wesley's collections of hymns.

### **Editions:**

John Wesley. *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. London: Strahan, 1741.

John & Charles Wesley. *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. 2<sup>nd</sup> edn., enlarged. London: Strahan, 1743.

3<sup>rd</sup> London: Strahan, 1744.

4<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Farley, 1748.

5<sup>th</sup> London: Cock, 1751.

6<sup>th</sup> London, 1756.

5<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Grabham, 1760.

6<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1762.

7<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1765.

8<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1771.

8<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1773.

9<sup>th</sup> London: Hawes, 1776.

10<sup>th</sup> London: Hawes, 1779.

11<sup>th</sup> London: New Chapel, 1789.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: August 24, 2008.

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[giving only items *likely* by Charles Wesley]

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**God's Love and Power.**

- 1 I felt my heart, and found a chillness cool  
    Its purple channels in my frozen side;  
The spring was now become a standing pool,  
    Deprived of motion, and its active tide.  
    O stay! O stay!  
I ever freeze if banish'd from thy ray:  
A lasting warmth thy secret beams beget;  
Thou art a sun which cannot rise or set.
  
- 2 Then thaw this ice, and make my frost retreat,  
    But let with temp'rate rays thy lustre shine;  
Thy judgment's lightning, but thy love is heat,  
    Those would consume my heart, but this refine.  
    Inspire, inspire!  
And melt my soul with thy more equal fire;  
So shall a pensive deluge drown my fears,  
My ice turn water, and dissolve in tears.
  
- 3 After thy love, if I continue hard,  
    If sin again knit, and confirm'd be grown,  
If guilt rebel, and stand upon his guard,  
    And what was ice before freeze into stone;  
    Reprove, reprove!  
Thy power assist thee to revenge thy love:  
Lo, thou hast still thy threats and thunder left,  
The stone that can't be melted may be cleft!

**A Prayer for the Light of Life.**

- 1 O Sun of righteousness, arise,  
With healing in thy wing!  
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,  
Life and salvation bring.

- 2     These clouds of pride and sin dispel  
       By thy all-piercing beam;  
       Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart  
       With holy hope inflame.
  
- 3     My mind by thy all-quickning power  
       From low desires set free:  
       Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix  
       My love entire on thee.
  
- 4     Father, thy long-lost son receive!  
       Saviour, thy purchase own!  
       Blest Comforter, with peace and joy  
       Thy new-made creature crown!
  
- 5     Eternal undivided Lord,  
       Co-equal One and Three,  
       On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,  
       All love be paid to thee.

**Prayer for Faith.**

- 1     Father, I stretch my hands to thee,  
       No other help I know.  
       If thou withdraw'st<sup>2</sup> thyself from me,  
       Ah! Whither shall I go?
  
- 2     What did thy only Son endure  
       Before I drew my breath!  
       What pain, what labour to secure  
       My soul from endless death!
  
- 3     O Jesu, could I this believe,  
       I now should feel thy power;  
       Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,  
       Nor let me wait one hour.

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<sup>2</sup>Changed to "withdraw" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1748) and following.

- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary longing eyes;  
O let me now receive that gift!  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die!  
O speak and I shall live!  
And here I will unwearied lie  
'Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,  
Could they but see thy face:  
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

**An Hymn for the Georgia Orphans.**

- 1    Come let us join our God to bless,  
      And praise him evermore,  
      That Father of the fatherless,  
      That helper of the poor.
- 2    Our dying parents us forsake,  
      His mercy takes us up:  
      Kindly vouchsafes his own to make,  
      And he<sup>3</sup> becomes our hope.
- 3    For us he in the wilderness  
      A table hath prepar'd,  
      Us whom his love delights to bless,  
      His providence to guard.
- 4    Known unto him are all our needs;  
      And when we seek his face,  
      His open hands<sup>4</sup> our bodies feeds,  
      Our souls he feeds with grace.
- 5    Then let us in his service spend  
      What we from him receive,  
      And back to him what he shall send  
      In thanks and praises give.

**For Their Benefactors.<sup>5</sup>**

- 1    Father of mercies, hear our prayers  
      For those that do us good,  
      Whose love for us a place prepares,  
      And gives the orphans food.
- 2    Their alms in blessings on their head  
      A thousand-fold restore,  
      O feed their souls with living bread,  
      And let their cup run o'er.
- 3    Forever in thy Christ built up  
      Thy bounty let them prove,  
      Steadfast in faith, joyful thro' hope,  
      And rooted deep in love.

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<sup>3</sup>“He” changed to “God” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

<sup>4</sup>“Hands” changed to “hand” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1748) and following.

<sup>5</sup>Also printed by George Whitefield in *An Account of Money Received and Disbursed for the Orphan-House in Georgia* (London: W. Strahan, 1741), 6.

- 4 For those who kindly founded this  
A better house prepare,  
Remove them to thy heavenly bliss,  
And let us meet them there.

**Before Their Going to Work.**

- 1 Let us go forth, 'tis God commands;  
Let us make haste away,  
Offer to Christ our hearts and hands;  
We work for Christ to day.
- 2 When he vouchsafes our hands to use,  
It makes the labour sweet;  
If any now to work refuse,  
Let not the sluggard eat.
- 3 Who would not do what God ordains,  
And promises to bless?  
Who would not 'scape the toils and pains  
Of sinful idleness?
- 4 In vain to Christ the slothful pray;  
We have not learn'd him so;  
No—for he calls himself the way,  
And work'd himself below.
- 5 Then let us in his footsteps tread,  
And gladly act our part,  
On earth employ our hands and head,  
But give him all our heart.

**A Hymn for Charity-Children.<sup>6</sup>**

- 1 How happy they, O King of kings!  
How safe, how truly blest,  
Who under thy protecting wings  
Both shelter find and rest.
- 2 Them wilt thou lead, them wilt thou keep,  
And with thine arm uphold:  
O blessed shepherd! Blessed sheep  
Of Israel's sacred fold.

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<sup>6</sup>It is quite possible that some of these hymns for charity schools were authored by Samuel Wesley Jr., including some of those published by Joseph Downing. Samuel notes in a letter to Robert Nelson (3 June 1713) that he had been busy recently preparing "my charity hymns," though he gives no list of these and they do not appear in the later published collections of his poetry. Samuel's letter can be found in the Methodist Archives at the Rylands University Library of Manchester (DDWF 5/1) and in Adam Clarke, *Memoirs of the Methodist Family* (1848), 436.

- 3 Nor does the tender wand'ring lambs  
His kindly care disdain;  
He knows them better than their dams,  
And better does sustain.
- 4 Behold his flock from every side  
He is assembling still;  
And may he all in safety guide  
To Sion's sacred hill.
- 5 If thither he will us convey,  
Nor our mean vows despise,  
Our hearts will<sup>7</sup> on his altars lay  
A grateful sacrifice.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, One in Three,  
As is, and<sup>8</sup> was ere<sup>9</sup> time begun,  
Eternal glory be!

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<sup>7</sup>“Will” changed to “we’ll” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1748) and following.

<sup>8</sup>Ori. “as”; a misprint, corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

<sup>9</sup>Ori., “e’re”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

**Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].**

- 1 O thou, whose wisdom, power and love  
For all thy works provide,  
Which those vast orbs that roul above  
And our low center guide.
  
- 2 The rich, the poor, the mean, the great  
Are link'd by thy strong hands;  
Poiz'd on its base the work's compleat,  
The firm composure stands.

- 3 The meanest worm that creeps on earth  
Is not below thy care;  
And we, altho' of humble birth,  
Thy God-like bounty share.
- 4 Whoe'er thy being dare dispute  
Are silenc'd here with ease;  
The stones themselves would them confute,  
If we should hold our peace.
- 5 Th' Almighty be their strong defence,  
And multiply their store,  
Who still concur with providence,  
Still<sup>10</sup> aid and bless the poor.

**Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].**

- 1 Father of mercy, hear our pray'r,  
In thee we move and live:  
How slow to wrath, how prone to spare,  
And ready to forgive.
- 2 Thou chiefly dost thy boundless pow'r  
In acts of goodness shew;  
Thy mercy all thy works adore,  
Thence all our blessings flow.
- 3 This still shall be our grateful theme,  
Thy praise we'll ever sing;  
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,  
But thou th' unfailing spring.
- 4 Our joy would soon o'erflow the banks,  
And inundations raise,  
Did we not thus look down with thanks,  
And look to heaven with praise.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
Who yet are not three gods, but One  
Rever'd by all his host.
- 6 The blest, eternal Trinity,  
Whom earth and heaven<sup>11</sup> adore,  
All honour, praise and glory be  
Both now and evermore.

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<sup>10</sup>“Still” changed to “To” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1748) and following.

<sup>11</sup>Reversed to read “heaven and earth” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

**A Morning Hymn.**

1<sup>12</sup>        We lift our hearts to thee,  
              O Day-Star from on high!  
The sun itself is but thy shade,  
              Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2            O let thy orient beams  
              The night of sin disperse!  
Those<sup>13</sup> mists of error and of vice,  
              Which shade the universe!

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<sup>12</sup>The first line of each stanza is placed flush by the printer in every edition. But Wesley more typically indented it one setting to reflect the metre: 6.6.8.6.

<sup>13</sup>“Those” changed to “The” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

3       How beauteous nature now!  
          How dark and sad before!  
With joy we view the pleasing change,  
          And nature's God adore.

4       O may no gloomy crime  
          Polute the rising day;  
Or kindly tears,<sup>14</sup> like evening dew,  
          Wash all the stains away.

5       May we this life improve,  
          To mourn for errors past,  
And live this short revolving day  
          As if it were our last.

6       To God the Father, Son,  
          And Spirit, One and Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
          And shall for ever be.

#### **An Evening Hymn.**

1       All praise to him who dwells in bliss,  
          Who made both day and night:  
Whose throne is darkness, in th' abyss  
          Of uncreated light.

[2]<sup>15</sup> Each thought and deed his piercing eyes  
          With strictest search survey:  
The deepest shades no more disguise  
          Than the full blaze of day.

3       Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings!  
          No evil shall molest;  
Under the shadow of thy wings  
          Shall they securely rest.

4       Thy angels shall around their beds  
          Their constant stations keep:  
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,  
          For thou dost never sleep.

5       May we with calm and sweet repose,  
          And heav'nly thoughts refresh'd,  
Our eye-lids with the morn's uncloze,  
          And bless the ever-bless'd.

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<sup>14</sup>“Kindly tears” changed to “Jesus’ blood” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

<sup>15</sup>Ori., “3”; a misprint.

**A Funeral Hymn, for a Scholar,  
or Other Young Person.**

- 1 Vain man, of mortal parents born,  
    Know thou art born to die!  
How frail our state, how short our life!  
    How full of misery!
- 2 As flowers from mother-earth we rise,  
    A fading bloom we spread:  
As soon we waste and pass away  
    Among th' unnumber'd dead.
- 3 As shadows glide o'er hills and dales,  
    And yet no tracks appear;  
So swift we vanish hence; our souls  
    Have no abiding here.
- 4 The mourners go about the streets  
    With solemn steps, and slow;  
Thus must it be for you and me,  
    To the same home we go.
- 5 So teach us, Lord, to number out  
    Our life's uncertain days,  
We timely may our hearts apply  
    To heav'nly wisdom's ways.
- 6 O holy Lord! O mighty God!  
    When we resign our breath,  
Then save us from the bitter pains  
    Of everlasting death.

***De Profundis.***<sup>16</sup>

- 1 Out of the deeps to thee, O Lord!  
    I make my mournful cry;  
Incline thine ear unto my voice,  
    Thy ready help apply.
- 2 Who may the trial, Lord, abide,  
    If thou should'st be severe;  
But pard'ning love with thee is found,  
    And, for we hope, we fear.

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<sup>16</sup>Cf. Psalm 130.

- 3 I wait for God, my soul does wait,  
And in his word I trust:  
His word he surely shall fulfil,  
And raise me from the dust.
- 4 In death's uncomfortable shade  
I to the Lord will cry;  
Till the day dawn upon my soul,  
And day-star from on high.
- 5 How does the whole creation groan,  
To see that happy day!  
To be renew'd, when sin and pain,  
And death no more shall stay!
- 6 O Israel, on th' Almighty Lord  
Thy whole affiance place;  
How good, how plentiful is he  
In kind redeeming grace!

**Prayer for One That is Lunatick and Sore Vex'd.<sup>17</sup>**

- 1 Jesu! God of our salvation,  
Hear our call;  
Save us all,  
By thy death and passion.
- 2 Jesu! See thine helpless creature;  
Bow the skies,  
God arise,  
All thy foes to scatter.
- 3 Jesu! Manifest thy glory  
In this hour,  
Shew thy power,  
Drive thy foes before thee.
- 4 Jesu! Help, thou serpent-bruise;  
Bruise his head,  
Woman's seed,  
Cast down the accuser.
- 5 Jesu! Wound the dragon, wound him;  
Make him roar,  
Break his power,  
Let thine arm confound him.

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<sup>17</sup>Reformatted to three-line stanzas in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

- 6 Jesu! Come, and bind him, bind him,  
Let him feel  
His own hell,  
Let thy fury find him.
- 7 Jesu! Than the strong man stronger,  
Enter thou,  
Let thy foe  
Keep thee out no longer.
- 8 Suffer him no more to harm her,  
Make her clean,  
Purge her sin,  
Take away his armour.
- 9 Jesu! Mighty to deliver,  
Satan foil,  
Take the spoil  
Make her thine for ever.
- 10 Jesu! All to thee is given:  
All obey,  
Own thy sway,  
Hell, and earth, and heaven.
- 11 Jesu! Let this soul find favour  
In thy sight,  
Claim thy right,  
Come, O come, and save her.
- 12 From the hand of hell retrieve her,  
Jesu, Lord,  
Speak the word,  
Bid the tempter leave her.
- 13 Hide her till the storm be over,  
King of kings,  
Spread thy wings,  
Christ, her weakness cover.
- 14 Jesu! Wherefore dost thou tarry?  
Hear thine own,  
Cast him down,  
Quell the adversary.

- 15 Jesu! Shall he still devour?  
Is thine ear  
Slow to hear?  
Hast thou lost thy power?
- 16 Shorten'd is thy hand, O Saviour?  
Save her now,  
Shew that thou  
Art the same for ever.
- 17 O Omnipotent Redeemer,  
Hell rebuke  
With thy look,  
Silence the blasphemer.
- 18 Jesu! All his depths discover,  
All unfold,  
Loose his hold,  
Let the charm be over.
- 19 Jesu! Is it past thy finding?  
Find and shew,  
Break the vow,  
Let it not be binding.
- 20 Break the dire confederacy:  
Shall it stand?  
No—command,  
Say, “’Tis I release thee.”
- 21 Satan, hear the name of Jesus!  
Hear and quake,  
Give her back;  
This<sup>18</sup> the name that frees us.
- 22 Jesu! Claim thy ransom'd creature,  
Let the foe  
Feel and know  
Thou in us art greater.
- 23 Strengthen'd by thy great example,  
Let us tread  
On his head,  
On his kingdom trample.

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<sup>18</sup>“This” changed to “To” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

24 Drive him to th' infernal region,  
Chase, O chase,  
To his place,  
Tho' his name be legion.

25 Is not faith the same for ever?  
Let us see,  
Signs from thee,  
Following the believer!

**Thanksgiving for Her Deliverance.**<sup>19</sup>

1 Praise by all to Christ be given,  
Let us sing,  
Christ the King,  
King of earth and heaven.

2 Glory to the name of Jesus,  
Jesus' name,  
Still the same,  
From all evil frees us.

3 Jesus' name the conquest wan<sup>20</sup> us;  
Let us rise,  
Fill the skies  
With our loud hosannas.

4 Christ, thou in our eyes art glorious!  
We proclaim,  
Christ the Lamb,  
Over all victorious.

5 Lion of the tribe of Judah,  
Joyfully,  
Lo to thee,  
Sing we hallelujah.

6 Hell was ready to devour;  
Thou the prey  
Bear'st away  
Out of Satan's power.

7 See the lawful captive taken  
From the foe;  
Now we know  
Satan's realm is shaken.

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<sup>19</sup>Hymn reformatted to three-line stanzas in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

<sup>20</sup>An alternative spelling for "won."

- 8    Thou hast shewn thyself the stronger,  
      Still go on,  
      Put it down,  
      Let it stand no longer.
- 9    Overturn it, overturn it,  
      Down with it,  
      Let the feet  
      Of thy servants spurn it.
- 10   Surely now the charm is broken:  
      Thou hast shewn,  
      To thine own,  
      Thou hast gave<sup>21</sup> a token.
- 11   Is there any divination  
      Against those,  
      Thou hast chose  
      Heirs of thy salvation?
- 12   Thou hast bought, and thou wilt have us:  
      Who shall harm,  
      When thine arm  
      Is stretch'd out to save us?
- 13   Hell in vain against us rages,  
      Can it shock  
      Christ the Rock  
      Of eternal ages!
- 14   Satan, wilt thou now defy us?  
      Is not aid  
      For us laid  
      On our great Messiah?
- 15   Past is thine oppressive hour:  
      Where's thy boast,  
      Baffled, lost,  
      Where is now thy power?
- 16   Serpent, see in us thy bruiser,  
      Feel his power,  
      Fly before  
      Us, thou foul accuser.
- 17   Thou no longer<sup>22</sup> shalt oppress us:  
      Triumph we  
      Over thee,  
      In the name of Jesus.

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<sup>21</sup>“Gave” changed to “given” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1748) and following.

<sup>22</sup>Ori., “Thou longer”; a misprint, corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1743) and following.