

## *Funeral Hymns (1746)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #115]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

In eighteenth-century English spirituality the life of a Christian in this world was generally seen as a pilgrimage, with death bringing release from our probationary state into the reward of the afterlife. Charles Wesley was deeply shaped by this perspective, often commenting at funerals about how he envied the dead, who had reached their peace. Of course, this assumed that they had lived as faithful pilgrims.

Not only did Charles share this spirituality of the faithful life, the good death and the glorious afterlife; he repeatedly gave it poetic expression. He made a regular practice of writing hymns on the occasion of the death of friends or prominent members of the Methodist movement. These hymns comment on their faithful lives and affirm their translation into the blessed hope of the Christian departed. An early set of examples was published in *HSP* (1742), 124–31. Then, in 1746, Charles issued a volume devoted entirely to *Funeral Hymns*.

Several of the hymns in this collection are general in nature, not identifying a particular person. They were intended to be used broadly in celebrating the good death of the faithful and preparing the living for their own death. Hymn 5 proved to be particularly popular among the Methodist people. The collection enjoyed steady sales, running through eight editions in England and Ireland through the next four decades.

### **Editions:**

[Charles Wesley.] *Funeral Hymns* [London: Strahan, 1746].

2<sup>nd</sup> np, [1746?].

3<sup>rd</sup> Dublin: Power, 1747.

3<sup>rd</sup> London: Henry Cock, 1753.

4<sup>th</sup> London, 1765.

5<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1770.

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

7<sup>th</sup> London: Paramore, 1784.

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**Hymn I.**

- 1 Ah, sister in Jesus adieu!  
Thy warfare is happily o'er;  
Thy spirit hath fought its way thro',  
And pitch'd on the heavenly shore:  
Thy course upon earth is all run,  
The days of thy mourning are past,  
The joys that above thou hast won  
For ever and ever shall last.
  
- 2 O blessed estate of the dead,  
The dead that have died in the Lord!  
From trouble and misery freed,  
And sure of their endless reward:  
By sorrow no longer opprest,  
When join'd to the spirits above,  
With Jesus in glory they rest,  
They rest in the arms of his love.
  
- 3 O when will the Saviour extend  
The arms of his mercy to me!  
The days of my pilgrimage end,  
My soul from its prison set free?  
When will the dear moment arrive,  
Which long I have pin'd for in vain:  
And still I would die to revive,  
And suffer with Jesus to reign.
  
- 4 Ah! Give me to bow my faint head,  
My sorrowful soul to resign,  
From pain everlastingly freed,  
To sink on the bosom divine;  
My Saviour, why dost thou delay  
To call a poor wanderer home?  
Come quickly, and bear me away;  
The bride and the Spirit say, Come!

**Hymn II.**

- 1 Rejoice for a brother deceas'd,  
(Our loss is his infinite gain)  
A soul out of prison releas'd,  
And freed from its bodily chain:  
With songs let us follow his flight,  
And mount with his spirit above,  
Escap'd to the mansions of light,  
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,  
Out-flying the tempest and wind,  
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,  
And left his companions behind;  
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,  
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,  
With shouting each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er trouble and death:  
The voyage of life's at an end,  
The mortal affliction is past,  
The age that in heaven they spend  
For ever and ever shall last.

**Hymn III.<sup>2</sup>**

- 1 Hosannah to Jesus on high!  
Another is enter'd his rest,  
Another is 'scap'd to the sky,  
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:  
The soul of our sister is gone  
To heighten the triumph above,  
Exalted to Jesus's throne,  
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

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<sup>2</sup>Stanzas 5 & 6 are omitted in the 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

- 2     What fulness of rapture is there,  
          While Jesus his glory displays,  
And purples the heavenly air,  
          And scatters the odours of grace!  
He looks—and his servants in light,  
          The blessing ineffable meet!  
He smiles—and they faint at the sight,  
          And fall overwhelm'd at his feet!
- 3     How happy the angels that fall,  
          Transported at Jesus's name!  
The saints whom he soonest shall call  
          To share in the feast of the Lamb!  
No longer imprison'd in clay,  
          Who next from his dungeon shall fly,  
Who first shall be summon'd away?  
          My merciful God—is it I!
- 4     O Jesus, if this is<sup>3</sup> thy will  
          That suddenly I should depart,  
Thy counsel<sup>4</sup> of mercy reveal,  
          And whisper the call to my heart:  
O give me a signal to know  
          If soon thou wouldst have *me* remove,  
And leave the dull body below,  
          And fly to the regions of love.
- 5     Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer  
          I groan for a speedy release,  
And long have I pin'd to be there  
          Where sorrow and misery cease:  
Where all the temptation is past,  
          And loss and affliction is o'er,  
And anguish is ended at last,  
          And trouble and death are no more.

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<sup>3</sup>“Is” changed to “be” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1746) and following.

<sup>4</sup>Ori., “council”; corrected in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

- 6     Come then to my rescue (I pray  
       For this, and for nothing beside)  
Make ready, and bear me away,  
       Thy weary disconsolate bride:  
The days of my mourning and pain  
       Cut short, and in pity set free,  
And give me to rest, and to reign  
       For ever, and ever in thee.

**Hymn IV.**  
**(For One Just Departing.)**

- 1     O sister in Jesus, arise,  
       And joyful his summons obey;  
He beckons thee up to the skies,  
       In mercy he calls thee away:  
His pity hath sign'd thy release,  
       Return to thy native abode,  
Make haste to the mansions of bliss,  
       And fly to the bosom of God.
- 2     To waft from the valley of tears,  
       To bear thee triumphantly home,  
The chariot of Israel appears,  
       The convoy of angels is come!  
With envy we let thee depart,  
       Thy happier spirit resign;  
The purchase of Jesus thou art,  
       And God is eternally thine.
- 3     Go then to thy glorious estate,  
       No longer our partner in woe,  
No longer oppress'd with our weight,  
       To Jesus in paradise go:

Redeem'd from a world of distress  
Thou hear'st the acceptable word,  
He bids thee depart in his peace,  
And die for the sight of thy Lord.

- 4   Escape to a country above,  
      Where only enjoyment is found,  
And springs of extatical love,  
      And rivers of pleasure abound:  
No dreadful alarums of war,  
      No famine, or sorrows, or pains,  
No sound of the trumpet is there,  
      But Jesus eternally reigns.
- 5   He reigns in the holiest place,  
      He dwells in the midst of his own,  
And fully discovers his face,  
      And fills them with raptures unknown;  
With bliss inexpressibly great  
      Their glorified spirits o'erflow—  
Go, sister, and share their estate,  
      To Jesus in paradise go.
- 6   O Saviour, her spirit receive,  
      Which into thy hands we resign,  
And us from our sorrows retrieve,  
      And us to our company join:  
Our number and glory compleat,  
      With all that are landed before,  
With thee let us joyfully meet,  
      To part and to suffer no more.

**Hymn V.<sup>5</sup>**  
**(On Sight of a Corpse.)**

- 1 Ah lovely appearance of death!  
No sight upon earth is so fair;  
Not all the gay pageants that *breathe*  
Can with a dead body compare:  
With solemn delight I survey  
The corpse when the spirit is fled,  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to lie in its stead.
  
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft  
Of all that could burthen his mind,  
How easy the soul that hath left  
This wearisom body behind!  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relicks with envy I see,  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.
  
- 3 This earth is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain,  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again:  
No anger henceforward, or shame,  
Shall redden this innocent clay,  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanish'd away.
  
- 4 The languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er,  
The quiet immovable breast  
Is heav'd by affliction no more:

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<sup>5</sup>See Charles's revised version in *MS Funeral Hymns*, 109–10.

The heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain,  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep:  
The fountains can yield no supplies,  
These hollows from water are free,  
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn, and to suffer, is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
And press to the issues of death:  
What now with my tears I bedew,  
O might I this moment become,  
My spirit created a-new,  
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

### Hymn VI.

1 'Tis finish'd! 'Tis done!  
The spirit is fled,  
The pris'ner is gone,  
The Christian is dead!  
The Christian is living  
In Jesus's<sup>6</sup> love,  
And gladly receiving  
A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise  
Are Jesus's due;  
Supported by grace,  
He fought his way thro';

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<sup>6</sup>Ori., "Jesus his"; changed in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

Triumphantly glorious  
Thro' Jesus's zeal,  
And more than victorious  
O'er sin, death, and hell.

3 Then let us record  
The conquering name,  
Our Captain and Lord  
With shoutings proclaim:  
Who trust in his passion  
And follow our head,  
To certain salvation  
We all shall be led.

4 O Jesus, lead on  
Thy militant care,  
And give us the crown  
Of righteousness there;  
Where dazled with glory  
The seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee  
In silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display  
Thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away  
To mansions on high;  
The kingdom be given,  
The purchase divine,  
And crown us in heaven  
Eternally thine.

### **Hymn VII.**

1 O when shall we sweetly remove!  
O when shall we enter our rest!  
Return to the Sion above,  
The mother of spirits distrest!

That city of God, the great King,  
Where sorrow and death are no more,  
But saints our Immanuel sing,  
And cherub and seraph adore.

- 2 Not all the archangels can tell  
The joys of that holiest place,  
When Jesus is pleas'd to reveal  
The light of his heavenly face;  
Where caught in the rapturous flame  
The *sight beatific* they prove,  
And walk in the light of the Lamb,  
And bask in the beams of his love.
- 3 Who then upon earth can conceive  
The bliss that in heaven they share;  
Who then the dark world would not leave,  
And chearfully die to be there?  
O Saviour, regard our complaints,  
Array'd in thy majesty come,  
Fulfil the desires of thy saints,  
And suddenly gather us home.
- 4 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer  
We groan thy appearing to see,  
Resign'd to the burden we bear,  
But longing to triumph with thee.  
'Tis good at thy word to be here,  
'Tis better in thee to be gone,  
And see thee in glory appear,  
And rise to a share of thy throne.
- 5 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,  
To weep at thy longer delay;  
But thou whom we hasten to meet  
Shalt chase all our sorrows away:  
The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes  
When thee we behold in the cloud,  
And eccho the joys of the skies,  
And shout to the trumpet of God.

- 6    Come then to thy languishing bride,  
      Who went'st to prepare us a place,  
Receive us with thee to abide,  
      And rest in thy mercy's embrace.  
Our heaven of heavens be this  
      Thy fulness of mercy to prove,  
Implung'd in the glorious abyss,  
      And lost in the ocean of love.

**Hymn VIII.**

- 1    Away with our sorrow and fear!  
      We soon shall recover our home;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
      The day of eternity come:  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
      And mount to our native abodes,<sup>7</sup>  
The house of our Father above,  
      The palace of angels and gods.<sup>8</sup>
- 2    Our mourning is all at an end,  
      When rais'd by the life-giving word,  
We see the new city descend,  
      Adorn'd as a bride for her lord:  
The city so holy and clean  
      No sorrow can breathe in the air,  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
      No shadow of evil is there.
- 3    By faith we already behold  
      That lovely Jerusalem *here!*  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
      As chrystal her buildings are clear:

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<sup>7</sup>“Abodes” changed to “abode” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

<sup>8</sup>“Gods” changed to “God” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1746) and following.

Immoveably founded in *grace*  
She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day  
Which never is follow'd by night,  
Where Jesus's beauties display  
A pure and a permanent light:  
The Lamb is their light and their sun,  
And lo! By reflexion they shine,  
With Jesus ineffably one,  
And bright in effulgence divine.

5 The saints in his presence receive  
Their great and eternal reward,  
In Jesus, in heaven, they live,  
They reign in the smile of their Lord:  
The flame of angelical love  
Is kindled at Jesus's face,  
And all the enjoyment above  
Consists in the RAPTUROUS GAZE.

### Hymn IX.

[On the Death of Robert Jones, Esq.]<sup>9</sup>

1 Thanks be to God, whose faithful love  
Hath call'd another to his breast,  
Translated him to joys above,  
To mansions of eternal rest.

2 Ripe for the glorious harvest made,  
He *first* was sav'd from inbred sin;  
The angel *then* his charge obey'd,  
And thrust the mortal sickle in.

3 He the good fight of faith hath won,  
He heard with joy the welcome word;  
"Hither come up (thy work is done)  
And reign for ever with thy Lord."

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<sup>9</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 161a–161b; and MS Thirty, 77–79. The identification of Robert Jones is in MS Shent. For background on Jones, see *Elegy on Robert Jones* (1742).

- 4 By ministerial sp'rits convey'd,  
Lodg'd in the garner of the sky,  
He rests, in Abraham's bosom laid,  
He lives with God, no more to die.
- 5 Thanks be to God, thro' Christ alone,  
Who gave our friend the victory:  
O Master, say to *me*, Well done!  
May I rejoice to die in thee.
- 6 Thus may we all our warfare end,  
In strugglings<sup>10</sup> to the upper skies  
Our last triumphant moments spend  
And grasp in death th' immortal prize.
- 7 O that we all may thus break thro',  
The crown with holy violence seize,  
The starry crown to conquest due,  
The crown of life and righteousness.
- 8 Will not the righteous judge bestow  
The prize on all who seek him here,  
And long, while sojourning below,  
To see their much-lov'd Lord appear?
- 9 He will (our hearts cry out) he will  
These eager wishes more than meet,  
These infinite desires fulfil,  
And make our happiness compleat.
- 10 We all shall see our life appear,  
(Our hidden life in Jesus found)  
Our dust th' archangel's voice shall hear,  
And kindle at the trumpet's sound.
- 11 O what a soul-o'erpow'ring thought!  
'Tis extasy too great to bear!  
We all at once shall be upcaught,  
And meet our Jesus in the air.

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<sup>10</sup>“Strugglings” changed to “struggling” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

- 12 Eternity stands forth in sight!  
    We plunge us in that boundless sea,  
Expatriate in those plains of light,  
    The regions of eternity!
- 13 Ev'n now we taste the heav'nly powers,  
    The glorious joys of angels prove,  
A whole eternity is ours,  
    A whole eternity of love!

**Hymn X.**  
**(On the Death of Mrs. A[nne] C[owper].)<sup>11</sup>**

- 1           And is the struggle past,  
            And hath she groan'd her last?  
Rise, my soul, and take thy flight,  
            Haste, th' ascending triumph share,  
Trace her to the plains of light,  
            Grasp her happy spirit there!
- 2           I *know* her now possest  
            Of everlasting rest!  
Now I *find* her lodg'd above,  
            Now her heavenly joy I *feel*,  
Extasy of joy and love,  
            Glorious and unspeakable.
- 3           I triumph in her bliss;  
            The proof, the token this!  
This my dying friend's bequest,  
            This the answer of her prayer,  
Speaks her entred into rest,  
            Tells me I shall meet her there.
- 4           Lord, I accept the sign,  
            And bless thy love divine:

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<sup>11</sup>The manuscript precursor of this hymn in MS Shent, 167a–167b specifies that this is for Anne Cowper. Another hymn for the same occasion is found in *MSP* 3:285–88. Anne Cowper (or Cooper) and her sister Frances (“Fanny”) were daughters of William Cowper, Esq. of Enfield Chase, a northern suburb of London. They were likely converted by the Wesleys, but our earliest explicit evidence of connection to the Methodist movement is when they met Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, while all three were “taking the waters” in Bath in February 1742. The two sisters accompanied Lady Huntingdon to her estate in Donington in late February. Fanny, who was quite infirm, died there in May 1742 (see pp. 17–19 below); Anne died the following year (1743).

Thou hast thro' the mortal vale  
Led her to the realms above,  
Caught her from the toils of hell,  
Plac'd her on a throne of love.

5 I, I shall conquer too,  
Like her shall all break thro'!  
To my heav'nly friends convey'd,  
I shall share the marriage-feast:  
Pants my soul on earth delay'd,  
Gasp for her eternal rest.

6 Come, O my Saviour, come,  
Receive thy servant home!  
Now recall thy banish'd one,  
Draw me from the tent of clay:  
Hear'st thou not thy Spirit's groan?  
Come, my Saviour, come away!

7 O come, the Spirit cries,  
O come, the bride replies!  
Thee I call with ev'ry breath;  
Let me die to see thy day,  
Snatch me from this life of death;  
Come, my Saviour, come away!

**Hymn XI.**  
**(On the Death of E. B. of Kingswood.)**

1 Rejoice, ye sons of light,  
Over a saint deceast!  
The happy soul hath took its flight,  
And enter'd into rest:  
Tost to and fro no more  
On life's tempestuous sea,  
The happy soul hath reach'd the shore  
Of calm eternity.

- 2           She at the welcome word  
              Is out of prison fled,  
Releas'd from her oppressive lord,  
              And free among the dead:  
              The bloody husband's power  
              Did with her breath expire,  
And lo! She lives to die no more  
              Amidst yon angel-quire.
- 3           The spirits of the just  
              Made perfect *here* in love,  
With these, and all the heavenly host,  
              She finds her place above;  
              One with the saints in light,  
              The witnesses of God,  
She wash'd her robes, and made them white  
              In the Redeemer's blood.
- 4           Her soul was cleans'd below,  
              And sav'd from sin's remains,  
Whiter on earth than Salmon's snow,  
              She now with Jesus reigns;  
              Long in the furnace try'd,  
              Long in the vale distrest,  
The Lamb at last hath call'd his bride  
              Up to the marriage-feast.
- 5           With stedfast faith and hope  
              Let us her steps pursue,  
Chearful like her the cross take up,  
              Like her the world break thro';  
              Like her our faith approve,  
              And patiently endure,  
And make, by all the works of love,  
              Our heavenly calling sure.

**Hymn XII.**  
**(On the Death of Mrs. F. C.<sup>12</sup>)**

- 1            Thanks be to God alone  
              Thro' Jesus Christ his Son!  
He who hath for all obtain'd,  
              Gives our friend the victory;  
Sister, thou the prize hast gain'd,  
              Died for him who died for thee.
- 2            The mortal hour is past,  
              Thou hast o'ercome at last,  
Freed from pain, for ever freed,  
              Ended is thy glorious strife,  
Death, the latest foe, is dead,  
              Death is swallow'd up of life.
- 3            Thy<sup>13</sup> lamb-like innocence  
              Is soon departed hence,  
From the world of sin and pain  
              Thou art clean escap'd away,  
Sav'd from sin's infectious stain,  
              Taken from the evil day.
- 4            Stranger to guilty fears  
              Thou liv'd'st thy twenty years,  
From the great transgression free;  
              Never did the poison spread,  
Jesus, e'er it rose in thee,  
              Jesus crush'd the serpent's head.
- 5            His Spirit's gentlest art  
              Open'd thy simple heart,  
The eternal gospel-word,  
              Lydia-like thou didst receive,  
Fall before thy bleeding Lord,  
              Own him, and with ease believe.

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<sup>12</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 152–55. There it is specified that this hymn is for Miss Frances (Fanny) Cowper, of Enfield Chase, who died at the house of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon in May 1742. See the note on Hymn X above.

<sup>13</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (London, 1753) and following.

- 6            Soon as thy heart did feel  
              The pardon-stamping seal,  
Heard thy soul the warning cry,  
              “Here thou hast not long to stay,  
Rise, my love, make haste to die,  
              Rise, my love, and come away!”
- 7            Thy chearful soul obey’d,  
              Thro’ sufferings<sup>14</sup> perfect made,  
Perfect made in a short space,  
              Thy resign’d, and Christ-like soul,  
Started forth, and won the race,  
              Reach’d at once the glorious goal.
- 8            Aloft the spirit flies,  
              And gains her native skies!  
Kindred souls salute her there,  
              Springing from their<sup>15</sup> azure throne,  
All in shouts their joy declare,  
              All their new-born sister own.
- 9            Th’ angelic army sings,  
              And clap their golden wings!  
Harping with their harps they praise  
              Him, thro’ whom she all o’ercame,  
Sharer of his richest grace,  
              Closest follower of the Lamb.
- 10           From love’s soft witchcraft free  
              Her spotless purity  
Liv’d to only Christ below;  
              Higher now she reigns above,  
Mightier joys advanc’d to know,  
              Honour’d with his choicest love.
- 11           Among the morning-stars  
              A brighter crown she wears,  
With peculiar glories grac’d,  
              Seated on a loftier throne,  
To superior raptures rais’d,  
              Nearest God’s eternal Son.

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<sup>14</sup>“Sufferings” changed to “suffering” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1746) and following.

<sup>15</sup>“Their” changed to “the” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (London, 1753) and following.

- 12            Mixt with the virgin-train  
              She charms th' etherial plain,  
With the Lamb for ever found;  
              Angels listen while she sings,  
Catch th' inimitable sound,  
              Music for the King of kings.
- 13            O happy happy soul,  
              Thy heavenly joy is full!  
Thee the Lamb hath made his bride,  
              Call'd thee to his feast above,  
Thee he now hath glorified,  
              Taught thee the new song of love.
- 14            O that at last ev'n I,  
              Like thee might sweetly die!  
Die, and leave a<sup>16</sup> world of woe,  
              Die out of the reach of sin,  
Die the joys of heaven to know;  
              Open, Lord, and take me in!
- 15            Give me thy bliss to share,  
              The meanest spirit there,  
Only let me see thy face,  
              See with thee my happier friend,  
At an awful distance gaze,  
              Taste the joys that never end.
- 16            Thou wilt cut short my years,  
              And wipe away my tears:  
Lo! I wait thy leizure still,  
              Humbly at thy footstool lie,  
Calm to suffer all thy will,  
              Glad in thee to live and die.

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<sup>16</sup>“A” changed to “the” in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1770) and following.

**Hymn XIII.**

- 1        We know, by faith we know,  
          If this vile house of clay,  
This tabernacle sink below  
          In ruinous decay,  
          We have a house above  
          Not made with mortal hands,  
And firm as our Redeemer's love  
          That heav'nly fabrick stands.
  
- 2        It stands securely high,  
          Indissolubly sure,  
Our glorious mansion in the sky  
          Shall evermore endure.  
          O were we enter'd there,  
          To perfect heaven restor'd,  
O were we all caught up to share  
          The triumph of our Lord!
  
- 3        Beneath our earthly load  
          We labour now and groan,  
And hasten tow'rd that house of God,  
          And struggle to be gone:  
          We would not, Lord, desire  
          An end of misery,  
But thee our earnest souls require,  
          We long to die for thee.
  
- 4        For *this* in faith we call,  
          For *this* we weep and pray,  
O might the tabernacle fall,  
          O might we 'scape away!  
          Full of immortal hope,  
          We urge the restless strife,  
And hasten to be swallow'd up  
          Of everlasting life.

5       Absent, alas! From God,  
          We in the body mourn,  
And pine to quit this mean abode,  
          And languish to return:  
          Jesus, regard our vows,  
          And change our faith to sight,  
And cloath us with our nobler house  
          Of empyrean light.

6       O let us put on thee  
          In perfect holiness,  
And rise prepar'd thy face to see,  
          Thy bright unclouded face:  
          Thy grace with glory crown,  
          Who hast the earnest given,  
And now triumphantly come down  
          And take our souls to heaven.

#### Hymn XIV.

1       Jesus, come! Our utmost Jesus,  
          Save us from the world beneath,  
From a life of pain release us,  
          From a life of daily death:  
Listen to the ceaseless moaning  
          Of thy plaintive turtle-dove;  
Answer, Lord, thy Spirit's groaning,  
          Take us to the<sup>17</sup> church above.

2       Many a soul is lodg'd before us  
          In the garner of the grave:  
Jesus, come! To life restore us,  
          Us from all our troubles save,  
Us in infinite compassion  
          To our happier friends unite,  
Raise us to our highest station,  
          Rank us with thy saints in light.

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<sup>17</sup>“The” changed to “our” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1746) and following.

- 3 Still we bear about thy dying  
In our feeble bodies here,  
Languishing for thee, and crying  
Light of life in us appear,  
Take us to thy kind embraces,  
To thy heavenly banquet lead;  
Wipe the sorrow from our faces,  
Set the crown upon our head.

**Hymn XV.**

- 1 Hosannah to God  
In his highest abode;  
All heaven be join'd,  
To extol the Redeemer and friend of mankind!  
He claims all our praise,  
Who in infinite grace  
Again hath stoop'd down,  
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.
- 2 Our partner below,  
Our brother in woe,  
From his sorrow and pain  
He hath call'd to the pleasures that always<sup>18</sup> remain;  
He hath snatch'd him away  
From a cottage of clay  
To a kingdom above,  
A kingdom of glory, and gladness, and love.
- 3 Our friend is restor'd  
To the joy of his Lord,  
With triumph departs,  
But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts:  
"Follow after," he cries,  
As he mounts to the skies,  
Follow after your friend,  
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end.

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., "Alway"; corrected in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1747) and following.

- 4           And shall we not press  
              To that harbour of peace,  
              That heavenly shore,  
Where sorrow, and parting, and death are no more:  
              Our brother pursue,  
              And fight our way thro'  
              In the strength of our Lord,  
Follow on, till we seize the eternal reward?
- 5           Thro' Jesus's name  
              Our comrade o'ercame,  
              And Jesus is ours,  
And arms us with all his invincible pow'rs:  
              He looks from the skies,  
              He shews us the prize,  
              And gives us a sign,  
That *we* shall o'ercome by the mercy divine.
- 6           The Saviour of all  
              For us he shall call,—  
              Shall shortly appear,  
Our day of eternal salvation is near.  
              We too shall remove  
              To our city above,  
              On mortals look down,  
Triumphant assessors of Jesus's throne.
- 7           For us is prepar'd  
              Th' angelical guard,  
              The convoy attends,  
A ministring host of invisible friends;  
              Ready wing'd for their flight  
              To the regions of light  
              The horses are come,  
The chariot<sup>19</sup> of Israel to carry *us* home.

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<sup>19</sup>“Chariot” changed to “chariots” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

8        They soon shall convey  
          Our spirits away,  
          Our spirits that groan  
And cry for redemption, and long to be gone.  
          By the cross we endure  
          We shall make the crown sure,  
          By a moment of pain  
We all shall a joyful eternity gain.

**Hymn XVI.**

1        Happy who in Jesus live,  
          But happier still are they  
Who to God their spirits give,  
          And 'scape from earth away:  
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,  
          Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh:  
O 'tis better to depart,  
          'Tis better far to die!

2        Yet if so thy will ordain,  
          For our companion's good,  
Let us in the flesh remain,  
          And meekly bear the load:  
When we have our grief fill'd up,  
          When we all our work have done,  
Late partakers of our hope,  
          And sharers of thy throne.

3        To thy wise and gracious will  
          We quietly submit,  
Waiting for redemption still,  
          But waiting at thy feet:  
When thou wilt the blessing give,  
          Call us up thy face to see,  
Only let thy servants live,  
          And let us die to thee.