

*Preparation for Death (1772)*¹

[Baker list, #342]

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 died in a state of saving relationship to God. A genre of literature had developed to give guidance on how to prepare for such a “good death”—an example Wesley would have known well is Jeremy Taylor’s *Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Holy Dying* (1651).

Reflection on the “good death” is woven throughout Charles Wesley’s verse, reaching some prominence in his two published collections of *Funeral Hymns* (1746 / 1759). It found its strongest focus in his later years. In 1772 Charles published forty hymns on the theme of *Preparation for Death*. And additional forty-one manuscript hymns on this theme, composed over the last decade or so of his life, appear in MS Preparation for death.

The general theme of the hymns in this published collection is captured well in the first stanza of hymn 4: “I want the preparation / Before I hence depart, / The knowledge of salvation, / The purity of heart.” The hymns stress the desire for assurance of justification and for actual spiritual transformation (sanctification) as prerequisites to greeting death with peace. One of the debates among scholars of Charles’s verse is whether the plaintive plea in many of these hymns should be read as autobiographical (suggesting his negative assessment of his own state) or as the skillful crafting of poetic conversion narratives for others.

Edition:

[Charles Wesley.] *Preparation for Death, in Several Hymns*. London, 1772.

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**PREPARATION
FOR
DEATH.**

Hymn I.

- 1 Jesus, to thee distrest I cry,
A sinner at the point to die,
 Before I yield my breath;
Thy mercy in my heart reveal,
And save a soul thou lov'd'st so well
 From everlasting death.

- 2 Thy heart-felt love alone can save
My soul from that infernal grave,
 That worm which never dies;
Can ascertain my sins forgiven,
Bless with an antepast of heaven,
 And fit me for the skies.

- 3 What shall I say thy love to gain?
 Remind thee of the mortal pain
 Which bought the grace for me?
 Thy pain thou never canst forget,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 Thy prayer on Calvary.
- 4 Why wast thou there of God forsook,
 Why did'st thou to thy Father look,
 And gasp for help in vain?
 Why did thy blood so kindly flow,
 But that I might the blessing know
 Of loving thee again?
- 5 By all thou didst on earth endure,
 To make our peace and pardon sure,
 My instant suit allow,
 The grace for which alone I pray;
 Streaming afresh thy wounds display,
 And grant the blessing now.
- 6 Behold me with thy closing eye,
 Revive by thy expiring cry,
 And let me hence depart,
 Exclaiming with my latest breath,
 Thou know'st I love thee, Lord, in death,
 I give thee all my heart!

Hymn II.

- 1 Saviour, lavish of thy blood,
 My poor stony heart to win,
 Must I faint beneath the load
 Of this base ungrateful sin?
 Thou who did'st my burdens bear,
 All my burdens to remove,

Wilt thou leave me in despair,
Let me die without thy love?

- 2 No: thy passion answers no:
Since thou couldst expire for me,
I shall thy salvation know,
Thy indulgent goodness see;
Apprehended of my Lord,
I my Lord shall apprehend:
True and gracious is the word,
Hope and love are in my end.
- 3 On thy bleeding passion staid,
On thy faithful mercy cast,
By my sin so long delay'd,
Thee I shall receive at last;
In my loving heart receive,
Which thou didst so dearly buy;
Here an happy moment live,
Sure of life eternal die.
- 4 Grant me this, I ask no more:
Then the balmy grace exert,
Then bestow the loving power,
When my soul and body part;
In the bond of perfectness
Knit my loving soul to thee,
Then indulg'd to die in peace,
God I shall for ever see.

Hymn III.

- 1 How foolish was my hope and vain,
That age would conquer sin,
My nature's enmity restrain,
And end the war within;
Would tame my passion's wild excess,
The slighted world o'erthrow,

The fiend's malicious rage repress,
And weary out the foe!

- 2 Because his time to tempt and try
Is short, he tempts the more,
And hunts me on the wing to fly
Beyond his baleful power;
His utmost rage and strength exerts,
Before I 'scape away,
And strives by all his hellish arts
My parting soul to slay.
- 3 My heart he turns to earthly things,
From which I soon shall go,
And closer to the world it clings,
And seeks its rest below:
By base mistrust impell'd to spare,
I cloak the sordid vice,
And, in the garb of prudent care,
Applaud my avarice.
- 4 My stiff-neck'd stubbornness of will
By time is not subdued,
My carnal mind is carnal still,
And enmity to God:
With years infirmities increase,
While strength and patience fails,
And countless ills my spirit oppress,
And peevish flesh prevails.
- 5 The sin which long beset my soul,
Would re-usurp the sway,
Reason's enfeebled powers controul,
And force me still t' obey:
With shame indignantly I groan,
With lifted heart and eyes,
I smite my aged breast, and own
That anger never dies.

- 6 What must a dying sinner do,
 From sin to be set free?
Merciful God, and strong, and true,
 I gasp for help to thee:
O let my utter helplessness
 Thy kind compassion move!
I cannot, Lord, from sinning cease,
 Till I begin to love.
- 7 O might thy love on me bestow'd
 The love of sin expel,
O'ercome the world, cast down their god,
 With all the powers of hell!
The works of Satan to destroy,
 Jesus, in me appear;
In peace, and righteousness, and joy,
 Restore thy kingdom here.
- 8 Peace, righteousness, and joy divine,
 Thou dost with love impart,
That thou art love, that thou art mine,
 Assure my happy heart:
Then am I meet for my reward,
 Renew'd in holiness,
And live the image of my Lord,
 And die to see thy face.

Hymn IV.

- 1 Warn'd of my dissolution,
 Unfit to die or live,
With horror and confusion
 The summons I receive.
I want the preparation
 Before I hence depart,
The knowledge of salvation,
 The purity of heart.

- 2 O that the blood which cleanses
From all iniquity,
To blot out my offences,
Were sprinkled now on me!
What but that blood's applying
Can purge this inbred stain,
Can save a sinner dying,
And make me love again?
- 3 With cries and tears unceasing
I ask thee to bestow
On me the long-sought blessing,
And let my spirit go.
Thy love to me discover
While on the brink I stand,
And waft in safety over
To that celestial land.
- 4 'Tis all my soul's desire,
'Tis all my business here,
That precious love t' acquire,
And then to disappear,
With those in heavenly places
The Saviour to commend,
And hymn in endless praises
My soul's eternal friend.

Hymn V.

- 1 Saviour, all my wretchedness
In thy bosom I confess,
Let it thy compassion move,
O relieve my want of love.
- 2 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoan,
Burthen'd with an heart of stone;

Sinking underneath the load,
Dying ignorant of God.

- 3 Oft I have implor'd thy aid,
 Long for thy salvation staid;
 Still unheard, unsav'd, I cry,
 Give me love, or else I die.
- 4 Can I seek the grace in vain,
 Ask, and not my suit obtain,
 Knock, but never enter in,
 Die in *deprecated* sin?
- 5 Answer now my mournful prayer,
 Thou who did'st my sorrows bear,
 Did'st redeem me with thy blood,
 Die for my ingratitude.
- 6 My ingratitude to heal,
 Pardon on my conscience seal;
 Now thy sovereign right assert,
 Take my dearly-purchas'd heart.
- 7 There inscribe thy fav'rite name,
 Kindle there the heav'nly flame,
 Spring of bliss ineffable,
 There with all thy sweetness dwell.
- 8 Then my ready soul receive,
 Happy in thy sight to live;
 Fervent as the spirits above,
 All desire, and praise, and love.

Hymn VI.

**Isaiah xlvi. 4. "Even to your old age I am
he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you:
I have made, and I will bear, even I will
carry and will deliver you."**

- 1 Jesu, thou hast to hoary hairs
 My manners and my burthens born,
Carried me through ten thousand snares,
 And, when I would to sin return,
With a high hand and outstretch'd arm,
Redeem'd me from the mortal harm.
- 2 O let me still the promise plead,
 Thy kind continued aid engage!
Thy aid I every moment need,
 In childhood, youth, and trembling age;
A sinner I, on mercy cast,
By mercy sav'd from first to last.
- 3 Still, O thou patient God of love,
 My soul's infirmity sustain,
Bear me on eagles' wings above
 The world of ill, the vale of pain;
The flesh that weighs my spirit down,
The fiend who strives to take my crown.
- 4 While, hanging on thy faithful word
 My utter helplessness I feel,
Carry me in thy bosom, Lord,
 Beyond the reach of earth and hell,
Till on the margin of the grave,
I prove thine utmost power to save.

- 5 Thou know'st the trials yet behind,
 The strength of sin, the tempter's power:
Support my feebleness of mind
 In ev'ry dark unguarded hour
Thy servant mightily defend,
And love and save me to the end.
- 6 Walk with me through the lion's den,
 Walk with me thro' the floods and fires,
In form of God distinctly seen;
 And O! To crown my last desires,
In death my guide and Saviour be,
My God thro' all eternity!

Hymn VII.

- 1 The will of my Creator
 I would with joy obey,
And pay the debt of nature
 Which all are born to pay.
The graves are ready for me:
 But ere I disappear,
O God! In Christ restore me
 To thy own image here.
- 2 Th' experience of salvation
 I languish to receive,
And, free from pride and passion,
 The life of faith to live,
In holiness unspotted,
 T' attain my heart's desire,
Fulfill the work allotted,
 And one with Christ expire.
- 3 Come then, my present Saviour,
 Thy precious self reveal,

And, happy in thy favour,
The heir of glory seal.
Enrich'd with heav'nly graces,
Till I from earth remove,
Dissolv'd in thy embraces,
For ever lost in love.

Hymn VIII.

- 1 I come, at Jesus' call I come,
Submissive to the general doom,
The way of all the earth I go,
And only wait my guide to know;
Happy, if thou my steps attend,
And bless me with a peaceful end.
- 2 While struggling in the toils of death,
Convuls'd, I gasp my latest breath,
O that my soul, reclin'd on thee,
Serene in mortal agony,
Might all the tyrant's darts defy,
And shew the world how Christians die!
- 3 O could I then behold my God
Arrayed in garments dipp'd in blood!
As when thou didst the wine-press tread,
And meekly bow thy dying head,
That I my spirit may resign,
Like thee, into the hands divine.
- 4 The grace thou didst for me procure,
Let it my final peace insure;
Implant thine image in my heart,
And then, made ready to depart,
I gladly to the sentence bow;
I die to see my Saviour now.

Hymn IX.

- 1 Jesus, the just, the good,
 Remember Calvary,
And claim the purchase of thy blood,
 Expended all for me:
 My Saviour hitherto,
 A little longer save;
The pardon'd penitent renew,
 And hide me in the grave.

- 2 Not my own faithfulness,
 But thine I humbly plead,
Who will not quench a spark of grace,
 Nor break a bruised reed:
 Thy work, with life begun,
 In this weak soul compleat,
And let me groan my latest groan
 For mercy, at thy feet.

- 3 I ask not extasies;
 But with a loving heart,
In stedfast hope and humble peace
 Permit me to depart:
 Suffice, that here I know
 My sins thro' grace forgiven,
And calmly blest, with safety go
 To endless joys in heaven.

Hymn X.

- 1 By justice doom'd to die,
 I feel the time is nigh,
Wanting strength, increasing care,
 Sickly life's redoubled load,
All cry out, For death prepare,
 O prepare to meet thy God!
- 2 With thankfulness and fear
 Thy warning voice I hear:
Let me then my life's remains
 To unfeign'd repentance give,
'Midst infirmities and pains,
 Meek, and daily dying, live.
- 3 Giver of godly woe,
 On me the grace bestow;
Stony into fleshly turn
 By thy last expiring cry;
Bid me look on thee and mourn,
 Mourn, and with my Saviour die.
- 4 Thy bleeding love declare,
 Too strong for life to bear;
Let it purge, and break my heart,
 Then my heart's desire I prove,
Bowing on thy cross depart,
 Pay thee back thy bleeding love.

Hymn XI.

- 1 Giver, Lord, of life and death,
Disposer of thine own,
Ready to resign my breath,
Thou hear'st a sinner groan;
For this only thing I pray,
Indulg'd as with a last reprieve,
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.

- 2 Pass'd on all the sinful kind,
I own thy sentence just,
Earth to earth again consign'd,
And dust be mix'd with dust.
Nature's debt content I pay;
But, O! Before the flesh I leave,
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.

- 3 Father of compassions, show
Thy mercy to my heart,
That, when thee in Christ I know,
I may in peace depart:
Nothing here can court my stay,
If thou the prodigal forgive;
Take the sting of death away,
And then my soul receive.

- 4 If my threat'ning sins were gone,
How freely, Lord, would I
Lay the mortal body down,
As privileg'd to die;

God of love, no more delay
The grace, for which alone I grieve;
Take the sting of death away,
And now my soul receive.

Hymn XII.

- 1 Thee, Saviour, I confess
Omnipotent in grace:
True I account thee, Lord,
And faithful to thy word:
Freely thou wilt confer
Whate'er we ask in prayer,
And readier art to give
Than sinners to receive.
- 2 Ere with my lips I pray,
Thou know'st what I would say:
Might I be found of thee
In peace and purity,
And then my spirit give
With my dear Lord to live:
Safe on that happy shore,
I could desire no more.

Hymn XIII.

- 1 Thrice happy estate of the dead,
Who die on Immanuel's breast!
From trouble and misery freed,
From pain they eternally rest;
Pursu'd by their labours of love,
By mercy assign'd their reward,
They mount to the mansions above,
And heaven enjoy in their Lord.
- 2 O how shall a sinner like me
That blissful enjoyment obtain?

To Jesus's bowels I flee,
Oppress'd with affliction and pain.
My burthen of guilt I confess,
Just ready from earth to depart:
O Saviour, in pity release,
And pardon inscribe on my heart.

3 That rest from oppression bestow,
That faith in a crucified God,
And, freely forgiven, I know
The mercy procur'd by thy blood;
Thy easy command I receive,
Affix'd to the infamous tree,
And daily expiring I live,
I suffer and triumph with thee.

4 Then lowly I enter the rest
For lowly believers design'd,
The people in Jesus possess'd
Of pardon and purity join'd:
Then, faithful and just to thy word,
Permit me in peace to remove,
Dissolv'd by a sight of my Lord,
And bless'd with an heaven of love.

Hymn XIV.²

1 World of vanity, farewell!
Thee without regret I leave;
While, redeem'd from death and hell,
Mercy doth my soul forgive,
Lends me wings from earth to fly,
Tells me I shall never die.

2 Though the worms this flesh devour,
Cloath'd with immortality,

²Ori., "XV".

Ransom'd from corruption's power,
God I in this flesh shall see,
See my dear Redeemer's face,
See, and catch the glorious blaze.

3 Son of the Most High, appear,
Now my evils to remove;
Stamp me with thy character,
God of holiness and love:
In thine own similitude
Speak my sinless soul renew'd.

4 Loving thee with all my heart,
Ready for the righteous crown,
Meet to see thee as thou art,
Glad I lay my body down;
Partner of thy nature rise,
Reign eternal in the skies.

Hymn XV.

1 The way of all the earth I go
To my celestial place,
And only wait in Christ to know
The God of pard'ning grace:

2 To find the heart by Jesus bought,
The heart-transforming love,
And feel the peace-surpassing thought,
The pledge of joys above.

3 That heavenly kingdom, Lord, within
My new-born soul restore,
And cancel and extirpate sin
By love's almighty power:

- 4 The grace affectionate infuse;
And when of love possess'd,
From chains of flesh my spirit loose,
And take me to thy breast.

Hymn XVI.

- 1 Love divine, for whom I languish,
Bring relief to my grief,
To my spirit's anguish.
- 2 Ease of every heart-oppression,
O come in, end my sin,
Finish my transgression.
- 3 Witness, seal of sin forgiven,
When thou art in my heart,
Thou art instant heaven.
- 4 Ready made for my translation,
Then I prove; God is love,
Jesus is salvation.
- 5 Then, partaker of thy nature,
I fulfil all the will
Of my new-creator.
- 6 Into nothing sink before thee,
Sink and rise, grasp the prize,
See my Lord in glory.

Hymn XVII.

- 1 A sinner ready to expire,
 Afraid to drop the sinful clay,
With vehemence of intense desire,
 For peace and purity I pray.
- 2 Unless thou wash my life from sin,
 Saviour, I have no part in thee,
Unless thou make my nature clean,
 The holy God I cannot see.
- 3 Obedient saints, and they alone,
 Into the sacred city press,
And, conquering all, partake thy throne,
 And, pure in heart, behold thy face.
- 4 The meetness for that rapt'rous sight,
 Is all I can on earth request;
The righteous robe, the linen white,
 T' adorn me for that heavenly feast.
- 5 The law-fulfilling power of love,
 Lover of souls, to me impart;
And then thy easy yoke I prove,
 Thy lowly, meek, obedient heart:
- 6 Then, then I feel redemption nigh,
 List'ning I catch the welcome word,
"Go, get thee up the mount, and die,
 And live triumphant with thy Lord."

Hymn XVIII.

- 1 A transgressor from the womb,
Sinking now into my tomb;
O forbid it, Lord, that I,
Born in sin, in sin should die.
- 2 Whom thyself hast died to save,
Snatch from the infernal grave;
Me to save, thy love impart,
Pour the bliss into my heart.
- 3 Essence of eternal love,
Joy of all thy hosts above,
Joy of all thy saints below,
Only thee I sigh to know.
- 4 Banish'd now out of thy sight,
Bound in chains of penal night,
Painfully my want I feel;
Absent love is present hell.
- 5 Kindler of seraphic fires,
Fill my soul with pure desires;
All my guilty gloom to chace,
Jesus, shew thy heavenly face.
- 6 Pain before thy presence flies,
Grief no longer weeps or sighs:
Sin and unbelief remove,
God in thee I see and love.

Hymn XIX.

- 1 Away with my fears!
The Redeemer appears

Offer'd up in my stead,
And for every offender inclining his head;
He answer'd for me,
When he bled on the tree,
And my punishment took,
By his Father aggriev'd, by his Father forsook.

2 'Tis finish'd he cries,
Our Deliverer dies,
The atonement is made,
The ransom laid down, and the penalty paid.
The all-conquering tomb
Is by Jesus o'ercome,
The terrible king
Is disarm'd of his dart, and despoil'd of his sting.

3 Triumphant I am
Thro' the death of the Lamb,
And redeem'd by his blood,
I have nothing to fear from a pacified God,
The favour divine,
The image is mine,
When his Son I receive,
And united to him I eternally live.

Hymn XX.

1 In anxious agony of doubt,
Who shall the dying sinner save?
Afraid my sin will find me out,
And sink my soul beneath the grave,
To whom can I for refuge run,
Undone, eternally undone?

2 My only hope, in sad despair,
Expiring hangs on yonder tree!
His speaking blood's effectual prayer
Is heard all-prevalent for me:

His blood resounding thro' the skies,
Mercy, unbounded mercy, cries!

3 His blood has bought the general peace,
His blood has purg'd my guilty stain,
Has sign'd my guilty soul's release,
And brought me back to God again,
Who makes in Christ his goodness known,
And gives me to his dying Son.

4 This, only this, I stay to know,
And feel it in my sprinkled heart,
I then with calm affiance go
To see thee, Saviour, as thou art,
Thy shining scars, thy face to see,
Whose death is life, is heaven to me.

Hymn XXI.

1 By the Redeemer certified,
That here I have not long to live,
I wait to feel his blood applied,
Who doth for his own sake forgive.

2 His favour seal'd in perfect peace,
Is joy unspeakable t' obtain,
His image of true holiness,
That meetness with himself to reign.

3 The Son of God reveal'd in me,
He only can my soul prepare,
Fill'd with his immortality,
To meet and grasp him in the air.

4 O might I now with Jesus find
The everlasting life brought in,
And know the Saviour of mankind,
My Saviour from all fear and sin!

- 5 O might I after God wake up,
And do his will like those above,
And taste in Christ, my glorious hope,
Th' anticipated heaven of love,
- 6 Of love, of God in Christ possess'd;
And wing'd with infinite desire,
I then should enter into rest,
And face to face my Lord admire.

Hymn XXII.

- 1 O immaculate Lamb!
Thy disciple I am,
And in following thee thy assistance I claim:
Thy assistance is nigh;
And on this I rely,
And obediently come with my Saviour to die.
- 2 Though of dying afraid,
Through the horrible shade,
In view of thy cross I may walk undismay'd:
To banish my fear,
My despondence to cheer,
In thy crimson apparel, O Jesus! Appear.
- 3 Thou hast pacified God;
And the mountainous load
Of my guilt is remov'd by thy *all-cleansing* blood:
Only shew on the tree
Thy passion for me,
And an end of my sin and my sorrow I see.
- 4 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done!
By Messiah alone,
The wine-press is trod, and the victory won:

I have nothing to dread,
Since my surety has bled,
And Jehovah himself has expir'd in my stead.

5 The salvation is sure,
 Which he died to procure
For whoever believe to the end and indure:
 I in Jesus confide,
 And can all things abide,
With a God of omnipotent love on my side.

6 Departing in thee,
 Thee, Lord, may I see
Walking on in the shadowy valley with me:
 Then all evil is o'er,
 And I suffer no more,
With my Saviour arriv'd at the heavenly shore.

Hymn XXIII.³

1 Thou hast restrain'd my soul from sin,
 And still, O Lord, restrain,
Till, born of God,⁴ and pure within,
 I cannot sin again:
I cannot thy good Spirit grieve,
 Or take the tempter's part,
Or basely to the creature cleave,
 When thou hast all my heart.

2 O that it might this moment be,
 O that I now could prove
The blest impossibility
 Of trampling on thy love!
Instant for this thou hear'st me pray
 With groans unspeakable,
O take the carnal mind away,
 And empty me of hell.

³A looseleaf version of this hymn is present in MARC (MA 1977/594/8, #3). It contains only a couple of variants, which are noted below.

⁴MA 1977/594/8, #3 substitutes "Thee" for "God."

- 3 Thy nature's purity reveal,
And plant the heaven in me;
And now my gasping spirit fill⁵
With love's immensity:
The love which casts out fear and sin,
Which thou, my Jesus, art,
Bring with thy Father's fulness in,
And take up all my heart.
- 4 Then shall I never more offend
My Saviour's glorious eyes,
But walk with my indwelling friend,
Unspotted, to the skies;
Obtain th' inheritance prepar'd
For all the sons of grace,
And find my full immense reward
In my Redeemer's face.

Hymn XXIV.

- 1 Warn'd of my dissolution near,
As on the margin of the grave,
Jesus, with humble faith and fear,
I now bespeak thy power to save:
Thou who hast tasted death for me,
Indulge me in my fond request,
And let a worm prescribe to thee
The manner of my final rest.
- 2 My feeble heart's extreme desire,
If now thine eye with pity sees,
Whene'er thou dost my soul require,
O let me then be found in peace;
In active faith, and humble prayer,
Resign'd, yet longing to depart,
To rise, redeem'd from earthly care,
And see thee, Saviour, as thou art.

⁵MA 1977/594/8, #3 reads: "And ~~with thy Father~~ now my gasping spirit fill."

- 3 Suffice that more than threescore years
I have thine indignation borne;
Glad may I quit the vale of tears,
And, pardon'd, to thine arms return!
The tokens of thy pard'ning love,
The comforts sweet thro' life suspend;
But, while I from the flesh remove,
Let hope and peace be in my end.
- 4 Walk with me thro' the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thine hands resign:
No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God, is come,
And glory in his face appears!

Hymn XXV.

- 1 Still let me in thy Spirit pray,
Still my infirmity confess:
Take this tormenting fear away,
Nor leave me in my last distress:
While grappling with my mortal foe,
O might I find thy arms beneath,
Assur'd that I shall never know
The bitter pains of endless death.
- 2 The pains which soul and body part,
Which only less than hell I dread,
O might thy pitying love avert,
And gently smooth my dying bed!
My coward flesh the conflict flies,
And shrinks from the last agony:
Remembering thy own tears and cries,
Jesus, in death remember me!

- 3 When nature's strength, and spirits fail,
 And all th' infernal powers combin'd
My conscience furiously assail,
 And Satan brings my sins to mind;
The fierce accusing fiend restrain,
 Prevent, or break his final blow,
And, ransom'd thro' thy bleeding pain,
 I trample on my vanquish'd foe.
- 4 I sing the new triumphant song,
 O death, where is thy boasted sting?
Salvation doth to God belong,
 Who doth to me salvation bring!
Thanks be to God thro' Christ alone,
 Who gives the final victory,
Mingles with his my latest groan,
 And bids me die his face to see.

Hymn XXVI.

- 1 Jesus, to whose omniscient mind
 Future and past are present now,
See my weak soul on thee reclin'd,
 Whene'er my dying head I bow:
Ev'n now a sinner's suit admit,
 Who humbly my request make known,
And, prostrate at thy mercy seat,
 For peace, and final pardon groan.
- 2 Sav'd from ten thousand deaths and snares,
 Wilt thou not lead me safely home,
Number'd with thee my hoary hairs
 Bring down with triumph to the tomb?
Thou infinite in love and power,
 My tempted soul thro' life stand by,
And when I meet my mortal hour,
 My only business be to die.

- 3 My finish'd work, my conflicts past,
O may I then with joy perceive,
And, more than conqueror at last,
Glory to my Redeemer give!
Dealing thy grace to all around,
I would my latest breath employ,
Witness of full redemption found,
And ripe for all my Master's joy.
- 4 A sinner saved! (Be then my cry)
Sav'd by the riches of his grace,
Who would not have one sinner die,
Who died himself for all our race!
His blood my utmost debt has paid,
His blood has cleans'd me from all sin,
And bought the heaven I see display'd
To take an heir of glory in.

Hymn XXVII.

- 1 Drawn by a dying sinner's prayer,
Come, Saviour, from above,
And in my parting soul declare,
The majesty of love:
- 2 Before I render up my breath,
Thy glorious goodness show,
And safely through the gates of death
To endless life I go.
- 3 I long thy smiling face to see,
Who freely dost forgive
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
The moment we believe.

- 4 In me create that seeing eye,
Which doth the peace impart,
And now with all thy wounds pass by,
And captivate my heart.
- 5 Soon as thou dost in me proclaim,
And make thy nature known,
The new unutterable name
Which perfects us in one;
- 6 Made capable of heavenly rest,
I shall from earth remove,
T' enjoy the God for ever blest,
Whom I entirely love.

Hymn XXVIII.

- 1 Before my judge severe,
O how shall I appear!
Stranger to his saving grace,
Guilty and unholy I,
Banish'd from his glorious face,
Must I not for ever die?
- 2 Answer to God for me
The man on Calvary!
Pleader of my desperate cause,
He hath paid the debt I owe,
Bought my pardon on the cross,
Died himself to save his foe.
- 3 His death to thee I shew,
Thou righteous God and true;
In arrest of judgment, plead
Jesus, crush'd beneath my load:
I no other ransom need,
Speaks for me the sprinkled blood!

4 His blood from every sin
 Shall make my nature clean:
Faith if in his blood I have,
 All my sins *are* wash'd away;
He shall ransom from the grave,
 He shall raise me in that day.

5 I then shall lift mine eyes
 With rapturous surprize,
Boldly stand before the throne,
 In the judge the Saviour see,
Christ my Intercessor own,
 Mine thro' all eternity!

Hymn XXIX.

1 In mercy infinite,
 Who hear'st the sinner's prayer,
A little longer, yet
 A little longer spare
Thy work, originally good,
Thy fallen creature—bought with blood.

2 My soul in life detain,
 Saviour and Lord of all,
Till, made like thee again,
 Recover'd from my fall,
Thy long-lost favour I retrieve,
And sinless in thine image live.

3 Thou hast in patient love,
 Reserv'd me to this day,
That I the power may prove
 Which takes my sins away,
Which bids my soul depart in peace,
In joy, and finish'd holiness.

- 4 Bid then my new-born soul
 After thy likeness rise,
 The faith that makes me whole
 That clears and sanctifies,
To a poor ransom'd worm impart,
With all thou hast, and all thou art.

Hymn XXX.

- 1 Long in prayer and supplication
 Have I made my fruitless moan,
Waited, Lord, for thy salvation,
 Hunger'd for a good unknown:
Hid from all but the receiver,
 Life's imperishable tree,
Meat divine that lasts for ever,
 God himself reveal'd in me.
- 2 Thro' thy death and righteous merit
 Pardon still I hope t' obtain,
Thro' thy pure indwelling Spirit
 Perfect holiness to gain:
Partner of thy sinless nature,
 All thy spotless mind to show,
Fashion'd after my Creator,
 God as I am known to know.
- 3 Whence the earnest expectation,
 Struggling now within my breast?
Pants my soul with boundless passion
 After its eternal rest.
O that now the grace were given,
 Taste of immortality!
Ere I can ascend to heaven,
 Heaven must descend to me.
- 4 If thou hast in mercy caught me,
 Thee that I may apprehend,

If to this thyself hast wrought me,
That I may to heaven ascend,
Draw me now into my centre;
Into thy ambitious shrine,
Father, Son, and Spirit enter,
Seal my soul for ever thine!

Hymn XXXI.

- 1 I come, but tremble to draw near,
Before the righteous God t' appear,
The God of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquity:
Or smile upon a wretch like me,
Who unconverted dies.
- 2 I want the faith my God to please,
The true essential holiness,
The kingdom from above,
The rest for Christ-like souls design'd,
The humble, meek, and heavenly mind,
The fear-excluding love.
- 3 I want thy laws engrav'd within,
Thy chaste antipathy to sin,
Thy love of purity:
Unless I here thy nature share,
I know, my soul can never bear
A holy God to see.
- 4 How shall I, Lord, the meetness gain?
Thy only blood from every stain
Can make my nature pure:
And shed for all the sinful race,
It bought the pardon and the grace
That makes salvation sure.

- 5 Thee let thy bleeding love compel
 Its saving virtue to reveal
 In this poor heart of mine:
 A glad partaker of my hope,
 I then shall after God wake up
 To righteousness divine.
- 6 To my primeval state restor'd,
 Found in the image of my Lord,
 The perfect character,
 I then, with thee in spirit one,
 Boldly approach th' eternal throne,
 And in thy sight appear!

Hymn XXXII.

- 1 Jesus, come! (The mortal sentence
 I receive) come and give
 Faith, and true repentance.
- 2 All my hope and consolation
 Is in thee; visit me
 With thy full salvation.
- 3 Shew thyself the Lord of glory,
 Lamb of God, bath'd in blood,
 Crucified before me!
- 4 By the dreadful exhibition
 Make me groan, melt the stone
 Into deep contrition.
- 5 Now apply the blood that cleanses
 Every stain, once again
 Blot out my offences.

- 6 Bleeding love—I long to feel it!
 Let the smart break my heart,
 Break my heart, and heal it.
- 7 Let the sense of sin forgiven,
 Make my soul throughly whole,
 Be my taste of heaven.
- 8 Then the earnest I inherit;
 To its rest, in thy breast,
 Then receive my spirit.

Hymn XXXIII.

- 1 I know, and feel it cannot be
 That I the holy God should see,
 Or stand before his sight,
 Unless I after him awake,
 His nature here on earth partake,
 And in his love delight.
- 2 But he my flesh and blood assum'd,
 That I, to death eternal doom'd,
 His Spirit might retrieve,
 The favour of my Lord regain,
 Substantial holiness obtain,
 And in his image live.
- 3 Come then, great God, thyself reveal,
 With extasies unspeakable
 Thy pard'ning love impart;
 Thy sanctifying blood apply,
 To purge my nature's deepest die,
 And purify my heart.
- 4 My heart, which then to thee I give,
 To earthly things no more shall cleave,

Or seek its rest below,
No more to vile affections yield,
But with th' indwelling Spirit fill'd,
My only Jesus know.

5 Soon as of thee possess'd I am,
The leopard sinks into a lamb,
And with thy nature blest,
Thy lowly, meek, unspotted mind,
Rest to my hallow'd soul I find,
The true eternal rest.

6 Then, then, mature for my reward,
Fit to behold my glorious Lord
With all thy white-rob'd choir,
(My faith and holiness fill'd up)
I reach the sacred mountain's top,
And in thy sight expire!

Hymn XXXIV.

1 Who shall that rapt'rous sight explain,
Which gracious souls departing gain,
The crown of all their grace?
Life cannot bear the bliss divine:
Then let me, Lord, my soul resign,
To see thy heavenly face.

2 This earth, I know, is not my home,
Thro' which a banish'd man I roam,
A weary pilgrim I,
Till, at thy word, my wandrings cease,
And, mounting from the wilderness,
I to thy bosom fly.

3 O that I on the wings of love,
The wings of thy celestial dove,

Could from the valley soar;
Escape to my Redeemer's breast,
Recover there my endless rest,
And never wander more!

- 4 Author, and end of my desires,
Whom my imprison'd soul aspires
As I am known to know,
Come, and dissolve this fleshly chain,
And take me to thine arms again,
And all thy glory show.

Hymn XXXV.

- 1 Tell me, affrighted reason, tell
What is that death I soon shall feel?
"The foul original disgrace
Involving our devoted race,
The sad effect of Adam's fall,
The direful curse intail'd on all."
- 2 His oracles the answer give,
Who wills that all mankind should live,
Who liv'd himself in grief and woe,
On me his blessing to bestow,
To purchase immortality,
Who died for all mankind and me.
- 3 Saviour and Prince of life and peace,
Thy passion bids my horrors cease:
Thro' thy atoning sacrifice,
The light doth out of darkness rise,
And scatters all my guilty gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.
- 4 The death thou didst for me sustain,
Shall mitigate my mortal pain,

While leaning on thy bloody cross,
I trust with thee my desp'rate cause,
My sufferings to thy sufferings join,
And mix my parting soul with thine.

Hymn XXXVI.

- 1 Weary of all below,
 And drawing toward my end,
 My only want I show
 To thee, the sinner's friend,
Who hast thro' life my Saviour been;
Open thy arms to take me in.

- 2 Yet here my soul detain,
 God of almighty love,
 Till, join'd to thee again,
 The life of faith I prove,
The utmost power of godliness,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

- 3 I want a pardon seal'd
 In peace and humble joy,
 The deity reveal'd,
 My evils to destroy,
The Spirit purchas'd by thy blood,
The fulness of indwelling God.

- 4 Thy absence from my heart
 Forbids my soul t' aspire,
 And longing to depart,
 I check the rash desire,
Bewail my want of purity,
My painful want of love and thee.

- 5 O let my mournful cry
 Thy kind compassion move,
 Nor suffer me to die
 A stranger to thy love:
Thy word the weeping sinner cheers;
O keep not silence at my tears.
- 6 I wait the quick'ning word,
 Which bids my soul awake,
 In holiness restor'd,
 Thy nature to partake;
That life which time and death defies,
That charity which never dies.
- 7 Then let this body drop
 Into its earthen bed;
 This flesh shall rest in hope,
 While number'd with the dead:
Sweet fellowship with thee I have,
And share my dear Redeemer's grave.
- 8 My spirit then set free,
 On eagle's wings shall rise,
 With eagle's eye shall see
 Its Lord in paradise,
Till thy eternal Spirit come,
And call my dust out of the tomb.
- [9]⁶ In soul and body blest,
 My utmost flight I soar,
 Enter the heavenly rest,
 And face to face adore
The glorious God in Persons Three,
My God thro' all eternity!

⁶Ori., "8"; a misprint.

Hymn XXXVII.

- 1 To my latest moment crying,
Must I cry for grace in vain,
Jesus, save a sinner dying,
O redeem a wretched man!
Wretched I beyond expression,
Longer if my Lord defer,
Finisher of the transgression,
End of sin in me t' appear.

- 2 Contrary to thee by nature,
Shapen in iniquity,
Born thine enemy and hater,
How shall I thy kingdom see?
How into thy presence venture,
Unrenew'd in righteousness?
No unholy thing can enter,
Stand before thy glorious face.

- 3 Yet I in my lost condition
May approach the sinner's friend,
Still presenting my petition,
Saviour, in the cloud descend:
Make thy goodness pass before me,
God discover'd from above,
To thine image here restore me,
Change my nature into love.

- 4 Love excludes the selfish passion,
Love destroys the carnal mind;
Love be here my full salvation,
Love for thee and all mankind:

Let thine own compassion move thee
Thy own nature to impart,
Force me now to cry—I love thee,
Love thee, Lord, with all my heart.

- 5 Thus prepar'd for my dismissal,
Let me for thy coming stay,
Gliding with a smooth transition
Into everlasting day,
Seal'd by thy uniting Spirit,
Meet with thee, O Christ, to live—
Then impute thy righteous merit,
Then my spotless soul receive.

Hymn XXXVIII.

- 1 Weary of my own complaints,
 Still I sigh for purity:
 Jesus, come! My spirit faints,
 Faints and dies for want of thee:
 Drawn by my expiring groan,
 Quickly come, and save thine own.

- 2 Alien from the life of God,
 Lest the second death I die,
 Me polluted in my blood,
 Pass compassionately by:
 Faith divine and pardon give,
 Bid me in thy likeness live.

- 3 Only thee I gasp to know,
 Truth of holiness and love,
 Truth of happiness below,
 Way to glorious joys above;
 Life, eternal life thou art;
 Speak thyself into my heart.

Hymn XXXIX.

- 1 So near the haven brought,
 Must I be shipwreck'd here?
Saviour, forgive the hasty thought
 Of misbelieving fear;
 Fear of myself, not thee,
 It is my grief and shame,
It is my own infirmity;
 But thou art still the same.
- 2 In childhood's giddy hour
 Thou hast my keeper been,
And skreen'd my youth from passion's power,
 From every pleasing sin:
 When by the fiend impell'd,
 In slippery paths I ran,
Thy hand invisible with-held,
 "And led me up to man."⁷
- 3 Restrain'd by heavenly grace
 From what the world pursu'd,
"Eager ambition's fiery race"⁸
 With unconcern I view'd:
 The lust of wealth and fame
 Thou only didst suppress,
And gav'st my mounting soul to aim
 At nobler happiness.

⁷Joseph Addison, *Spectator*, no. 453 (August 9, 1712).

⁸Cf. Edward Young, *Night Thoughts*, Night 4, line 91.

- 4 Oft as from thee I rov'd,
 In quest of my own will,
Thy Spirit tenderly reprov'd,
 And kept me back from ill;
 He cross'd my fond desire
 Of perishable good,
And pluck'd the brand out of the fire,
 And quench'd it in thy blood.
- 5 Unnumber'd deaths and snares,
 Thy love hath turn'd aside:
And still, O God, to hoary hairs,
 Thou art my faithful guide:
 Thy miracles of grace
 Thou daily dost renew,
Straiten th' inextricable maze,
 And bring me strangely thro'.
- 6 Why then am I cast down,
 With anxious thoughts oppress'd,
With doubts if thou wilt lead me on
 To my eternal rest?
 Thy will and power are join'd
 The helpless to defend;
And sav'd so long, I trust to find
 Salvation in my end.
- 7 This unbelieving sin
 Thou wilt, O Lord, controul,
And perfect righteousness bring in
 To my expecting soul:
 Finish, expel, destroy,
 This inbred enemy;
And fill with everlasting joy,
 And make me all like thee.

8 Confiding in thy word,
 I ask the grace unknown,
According to thy promise, Lord,
 Let it in me be done:
 My faith's defects supply,
 Almighty to forgive,
And then I get me up, and die,
 And then for ever live!

Hymn XL.

1 Father of all, to thee I come!
 By thee supported from the womb,
 Thy providential charge and care;
I magnify thy gracious power,
Who dost to life's extremest hour
 My every grief and burthen bear:

2 Thou never wilt thine own forsake,
 Till pure I give my spirit back
 Into those blessed hands of thine;
Thy name ineffable receive,
An image of thy glory live,
 And with thy light for ever shine.

3 My deathless soul, my mould'ring dust,
 To God the merciful and just,
 Thro' Christ, I faithfully commend;
Kept by my Advocate above,
Told in a whisper of his love,
 That hope and heaven is in my end!

4 This, this is all my heart's desire,
When mercy doth my soul require,
 By Jesus found mature in grace,
In full conformity divine
My spotless spirit to resign,
 And see my Saviour face to face.