Editors Introduction:

This collection grew out of the worship practice of the Oxford Methodists and John Wesley’s pastoral practice in Georgia, where he encouraged supplementing Sunday worship with fasting and private worship on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. Creation of the collection was possibly suggested by a collection published anonymously ten years earlier for distribution by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. Given his active involvement with the SPCK, including distributing their books in his Georgia parish, Wesley likely knew this work. He would also have understood the anonymous collector’s insistence (pp. 3–4) that the collection was designed for personal use outside of public services, since the Church of England discouraged singing anything beyond the approved psalms in formal worship. Wesley surely hoped that his own collection would find such use, but he had also cautiously begun introducing hymns in formal worship—particularly during the communion service. His ultimate goal in this and all subsequent volumes with the same title was to supplement broadly Anglican patterns of worship, in both Sunday and other settings. This purpose found its most formal expression in 1784, as Wesley prepared resources for the newly organized Methodist Episcopal Church in North America. Among the items Wesley sent over was the Sunday Service, a slight abridgement of the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. He appended to the Sunday Service a version of the Collection of Psalms and Hymns series focused specifically on Sunday worship—CPH (1784).


None of the pieces in the collection are original to John Wesley, but he translated five from the German and altered or adapted nearly all of the others. For some indication of the type of revisions that Wesley made in his sources see Frank Baker, “The Sources of John Wesley’s Collection of Psalms and Hymns, Charleston, 1737,” Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society 31 (1957–58): 186–93.

Wesley never reprinted this collection in its current form. However he included nearly two thirds of the items (44/70) in the enlarged Collection of Psalms and Hymns (1741), while placing 17 items in the alternative Hymns and Sacred Poems (1739).

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Psalms and Hymns
For Sunday.

I.
Psalm XXXIII.⁴

1 Ye holy souls, in God rejoice,
   Your Maker's praise becomes your voice:
   Great is your theme, your songs be new
   Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
   His works of nature and of grace,
       How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
   And the whole earth his goodness proves;
   His word the heavenly arches spread:
   How wide they shine from north to south!
   And by the spirit of his mouth
       Were all the starry armies made.

3 Thou gatherest the wide-flowing seas;
   Those watry treasures know their place
   In the vast store-house of the deep:
   He spake, and gave all nature birth;
   And fires and seas and heaven and earth
       His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
   A God of such resistless power,
   Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
   Vain are your thoughts and weak your hands,
   But his eternal counsel stands,
       And rules the world from age to age.

II.
Psalm XLVI.  
1 On God supreme our hope depends,  
   Whose omnipresent sight  
   Even to the pathless realms extends  
   Of uncreated night.  
2 Plung’d in the abyss of deep distress  
   To him we rais’d our cry:  
   His mercy bad our sorrows cease  
   And fill’d our tongue with joy.  
3 Tho’ earth her ancient seat forsake,  
   By pangs convulsive torn,  
   Tho’ her self-ballanc’d fabrick shake  
   And ruin’d nature mourn:  
4 Tho’ hills be in the ocean lost  
   With all their trembling load,  
   No fear shall e’er disturb the just,  
   Or shake his trust in God.  
5 Nations remote and realms unknown  
   In vain resist his sway;  
   For lo! Jehovah’s voice is shewn  
   And earth shall melt away.  
6 Let war’s devouring surges rise  
   And swell on every side:  
   The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,  
   And Jacob’s God our guide.

III.
Psalm XLVII.  
1 O for a shout of sacred joy  
   To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
   And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
   His heavenly guards around
   Attend him rising through the sky,
   With trumpet’s joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their king,
   Let mortals learn their strains:
   Let all the earth his honours sing;
   O’er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
   Let knowledge guide the song.
   Nor mock him with a solemn sound
   Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
   He lov’d that chosen race;
   But now he calls the world his own.
   And heathens taste his grace.

6 Remotest nations are the Lord’s;
   There Abraham’s God is known:
   While powers and princes, shields and swords
   Bow down before his throne.

IV.
Psalm C.7

1 Before Jehovah’s awful throne,
   Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.
   Know that the Lord is God alone;
   He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our aid
   Made us of clay and form’d us men;
   And when like wandring sheep we stray’d
   He brought us to his fold again.

3 We’ll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command.
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

V.

Psalm CXIII. 8

1 Ye priests of God, whose happy days
Are spent in your Creator’s praise,
   Still more and more his fame express!
Ye pious worshippers proclaim
With shouts of joy his holy name;
   Nor satisfied with praising, bless.

2 Let God’s high praises still resound,
Beyond old time’s too scanty bound
   And thro’ eternal ages pierce,
From where the sun first gilds the streams
To where he sets with purpled beams,
   Thro’ all the wide stretch’d universe.

3 The various tribes of earth obey
Thy awful and imperial sway;
   Nor earth thy sovereign power confines;
Above the sun’s all-cheering light
Above the stars and far more bright
   Thy pure essential glory shines.

4 What mortal form’d of fading clay,
What native of eternal day
   Can with the God of heaven compare?
Yet angels round thy glorious throne

8Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 251–53 (stanzas 1–5; doxology in stanza 6 is new).
Thou stoop’st to view: nor they alone;
   Even earth born men thy goodness share.

5 The poor thou liftest from the dust;
The sinner, if in thee he trust,
   From depths of guilt and shame thou’lt raise,
That he in peace and safety plac’d
With power and love and wisdom grac’d
   May sing aloud his Saviour’s praise.

6 To Father, Son and Holy-Ghost
The God whom heaven’s triumphant host
   And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is and so shall last
   When earth and heaven shall be no more.

VI.
Part of Psalm CXV. 9

1 Not unto us: we all disclaim:
   Glory alone to God’s great name
Whose truth shall stand for ever fast,
   Whose love to endless ages last.

2 Thou reignest, Lord, enthroned above!
   Yet dost thy humble sons approve:
Thou all events disposest still;
   For all obey thy sovereign will.

3 The silent dead no praises give:
   But we who by thy mercy live,
While we have breath wilt offerings bring,
   And grateful hallelujahs sing.

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
   And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise and glory given,
   By all on earth and all in heaven.

9Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 254–57 (stanzas 1, 3, 14); stanza 4 from Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 312 (Book 3, no. 32).
VII.
Psalm CXVI.¹⁰

1 O thou, who when I did complain,
   Didst all my griefs remove,
O Saviour, do not now disdain
   My humble praise and love.

2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give
   And hear me when I pray’d,
I’ll call upon thee while I live,
   And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale death with all his ghastly train
   My soul encompast round,
Anguish and sin, and dread and pain
   On every side I found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray’d
   And did for succour flee:
O save (in my distress I said)
   The soul that trusts in thee!

5 How good thou art! How large thy grace!
   How easy to forgive!
The helpless thou delight’st to raise:
   And by thy love I live.

6 Then, O my soul, be never more
   With anxious thoughts distrest,
God’s bounteous love doth thee restore
   To ease and joy and rest.

7 My eyes no longer drown’d in tears
   My feet from falling free,
Redeem’d from death and guilty fears
   O Lord, I’ll live to thee!

VIII.
Psalm CXVII.\textsuperscript{11}

1 Ye nations, who the globe divide,
Ye numerous nations scatter’d wide,
To God your grateful voices raise:
To all his boundless mercy’s\textsuperscript{12} shewn,
His truth to endless ages known
Require our endless love and praise.

2 To him who reigns inthron’d on high,
To his dear Son, who deign’d to die,
Our guilt and errors to remove;
To that blest Spirit who grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be ceaseless glory, praise and love!

IX.
Psalm CXLVI.\textsuperscript{13}

1 I'll praise my Maker while I’ve breath
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne’er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel’s God: he made the sky
And earth and seas with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th’ opprest; he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the labouring conscience peace,

\textsuperscript{11}Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., \textit{The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared} (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 259–60.

\textsuperscript{12}Ori., “mercies”; corrected in \textit{HSP} (1739), 139.

\textsuperscript{13}Source: Isaac Watts, \textit{The Psalms of David} (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 384–85 (stanzas 1, 3, 4 alt., 6).
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
    And grants the prisoner sweet\textsuperscript{14} release.

4 I’ll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
    Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne’er be past,
    While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

X.

\textbf{Psalm CXLVII.}\textsuperscript{15}

1 Praise ye the Lord: ’tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise,
    His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form’d the stars, those heavenly flames
He counts their numbers, calls their names
    His wisdom’s vast and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown’d.

3 Great is the Lord and great his might
And all his glory’s infinite
    He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

4 Sing to the Lord exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky,
    There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

5 He makes the grass the hills adorn
And cloathes the smiling fields with corn.
    The beasts with food his hands supply
And the young ravens when they cry.

\textsuperscript{14}\textit{Ori.}, “sweat”; a misprint, corrected in \textit{CPH} (1741), 89.

What is the creature’s skill or force?
The spritely man or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

But saints are lovely in his sight
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

XI.

Hymn to God the Father.16

Hail, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber’d worlds attend,
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend!

In light unsearchable inthron’d
Which angels dimly see;
The fountain of the God-head own’d
And foremost of the Three.

From thee thro’ an eternal now,
The Son, thine offspring, flow’d;
An everlasting Father thou,
As everlasting God.

Nor quite display’d to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal’d:
By wondrous, unexhausted love
To mortal man reveal’d.

5 Supreme and all sufficient God,
   When nature shall expire
      And worlds created by thy nod
   Shall perish by thy fire.

6 Thy name Jehovah be ador’d
   By creatures without end,
      Whom none but thy essential Word
   And Spirit comprehend.

XII.
Hymn to God the Son.17

1 Hail, God the Son, in glory crown’d
   Ere18 time began to be,
   Thron’d with thy Sire thro’ half the round
      Of wide eternity!

2 Let heaven and earth’s stupendous frame
   Display their author’s power,
      And each exalted seraph flame,
   Creator, thee adore!

3 Thy wondrous love the God-head shew’d
   Contracted to a span,
      The co-eternal Son of God,
   The mortal Son of man.

4 To save mankind from lost estate,
   Behold his life-blood stream!
   Hail, Lord Almighty to create!
    Almighty to redeem!

5 The Mediator’s Godlike sway,
   His church beneath sustains:
      Till nature shall her judge survey
   The King Messiah reigns.

18Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
Hail with essential glory crown’d
When time shall cease to be,
Thron’d with thy\textsuperscript{19} Father thro’ the round
Of whole eternity!

XIII.
\textbf{Hymn to God the Holy-Ghost.}\textsuperscript{20}

1 Hail, Holy-Ghost, Jehovah, third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity.

2 Thy Spirit brooding o’er th’ abyss
Of formless\textsuperscript{21} waters lay,
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.

3 In deepest hell or heaven’s height
Thy presence who can fly?
Known is the Father to thy sight,
Th’ abyss of deity.

4 Thy power thro’ Jesus’ life display’d
Quite from the virgin’s womb,
Dying his soul an offering made,
And rais’d him from the tomb.

5 God’s image which our sins destroy
Thy grace restores below.
And truth and holiness and joy
From thee, their fountain, flow.

6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third
In order of the Three,
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity.

\textsuperscript{19} Ori., “the”; corrected to agree with Samuel’s published form in \textit{CPH} (1743), 124.


\textsuperscript{21} Ori., “firmless”; a misprint, corrected in \textit{CPH} (1741), 98.
XIV.
Hymn to the Trinity.²²

1 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
   Be endless praise to thee!
   Supreme, essential One, ador’d
   In co-eternal Three.

2 Inthron’d in everlasting state
   Ere²³ time its round began,
   Who joyn’d in council to create
   The dignity of man.

3 To whom Isaiah’s vision shew’d
   The seraphs veil their wings,
   While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God
   Th’ angelick army sings.

4 To thee by mystick powers on high
   Were humble praises given,
   When John beheld with favour’d eye
   Th’ inhabitants of heaven.

5 All that the name of creature owns
   To thee in hymns aspire:
   May we as angels on our thrones
   For ever join the choir!

6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
   Be endless praise to thee;
   Supreme, essential One, ador’d
   In co-eternal Three.

XV.
God’s Eternity.²⁴

1 Rise, O my soul and leave the ground,
   Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,

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²³Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
²⁴Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 143 (Book 2, no. 17).
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th’ eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread
Jehovah fill’d his throne;
Ere Adam form’d or angels made
The Maker lived alone.

3 Thy boundless years can ne’er decrease,
But still maintain their prime,
Eternity’s thy dwelling place,
And ever is thy time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now
And sees our ages wast.

5 The sea and sky must perish too
And vast destruction come;
The creatures, look how old they grow!
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the sea wast all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th’ old creation dies.

XVI.
From the German.

O God, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to shew!
Unfathomable depths thou art!
I plunge me in thy mercy’s sea;
Void of true wisdom is my heart:

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25 Ori., “e’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
26 Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
With love embrace and cover me.
While thee, all-infinite, I set
Before my ravish’d eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight:
I sink, I faint, I die!

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glow’d with stars th’ eternal blue.28
Greatness unspeakable is thine
Greatness whose undiminish’d ray
When short-liv’d worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,
Of life the boundless sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word
What is, is all from thee!

3 Thy parent hand, thy forming skill
Firm fixt this universal chain:
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate’er in earth, or sea, or sky
Or shuns or meets the wandring thought
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.
High is thy power above all height:
Whate’er thou wil’st is done:
Thy wisdom equal to thy might
Only to thee is known.

4 Heaven’s glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;
Vain man! Thy wisdom, folly own:
Lost is thy reason’s feeble ray.
What his dim eye could never see
Is plain and naked to thy sight;

28Ori., “blew”; corrected in HSP (1739), 162.
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light thou dwell’st: light that no shade
   No changes ever knew:
And heaven above and hell beneath
   Are open to thy view.

5    Thou, true and only God, lead’st forth
   Th’ immortal armies of the sky:
   Thou laugh’st to scorn the gods of earth;
   Thou thunder’st, and amaz’d they fly.
   With down cast eye th’ angelic choir
   Appear before thy awful face,
   Trembling they strike the golden lyre
   And thro’ heaven’s vault resound thy praise.
   In earth, air, skies, in all thou art:
      Creation feels thy nod,
   Whose hand imprest on every part
      The image of its God.

6    Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
   Justice and truth before thee stand:
   Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
   Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
   Each evening shews thy tender love,
   Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
   Thy waken’d wrath doth slowly move;
   Thy willing mercy flies a pace.
   Father, to thy indulgent care
      This light, this breath we owe:
   And all we have, and all we are,
      From thee, great fountain, flow.

7    Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
   Incessant blessings down distills,
   And all in air or sea, or land
   With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee, live, move and are,
Thy power infus’d does all sustain;
Even those thy daily favours share
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bid’st his genial ray
On all impartial pour;
To all who hate or bless thy sway
Thou send’st the fruitful show’r.

Yet while at length, who scorn’d thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright
Of those who to thy love aspire!
All creatures praise th’ eternal name!
Ye hosts that to his courts belong,
Cherubick quires, seraphick flames,
Awake the everlasting song.
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
Th’ almighty power is thine,
And when created nature dies
Thy ceaseless glories shine.

XVII.
Hymn to Christ.²⁹

1 Jesu, behold the wise from far,
Led to thy cradle by a star
Bring gifts to thee, their God and King;
O guide us by thy light, that we
The way may find, and so to thee
Our hearts, our all for tribute bring.

2 Jesu, the pure, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came,
Duteous the legal rights to pay,
O make our proud, our stubborn will

²⁹Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickes (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 31, stanzas 2–7 (pp. 330–31).
All thy wise, gracious laws fulfill,
What e’er rebellous nature say.

[3]\(^{30}\) Jesu, who on the fatal wood
   Pour’dst forth thy life’s last drop of blood
   Nail’d to th’ accursed shameful cross;
O may we bless thy love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee
   All shame, all grief, all pain, all loss!

4 Jesu, who by thine own love slain,
By thine own power took’st life again
   And Conqueror from the grave did’st rise,
O may thy death our hearts revive,
And at our death a new life give,
   A glorious life that never dies.

5 Jesu, who to thy heaven again
Return’dst in triumph, there to reign
   Of men and angels sovereign King,
O may our parting souls take flight
Up to that land of joy and light
   And there for ever grateful sing.

6 All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
   All honour, power and love and praise;
Still may thy blessed name shine bright
In beams of uncreated light
   Crown’d with its own eternal rays.

XVIII.
Adoption.\(^{31}\)

1 Behold what wondrous grace
   The Father hath bestow’d
On sinners of a mortal race,
   To call them sons of God!

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\(^{30}\)Ori., “4”; a misprint.

\(^{31}\)Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 47–48 (Book 1, no. 64, omitting stanza 2).
Nor doth it yet appear
How great we shall be made
But when we see our Saviour here
We shall be like our head.

Lord, arm us with this hope
All trials to endure:
O purge our souls from sense and sin,
As thou our God art pure.

If in my Father’s love
I share a filial part,
Show’r down thy influence, Holy Dove,
And rest upon my heart.

We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath thy throne:
O let us Abba, Father, cry
And thou the kindred own!

XIX.
The Christian Race.

Awake our souls (away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly race
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, ’tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint:
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

O mighty God thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee the overflowing spring

Ori. omitted the “a”; corrected in CPH (1741), 20.

Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 33–34 (Book 1, no. 48).
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply:
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We’ll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly
Nor tire amid’st the heavenly road!

XX.
Praise.34

1 O King of Glory, King of Peace,
   Thee only will I love;
Thee that my love may never cease
   Incessant will I move.

2 For thou hast granted my request,
   For thou my cries hast heard;
Mark’d all the workings of my breast,
   And hast in mercy spar’d.

3 Therefore with all my strength and art
   Thy mercy will I sing:
To thee the tribute of my heart
   My soul, my all I bring.

4 What tho’ my sins against me cried
   Thou did’st the sinner spare:
In vain th’ accuser loud replied;
   For love had charm’d thy ear.

5 The seven whole days, not one in seven,
   Unwearied will I praise,
And in my heart as in thy heaven
   Thy throne triumphant raise.

6 Soften’d and vanquish’d by my tears
   Thou could’st no more withstand,

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But when stern justice call’d for fears  
Disarm’d her lifted hand.

7 Small is it in this humble sort  
Thy mercy’s fame to raise;  
For even eternity’s too short  
To utter all thy praise!

XXI.  
**Christ’s Humiliation and Exaltation.**  

1 What equal honours shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb?  
Since all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name.

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan’d and died,  
Worthy to rise and live and reign  
At his Almighty Father’s side.

3 Power and dominion are his due  
Who stood condemn’d at Pilate’s bar:  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Tho’ he was charg’d with madness here.

4 Honour immortal must be paid  
Instead of scandal and of scorn.  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men!  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

XXII.  
**Hymn to the Holy-Ghost.**  

1 Come Holy Spirit, send down those beams  
Which gently flow in silent streams

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36Ori., “this”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 24.

37Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickes (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 35, stanzas 1, 2, 4, 6 (pp. 377–78.), much altered.
From thy eternal throne above:
Come thou, enricher of the poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our store,
Fill us with faith and hope and love.  

Come thou, our soul’s delightful guest,
The wearied pilgrim’s sweetest rest,
The fainting sufferer’s best relief:
Come thou, our passions cool allay:
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,
And turns to peace and joy all grief.  

Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Water from heaven our barren clay,
Our sickness cure, our bruises heal:
To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,
And there enthron’d for ever dwell.

All glory to the sacred Three
One everlasting Deity,
All love and power and might and praise;
As at the first, e’er time begun,
May the same homage still be done
When earth and heaven itself decays.

XXIII.  
The Offices of Christ.  

1 We bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev’rence our high priest above;
Who offer’d up his blood:
Live, Lord, and carry on thy love
By pleading with our God.

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38Line revised in CPH (1741) to: “Fill us with faith, with hope, and love.”
39Ori., “turns to peace all joy and grief”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 26.
40Ori., “e’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
41Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 248 (Book 2, No. 132).
3 We honour our exalted King;
   How sweet are thy commands!
O guard our souls from hell and sin
   In thy almighty hands.

4 Hosannah to thy glorious name
   Who sav’st by different ways!
Thy mercies lay a sovereign claim
   To our immortal praise.

XXIV.
Hymn for Sunday. 42

1 Behold we come, dear Lord, to thee
   And bow before thy throne,
We come to offer all our vows,
   Our souls to thee alone.

2 What e’er we have, what e’er we are,
   Thy bounty freely gave:
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
   And wilt hereafter save.

3 But O! Can all our store afford
   No better gifts for thee?
Thus we confess thy riches, Lord,
   And thus our poverty.

4 ’Tis not our tongues or knees can pay
   The mighty debt we owe:
Far more we should, than we can say,
   Far lower should we bow.

5 Come then my soul, bring all thy powers
   And grieve thou hast no more,
Bring every day thy choicest hours
   And thy great God adore.

6 But above all prepare thy heart
   On this his own blest day,

42Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickes (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 1, (pp. 3–4).
In its sweet task to bear a part,
   And sing and love and pray!

XXV.  
Triumph Over Death.  43

1 And must this body die?  
   This well wrought frame decay?  
   And must these active limbs of mine
   Lie mouldring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms  
   Shall but refine this flesh,
   Till my triumphant spirit comes
   To put it on a fresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives  
   And often from the skies
   Looks down and watches all my dust,
   Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array’d in glorious grace  
   Shall these vile bodies shine,
   And every shape and every face
   Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,  
   Lord, to thy dying love:  
   O may we bless thy grace below,
   And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour accept the praise  
   Of these our humble songs,
   Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
   With our immortal tongues.

XXVI.
From the German.

1 Jesu, to thee my heart I bow,
Strange flames far from my soul remove:
Fairest among ten thousand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my life, my love.

2 All heav’n thou fill’st with pure desire;
O shine upon my frozen breast;
With sacred warmth my heart inspire,
May I too thy hid sweetness tast.

3 I see thy garments roll’d in blood,
Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side:
All hail, thou suffering, conquering God,
Now man shall live; for God hath died.

4 O kill in me this rebel sin,
And triumph o’er my willing breast:
Restore thy image Lord, therein,
And lead me to my Father’s rest.

5 Ye earthly loves be far away!
Saviour, be thou my love alone;
Ne’er more may mine usurp the sway,
But in me thy great will be done!

6 Yea, thou, true witness, spotless Lamb,
All things for thee I count but loss;
My sole desire, my constant aim,
My only glory be thy cross!

XXVII.
Thanksgiving for God’s Particular Providence.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Why my cold heart, art thou not lost
  In wonder, love and praise?

2 Thy providence my life sustain’d
   And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay
   And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
   Thy mercy lent an ear
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn’d
   To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber’d comforts on my soul
   Thy tender care bestow’d,
Before my infant heart conceived
   From whom those comforts flow’d.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
   With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey’d me safe
   And led me up to man.

6 Thro’ hidden dangers, toils and deaths
   It gently clear’d my way,
And thro’ the pleasing snares of vice,
   More to be fear’d than they.

7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
   My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart
   That tasts those gifts with joy.

8 Thro’ every period of my life
   Thy goodness I’ll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
   The pleasing theme renew.

9 Thro’ all eternity to thee
   A grateful song I’ll raise:

47 Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
But O! Eternity’s too short
To utter all thy praise.

XXVIII.
A Morning Hymn. 48

1 My God how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new:
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread’st the curtains of the night
Great guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drooping powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

XXIX.
Heaven Begun on Earth. 49

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God:
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky

48Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 65 (Book 1, no. 81).
49Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 155–57 (Book 2, no. 30, omitting stanzas 2, 9).
And calms the roaring seas.

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love:
Thou shalt send down thy heavenly powers
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see thy face
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of thy grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry:
We’re marching thro’ Immanuel’s ground
To fairer worlds on high.

XXX.
The Names of Christ.52

1 Join all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak thy worth,
Saviour, or set thy glories forth.

2 But O! What condescending ways
Thou take’st to teach thy heavenly grace:
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love thou bear’st for me.55

50Ori., “fear”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1743), 136.
51Ori., “farer”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 117.
52Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 122–23 (Book 1, no. 149, omitting stanzas 3, 6, 7, 9), several alterations.
53Changed to “man or angel” in CPH (1741), 112.
54Line revised to “He takes to teach his sovereign” in CPH (1741), 112.
55“Thou bear’st for” changed to “he bears to” in CPH (1741), 112.
3 Great Prophet, let me bless thy name!
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas’d, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

4 My bright Example and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side:
O never let me run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.

5 Jesus my great High Priest has died,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
Thy blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before thy throne.

6 My Lord, my Conqueror and my King,
Thy scepter and thy sword I sing,
Thine is the victory and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

7 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho’ death and hell obstruct the way.

8 Should death and hell and powers unknown
Put on their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more powerful ways.

XXXI.
Solomon’s Song, Ch. 2 Ver. 8, &c. 61

1 The voice of my beloved sounds,
Over the rocks and rising grounds,
O’er hills of guilt and seas of grief
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now thro’ the veil of flesh I see

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56“By” changed to “from” in CPH (1741), 112.
57“Of” changed to “and” in CPH (1741), 112.
58“Thy” changed to “his” in CPH (1741), 112.
59“Thy” changed to “the” in CPH (1741), 112.
60“Powerful” changed to “sovereign” in CPH (1741), 113.
61Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 52–53 (Book 1, no. 69).
With eyes of love he looks at me,
Now in the gospel’s clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 The Jewish wintry state is gone
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 Th’ immortal vine of heavenly root
Blossoms and buds and gives her fruit;
Lo62 we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.

6 And when I hear my Jesus say
Rise up, my love, make haste away!
My heart would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

XXXII.
[Solomon’s Song, Chap. 2.] Verse 14, &c.63

1 Dear Lord, my thankful heart revives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee my joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.

2 I am my Lord’s, and he is mine:
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:
Nor64 let a motion or a word,
Or thought arise to grieve my Lord.

3 Till the day breaks and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning65 light I see,

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62Ori., “So”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 123.
63Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 53–54 (Book 1, no. 70, stanzas 4–5, 7–8).
64Ori., “Not”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 123.
65Ori., “drawing”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 123.
Thine eyes to me-ward ever turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

4 Be like a hart on mountains green;
Leap o’er these hills of fear and sin:
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour from my side.

XXXIII.
Sincere Praise.67

1 Almighty Maker, God!
How glorious is thy name!
Thy wonders how diffuse’d abroad,
Thro’ out creation’s frame!

2 In native white and red,
The rose and lilly stand:
And free from pride their beauties spread
To shew thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker’s praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King
And give him praises due.

5 But pride that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs’d pride that creeps securely in
And swells a haughty worm.

6 Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design,

66“These” changed to “those” in CPH (1741), 123.

67Source: Isaac Watts, Horae Lyricae (London: Humfreys, 1709), 49–51 (omitting stanzas 2, 8).
Part of thy favours I forget,
    Or think the merit mine.

7    Create my soul anew,
    Else all my worship’s vain.
This wretched heart will ne’er prove true,
    Till it be form’d again.

8    Descend, celestial fire
    And seize me from above!
Wrap me in flames of pure desire
    A sacrifice to love.

9    Let joy and worship spend
    The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
    In sweet perfumes of praise!

XXXIV.
O Ye Spirits and Souls of the
Righteous, Bless Ye the Lord.\textsuperscript{68}

1    Hail, glorious angels, heirs of light,
    Ye high born sons of fire!
Whose hearts burn chaste,\textsuperscript{69} whose flames shine bright,
    All joy, yet all desire.

2    Hail, holy saints, who long in hope
    And expectation sat,
Till for its King, heaven did set ope
    Its everlasting gate.

3    Hail, great apostles of the Lamb,
    Who brought that early ray,
Which from our sun reflected came,
    And made a glorious day.

\textsuperscript{68}Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], \textit{Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality} [Susanna Hopton] and \textit{Published by George Hickes} (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 38, stanzas 3–6, 8–10 (pp. 419–20).

\textsuperscript{69}In one surviving copy the word “chaff” appears; in the other copy, the word “chast”; It is corrected to “chaste” in \textit{CPH} (1741), 120.
4 Hail, generous martyrs, whose strong hearts
Bravely rejoiced to prove,
How weak, pale death, are all thy darts
Compair’d to those of love.

5 Hail, beauteous virgins, whose pure love
Renounc’d all low desires,
Who wisely fixt your hearts above,
And burnt with heavenly fires.

6 Hail, all ye happy spirits above,
Who make that glorious ring
About the sparkling throne of love
And there for ever sing.

7 Great Lord, among their crowns of praise
Accept this little wreath,
Which while their lofty notes they raise
We humbly sing beneath.

XXXV.
The Shortness of Life.  

1 Time, what an empty vapour ’tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies
Or as a shooting star!

2 The present moments just appear,
Then glide away in haste,
That we can never say, They’re here!
But only say, They’re past!

3 Our life is ever on the wing
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
   Thy lasting favours share:
   Yet with the bounties of thy grace
   Thou load’st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
   And we are cloath’d by love,
   While grace stands pointing out the road
   That leads our souls above.

6 Thy goodness runs an endless round!
   All glory to the Lord!
   Thy mercy never knows a bound,
   Be thy great name ador’d!

7 Thus we begin the lasting song,
   And when we close our eyes,
   Let following times thy praise prolong,
   Till time and nature dies.

XXXVI.
Christ Our Wisdom, &c. 71

1 Buried in shadows of the night
   We lie, till Christ restores the light
   Wisdom descends to heal the blind
   And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown’d in tears
   Till thy atoning blood appears:
   Then we awake from deep distress
   And sing, the Lord our righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
   Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
   He sets the prisoners free and breaks
   The iron bondage from our necks.

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71Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78 (Book 1, no. 97).
4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

XXXVII.
Gloria Patri.\textsuperscript{72}

1 Blest be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son
And God the Spirit we adore;
That sea of life, and love unknown
Without a bottom or a shore.

XXXVIII.
Hymn to Christ.\textsuperscript{73}

1 O Jesu, why, why dost thou love
Such worthless things as we
Why is thy heart still toward us
Who seldom think on thee?

\textsuperscript{72}Source: Isaac Watts, \textit{Hymns and Spiritual Songs}, 2\textsuperscript{nd} ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 309 (Book 3, no. 26).

\textsuperscript{73}Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], \textit{Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality} [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickes (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 30, stanzas 1–3, 6–8 (pp. 316–17).
2 Thy bounty gives us all we have  
   And we thy gifts abuse:  
   Thy bounty gives us even thy self,  
   And we thy self refuse.

3 And why alas, why do we love  
   Such wretched things as these?  
   These that withdraw us from our Lord  
   And his pure eyes displease?

4 Break off and raise thy manly eye  
   Up to those joys above,  
   Behold all these our Lord prepares  
   To gain and crown thy love.

5 Alas, O Lord, we cannot love  
   Unless thou draw our heart!  
   Thou who vouchsaf’st to make us know,  
   O make us do our part.

6 Still do thou love me, O my Lord,  
   That I may still love thee:  
   Still make me love thee, O my God  
   That thou may’st still love me.

XXXIX. 
Prayer.\(^{74}\)

1 How swiftly wafted in a sigh,  
   Thou God that hear’st the prayer,  
   Do our requests invade the sky  
   And pierce thy bending ear!

2 My suit is made, my prayer is o’er,  
   If I but lift my eye;  
   Thou gracious Father, canst no more  
   Not hear, than thou canst die.

\(^{74}\)Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 95–96 (#78), paraphrased.
3 How shall we thy great arm revere
Which gives this all to be,
Connects the center with the sphere
And spans infinity?

4 Whate’er our ardent souls require,
Whate’er we wish is there;
Thy power exceeds our scant desire
And blames our partial prayer.

5 O! How unbounded is thy love
Which when thou could’st not die,
Descending from thy throne above
Put on mortality!

6 Thou leav’st thy Father’s blissful face
Our guilt and curse to assume,
To burst the bars that stop’d thy grace
And make thy bounty room.

7 Then still let prayer with me remain,
This my companion be;
So shall I all my wants obtain,
Obtain all heaven in thee!

XL.
From the German.\(^75\)

1 O Jesu, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death’s sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compast round
Find light and life if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere\(^76\) rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere\(^77\) time its ceaseless course began;

\(^75\)Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* ([Herrnhut]: Wäsen-hause, 1735), 32–33 (#30, stanzas 1, 3–5, 8, 13; by Johann Freylinghausen).

\(^76\)Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

\(^77\)Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
Thou when the appointed hour was come
Did’st not disdain the virgin’s womb,
But God with God wert man with man:

3 The world, sin, death oppose in vain,
Thou by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer and my God!
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage:
None can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfill
Thy gracious Father’s sovereign will,
To thy dread scepter will I bow:
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit,
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thy image Lord in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms to thee but these are dear:
No anger may’st thou ever find;
No pride in my unruffled mind
But faith and heav’n-born peace are there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind
That life and all things cast behind,
Springs forth, obedient to thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still t’ adore and praise and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

78“Disdain” changed to “abhor” in HSP (1739).
79 Changed to “No charms but these to thee” in HSP (1739).
80 “Are” changed to “be” in HSP (1739).
81 “And praise” changed to “believe” in HSP (1739).
Psalm XXXVIII. \(^{82}\)

1 Amidst thy wrath remember love,
   Restore thy servant, Lord!
Nor let a Father’s chast’ning prove
   Like an avenger’s sword!

2 My sins a heavy burden are,
   And o’er my head are gone:
Too heavy they for me to bear,
   Too great for me t’ atone.

3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
   My head still bending down:
And I go mourning all the day,
   Father, beneath thy frown.

4 All my desire to thee is known,
   Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh and every groan
   Is notic’d by thine ear.

5 Thou art my God, my only hope;
   O hearken to my cry;
O bear my fainting spirits up;
   When Satan bids me die.

6 Lord, I confess my guilt to thee,
   I grieve for all my sin;
My helpless impotence I see,
   And beg support divine.

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\(^{82}\)Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 104–6 (omitting stanzas 2, 5, 8; several alterations).
7 O God, forgive my follies past;  
    Be thou for ever nigh!  
O Lord of my salvation haste,  
    And save me, or I die!

II.  
Psalm LI.\textsuperscript{83}

1 O thou that hear’st when sinners cry,  
    Tho’ all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
    But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
    And form my soul averse from sin:  
Let thy good Spirit ne’er depart,  
    Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,  
    Cast out and banish’d from thy sight:  
Thy saving strength, O Lord restore,  
    And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho I have griev’d thy Spirit, Lord,  
    His help and comfort still afford:  
And let a wretch come near thy throne  
    To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
    And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
Look down O Lord with pitying eye,  
    And save the soul condemn’d to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways:  
    Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:  
I’ll lead them to my Saviour’s blood,  
    And they shall praise a pard’ning God.

\textsuperscript{83}\textsuperscript{Source: Isaac Watts, \textit{The Psalms of David} (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 143–44 (omitting stanza 5).}
O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

III.
Psalm XC. 84

1 Thro’ every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere85 heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble foot-stool laid.

2 Long had’st thou reign’d ere86 time began
Or dust was fashion’d into man:
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just:
Dust as thou art, return to dust.

4 Death like an over-flowing stream
Sweeps us away, our life’s a dream:
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and wither’d in an hour.

5 Our age to seventy years is set:
How short the term, how frail the state!
Or if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

6 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till from the chains of sin set free
We find immortal life in thee!

85Ori., “e’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
86Ori., “e’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
IV.
The Same [Psalm XC].

1 Lord if thine eye surveys our faults
   And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
   And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust:
   By one offence to thee
Adam with all his sons have lost
   Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
   A fable or a song,
By swift degrees our nature dies,
   Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
   To three score years and ten:
And all beyond that short account,
   Is sorrow, toil and pain.

5 Almighty God reveal thy love,
   And not thy wrath alone!
O let our sweet experience prove
   The mercies of thy throne.

6 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
   T' improve the hours we have:
That we may act the wiser part,
   And live beyond the grave.

V.
A Thought in Affliction.

1 Wilt thou, O Lord, regard my tears
   The fruit of guilt and fear?

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88Ori., “fears”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 7.

Me, who thy justice have provok’d,
O will thy mercy spare?

2 Yes: for the broken, contrite heart
Saviour, thy sufferings plead;
O quench not then the smoaking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed!

3 Thy poor unworthy servant view,
Resign’d to thy decree;
Ordain me or to live or die,
But live or die in thee.

4 Upon thy gracious promise, Lord,
My humbled soul is cast!
O bear me safe thro’ life, thro’ death,
And raise me up at last!

5 Low as this mortal frame must lie
This mortal frame shall sing,
Where is thy victory, O grave,
And where, O death, thy sting!

VI.
On the Crucifixion.⁹⁰

1 From whence these dire portents around,
That earth and heav’n amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Not thus did Sinai’s trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of⁹¹ legislative God.

3 Thou, earth, thy lowest center shake
With Jesu sympathize!

⁹¹Ori., “O”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 17.
Thou sun, as hell’s deep gloom be black,

'Tis thy Creator dies!

4 See streaming from th’ accursed tree

His all atoning blood!

Is this the infinite! 'Tis he,

My Saviour and my God!

5 For me these pangs his soul assail,

For me the death is born!

My sin gave sharpness to the nail

And pointed every thorn!

6 Let sin no more my soul enslave?

Break, Lord, the tyrant’s chain?

O save me, whom thou cam’st to save,

Nor bleed nor die in vain!

VII.

Discipline.92

1 O throw away thy rod!

O throw away thy wrath!

My gracious Saviour and my God,

O take the gentle path.

2 Thou seest my heart’s desire

Still unto thee is bent!

Still does my longing soul aspire

To an entire consent.

3 Not ev’n93 a word or look

Do I approve or own,

But by the model of thy book,

Thy sacred book alone.

4 Altho’ I fail, I weep,

Altho’ I halt in pace94

93Ori., “e’en”; changed in HSP (1739), 77.
94 Ori., “peace”; a misprint, corrected in HSP (1739), 77.
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.

5 O then let wrath remove;
For love will do the deed;
Love will the conquest gain with love
Even stony hearts will bleed.

6 For love is swift of foot,
Love is a man of war;
Love can resistless arrows shoot,
And hit the mark from far.

7 Who can escape his bow?
That which hath wrought on thee,
Which brought the King of Glory low,
Must surely work on me.

8 O throw away thy rod,
What tho’ man frailties hath?
Thou art our Saviour and our God.96
O throw away thy wrath!

VIII.
On the Crucifixion.97

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail’d to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin’d
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark how he groans! While nature shakes,
And earth’s strong pillars bend!
The temple’s veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! The precious ransom’s paid;
Receive my soul, he cries:

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95 Ori., “strong”; a misprint, corrected in HSP (1739), 77.
96 Changed to read “my Saviour and my God” in HSP (1739), 78.
97 Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., a manuscript recovered after the rectory at Epworth was destroyed by fire. John Wesley omits stanzas 2 & 6 of the six-stanza original.
See where he bows his sacred head!
   He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he’ll break death’s envious chain
   And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God was ever pain,
   Was ever love like thine!

IX.
A Sinner’s Prayer.\textsuperscript{98}

1 Thou Lord my power and wisdom art
   O do not then reject my heart!
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust I am
   That calls—O put me not to shame:

2 Thy glories, Lord, in all things shine,
   Thine is the deed, the praise is thine.
A feeble helpless creature, I
   Do at thy pleasure live or die.

3 Lord well I know, I merit grief,
   Yea endless fears without relief:
   Yet O! T’ exact thy due forbear,
And spare, a feeble creature, spare.

4 Still if I wail not (still to wail
   Nature denies and flesh would fail)
   Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

X.
Judgment.\textsuperscript{99}

1 When rising from the bed of death,
   O’erwhelm’d with guilt and fear
I view my Maker face to face,
   O how shall I appear.


\textsuperscript{99}Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele,\textit{ The Spectator} (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 513 (Oct. 18, 1712).
2 If yet, while pardon may be found
   And mercy may be sought,
   My soul with inward horror shrinks,
   And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou O Lord shalt stand disclos’d
   In majesty severe,
   And sit in judgment on my soul,
   O how shall I appear!

4 O may my broken, contrite heart
   Timely my sins lament,
   And early with repentant tears
   Eternal woe prevent!

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart;
   Ere100 yet it be too late!
   And hear my Saviour’s dying groans
   To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
   Her pardon to secure;
   Who knows thy only Son has died;
   To make that pardon sure.

XI.
Christ’s Compassion to the Tempted.101

1 With joy we meditate the grace
   Of our high priest above;
   His heart is made of tenderness,
   His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch’d with a sympathy within
   He knows our feeble frame;
   He knows what sore temptations mean,
   For he hath felt the same.

100 Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
101 Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 99–100 (Book 1, no. 125, omitting stanza 3).
3 He in the days of feeble flesh
    Pour’d out his cries and tears
And in his measure feels afresh
    What every member bears.

4 He’ll never quench the smoaking flax
    But raise it to a flame,
The bruised reed he never breaks
    Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
    His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
    In the distressing hour.

XII.

Frailty.\textsuperscript{102}

1 Lord, how in silence I despise
    The giddy worldling’s snare,
This beauty, riches, honour, toys
    Beneath a moment’s care?

2 Hence painted dust, and gilded clay!
    You have no charms for me:
Delusive breath be far away!
    I waste no thought on thee.

3 But when abroad at once I view
    Both the world’s hosts and thine,
These simple, sad, afflicted, few,
    Those numerous, gay and fine!

4 Lost my resolves, my scorn is past,
    I boast my strength no more.
A willing slave they bind me fast
    With unresisted power.

\textsuperscript{102}Source: George Herbert, \textit{The Temple} (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 62–63 (#46), paraphrased.
O brook not this! Let not thy foes
   Profane thy hallow’d shrine:
Thine is my soul, by sacred vows
   Of strictest union thine!

O hear my just, tho’ late request,
   Once more the captive free,
Renew thy image in my breast,
   And claim my heart for thee.

XIII.
Unfruitfulness. 103

Long have I sat beneath the sound
   Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found
   And knowledge of thy word!

Oft I frequent thy holy place;
   Yet hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
   Can my hard heart retain!

My gracious Saviour and my God
   How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
   And blessings of thy throne?

How cold and feeble is my love!
   How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
   How few affections there!

Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
   To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
   And make me learn thy grace.

103 Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 274–75 (Book 2, no. 165).
6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
   That leads to joys on high,
There knowledge grows without decay
   And love shall never die.

XIV.
From the German. 104

1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
   For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!
My longing heart implores thy grace
   O make in me thy likeness shine.

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind
   Thy will in all things may I see:
In love be every wish resign’d,
   And hallow’d my whole heart to thee:

3 When pain o’er my weak flesh prevails
   With lamb-like patience arm my breast:
When grief my wounded soul assails
   In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
   How e’er life’s various current flow;
With stedfast eye mark every step,
   And follow thee where’er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won
   Alone thou hast the winepress105 trod:
In me thy strengthening grace be shewn,
   O may I conquer thro’ thy blood!

6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
   And all heaven’s host adore their king,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
   And free from pain thy glories sing.

105 Ori., “winepress”; changed in HSP (1739), 146.
XV.
Faith in Christ.\textsuperscript{106}

1 How sad our state by nature is,
   Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
   Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there’s a voice of sovereign grace
   Sounds from thy sacred word,
Here ye\textsuperscript{107} despairing sinners come
   And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th’ almighty call
   And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
   O help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
   Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
   From crimes of deepest dye.\textsuperscript{108}

5 Stretch out thy arm, victorious King,
   My reigning sins subdue:
Drive the old dragon from his seat
   With his infernal crew.

6 A guilty, weak and helpless worm
   Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
   My Jesus and my all.

XVI.
Longing.\textsuperscript{109}

1 With bended\textsuperscript{110} knees and aking eyes
   Weary and faint to thee my cries,

\textsuperscript{106}Source: Isaac Watts, \textit{Hymns and Spiritual Songs}, 2\textsuperscript{nd} ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 211–12 (Book 2, no. 90).

\textsuperscript{107}“Ye” changed to “the” in \textit{CPH} (1741), 19.

\textsuperscript{108}Ori., “die”; a misprint, corrected in \textit{CPH} (1741), 19.

\textsuperscript{109}Source: George Herbert, \textit{The Temple} (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 142–45 (#119).

\textsuperscript{110}“Bended” changed to “bending” in \textit{HSP} (1739).
To thee my tears, my groans I send;  
O when shall my complainings end?

2 Wither’d my heart like barren ground  
Accurst of God: my head turns round,  
My throat is hoarse; I faint, I fall,  
Yet falling still for pity call.

3 Eternal streams of pity flow  
From thee their source to earth below:  
Mothers are kind, because thou art,  
Thy tenderness o’erflows their heart.

4 Lord of my soul, bow down thine ear!  
Hear, bowels of compassion, hear!  
O give not to the winds my prayer!  
Thy name, thy hallow’d name is there.

5 Look on my sorrows! Mark them well:  
The shame, the pangs, the flames, I feel!  
Consider, Lord, thine ear incline:  
Thy Son hath made my sufferings thine.

6 Thou, Jesu, on th’ accursed tree  
Didst bow thy dying head for me:  
Incline it now! Who made the ear  
Can he, can he forget to hear?

7 See thy poor dust in pity see  
It stirs, it creeps, it aims at thee!  
Haste, save it from the greedy tomb!  
Come, every atom bids thee come!

8 ’Tis thine to help! Forget me not!  
O be thy mercy ne’er forgot!  
Lock’d is thy ear? Yet still my plea  
May speed, for mercy keeps the key.

9 Thou tarriest while I sink, I die,  
And fall to nothing! Thou on high

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111“Flames” changed to “fires” in HSP (1739).
112“Can he, can he” changed to “Shall he, shall he” in HSP (1739).
See’st me undone! Yet am I stil’d
By thee (lost as I am) thy child!

10 Yet thou art good; and yet abide
Thy promises; they speak, they chide,
They in my bosom pour my tears,
And my complaint present as theirs.

11 Hear, Jesu! Hear my broken heart!
Broken so long, that every part
Hath got a tongue which ne’er shall cease,
Till thou pronounce, depart in peace.

12 My Lord, my Saviour, hear my cry,
By these thy feet at which I lie;
Pluck out thy dart: regard my sighs:
Now heal my heart, or now it dies.

XVII.
Salvation by Grace.

1 Lord, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding thro’ thy Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;

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113 “Yet thou art good” changed to “Yet sin is dead” in HSP (1739).
114 “Lord” changed to “love” in HSP (1739).
115 “Heart” changed to “soul” in HSP (1739).
116 Source: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 88 (Book 1, no. 111).
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash’d\textsuperscript{117} from sin:

5 'Tis thro’ the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree
Thy Spirit is sent down to breathe\textsuperscript{118}
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais’d from the dead we live anew
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too
And see our Father’s face.

XVIII.
Inconstancy.\textsuperscript{119}

1 Lord Jesu, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent and sin again:
Now I revive and now am slain:
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, O! Too often wounds my heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal’d to all but thee?
No more expos’d, no more undone:
But live and grow to thee alone!

4 Guide thou, my\textsuperscript{120} Lord, guide thou my course
And draw me on with thy sweet force?
Still make me walk, still make me tend
By thee my way, to thee my end.

\textsuperscript{117}“Wash’d” changed to “cleans’d” in CPH (1741), 24.
\textsuperscript{118}Ori., “to breath”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 24.
\textsuperscript{119}Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickes (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 4, stanzas 1–3 (pp. 42–44) & Hymn 13, stanza 6 (p. 122).
\textsuperscript{120}“My” is changed to “O” in CPH (1743), 32.
XIX.
Christ Our Righteousness.\textsuperscript{121}

1 How heavy is the night
   That hangs upon our eyes!
   Till Christ with his reviving light
   Upon our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
   To meet the wrath of heaven:
   But in thy righteousness array’d
   We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
   Are all our thoughts and ways:
   Thy hand infected nature cure
   With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
   To hold our souls in vain:
   Thou set’st the sons of bondage free,
   And break’st the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
   To bring us near to God,
   Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace
   And thine atoning blood.

XX.
From the German.\textsuperscript{122}

1 My soul before thee prostrate lies,
   To thee, her source my spirit flies,
   My wants I mourn, my chains I see
   O let thy presence set me free!

2 Lost and undone for aid I cry;
   In thy death, Saviour, let me die!

\textsuperscript{121}Source: Isaac Watts, \textit{Hymns and Spiritual Songs}, 2\textsuperscript{nd} ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78–79 (Book 1, no. 98).

Griev’d with thy grief, pain’d with thy pain,  
Ne’er may I feel self-love again.

3 Jesu, vouchsafe my heart and will  
With thy meek lowliness to fill;  
No more her power let nature boast,  
But in thy will may mine be lost!

4 I feel well that I love thee, Lord:  
I exercise me in thy word:  
Yet vile affections claim a part,  
And thou hast only half my heart.

5 In life’s short day let me yet more  
Of thy enlivening power implore:  
My mind must deeper sink in thee;  
My foot stand firm, from wand’ring free.

6 Ye sons of men, here nought avails  
Your strength, here all your wisdom fails;  
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?  
Thou only, Lord, supreme of men.

7 And well I know thy tender love:  
Thou never didst unfaithful prove:  
And well I know thou stand’st by me,  
Pleas’d from my self to set me free.

8 Still I do[^123^] watch and labour still  
To banish every thought of ill,  
Till thou in thy good time appear  
And sav’st me from the fowler’s snare.

9 Already springing hope I feel;  
God will destroy the power of hell:  
God from the land of wars and pain  
Leads me, where peace and safety reign.

10 One only care my soul shall know,  
Father, all thy commands to do:

[^123^] Changed to “Still will I …” in *HSP* (1739), 95.
Ah deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee ev’n now am blest;

11 When my warm’d thoughts I fix on thee
And plunge me in thy mercie’s sea,
Then ev’n on me thy face shall shine
And quicken this dead heart of mine.

12 So ev’n in storms my zeal shall grow,
So shall I thy hid sweetness know,
And feel (what endless age shall prove)
That thou, my Lord, my God art love!

Psalms and Hymns
For Saturday.

I.
Psalm XIX.\textsuperscript{124}

1 Behold the lofty sky
   Declares its Maker God,
   And all his starry works on high
   Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
   Still keep their course the same,
   While night to day and day to night
   Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
   Their general voice is known:
   They shew the wonders of his hand,
   And orders of his throne.

4 Ye happy lands rejoice
   Where he reveals his word:

\textsuperscript{124}Source: Isaac Watts, \textit{The Psalms of David} (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 53–54 (omitting stanza 7).
We are not left to nature’s voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
   Are set before our eyes;
   He puts his gospel in our hands
   Where our salvation lies:

6 His laws are just and pure
   His truth without deceit,
   His promises for ever sure,
   And his rewards are great.

7 While of thy works I sing
   Thy glory to proclaim,
   Accept the praise, my God and King
   In my Redeemer’s name.

II.
The Same [Psalm XIX].

1 The spacious firmament on high,
   And all the wide, ethereal sky,
   And spangled heav’ns, a shining frame,
   Their great original proclaim.
   Th’ unwearied sun from day to day
   Does his Creator’s power display
   And publishes to every land
   The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail
   The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
   And nightly to the listening earth
   Repeats the story of her birth:
   While all the stars that round her burn
   And all the planets in their turn,
   Confirm the tidings as they roll,
   And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What tho’ in solemn silence all
    Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What tho’ no real voice nor sound
    Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
    And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
    The hand that made us is divine!

III.
The Same [Psalm XIX].

1 Great God, the heav’ns well order’d frame
    Declares the glory of thy name,
    There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
    A thousand radiant marks appear
    Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day from day to night
    The dawning and the falling light
    Lectures of heavenly wisdom read:
    With silent eloquence they raise
    Our thoughts to our Creator’s praise,
    And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
    Far as the journeys of the sun,
    And every nation knows their voice:
    The sun like a young bridegroom drest
    Breaks from the chamber of the east
    Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Wheree’er he spreads his beams abroad
    He smiles and speaks his Maker God:
    All nature joins to shew thy praise:

Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair are the book of nature’s lines;
   But fairer is thy book of grace.

5 I love the volumes of thy word:
   What joy and light those leaves afford
      To souls benighted and distrest;
   Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
      Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
   Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
   O cleanse me from my secret faults,
      And from presumptuous sins restrain:
   Accept my poor attempts of praise,
      If I have read thy book of grace
   And book of nature not in vain.

IV.
Psalms LXV. 127

1 On thee the race of man depends,
   Far as the earth’s remotest ends;
   Where the Creator’s name is known
   By nature’s feeble light alone.

2 At thy command the morning ray
   Smiles in the east and leads the day;
   Thou guid’st the sun’s declining wheels
   Over the tops of western hills.

3 Seasons and times obey thy voice;
   The evening and the morn rejoice
      To see the earth made soft with showers,
   Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.

4 'Tis from the watry stores on high
   Thou giv’st the thirsty ground supply;

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Thou walk’st upon the clouds, and thence
Dost thy enriching drops dispence.

5 The desart grows a fertile field;
Abundant fruit the valleys yield
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

6 The pastures smile in green array,
Where lambs and larger cattle play:
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

7 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O’er every field thy glories shine:
Thro’ every month thy gifts appear,
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

V.
Psalm CIV. 128

Part I.

1 Thee, Lord, my soul aspires to sing,
Almighty, everlasting King,
Creator! Wondrous to survey
Thy works excite the grateful lay.
From thy bright throne beyond yon height
Spread plains of empyrean light,
The spheres assume the second place,
Swift moving thro’ th’ eternal129 space.

2 Beneath more close compacted lie
The regions of th’ inferior sky.
Here float the clouds, the thunders roll,
And tempests whirl from pole to pole.
Here thy obedient spirits find
The stores of vengeance for mankind:
And pleas’d thy orders to perform
Lance the hot bolt, or drive the storm.

128Source: Thomas Fitzgerald, Poems on Several Occasions (London: J. Watts, 1733), 82–90, altered.
129“Eternal” changed to “ethereal” in CPH (1741), 80.
3 Till thou restrain’d it like a robe
The deep involv’d the shapeless globe;
And now tho’ the proud surges rise,
Range the wide waste, and threat the skies,
Fix’d is their bound, their tumults end;
Yet where thou bidst the main extend,
Awed by thy voice aloof they roar,
Or gently leave th’ uninjured shore.

4 Mean while the piercing liquid strains
Thro’ the tall mountains secret veins;
Thence down the silver currents flow
And wander thro’ the vales below.
And while their streams fresh moisture yield
To the dry cattle of the field,
Lo, trees project their branches fair
And lodge the songsters of the air.

Part II.

1 Thou send’st, thy creatures to sustain,
The former and the latter rain:
See streight herbs, flowers and fruits appear,
And various plenty crowns the year.
Grass for the beast, the olive grows
For man, and the rich vintage flows
His life and vigour to sustain
Waves o’er the field the ripening grain.

2 Lord, how dost thou all-bounteous send,
Unnumber’d blessings without end!
“Thro’ all the earth thy glories shine,
Thy works pronounce thy power divine.”
To their full growth by just degrees
Majestick rise the forest trees
Up to the clouds their arms they throw.
Their roots the center seek below.

130 Ori., “wise”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 80.
3 The nations of the feather’d kind
Here hospitable shelter find
The stork in the tall fir trees height
Here leaves her brood, and wings her flight.
And where their shadowy gloom they throw
Wide waving o’er the mountain’s brow
Earth’s feeble tribes rejoice to share
Thy tender love and guardian care.

Part III.

1 The moon to run her destin’d space
Fills her pale orb with borrow’d rays;
The appointed sun with just carreer
Metes out the day, the month, the year.
His lamp withdrawn then ravening stray
Wild beasts, outrageous for their prey;
The lion roars his wants aloud
And roaring, seeks his meat from God.

2 When the east glows with opening day
Back to their dens they haste away:
Nor sooner are the shades of night
Fled from the sun’s returning light,
Than the strong husbandman renews
His toil, his daily task pursues,
Till evening calls again to rest,
Both toiling man and weary beast.

3 How various is thy praise display’d
O Lord, in all thy hands have made!
Lost in amazement down we fall;
In wisdom thou hast made them all!
How on the earth thy riches shower
Incessant, unexhausted store;
New every morn thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness fills the year!

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13 Ori., “then”; a misprint, corrected in CPH (1741), 82.
And yet, lo other scenes disclose!
The sea no less thy goodness shews,
Here the finn’d race unnumber’d stray,
Dive deep, or on the surface play.
Here huge leviathan may reign
Sole tyrant of the watry plain.
He moves; the boiling deeps divide:
He breathes a storm and spouts a tide.

Part IV.

These all own thy paternal care,
In thee they live and move and are!
The copius good thy hand bestows
Enjoy, and praise thee as it flows.
But thy blest influence once withdrawn,
No more joy, light or comfort dawn:
Dire pain succeeds and sad decay,
And death demands his destin’d prey.

Yet unimpair’d the species all
Stand, while the individuals fall;
Thy timely care each chasm supplies,
One rising as another dies.
Hence thro’ the whole creation known
Still shall thy guardian power be shown
Till at thy word devouring flame
Consume the universal frame.

Ev’n in that lov’d that dreadful day
When earth and heav’n shall melt away,
Thou still, my soul, shalt sound abroad
Praise to thy Father, and thy God.
Praise thou the Lord: he is thy friend,
The cause of all things and their end!
O’er earth, seas, heav’n, let time prevail
The Rock thou build’st on, cannot fail.
VI.
Psalm CXIV.132

1 When Israel, freed from Pharoah’s hand,
   Left the proud tyrant and his land,
   The tribes with cheerful homage own
   Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
   The deep divides to make them way:
   Jordan beheld their march and fled
   With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep.
   Like lambs the little hillocks leap:
   Not Sinai on the133 base could stand,
   Conscious of sovereign pow’r at hand.

4 What pow’r could make the deep divide?
   Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
   Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
   And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood
   Retire, and know th’ approaching God,
   The King of Israel: see him here,
   Tremble thou earth; adore and fear!

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
   The rock to standing pools he turns;
   Flints spring with fountains at his word,
   And fires and seas confess the Lord.

VII.
Psalm CXLVIII.134

Part I.

1 Let every creature join
   To praise th’ eternal God,
Ye heavenly hosts the song begin
   And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams
   And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye sparkling flames
   Shine to your Maker’s praise.

3 He built those worlds above
   And fixt their wondrous frame,
By his command they stand or move
   And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise
   Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders murm’ring round the skies
   His power and glory shew.

5 Wind, hail and flashing fire
   Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in vengeful storms conspire
   To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
   His honours be exprest:
But those who taste his saving love
   Should sing his praises best.

   Part II.

1 Let earth and ocean know
   They owe their Maker praise:
Praise him, ye watry worlds below
   And monsters of the seas.

2 From mountains near the sky
   Let his loud praise resound;
From humble shrubs and cedars high
   And vales and fields around.
3 Ye lions of the wood
   And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
   And he expects your praise.

4 Ye birds of lofty wing,
   On high his praises bear:
Or sit on flowry boughs\textsuperscript{135} \text{and sing}
   Your Maker's glory there.

5 Ye creeping ants and worms
   His various wisdom shew;
And flies in all your shining forms
   Praise him that drest you so.

6 By all the earth born race
   His honours be exprest:
But those that know his heavenly grace,
   Should learn to praise him best.

\textbf{Part III.}

1 Monarchs of wide command,
   Praise ye th' eternal King:
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
   Whence all your honours spring.

2 Let vigorous youth engage
   To sound his praises high,
While growing babes and withering age
   Their feeble\textsuperscript{136} voices try.

3 United zeal be shown
   His wondrous fame to raise:
God is the Lord; his name alone
   Deserves our endless praise.

4 Let nature join with art
   And all pronounce him blest:
But saints who dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

VIII.
Universal Praise.¹³⁷

1  Hark, my dull soul, how every thing
Strives to adore our bounteous King!
Hark, each a double tribute pays:
First sings its part and then obeys.

2  Here nature’s sprightliest, sweetest quire
Their Lord with chearful notes admire
And every day they chant their lauds,
Th’ echoing grove their song applauds.

3  What tho’ their voices lower be,
The streams too have their melody,
Both night and day they warbling run,
They never pause but still sing on.

4  All the gay flow’rs that paint the spring
Hither their silent musick bring;
If heaven bless them thankful they
Do smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5  Awake from shame my sluggish heart,
Awake and gladly sing thy part,
Learn ev’n of birds and springs and flowers
How to employ thy nobler powers.

6  O call whole nature to thy aid
Since it was he whole nature made:
Join we in one eternal song,
We who to one God all belong.

7  Live thou for ever, glorious Lord,
Live thou by all thy works ador’d,
Great One in Three and Three in One
May all things bow to thee alone.

IX.
Sun, Moon and Stars,
Praise Ye the Lord.\(^{138}\)

1 Regent of all the worlds above,
   Thou, sun, whose rays adorn our sphere
   And with unwearied swiftness move
   To form the circle of the year:

2 Praise the Creator of the skies
   Who decks thy orb with borrow’d rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise
   When he forgets his Maker’s praise.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
   Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose paler fires and female light
   Are softer rivals of the noon:

4 Arise, and to that sovereign power
   Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bad thee rule the dusky hours
   And half supply the absent day.

5 Ye glittering stars that gild the skies
   When darkness has her curtain drawn,
That keep the watch with wakeful eyes,
   When business, cares and day are gone:

6 Proclaim the glories of your\(^{139}\) Lord,
   Dispers’d thro’ all the heav’nly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
   So rich a pavement for his feet.

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\(^{139}\)“Your” changed to “our” in *CPH* (1743), 129.
7 Thou heav’n of heav’ns supremely bright,  
    Fair palace of the court divine,  
Where with inimitable light  
    The Godhead condescends to shine:

8 Praise thou thy great inhabitant,  
    Who scatters lovely beams of grace  
On every angel, every saint,  
    Nor veils the lustre of his face.

9 O God of glory, God of love,  
    Thou art the sun that mak’st our days:  
Mid’st all thy wondrous works above  
    Let earth and dust attempt thy praise!

   X.

Eupolis’s Hymn to the Creator.\textsuperscript{140}

\textbf{Part I.}

1 Author of being, source of light,  
    With never fading beauties bright.  
Thou, fullness, goodness, rolling round  
    Thy own fair orb without a bound.  
Ei, or Jao, thee we hail,  
    Great essence that canst never fail!  
By Grecian or barbarick name,  
    Thy steadfast being still the same!

2 Thee may thy humble suppliants call  
Or truth, or good, or one, or all!  
Thee, when fair morning greets the skies  
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes,  
Thee, when\textsuperscript{141} the sweet declining day  
Now sinks in purple waves away,  
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,  
And teach the world to praise and love.

\textsuperscript{140}Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., from the manuscript, altered. When John Wesley published this hymn in \textit{Arminian Magazine} 1 (1778): 39–45, he prefaced it with a \textit{new} dialogue between Plato and Eupolis the provides the supposed occasion for the hymn.

\textsuperscript{141}Ori., “ween”; a misprint.
Lo! Yonder azure vault on high,
Lo! Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,
Lo! Earth on its firm basis plac’d,
And round with circling waves embrac’d;
All these creating power confess,
All these their mighty Maker bless;
And still thy powerful hands sustain
Both earth and heav’n, both firm and main.

Part II.

Scarce can our daring thought arise
To thy pavilion in the skies;
Nor can a mortal tongue declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
Nor solitary dost thou reign,
But circled with a glorious train,
The sons of God, the sons of light,
For ever joying in thy sight!

For thee their silver harps are strung,
While ever beauteous, ever young,
Th’ angelick forms their voices raise,
And thro’ heav’n’s arch resound thy praise.
The feather’d souls that swim the air,
And bath in liquid ether there;
The lark, precentor of their quire,
Leading them higher still and higher.

Listen and learn th’ angelick notes
Repeating in their warbling throats:
And ere to soft repose they go
They teach them to their lords below.
On the green turf, their mossy nest,
The ev’ning anthem swells their breast.
Thus, like thy golden chain from high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky!

142 Ori., “they”; a misprint, corrected in HSP (1739), 2.
143 Ori., “e’re”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”
Part III.

1 Thou, sole from sole, command’st the sun
Round on the burning axles run;
The stars like dust around him fly
And strew the area of the sky,
He drives so swift his race above
That mortals can’t perceive him move:
So smooth his course, oblique or streight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.

2 As the fair queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase her orb of light,
Imparted lustre; thus we see
The solar virtue shines by thee.
Eiresione we’ll no more
Imaginary power adore,
Since oil and wool and chearing wine
And life-sustaining bread are thine.

3 The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
Flower and herb and shrub that grows
Or on Thessalian Tempe’s plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign:
That treat the tast, or smell, or sight,
For food, for medecine, or delight,
All planted by thy parent care
Do spring and smile and flourish there.

Part IV.

1 O ye sweet nurses of soft dreams,
Ye reedy brooks and winding streams,
Or murm’ring o’er the pebbles* sheen,
Or sliding thro’ the meadows green;
Or where thro’ matted sedge you creep
Slow trav’ling to your parent deep,

*i.e., shining or smooth.
Resound his praise by whom you rose
That sea, which never ebbs or flows.

2 Ye trees, whose roots descend as low
As high in air your branches grow,
That pour a venerable shade
For thought and friendly converse made:
Your leavy arms to heaven extend,
And bend your heads, in homage bend:
Cedars and pines that wave above,
Waving adore your parent Jove.

3 No evil can from thee proceed,
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed;
As darkness is not from the sun,
Nor mount the shades till he is gone.
Even then the pious on his guard
Stands undismay'd, for all prepar'd:
Whate'er befal, his mind's at rest;
Since what thou send'st, must needs be best.

4 O Father King, whose heavenly face
Shines still serene on all thy race,
Can we forget thy guardian care,
How slow to punish, glad to spare!
We thy magnificence adore;
We thy unceasing aid implore:
Nor vainly for thy help we call,
Nor can we want; for thou art ALL.