

## *Collection of Psalms and Hymns (1738)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker List, #9]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

Wesley's diary makes clear that he continued to collect psalms and hymns to supplement the worship of his Anglican community and small groups in Georgia after the publication of *CPH* (1737). He published the result of this work shortly after his return to England. The charge for printing the volume was entered in William Bowyer's ledgers on May 24, 1738.

Once again Wesley published the volume anonymously. Only two copies are known to remain extant: one in the library at Lambeth Palace and the other at Wesley College, Bristol (the latter was generously made accessible for this production).

While there is no overlap in actual selections, this collection resembles *CPH* (1737) in being composed entirely of items selected from other authors. Like the earlier collection, Wesley adapted or altered nearly every item (a few dramatically), including the translation of five items from German and one from Spanish.

It should be noted that there are some instances in this volume of irregular hymn indentation, both in comparison between various hymns and in comparison to the form Wesley used for these hymns in other collections. We have not tried to correct these instances, reproducing the hymns as they appear in the original.

Wesley never reprinted this collection in its current form. However, he included over two thirds of the items (50/71) in the enlarged *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1741), ten items in the alternative *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1739), and two items in *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1740).

### **Editions:**

[John Wesley, editor.] *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. London: [Bowyer for Hutton,] 1738.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox.  
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**A  
COLLECTION  
of  
PSALMS AND HYMNS.**

**Psalms and Hymns  
For Sunday.**

**I.  
Psalm XVIII.**

**Part I.<sup>2</sup>**

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock  
My firm affection, Lord, to thee:  
For thou hast always been my rock,  
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,  
My trust is in thy mighty power;  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To thee will I address my prayer,  
(To whom all praise we justly owe)  
So shall I, by thy watchful care,  
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

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<sup>2</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 28–29.

- 4 By floods of pain and fear distrest,  
With seas of sorrow compass'd round,  
With sin's infernal pangs opprest,  
In death's unwieldy fetters bound:
- 5 To heav'n I made my mournful prayer,  
To God address my humble moan;  
Who graciously inclined his ear  
And heard me from his lofty throne.

**Part II.**<sup>3</sup>

- 1 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways  
To various paths of human-kind;  
They who for mercy merit<sup>4</sup> praise  
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.
- 2 Thou to the just shall justice shew,  
The pure thy purity shall see:  
Such as perversely chuse to go  
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 3 For God's designs shall still succeed;  
His word will bear the utmost test,  
He's a strong shield to all that need,  
And on his sure protection rest.
- 4 Who then deserves to be ador'd,  
But God on whom my hopes depend?  
Or who, except the mighty Lord,  
Can with resistless power defend?

**II.**

**Psalm XXIII.**<sup>5</sup>

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
His presence shall my wants supply  
And guard me with a watchful eye:  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

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<sup>3</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 30–31.

<sup>4</sup>“Merit” changed to “seek thy” in *CPH* (1741), 63.

<sup>5</sup>Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 441 (July 26, 1712). This hymn also appeared (earlier in 1738) in George Whitefield's *Journal of a Voyage from London to Savannah* (London: Hutton, 1738), 58 (the 1<sup>st</sup> installment of Whitefield's *Journal*).

- 2     When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
      Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
      To fertile vales and dewy meads  
      My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;  
      Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
      Amid the verdant landskip flow.
- 3     Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
      With gloomy horrors overspread,  
      My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
      For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
      Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
      And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4     Tho' in a bare and rugged way  
      Thro' devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
      Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:  
      The barren wilderness shall smile  
      With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
      And streams shall murmur all around.

**III.**  
**Psalm XXXVI.**<sup>6</sup>

- 1     Thy justice shall maintain its throne,  
      Tho' mountains melt away;  
      Thy judgments are a world unknown,  
      A deep, unfathom'd sea.
- 2     Above these heaven's created rounds,  
      Thy mercies, Lord, extend:  
      Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,  
      Where time and nature end.
- 3     Safety to man thy goodness brings  
      Nor overlooks the beast:  
      Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
      Thy children love to rest.

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<sup>6</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 98–99.

- 4 From thee when creature-streams run low;  
And mortal comforts die,  
Perpetual springs of life shall flow  
And raise our pleasures high.
- 5 Tho' all created light decay,  
And death close up our eyes,  
Thy presence makes eternal day  
Where clouds can never rise.

**IV.**  
**Psalm LXIII.**  
**From the Spanish.<sup>7</sup>**

- 1 O God, my God, my all thou art,  
Ere<sup>8</sup> shines the dawn of rising day  
Thy sovereign light within my heart  
Thy all enliv'ning pow'r display.
- 2 For thee my thirsty soul does pant  
While in this desert land I live:  
And hungry as I am and faint  
Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 In a dry land behold I place  
My whole desire on thee, O Lord:  
And more I joy to gain thy grace  
Than all earth's treasures can afford.
- 4 In holiness within thy gates  
Of old oft have I sought for thee!  
Again my longing spirit waits  
That fullness of delight to see.
- 5 More dear than life itself thy love  
My heart and tongue shall still employ,  
And to declare thy praise will prove  
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

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<sup>7</sup>Source: Daniel Israel Lopez Laguna, ed., *Espejo fiel de vidas que contiene los Psalmos de David en verso obra devota* (London: Con licencia de los Señores del Mahamad, y aprovacion del Señor Haham, 1720), 116.  
Translation by John Wesley.

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 6 In blessing thee with grateful songs  
My happy life shall glide away;  
The praise that to thy name belongs  
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 7 Abundant sweetness, while I sing  
Thy love, my ravish'd soul o'erflows,  
Secure in thee, my God and King,  
Of glory that no period knows.
- 8 Thy name, O Lord, upon my bed  
Dwells on my lips and fires my thought,  
With trembling awe in midnight shade,  
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.
- 9 In all I do I feel thy aid;  
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,  
O God, who bid'st my heart be glad  
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.
- 10 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:  
Then let or earth or hell assail,  
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;  
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

V.

**Psalm LXXXIV.<sup>9</sup>**

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The<sup>10</sup> dwellings of thy love  
Thy earthly temples are!  
To thine abode my heart aspires  
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there.  
They praise thee still: and happy they  
That love the way to Sion's hill.

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<sup>9</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 215–17.

<sup>10</sup>Ori., “Thy”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 70.

- 3           They go from strength to strength  
          Thro' this dark vale of tears,  
          Till each o'ercomes at length,  
          Till each in heav'n appears.  
O glorious seat! Thou God our King  
Shalt<sup>11</sup> thither bring our willing feet.
- 4           God is our sun and shield,  
          Our light and our defence;  
          With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
          We draw our blessings thence.  
He shall bestow upon our race  
His saving grace and glory too.
- 5           The Lord his people loves,  
          His hands no good with-holds  
          From those his heart approves,  
          From holy, humble souls.  
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts;  
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

**VI.**  
**Psalm LXXXIX.**<sup>12</sup>

- 1           Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,  
          My song on them shall ever dwell:  
          To ages yet unborn my tongue  
          Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2           For thy stupendous truth and love  
          Both heaven and earth just praises owe,  
          By quires of angels sung above,  
          And by assembled saints below.
- 3           What seraph of celestial birth  
          To vie with Israel's God shall dare?  
          Or who among the gods of earth  
          With our Almighty Lord compare.
- 4           With reverence and religious dread  
          His servants to his house should press:

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<sup>11</sup>“Shalt” changed to “Shall” in *CPH* (1741), 70.

<sup>12</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 179–80.

His fear thro' all their hearts should spread  
Who his almighty name confess.

- 5 Lord God of armies, who can boast?  
Of strength or<sup>13</sup> power like thine renown'd,  
Of such a numerous, faithful host  
As that which does thy throne surround?
- 6 Thou dost the lawless sea controll,  
And change the prospect of the deep:  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,<sup>14</sup>  
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 7 In thee the sovereign right remains  
Of earth and heaven: thee, Lord, alone  
The world and all that it contains  
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 8 Thy arm is mighty! Strong thy hand!  
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign:  
Possest of absolute command  
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain!

**VII.**  
**Psalm XCI.**<sup>15</sup>

- 1 He that hath God his guardian made  
Shall under the Almighty's shade  
Secure and undisturb'd abide:  
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,  
He is my fortress and my stay,  
My God, in whom I will confide.
- 2 Thy tender love and watchful care  
Shall free me from the fowler's snare  
And from the noisom pestilence:  
Thou over me thy wings shalt spread,  
And cover<sup>16</sup> my unguarded head,  
Thy truth shall be my strong defence.

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<sup>13</sup>“Or” changed to “and” in *CPH* (1741), 72.

<sup>14</sup>“Roll” changed to “rowl” in *CPH* (1741), 72.

<sup>15</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 186–87.

<sup>16</sup>Ori., “over”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 9.

- 3 No terrors that surprize by night  
Shall thy undaunted courage fright;  
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day:  
Nor plague of unknown rise that kills  
In darkness, nor infectious ills  
That in the hottest seasons slay.
- 4 A thousand at thy side shall die,  
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,  
While thy firm health untouch'd remains.  
Thou only shalt look on and see  
The wicked's dismal tragedy  
And count the sinner's mournful gains.
- 5 Because with well plac'd confidence  
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,  
And on the highest dost<sup>17</sup> rely,  
Therefore no ill shall thee befall,  
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall  
Any infectious plague draw nigh.
- 6 For he throughout thy happy days  
To keep thee safe in all thy ways  
Shall give his angels strict commands;  
And they, lest thou shouldst chance to meet  
With some rough stone to wound thy feet  
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

**VIII.**  
**Psalm CIII.**<sup>18</sup>

- 1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,  
God's holy name for ever bless,  
Of all his favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,  
And after sickness makes thee sound;  
From danger he thy life retrieves,  
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

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<sup>17</sup>Ori., "does"; corrected in *CPH* (1741), 9.

<sup>18</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 205–7.

- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace;  
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,  
His willing mercy flows apace.
- 4 As high as heav'n its arch extends  
Above this little spot of clay,  
So much his boundless love transcends  
The small regards that we can pay.
- 5 As far as 'tis from east to west,  
So far hath he our sins remov'd;  
Who with a father's tender breast,  
Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.
- 6 The Lord, the universal King,  
In heav'n hath fix'd his lofty throne:  
To him, ye angels, praises sing,<sup>19</sup>  
In whose great strength his praise is shewn.
- 7 Ye that his just commands obey,  
And hear and do his sacred will;  
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,  
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
- 8 Let every creature jointly bless  
The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,  
With grateful joy thy thanks express;  
And in this consort<sup>20</sup> bear thy part.

**IX.**  
**Psalm CXIII.**<sup>21</sup>

- 1 Ye saints and servants of the Lord,  
The triumphs of his name record,  
His sacred name for ever bless;  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great name address.

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<sup>19</sup>Ori., "bring"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 75.

<sup>20</sup>Wesley reproduces "consort" from Tate & Brady, but changed to "concert" in *CPH* (1741), 76.

<sup>21</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 237.

- 2 God thro' the world extends his sway,  
The regions of eternal day  
But shadows of his glory are,  
With him whose majesty excells,  
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,  
Let no created power compare.
- 3 Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view,  
In highest heaven what angels do,  
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;  
He takes the needy from his cell,<sup>22</sup>  
Advancing him in courts to dwell,  
Companion of the greatest there.
- 4 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.

**X.**  
**Psalm CXIV.**<sup>23</sup>

- 1 When Israel by the Almighty led,  
Enrich'd with their oppressor's spoil,  
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed  
From bondage in a foreign soil:
- 2 Jehovah for his residence  
Chose out imperial Judah's tent  
His mansion royal, and from thence  
Thro' Israel's camp his orders sent.
- 3 The distant sea with terror saw,  
And from the Almighty's presence fled;  
Old Jordan's streams, surpriz'd with awe,  
Retreated to their fountain's head.

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<sup>22</sup>Ori. "call"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 83.

<sup>23</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 238–39.

- 4 The taller mountains skipp'd, like rams  
When danger near the fold they hear:  
The hills skipp'd after them, like lambs  
Affrighted by their leader's fear.
- 5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw,  
And naked leave your oozy bed?  
Why Jordan, against nature's law,  
Recoild'st thou to thy fountain's head?
- 6 Why, mountains, did ye skip, like rams  
When danger does approach the fold?  
Why after them, ye hills, like lambs  
When they their leader's flight behold.
- 7 Earth, tremble on: well may'st thou fear  
Thy Lord and Maker's face to see;  
When Jacob's awful God draws near,  
'Tis time for earth and sea to flee:
- 8 To flee from God, who nature's law  
Confirms and cancels at his will;  
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,  
And thirsty vales with water fill.

**XI.**

**Psalm CXXI.**<sup>24</sup>

- 1 To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,  
There all my hopes are laid:  
The Lord that built the earth and skies  
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet, O Lord, shall never fall,  
Whom thou vouchsaf'st to keep:  
Thy ear attends the softest call,  
Thy eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Thou wilt sustain our feeble pow'rs  
With thy almighty arm:

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<sup>24</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 332–33.

Thou watchest our unguarded hours  
Against invading harm.

- 4 Nor scorching sun nor sickly moon  
Shall have thy leave to smite;  
Thou shield'st our heads from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.
- 5 He guards our souls, he keeps our breath,  
Where thickest dangers come:  
Go and return, secure from death,  
Till God commands thee home.

**XII.**  
**Psalm CXXXIX.**<sup>25</sup>

- 1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known,  
My rising up and lying down;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My publick haunts and private ways:  
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,  
My yet unutter'd words intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand.  
O skill, for human reach too high!  
Too dazling bright for mortal eye!
- 4 O could I so perfidious be  
To think of once deserting thee,  
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,  
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 5 If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light:  
If down to hell's infernal plains,  
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

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<sup>25</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 293–95.

- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the western main;  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the sable wings of night,  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes:  
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy<sup>26</sup> way,  
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,  
My reins and every vital part:  
Each single thread in nature's loom  
By thee was cover'd in the womb.
- 10 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came  
A work of such a curious frame;  
The wonders thou in me hast shewn  
My soul with grateful joy shall own.
- 11 Thine eye my substance did survey,  
While yet a lifeless mass it lay;  
In secret how exactly wrought,  
Ere<sup>27</sup> from its dark inclosure brought.
- 12 Thou did'st the shapeless embryo see,  
Its parts were register'd by thee;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 13 Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
That since the maze of life I trod,  
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 14 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart,  
If evil lurk in any part;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.

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<sup>26</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in *CPH* (1741), 86.

<sup>27</sup>Ori., “E're”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

**XIII.**  
**Psalm CXLV.**  
**Verse 7, &c.**

**Part I.**<sup>28</sup>

- 1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King!  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eye thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word  
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:  
But we who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

**Part II.**  
**Verse 14, &c.**<sup>29</sup>

- 1 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign Lord of all!  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.

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<sup>28</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 380–81.

<sup>29</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 381–82.

- 2     When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
          Or virtue lies distrest,  
      Beneath the proud oppressor's frown  
          Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3     The Lord supports our infant days,  
          And guides our giddy youth:  
      Holy and just are all thy ways,  
          And all thy words are truth.
- 4     Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,  
          Thou hear'st thy children cry,  
      And their best wishes to fulfil  
          Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5     Thy mercy never shall remove  
          From men of heart sincere:  
      Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
          Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6     My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
          And spread thy fame abroad:  
      Let all the sons of Adam raise  
          The honours of their God!

**XIV.**

**Psalm CXLVIII.<sup>30</sup>**

- 1     O azure vaults! O crystal sky!  
      The world's transparent canopy,  
      Break your long silence, and let mortals know,  
      With what contempt you look on things below.
- 2     Wing'd squadrons of the God of war,  
      Who conquer wheresoe'er you are;  
      Let echoing anthems make his praises known  
      On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his throne.
- 3     Great eye of all, whose glorious ray  
      Rules the bright empire of the day;  
      O praise his name, without whose purer light,  
      Thou had'st been hid in an abyss of night.

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<sup>30</sup>Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (c. 1633–85), "A Paraphrase of the CXLVIII Psalm," in John Dryden, ed. *Examen Poeticum* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1706), 32–36.

- 4 Ye moon and planets, who dispense,  
By God's command your influence;  
Resign to him as your Creator due,  
That veneration which men pay to you.
- 5 Fairest, as well as first of things,  
From whom all joy, all beauty springs;  
O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,  
Who useth thee for his imperial robe.
- 6 Praise him, ye loud harmonious spheres,  
Whose sacred stamp all nature bears;  
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,  
And whose commands is th' universal law.
- 7 Ye wat'ry mountains of the sky,  
And you so far above our eye,  
Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,  
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.
- 8 Ye dragons, whose contagious breath  
Peoples the dark retreats of death,  
Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,  
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.
- 9 Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,  
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep,  
At whose command the foaming billows roar,  
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.
- 10 Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,  
And you, who thro' the concave blow,  
Swift executors of his holy word,  
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' Almighty Lord.
- 11 Mountains, who to your Maker's view  
Seem less than mole-hills do to you,  
Remember how when first Jehovah spoke,  
All heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

- 12 Praise him, sweet offspring of the ground  
With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd;  
And ye tall cedars celebrate his praise,  
That in his temple sacred altars raise.
- 13 Idle musicians of the spring,  
Whose only care's to love and sing,  
Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat  
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.
- 14 Praise him each savage furious beast  
That on his stores do daily feast:  
And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,  
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.
- 15 Majestick monarchs, mortal gods,  
Whose pow'r hath here no periods,  
May all attempts against your crowns be vain;  
But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.
- 16 Let the wide world his praises sing,  
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring;  
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those  
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.
- 17 You that dispose of all our lives,  
Praise him from whom your pow'r derives:  
Be true and just, like him, and fear his word,  
As much as malefactors do your sword.
- 18 Praise him, old monuments of time;  
O praise him in your youthful prime:  
Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense;  
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.
- 19 Jehovah's name shall only last,  
When heav'n, and earth, and all is past:  
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,  
But unconceivable eternity.

- 20 Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,  
The God of gods, the God of grace;  
Who will above the stars your empire raise,  
And with his glory recompence your praise.

**XV.**  
**Psalm CL.**<sup>31</sup>

- 1 O praise the Lord in that blest place  
From whence his goodness largely flows:  
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face  
Unveil'd in perfect glory shews.
- 2 Praise him for all his mighty acts,  
Which he on our behalf hath done;  
His kindness this return exacts,  
With which your praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice  
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;  
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,  
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.
- 4 Let all, that vital breath enjoy,  
That breath he doth to them afford  
In just returns of praise employ;  
Let every creature praise the Lord.

**XVI.**  
**Hymn to the Trinity.**<sup>32</sup>

- 1 Let God the Father live  
For ever on our tongues;  
Sinners from his free love derive  
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath  
In honour to the Son,  
Who bought your souls from hell and death,  
By offering up his own.

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<sup>31</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 313–14.

<sup>32</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 310–11 (Book 3, no. 28).

3 Give to the Spirit praise  
Of an immortal strain,  
Whose light and pow'r and grace conveys  
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter  
Reveals our pardon'd sin;  
O may the blood and water bear  
The same record within.

5 To the great One and Three  
That seal the grace in heav'n,  
The Father, Son and Spirit, be  
Eternal glory giv'n.

**XVII.**  
**God's Eternal Dominion.**<sup>33</sup>

1 Great God, how infinite art thou,  
What worthless worms are we?  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere<sup>34</sup> seas or stars were made:  
Thou art the everlasting God,  
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lye  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the great burning-day.

4 Eternity with all its years  
Stands present to thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears,  
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite, &c.<sup>35</sup>

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<sup>33</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 190 (Book 2, no. 67).

<sup>34</sup>Ori., "E're"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>35</sup>I.e., stanza 1 repeated.

**XVIII.**  
**The Creator and Creatures.<sup>36</sup>**

- 1 God is a name my soul adores,  
Th' almighty Three, the eternal One!  
Nature and grace with all their pow'rs  
Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres,  
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine:  
But nothing like thyself appears  
Thro' all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,  
From change to change the creatures run;  
Thy being no succession knows,  
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,  
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame:  
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,  
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare  
To sing thy glory or thy grace?  
Beneath thy feet we lye so far,  
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light?  
Who can approach consuming flame?  
None but thy Wisdom knows thy might,  
None but thy Word can speak thy name.

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<sup>36</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 14–16.

**XIX.**  
**The Divine Perfections.**<sup>37</sup>

- 1       The Lord Jehovah reigns,  
          His throne is built on high;  
          The garments he assumes  
          Are light and majesty.  
His glories shine with beams so bright  
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2       The thunders of his hand  
          Keep the wide world in awe;  
          His wrath and justice stand  
          To guard his holy law:  
And where his love resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3       Thro' all his mighty works,  
          Amazing wisdom shines;  
          Confounds the pow'rs of hell,  
          And breaks their dark designs.  
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill  
His great decrees and sov'reign will.
- 4       And can this sov'reign King  
          Of glory condescend,  
          And will he write his name  
          My Father and my friend!  
I love his name, I love his word,  
Join, all my powers, to praise the Lord!

**XX.**  
**Seraphick Love.**<sup>38</sup>

- 1       Away, vain world! My heart resign:  
          For I can be no longer thine:  
          A nobler, a diviner guest  
          Has took possession of my breast.

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<sup>37</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 279–80 (Book 2, no. 169).

<sup>38</sup>Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 22–24.

He has, and must engross it all;  
 And yet the room is still too small.  
 In vain you tempt my heart to rove;  
 A fairer object claims my love.

- 2 At last (alas, how late!) I've seen  
 One lovelier than the sons of men:  
 The fairest of ten thousand he,  
 Proportion all and harmony.  
 All mortal beauty's but a ray  
 Of his bright, ever shining day:  
 All before thee must disappear,  
 Thou only good, thou only fair.
- 3 To thee my longing soul aspires  
 With holy breathings, warm desires:  
 To thee my panting heart does move!  
 O pierce, fill, melt it with thy love!  
 How do thy glorious streams of light  
 Ev'n thro' this veil refresh my sight!  
 When shall m' imprison'd<sup>39</sup> soul be free,  
 And find light, life, love, heav'n in thee.

### XXI.

#### Part of the LXIII<sup>d</sup>. Chap. of Isaiah.<sup>40</sup>

- 1 No common vision this I see,  
 In more than human majesty!  
 Who is this mighty hero, who,  
 With glorious terror on his brow?  
 His deep dy'd crimson robes outvie  
 The blushes of the morning sky:  
 Lo, how triumphant he appears,  
 And vict'ry in his visage bears!
- 2 How strong, how stately does he go!  
 Pompous and solemn is his pace,  
 And full of majesty his face.  
 Who is this mighty hero, who?

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<sup>39</sup>“M' imprison'd” changed to “my prison'd” in *HSP* (1740), 172.

<sup>40</sup>Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 51–53.

'Tis I, who to my promise stand:  
 I, who sin, death, hell, and the grave  
 Have foil'd with this all conquering hand:  
 'Tis I, the Lord, mighty to save.

- 3 Why wear'st thou then this crimson dye;<sup>41</sup>  
 Say, thou all conqu'ring hero, why?  
 Why do thy garments look all red,  
 Like them that in the wine-fat tread?  
 The wine-press I alone have trod,  
 That pond'rous mass apply'd<sup>42</sup> alone;  
 And with me to assist was none:  
 A task, worthy the Son of God.
- 4 Angels stood trembling at the sight,  
 Inrag'd I put forth all my might,  
 And down the engine prest; the force  
 Put frighted nature out of course;  
 The blood gush'd out, and checquer'd o'er  
 My garments with its deepest gore.  
 With glorious stains bedeck'd I stood,  
 And writ my victory in blood.
- 5 The day, the signal day is come,  
 Vengeance of all my foes to take;  
 The day, when death shall have its doom,  
 And the dark kingdom's pow'rs shall shake;  
 I look'd, who to assist stood by:  
 Trembled heav'n's hosts nor ventur'd nigh:  
 Ev'n to my Father did I look  
 In pain: my Father me forsook!
- 6 A while amaz'd I was to see  
 None to uphold or comfort me:  
 Then I arose in might array'd,  
 And call'd my fury to my aid;  
 My single arm the battle won,  
 And strait th' acclaming hosts above  
 Hymn'd, in new songs of joy and love,  
 Jehovah and his conqu'ring Son.

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<sup>41</sup>Ori. "die"; corrected in *HSP* (1739), 132.

<sup>42</sup>"Apply'd"; changed to "I ply'd" in *HSP* (1739), 133.

[XXII.]<sup>43</sup>  
**The Resignation.**<sup>44</sup>

- 1 Long have I view'd, long have I thought,  
 And trembling held this bitter draught;  
 'Twas now just to my lips apply'd;  
 Nature shrank in, my courage died.  
 But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,  
 Since, Lord, 'tis mixt and giv'n by thee.
- 2 I'll trust my Great Physician's skill,  
 What he prescribes can ne'er be ill:  
 For each disease he knows what's fit,  
 He's wise and good, and I submit.  
 No longer will I grieve or pine:  
 Thy pleasure 'tis; it shall be mine.
- 3 Thy med'cine puts me to great smart,  
 Thou wound'st me in the tender'st part,  
 But 'tis with a design to cure;  
 I must and will thy touch endure.  
 All that I priz'd below is gone;  
 Yet still, Father, thy will be done.
- 4 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part  
 With what was nearest to my heart,  
 I freely that and more resign,  
 Behold, my heart itself is thine.  
 My little all I give to thee:  
 Thou hast giv'n more, thy Son, to me.<sup>45</sup>
- 5 He left true bliss and joy above,  
 Emptied himself of all, but love:  
 For me he freely did forsake  
 More than from me he e'er can take.  
 A mortal life for a divine  
 He took, and did ev'n that resign.
- 6 Take all, great God, I will not grieve,  
 But still wish I had still to give.

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<sup>43</sup>Ori., "XXI"; a misprint.

<sup>44</sup>Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 106–7.

<sup>45</sup>This line changed in *CPH* (1743), 41 to: "Thou hast bestow'd thy Son on me."

I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit  
My paradise, and I submit.  
I will not murmur at thy word,  
Nor beg thee to sheath up thy sword.

[XXIII.]<sup>46</sup>

**The Aspiration.**<sup>47</sup>

- 1 How long, great God, how long must I  
Immur'd in this dark prison lye!  
Where from the avenues of sense  
My soul has dim intelligence:  
Where but faint gleams salute my sight,  
Like moon-shine in a cloudy night.  
When shall I leave this dusky sphere,  
And be all mind, all eye, all ear!
- 2 How cold this clime! And yet my sense  
Perceives ev'n here thy influence.  
Ev'n here the magnet's pow'r I feel,  
And tremble like th' attracted steel.  
And tho' to beauties less divine  
Sometimes my erring heart decline,  
Yet soon (so strong the sympathy)  
It turns and points<sup>48</sup> again to thee.
- 3 I long to see this excellence,  
Which at such distance strikes my sense.  
My soul struggles to disengage  
Her wings from this her earthly cage:  
Would'st thou, great love, once set her free,  
How would she haste t' unite with thee!  
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,  
But fly and love on all the way.

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<sup>46</sup>Ori. "XXII"; a misprint.

<sup>47</sup>Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 117.

<sup>48</sup>Ori., "pants"; corrected to Norris's wording in *HSP* (1740), 172.

[XXIV.]<sup>49</sup>  
**God Glorious, and Sinners Saved.**<sup>50</sup>

- 1    Father, how wide thy glory shines!  
      How high thy wonders rise!  
      Known thro' the earth by thousand signs  
      By thousand thro' the skies.
- 2    Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,  
      Their motions speak thy skill:  
      And on the wings of ev'ry hour  
      We read thy patience still.
- 3    Part of thy name divinely stands,  
      On all thy creatures writ;  
      They shew the labour of thy hands,  
      Or impress of thy feet.
- 4    But when we view thy strange design  
      To save rebellious worms,  
      Where vengeance and compassion join  
      In their divinest forms:
- 5    Here the whole deity is known,  
      Nor dares a creature guess  
      Which of the glories brightest shone,  
      The justice or the grace.
- 6    Now the full glories of the Lamb  
      Adorn the heav'nly plains,  
      Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
      And try their choicest strains.
- 7    O may I bear some humble part  
      In that immortal song;  
      Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
      And love command my tongue.

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<sup>49</sup>Ori. "XXIII"; a misprint.

<sup>50</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 18.

[XXV.]<sup>51</sup>  
**Sovereignty and Grace.**<sup>52</sup>

- 1 The Lord! How fearful is his name!  
How wide is his command!  
Nature with all her moving frame  
Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne  
And light his awful robe,  
While with a smile or with a frown  
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas,  
Build the vast empires of the earth  
Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall  
In all their shining forms;  
His sov'reign eye looks thro' them all,  
And pities mortal worms.
- 5 His bowels to our worthless race  
In sweet compassion move;  
He cloaths his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, love.
- 6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as he will:  
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,  
We are his children still.
- 7 No more shall peevish passion<sup>53</sup> rise,  
The<sup>54</sup> tongue no more complain:  
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,  
And love resumes again.

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<sup>51</sup>Ori. "XXIV"; a misprint.

<sup>52</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 95–96.

<sup>53</sup>Changed from "passion" (Watts' wording) to "passions" in *CPH* (1741), 18.

<sup>54</sup>"The" is changed to "Our" in *CPH* (1743), 29.

[XXVI.]<sup>55</sup>  
**The Names of Christ.**<sup>56</sup>

- 1       With chearful voice I sing  
           The titles of my Lord,  
           And borrow all the names  
           Of honour from his word:  
 Nature and art can ne'er supply  
 Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2       In *Jesus* we behold  
           His Father's glorious face,  
           Shining for ever bright  
           With undiminish'd rays:  
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son  
 Inherits and partakes the throne.
- 3       The sov'reign *King of kings*,  
           And *Lord of lords* most high,  
           Writes his own name upon  
           His garment and his thigh.  
 His name is call'd *the Word of God*,  
 He rules the earth with iron rod.
- 4       Where promises and grace  
           Can neither melt nor move,  
           The angry *Lamb* resents  
           The inj'ries of his love;  
 Awakes his wrath without delay,  
 And *Judah's Lion* tears the prey.
- 5       But when for works of peace  
           The great Redeemer comes,  
           What gentle characters  
           What titles he assumes?  
*Light of the World*, and *Life of Men*:  
 Nor will he bear those names in vain.
- 6       Immense compassion reigns  
           In our *Immanuel's* heart

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<sup>55</sup>Ori., "XXV"; a misprint.

<sup>56</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 120–22 (Book 1, no. 148).

When he descends to act  
The *Mediator's* part.  
He is a *Friend* and *Brother* too,  
Divinely kind, divinely true.

7       At length the Lord, the judge  
          His awful throne ascends,  
          And drives the rebels far  
          From subjects and from friends.  
Then shall the saints compleatly prove  
The heights and depths of saving love.

[XXVII.]<sup>57</sup>  
**The Offices of Christ.**<sup>58</sup>

1       Join all the glorious names  
          Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
          That ever mortals knew,  
          That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean to speak thy worth,  
Too mean to set thee, *Saviour*, forth.

2       But O what gentle terms,  
          What condescending ways,  
          Doth our *Redeemer* use  
          To teach his heav'nly grace!  
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.

3       Array'd in mortal flesh  
          Lo the *great Angel* stands,  
          And holds the promises  
          And pardons in his hands:  
Commission'd from his Father's throne  
To make his grace to mortals known.

4       Great *Prophet* of my God,  
          My tongue shall bless thy name,  
          By thee the joyful news  
          Of our salvation came;  
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n  
Of hell subdu'd and peace with heaven.

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<sup>57</sup>Ori. "XXVI"; a misprint.

<sup>58</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 124–27 (Book 1, no. 150).

- 5        Be thou my *Counsellor*,  
          My *Pattern* and my *Guide*;  
          And thro' this desert land  
          Still keep me near thy side.  
O let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.
- 6        I love my *Shepherd's* voice,  
          His watchful eyes shall keep  
          My wand'ring soul among  
          The thousands of his sheep.  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 7        Jesus, my great *High Priest*,  
          Offer'd his blood and dy'd;  
          My guilty conscience seeks  
          No sacrifice beside.  
His pow'rful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 8        O thou, Almighty *Lord*,  
          My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,  
          Thy scepter and thy sword,  
          Thy reigning grace I sing.  
Thine is the pow'r, behold I sit  
In willing bonds before thy feet.
- 9        Now let my soul arise  
          And tread the tempter down,  
          My *Captain* leads me forth  
          To conquest and a crown.  
March on, nor fear to win the day,  
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.
- 10       Should all the hosts of death  
          And pow'rs of hell unknown  
          Put their<sup>59</sup> most dreadful forms  
          Of rage and mischief on;  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

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<sup>59</sup>“Their” is changed to “the” in *CPH* (1741), 114.

[XXVIII.]<sup>60</sup>  
**Christ Our Priest and King.**<sup>61</sup>

- 1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he, that cleans'd our foulest sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood:  
'Tis he, that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our attoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our Almighty King,  
Be everlasting pow'r confest,  
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes  
And ev'ry eye shall see him move:  
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,  
Lo,<sup>62</sup> he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day:  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay!

[XXIX.]<sup>63</sup>  
**The New Creation.**<sup>64</sup>

- 1 Attend, while God's eternal Son  
Doth his own glories shew:  
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,  
Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are past away,  
And the old Adam dies:  
My hands a new foundation lay;  
See a new world arise!"

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<sup>60</sup>Ori., "XXVII"; a misprint.

<sup>61</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 45 (Book 1, no. 61).

<sup>62</sup>"Lo" changed to "now" in *CPH* (1741), 116.

<sup>63</sup>Ori., "XXVIII"; a misprint.

<sup>64</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 240 (Book 2, no. 130).

- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free  
From my old state of sin:  
O make my soul alive to thee,  
Create new pow'rs within.
- 4 Renew my eyes and form my ears,  
And mold my heart afresh;  
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,  
From sin and earth and hell,  
In the new world thy grace hath made,  
May I for ever dwell!

[XXX.]<sup>65</sup>

**Christ Worship'd by All Creatures.**<sup>66</sup>

- 1 Come, let us join our chearful songs  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips<sup>67</sup> reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

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<sup>65</sup>Ori., "XXIX"; a misprint.

<sup>66</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 46 (Book 1, no. 62).

<sup>67</sup>"Lips" (Watts' original wording) changed to "hearts" in *CPH* (1743), 136.

[XXXI.]<sup>68</sup>

**The New Covenant Sealed.**<sup>69</sup>

- 1 “The promise of my Father’s love  
Shall stand for ever good,”  
He said; and gave his soul to death,  
And seal’d the grace with blood.
- 2 To this blest cov’nant of thy word  
I set my worthless name;  
I seal th’ engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard’ning grace,  
And glory shall be mine;  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my powers are thine.
- 4 Love, wisdom, justice, join’d and wrought  
The wonders of that day:  
No mortal tongue or mortal thought  
Can equal thanks repay.
- 5 Our hymns should sound like those above,  
Could we our voices raise:  
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love  
And all our lives be praise.

[XXXII.]

**God Our Light in Darkness.**<sup>70</sup>

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun:  
Thou art my soul’s bright morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.

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<sup>68</sup>Ori. “XXX”; a misprint.

<sup>69</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 285 (verses 1–3 are Book 3, no. 3:1–3) and 299 (verses 4–5 are Book 3, no. 16:6–7).

<sup>70</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 177–78 (Book 2, no. 54).

- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Would bear me conqu'ror thro'.

[XXXIII.]

From the German:

*Dich, Jesu, loben wir.*<sup>71</sup>

- 1 Thou, Jesu, art our King,  
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:  
Praise shall our glad tongue employ,  
Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,  
While we vital breath enjoy,  
While eternal ages roll.
- 2 Thou art th' eternal light,  
That shin'st in deepest night  
Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic train,  
While thou bowd'st the heav'ns beneath,  
God with God wert man with man,  
Man to save from endless death.
- 3 Thou for our pain did'st mourn,  
Thou hast our sickness borne:<sup>72</sup>  
All our sins on thee were laid:  
Thou with unexampled grace  
All the mighty debt hast paid  
Due from Adam's helpless race.
- 4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,  
God's kingdom fix'd below.

---

<sup>71</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 68–69 (#68, by Johann Scheffler).

<sup>72</sup>Ori., “born.”

Conqu'ror of all adverse pow'r,  
Thou heav'n's gates hast open'd wide:  
Thou thine own dost lead secure  
In thy cross, and by thy side.

5           Enthron'd above yon sky  
          Thou reign'st with God most high.  
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:  
Pow'r supreme to thee is giv'n;  
Thee, the righteous judge of all,  
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

6           Cherubs with seraphs join  
          And in thy praise combine:  
All their quires thy glories sing.  
Who shall dare with thee to vie,  
Mighty Lord, eternal King,  
Sov'reign both of earth and sky!

7           Hail venerable train,  
          Patriarchs, first born of men!  
Hail, apostles of the Lamb,  
By whose strength ye faithful prov'd:  
Join t' extol his sacred name  
Whom in life and death ye lov'd.

8           The church thro' all her bounds  
          With thy high praise resounds.  
Confessors undaunted here  
Unasham'd proclaim their King;  
Children's feebler voices there  
To thy name hosannas sing.

9           'Midst danger's blackest frown  
          Thee hosts of martyrs own.  
Pain and shame alike they dare,  
Firmly, singularly good;  
Glorying thy cross to bear,  
'Till they seal their faith with blood.

10          Ev'n heathens feel thy power,  
          Thou suff'ring Conqueror!

Thousand virgins, chaste and clean,  
From love's pleasing witchcraft free,  
Fairer than the sons of men,  
Consecrate their hearts to thee.

11       Wide earth's remotest bound  
          Full of thy praise is found:  
And all heav'n's eternal day  
With thy streaming glory flames:  
All thy foes shall melt away  
From th' insufferable beams.

12       O Lord, O God of love,  
          Let us thy mercy prove!  
King of all, with pitying eye  
Mark the toil, the pains we feel:  
'Midst the snares of death we lye,  
'Midst the banded pow'rs of hell.

13       Arise, stir up thy pow'r  
          Thou deathless Conqueror!  
Help us to obtain the prize,  
Help us well to close our race;  
That with thee above the skies,  
Endless joys we may possess!

**[XXXIV.]<sup>73</sup>**  
**A Single Eye.<sup>74</sup>**

1       Teach me, my God and King,  
          In all things thee to see!  
And what I do in any thing  
To do it, as for thee.

2       To scorn the senses' sway  
          While still to thee I tend,  
In all I do, be thou the way,  
In all, be thou the end.

---

<sup>73</sup>Ori., "XXXI"; a misprint.

<sup>74</sup>Source: George Herbert, "The Elixer," *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 178–79 (#156).

- 3<sup>75</sup> All may of thee partake,  
 Nothing so mean<sup>76</sup> can be,  
 But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
 Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done t' obey thy laws,  
 Even servile labours shine:  
 Hallow'd all<sup>77</sup> toil, if this the cause,  
 The meanest work divine.
- 5 This is the long-sought stone<sup>78</sup>  
 That all converts to gold;  
 For that which God for his doth own  
 Cannot for less be told.

[XXXV.]<sup>79</sup>  
**Crucifixion to the World.**<sup>80</sup>

- 1 When I survey the wond'rous cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
 Save in the death of Christ my God!  
 All the vain things that charm'd me most  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet!  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small:  
 Love so amazing, so divine  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

---

<sup>75</sup>In *HSP* (1739), 33, Wesley adds an additional stanza, rendering this as stanza 4.

<sup>76</sup>“Mean” changed to “small” in *HSP* (1739), 33.

<sup>77</sup>“All” changed to “is” in *HSP* (1739), 33.

<sup>78</sup>Wesley changed to “Th' elixir this, the stone” in *HSP* (1739), 34; then reverted to original wording in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition.

<sup>79</sup>Ori., “XXXII”; a misprint.

<sup>80</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 289 (Book 3, no. 7).

[XXXVI.]<sup>81</sup>  
**Charity.**<sup>82</sup>

- 1 Happy the heart, where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast!  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And perfects all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'Tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too;  
But Satan cannot love:
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Yea, ere<sup>83</sup> we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our gracious God!

[XXXVII.]<sup>84</sup>  
**Veni Creator.**<sup>85</sup>

- 1 Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit ev'ry pious<sup>86</sup> mind,  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee.

---

<sup>81</sup>Ori., "XXXIII"; a misprint.

<sup>82</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, "Love to God," *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 163 (Book 2, no. 38).

<sup>83</sup>Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>84</sup>Ori., "XXXIV"; a misprint.

<sup>85</sup>Source: John Dryden, *Miscellany Poems*, 4<sup>th</sup> edition (London: Jacob Tonson, 1716), 5:251–52.

<sup>86</sup>"Pious" changed to "waiting" in *CPH* (1741), 35.

- 2 O source of uncreated heat,  
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,  
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire:  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace descend from high,  
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!  
Thou strength of his almighty hand,  
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command;  
Refine and purge our earthy parts,  
And stamp thine image on our hearts.
- 4 Create all new; our wills controul;  
Subdue the rebel in our soul;  
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
And peace the fruit of love<sup>87</sup> bestow:  
And left again we go astray,  
Protect and guide us in thy way.
- 5 Immortal honours, endless fame  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;  
The Savior Son be glorify'd,  
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete,<sup>88</sup> to thee.

**[XXXVIII.]<sup>89</sup>**  
**The Thanksgiving.<sup>90</sup>**

- 1 O King of grief, (name strange, yet true,  
To thee of all kings only due)  
How, Saviour, shall I grieve for thee,  
Who in all griefs preventest me?
- 2 Shall I weep blood? Thou'st wept such store  
That all thy body was one door:  
"My God, why dost thou part from me,"  
Was such a grief as cannot be.

---

<sup>87</sup>"Love" changed to "faith" in *CPH* (1741), 35.

<sup>88</sup>"Paraclete" changed to "Comforter" in *CPH* (1745), 35.

<sup>89</sup>Ori., "XXXV"; a misprint.

<sup>90</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 27–28 (#5), much shortened and revised.

- 3 Then let me vie with thee in love,  
And try who there shall conqu'ror prove  
Giv'st thou me wealth? I will restore  
All back unto thee by the poor.
- 4 Giv'st thou me honour? All shall see  
The honour doth belong to thee:  
A bosom friend? If false he prove,  
To thee, I will tear thence his love.
- 5 My musick shall find thee: each string  
Shall have his attribute to sing,  
And every note accord in thee,  
And prove one God, one harmony.
- 6 Giv'st thou me knowledge? It shall still  
Search out thy ways, thy works, thy will;  
Yea, I will search thy book, nor move  
'Till I have found therein thy love.
- 7 Thy love, I will turn back on thee,  
O my dear Saviour, victory!  
Then for thy passion—I for that  
Will do—Alas; I know not what.

[XXXIX.]<sup>91</sup>

**Breathing after the Holy Spirit.**<sup>92</sup>

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below  
Fond of these earthly toys:  
Our souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys.

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<sup>91</sup>Ori., "XXXVI"; a misprint.

<sup>92</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 159–60 (Book 2, no. 34).

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live  
At this poor, dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love;  
And that shall kindle ours.

[XL.]<sup>93</sup>  
**The Witnessing Spirit.**<sup>94</sup>

- 1 Why should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter descend and bring  
Some<sup>95</sup> tokens of thy grace!
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints  
And seal the heirs of heav'en?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come:  
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,  
Safely convey me home.

---

<sup>93</sup>Ori., "XXXVII"; a misprint.

<sup>94</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 114–15 (Book 1, no. 144).

<sup>95</sup>"Some" changed to "The" in *CPH* (1741), 34.

[XLI.]<sup>96</sup>  
**Come, Lord Jesus!**<sup>97</sup>

- 1    When shall thy lovely face be seen?  
      When shall our eyes behold our God?  
      What lengths of distance lie between?  
      And hills of guilt? A heavy load.
  
- 2    Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,  
      Let the eternal pillars bow,  
      Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,  
      And make the crystal mountains flow.
  
- 3    Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,  
      And pray and wait the general doom;  
      Come thou, the soul of all our joys,  
      Thou, the desire of nations come.
  
- 4    Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,  
      Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee:  
      And every limb and every joint  
      Stretches for immortality.
  
- 5    Now let our chearful eyes survey  
      The blazing earth and melting hills;  
      And smile to see the lightnings play  
      And flash along before thy wheels.
  
- 6    Hark! What a shout of vi'lent joys  
      Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound!  
      The angel herald shakes the skies,  
      Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.
  
- 7    Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host  
      Stands waiting at your gaping tombs:  
      Let ev'ry sacred, sleeping dust  
      Leap into life; for Jesus comes.

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<sup>96</sup>Ori. "XXXVIII"; a misprint.

<sup>97</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 153.

- 8 Jesus, the God of might and love  
New-molds our limbs of cumb'rous clay,  
Quick as seraphick flames we move,  
To reign with him in endless day.

[XLII.]<sup>98</sup>

**God Exalted Above All Praise.**<sup>99</sup>

- 1 Eternal pow'r, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a god,  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds!
- 2 Thee while the first arch-angel sings  
He hides his face behind his wings,  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too;  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The great, the holy, and the high!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name.  
But, O the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, and men below;  
Be short our tunes; our words be few!  
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

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<sup>98</sup>Ori., "XL"; a misprint.

<sup>99</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 159.

**Psalms and Hymns  
For Wednesday or Friday.**

**I.  
Psalm LXIII.<sup>100</sup>**

- 1 Great God, indulge my humble claim;  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God!  
And I am thine, by sacred ties,  
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands  
For thee I long, to thee I look;  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Ev'n life itself without thy love  
No lasting pleasure can afford;  
Yea, 't would a tiresome burden prove  
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise:  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

---

<sup>100</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 159–60.

**II.**  
**Psalm LXXXVIII.**<sup>101</sup>

- 1 Heavy on me, O Lord, thy judgments lie,  
And curst I am; for God neglects my cry.  
O Lord, in darkness, in despair I groan;  
And every place is hell: for God is gone!  
O Lord, arise, and let thy beams controul  
These horrid clouds that press my frighted soul,  
O rise and save me from eternal night!  
Thou art the God of light.
- 2 Downward I hasten to my destin'd place:  
There none obtain thy aid, none sing thy praise.  
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd.  
Is mercy there, is sweet forgiveness found?  
O save me yet, while on the brink I stand!  
Rebuke these storms, and set me safe on land.  
O make my longings and thy mercy sure!  
Thou art the God of pow'r!
- 3 Behold, the weary prodigal is come,  
To thee, his hope, his harbour and his home.  
No father can he find, no friend abroad;  
Depriv'd of joy, and destitute of God.  
O let thy terrors and his anguish end!  
Be thou his Father, Lord, be thou his friend.  
Receive the son thou did'st so long reprove,  
Thou art the God of love!

**III.**  
**Psalm XC.**<sup>102</sup>

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home;

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<sup>101</sup>Source: Matthew Prior, "Considerations on the 88<sup>th</sup> Psalm," in John Dryden, ed. *Examen Poeticum* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1706), 171–72.

<sup>102</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 229–30.

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure:  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an ev'ning gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and tears,<sup>103</sup>  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away:  
Then fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal<sup>104</sup> home.

#### IV.

#### Psalm CXXXIX.<sup>105</sup>

#### Part I.

- 1 Lord, all I am is known<sup>106</sup> to thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, or to flee  
The notice of thine eye.

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<sup>103</sup>“Tears” changed to “fears” in *CPH* (1741), 8.

<sup>104</sup>“Eternal” changed to “perpetual” in *CPH* (1741), 8.

<sup>105</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 369–72.

<sup>106</sup>Ori., “am known is”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1743), 23.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My publick walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lye open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within,  
And ere<sup>107</sup> my lips pronounce the word  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lye,  
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love!

**Part II.**

- 1 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown?  
In hell they meet thy vengeful fire,  
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
T' escape the wrath divine,  
Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If wing'd with beams of morning light  
I fly beyond the west,  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I seek to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law  
Would turn the shades to light.

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<sup>107</sup>Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee:  
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r  
From which I cannot flee!

**Part III.**

- 1 When I with pleasing wonder stand  
And all my frame survey,  
Lord, 'tis thy work: I own thy hand,  
That built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,  
Where unborn nature grew,  
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,  
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with tender care survey'd  
The growth of ev'ry part,  
'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid  
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,  
Shew me thy wond'rous skill;  
But I review myself, and find  
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine;  
My flesh proclaims thy praise:  
Lord, to thy works of nature join  
Thy miracles of grace!

**V.**

***Veni Creator.***<sup>108</sup>

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.

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<sup>108</sup>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 #36 (pp. 455–56), with doxology added at end.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy sacred unction from above,  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.  
Dispell with thy perpetual light  
The darkness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our sullied face,  
With the abundance of thy grace.  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:  
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And thee, of both, to be but One.  
That, through the ages all along,  
This, this may be our endless song;
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.<sup>109</sup>

## VI.

### From the German:

*Verborgne Gottes Liebe du.*<sup>110</sup>

- 1 Thou hidden love of God; whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;

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<sup>109</sup>This closing doxology was crafted by Thomas Ken, originally as st. 14 of "A Morning Hymn" in *A Manual of Prayers*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 145, etc. (see p. 58 below).

<sup>110</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 483–84 (#542, by Gerhard Tersteegen).

- And fain I would: but tho' my will  
 Be fixt, yet wide my passions rove.  
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
 I aim at thee; yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
 My mind to seek her peace in thee!  
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
 No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.  
 O when shall all my wand'rings end,  
 And all my steps to theeward tend?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
 That strives with thee my heart to share?  
 Ah tear it thence, that thou alone  
 May'st reign unrival'd monarch there.  
 From earthly loves I must be free,  
 Ere<sup>111</sup> I can find repose in thee.<sup>112</sup>
- 5 O hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ may in me<sup>113</sup> live!  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one darling lust survive.  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire or seek but thee!
- 6 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,  
 To save me from low-thoughted care!  
 Chase this selfwill thro' all my heart,  
 Thro' all its latent mazes there.  
 Make me thy duteous child, that I  
 Ceaseless may Abba Father cry.
- 7 Ah, no! Ne'er will I backward turn:  
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am!  
 Thrice happy he, who views with scorn  
 Earth's toys for thee his constant flame.  
 O help, that I may never move  
 From the blest foot-steps of thy love!

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<sup>111</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>112</sup>Wesley revises the last four lines as follows in *HSP* (1739), 79:

Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there:  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it has found repose in thee.

<sup>113</sup>"May in me" changed to "in me may" in *HSP* (1739), 79.

- 8 Each moment draw my heart away  
 From earth,<sup>114</sup> that lowly waits thy call:  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say  
 I am thy love, thy God, thy all!  
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,  
 To taste thy love is all my choice!

**VII.**  
**Life and Eternity.**<sup>115</sup>

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal name,  
 And humbly own to thee  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
 As months and days increase!  
 And every beating pulse we tell  
 Leaves, but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
 The breath that first it gave;  
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground  
 To push us to the tomb,  
 And fierce diseases wait around  
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! On what a slender thread  
 Hang everlasting things!  
 Th' eternal states of all the dead  
 Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Or endless joy, or endless woe,<sup>116</sup>  
 Attend on ev'ry breath;  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death!

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<sup>114</sup>Changed to read "... draw from earth away / My heart" in *HSP* (1739), 80.

<sup>115</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 178–79 (Book 2, no. 55).

<sup>116</sup>This line revised to read "Infinite joy, and endless woe" in *CPH* (1741), 15.

- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May we<sup>117</sup> be found with God.

**VIII.**  
**A Sinner's Sighs.**<sup>118</sup>

- 1 O look not, Lord, on my desert,  
But on thy glory; for thou art  
The mighty God, I a weak worm!  
Destroy me not, but O reform.
- 2 Put me not to eternal shame,  
Unfaithful steward as I am;  
I have consum'd thy goods, yet O!  
Thy mercy, not thy vengeance show.
- 3 Suffer not an Egyptian night  
To cover me; tho' long thy light  
I have despis'd, yet 'gainst vile clay  
Do not almighty pow'r display.
- 4 God of compassions! Lord of love,  
The vials of thy wrath remove!  
Look where th' atoning blood doth stand,  
And quench thy wrath, and stay thy hand!
- 5 Thou art both judge and saviour, Lord!  
Both life and death attend thy word:  
O hear, O spare me! O forgive  
Once more, and yet my soul shall live!

**IX.**  
**Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.**<sup>119</sup>

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
Awake, my sluggish soul:

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<sup>117</sup>“We” changed to “they” in *CPH* (1741), 15.

<sup>118</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 75 (#58).

<sup>119</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 151 (Book 2, no. 25).

- Nothing has half thy work to do;  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain,  
See how they toil and strive!  
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain  
How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move,  
We for whose guards the angel bands  
Come flying from above:
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lye so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts?  
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,  
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,  
With vig'rous souls to rise!  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
To fly and take the prize.

**X.**

**From the German: *Seelen-Brautigam*.<sup>120</sup>**

- 1 O thou, to whose all searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:  
O burst these bands and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to thy<sup>121</sup> cross!  
Hallow each thought: let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

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<sup>120</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 375 (#415, by Zinzendorf).

<sup>121</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in *HSP* (1739), 155.

- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light; be thou my way:  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesu, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee:  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be my way,  
My strength proportion to my day:  
'Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

[XI.]<sup>122</sup>  
**A Morning Hymn.**<sup>123</sup>

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun,  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, mis-spent, redeem;  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,  
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear;  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 By influence of the light divine,  
Let thy own light to others shine;

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<sup>122</sup>Ori., "XIII"; a misprint.

<sup>123</sup>Source: Thomas Ken, *A Manual of Prayers... To which are added, Three hymns, for morning, evening and midnight*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 141–45.

Reflect all heav'n's propitious rays,  
In ardent love, and chearful praise.

- 5 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part;  
Who all night long unwearied sing,  
High praise to the eternal King.
- 6 Awake, awake, ye heav'nly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you, may on my God attend.
- 7 May I, like you, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight;  
Perform, like you, my Maker's will;  
O may I never more do ill!
- 8 Had I your wings, to heav'n I'd fly;  
But God shall that defect supply,  
And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,  
Shall all day long to heav'n aspire.
- 9 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me, whilst I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.
- 10 I would not wake, nor rise again,  
Ev'n heav'n itself I would disdain,  
Wer't not thou there to be enjoy'd,  
And I in hymns to be employ'd.
- 11 Heav'n is, dear Lord, where'er thou art,  
O never then from me depart;  
For to my soul 'tis hell to be  
But for one moment void of thee.
- 12 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Disperse my sins, as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 13 Direct, controul, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 14 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**XII.**  
**An Evening Hymn.**<sup>124</sup>

- 1 All praise to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,  
The grave as little as my bed;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;  
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lye,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Dull sleep! Of sense me to deprive,  
I am but half my time alive;  
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are griev'd,  
To lye so long of thee bereav'd.

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<sup>124</sup>Source: Thomas Ken, *A Manual of Prayers... To which are added, Three hymns, for morning, evening and midnight*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 145–48.

- 7 But tho' sleep o'er my frailty reigns,  
Let it not hold me long in chains;  
And now and then let loose my heart,  
'Till it an hallelujah dart.
- 8 The faster sleep the senses binds,  
The more unfetter'd are our minds;  
O may my soul, from matter free,  
Thy loveliness unclouded see!
- 9 O when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns, with the supernal choir,  
Incessant sing, and never tire!
- 10 O may my guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep;  
His love angelical instil,  
Stop all the avenues of ill:
- 11 May he celestial joys rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse;  
Or, in my stead, all the night long,  
Sing to my God a grateful song.
- 12 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

### XIII.

#### A Midnight Hymn.<sup>125</sup>

- 1 My God, now I from sleep awake,  
The sole possession of me take;  
From midnight terrors me secure,  
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 Bless'd angels, while we silent lye,  
You hallelujahs sing on high;

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<sup>125</sup>Source: Thomas Ken, *A Manual of Prayers... To which are added, Three hymns, for morning, evening and midnight*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 148–51.

You joyful hymn the ever-blest,  
Before the throne, and never rest.

- 3 I with your choir celestial join,  
In offering up a hymn divine;  
With you in heav'n I hope to dwell,  
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in thy arms I will intrust:  
O make me thy peculiar care,  
Some mansion for my soul prepare!
- 5 Give me a place at thy saints' feet,  
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat;  
I'll strive to sing as loud as they  
Who sit above in brighter day.
- 6 O may I always ready stand  
With my lamp burning in my hand;  
May I in sight of heav'n rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 7 All praise to thee, in light array'd,  
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made:  
A boundless ocean of bright beams  
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 8 The sun, in its meridian height,  
Is very darkness in thy sight:  
My soul, O lighten, and inflame,  
With thought and love of thy great name!
- 9 Bless'd Jesu, thou on heav'n intent,  
Whole nights hast in devotion spent,  
But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,  
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.
- 10 My soul, how can'st thou weary grow,  
Of antedating bliss below,  
In sacred hymns, and heav'nly love,  
Which will eternal be above?

- 11 Shine on me, Lord! New life impart,  
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart;  
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light,  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
- 12 Lord, lest the tempter me surprize,  
Watch over thine own sacrifice;  
All loose, all idle thoughts, cast out,  
And make my very dreams devout.
- 13 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[XIV.]<sup>126</sup>  
**Repentance.**<sup>127</sup>

- 1 Lord, I confess my sin is great,  
Great is my sin, O gently treat  
Thy tender flow'r, thy fading bloom,  
Whose life's still aiming at a tomb.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord! Lo I confess,  
I feel, I mourn my foolishness.  
O spare me, whom thy hands have made  
A with'ring leaf, a fleeting shade.
- 3 Sweeten, at length, this bitter bowl  
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul!  
O tarry not! If still thou stay,  
Here sets in death my short-liv'd day.
- 4 When thou for sin rebukest man,  
His drooping heart is fill'd with pain,  
Blasted his strength: his beauty too  
Consumes away as morning dew.

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<sup>126</sup>Ori., "XVI"; a misprint.

<sup>127</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 40–41 (#19), much revised.

- 5     When wilt thou sin and grief destroy?  
        That all the broken bones may joy,  
        And at thy all-reviving word  
        Dead sinners rise, and praise the Lord.

[XV.]<sup>128</sup>

**From the German.**<sup>129</sup>

- 1     All glory to th' eternal Three  
        Of light and love th' unfathom'd sea!  
        Whose boundless pow'r, whose saving grace,  
        Reliev'd me in my deep distress.
- 2     Still, Lord, from thy exhaustless store,  
        Pure blessing and salvation show'r;  
        'Till earth I leave, and soar away  
        To regions of unclouded day.
- 3     My heart from all pollution clean,  
        O purge it, tho' with grief and pain:  
        To thee, lo! I my all resign;  
        Thine be my soul, my will be thine!<sup>130</sup>
- 4     O guide me, lead me in thy ways:  
        'Tis thine the sinking hand to raise.  
        Dead to all creatures may I be:<sup>131</sup>  
        Do thou support the feeble knee.<sup>132</sup>
- 5     O Father, sanctify this pain,  
        Nor let one tear be shed in vain!  
        Soften, yet arm my breast: no fear,  
        No wrath, but love alone be there.
- 6     O leave not, cast me not away,  
        In fierce temptation's dreadful day:  
        Speak but the word; instant shall cease  
        The storm, and all my soul be peace!

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<sup>128</sup>Ori., "XVII"; a misprint.

<sup>129</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 267–69 (#275, by Zinzendorf).

<sup>130</sup>Line reversed in *HSP* (1739), 147, to: "Thine be my will, my soul be thine."

<sup>131</sup>Line revised in *HSP* (1739), 147, to: "O may I ever lean on thee."

<sup>132</sup>Line revised in *HSP* (1739), 147, to: "'Tis thine to prop the feeble knee."

[XVI.]<sup>133</sup>  
**Submission.**<sup>134</sup>

- 1 But that thou art my wisdom, Lord,  
And both my eyes are thine,  
My soul would be extremely stir'd  
At missing my design!
- 2 Were it not better to bestow  
Some place or pow'r on me?  
Then should thy praises with me grow,  
And share in my degree.
- 3 But while I thus dispute and grieve,  
I do resume my sight;  
And pilf'ring what I once did give,  
Disseize thee of thy right.
- 4 How know I, if thou should'st me raise,  
That I should then raise thee?  
Perhaps my wishes and thy praise  
Do not so well agree.
- 5 Therefore unto my gift I stand,  
I will no more advise:  
Only do thou lend me a hand,  
Since thou hast both mine eyes!

[XVII.]<sup>135</sup>  
**Home.**<sup>136</sup>

- 1 Lord, my head burns, my heart is sick,  
While thou dost ever, ever stay!  
Thy slowness wounds me to the quick,  
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
- 2 How can'st thou stay? Think on the pace,  
The blood did make which thou did'st waste.

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<sup>133</sup>Ori., "XVIII"; a misprint.

<sup>134</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 87–88 (#70).

<sup>135</sup>Ori., "XIX"; a misprint.

<sup>136</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 99–101 (#82). Compare Wesley's very different adaptation of this hymn in *HSP* (1739), 70–72.

When I beheld it down thy face  
Trickling, I never saw such haste.

- 3 Yet if thou stay'st, why must I stay?  
What is this weary world to me,  
This world of woe? Ye clouds, away,  
Away! I must get up and see.
- 4 What is this world, this meat and drink,  
Which chains us by the teeth so fast?  
This woman-kind, which I can wink  
Into a blackness and distast?
- 5 Nothing but drought, and thorn, and brake,  
Which way so'er I look, I see:  
Some dream of joys, but when they wake,  
Hungry and faint, they fly to thee.
- 6 We talk of harvests: no such things,  
There are, while in this wild we stray;  
No fruitful year, but that which brings  
The last and lov'd, tho' dreadful day.
- 7 O loose this frame! This knot unty!  
That my free soul may use her wing,  
Now pinion'd with mortality,  
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.
- 8 What have I left, to stay or groan?  
The most of me to heav'n is fled;  
My thoughts, my hopes, my joys are gone,  
And for their old companion plead.
- 9 Come, dearest Lord, no longer stay;  
My heart, my flesh and bones do pray:  
Come, Lord, O shew thy self to me,  
Or take my longing soul to thee!

[XVIII.]<sup>137</sup>  
**From the German.**<sup>138</sup>

- 1    Shall I, for fear of feeble man,  
       Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?  
       Or undismay'd, in deed and word  
       Be a true witness to my Lord?
  
- 2    Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I  
       Conceal the word of God most high?  
       How then before thee shall I dare  
       To stand, or how thy anger bear?
  
- 3    Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng  
       Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue?  
       To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee,  
       The cross endur'd, my God, by thee?
  
- 4    What then is he, whose scorn I dread?  
       Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
       A man! An heir of death! A slave  
       To sin! A bubble on the wave!
  
- 5    Yea let man rage! Since thou wilt spread  
       Thy shadowing wings around my head:  
       Since in all pain thy tender love  
       Will still my sweet refreshment prove.
  
- 6    Saviour of men! Thy searching eye  
       Does all my inmost thoughts descry:  
       Doth ought on earth my wishes raise,  
       Or the world's favour, or its praise?
  
- 7    The love of Christ does me constrain,  
       To seek the wand'ring souls of men:  
       With cries, intreaties, tears to save,  
       To snatch them from the gaping grave.
  
- 8    For this let men revile my name,  
       No cross I shun, I fear no shame:

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<sup>137</sup>Ori., "XX"; a misprint.

<sup>138</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 152–53 (#162, by Johann Joseph Winckler). This translation by Wesley also appeared (in same month) in George Whitefield's *Continuation of the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's Journal, from his Arrival at Savannah to his Return to London* (London: James Hutton, [May 7,] 1738), 44; omitting stanzas 3–4.

All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!  
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

- 9 My life, my blood I here present;  
If for thy truth they may be spent,  
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord!  
Thy will be done! Thy name ador'd!
- 10 Give me thy strength, O God of power!  
Then let winds blow or thunders roar,  
Thy faithful witness will I be —  
'Tis fixed! I can do all thro' thee!

**Psalms and Hymns  
For Saturday.**

**I.  
Psalm VIII.<sup>139</sup>**

- 1 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,  
Within this earthly frame,  
Thro' all the world how great art thou!  
How glorious is thy name.
- 2 In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there;  
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue  
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 Thro' thee the weak confound the strong,  
And crush their haughty foes:  
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng  
That thee and thine oppose.

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<sup>139</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 11–12.

- 4    When heav'n thy beauteous, work on high,  
       Employs my wond'ring sight,  
       The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
       And stars of feebler light.
- 5    What's man, say I, that Lord thou lov'st  
       To keep him in thy mind?  
       Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
       To him<sup>140</sup> so wond'rous kind?
- 6    Him next in pow'r thou did'st create  
       To thy celestial train,  
       Ordain'd with<sup>141</sup> dignity and state  
       O'er all thy works to reign.
- 7    These jointly own his pow'rful<sup>142</sup> sway;  
       The beasts that prey or graze,  
       The bird that wings her airy way,  
       The fish that cuts the seas.
- 8    O thou, to whom all creatures bow,  
       Within this earthly frame,  
       Thro' all the world how great art thou!  
       How glorious is thy name.

## II.

### Psalm XXIX.<sup>143</sup>

- 1    'Tis God that with amazing noise  
       The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks:  
       The ocean trembles at his voice,  
       When he from heaven in thunder speaks.
- 2    How full of pow'r his voice appears,  
       With what majestick terror crown'd!  
       Which from their roots tall cedars tears,  
       And strews their scatter'd branches round.
- 3    They and the hills on which they grow,  
       Are sometimes hurried far away;

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<sup>140</sup>“Him” changed to “them” in *CPH* (1741), 60.

<sup>141</sup>“With” changed to “in” in *CPH* (1741), 60.

<sup>142</sup>“Pow'rful” changed to “sovereign” in *CPH* (1741), 60.

<sup>143</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 51–52.

And leap, like hinds that bounding go,  
Or unicorns in youthful play.

4 When God in thunder loudly speaks,  
And scatter'd flames of lightning sends,  
The forest nods, the desert quakes,  
And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

5 He makes the hinds to cast their young,  
And lays the beasts dark coverts bare,  
While those that to his courts belong  
Securely sing his praises there.

6 God rules the angry floods on high,  
His boundless sway shall never cease:  
His saints with strength he will supply,  
And bless his own with constant peace.

### III. Psalm LXV.<sup>144</sup>

#### Part I.

1 For thee, O Lord, our constant praise,  
In Sion waits our chosen seat:  
Our thankful voices we will raise,  
And there our zealous vows compleat.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer  
Did'st always bend thy list'ning<sup>145</sup> ear,  
To thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, tho' numberless, in vain  
To stop thy flowing mercy try:  
Thou overlook'st the guilty stain,<sup>146</sup>  
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man who near thee plac'd  
Within thy sacred dwelling lives:

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<sup>144</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 120–22.

<sup>145</sup>Ori., “lightning”; a misprint when compared to Tate and Brady.

<sup>146</sup>Ori., “strain”; a misprint when compared to Tate and Brady.

While we, at humbler distance taste  
The vast delights thy temple gives.

- 5 By wond'rous acts, O God most just,  
Have we thy gracious answer found;  
In thee remotest nations trust,  
And those whom stormy waves surround.
- 6 God by his strength sets fast the hills,  
And does his matchless power engage,  
With which the sea's loud waves he still'd  
And the mad crouds tumultuous rage.

**Part II.**

- 1 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay  
When they thy dreadful tokens view:  
With joy they see the night and day,  
Each other's track by turns pursue.
- 2 From out thy unexhausted store  
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground,  
Makes lands that barren were before  
With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 3 On rising ridges down it pours,  
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills:  
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,  
In which a blest increase distills.
- 4 Thy goodness does the circling year  
With fresh returns of plenty crown,  
And where thy glorious paths appear  
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 5 They drop on barren forests, chang'd  
By them, to pastures fresh and green:  
The hills about in order rang'd,  
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
- 6 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn  
The chearful downs: ye valleys bring

A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,  
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

**IV.**

**Psalm CXLVIII.**<sup>147</sup>

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, ye immortal quire,  
That fills the realms above:  
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,  
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,  
The floor of his abode:  
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes  
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,  
Whose beams create our days,  
Join with the silver queen of night  
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,  
Thro' the ethereal blue;  
For when his chariot is a cloud,  
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fires, and storms,  
The troops of his command,  
Appear in all your dreadful forms,  
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,  
In your eternal roar;  
Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore:
- 7 While monsters sporting on the flood,  
In scaly silver shine,  
Speak terribly their Maker God,  
And lash the foaming brine.

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<sup>147</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 32–34.

- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name  
 To softer notes than these,  
 Young zephirs breathing o'er the stream  
 Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,  
 To him that bids you grow;  
 Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines  
 On every thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,  
 And climb the morning sky,  
 While groveling beasts attempt his praise,  
 In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
 Ye mortals, take the sound;  
 Echo the glories of your King,  
 Thro' all the nations round.

## V.

**The Same [Psalm CXLVIII].<sup>148</sup>**

- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,  
 Exalt your Maker's fame:  
 His praise your song employ  
 Above the starry frame.  
 Your voices raise, ye cherubim,  
 And seraphim, to sing his praise:
- 2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,  
 And sun that guid'st the day,  
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
 To him your homage pay.  
 His praise declare ye heavens above,  
 And clouds that move in liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
 And praise his holy name,  
 By whose almighty word  
 They all from nothing came,

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<sup>148</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 309–11.

And all shall last from changes free;  
His firm decree stands ever fast.

4        Let earth her tribute pay;  
          Praise him, ye dreadful whales,  
          And fish that thro' the sea  
          Glide swift with glitt'ring scales.  
Fire, hail, and snow, and misty air,  
And winds that where he bids them blow.

5        By hills and mountains (all  
          In grateful concert join'd)  
          By cedars stately tall  
          And trees for fruit design'd:  
By every beast and creeping thing  
And fowl of wing his name be blest.

6        Let all of royal birth  
          With those of humbler frame,  
          And judges of the earth,  
          His matchless praise proclaim.  
In this design let youth with maids,  
And hoary heads with children join.

7        United zeal be shown,  
          His wond'rous fame to raise,  
          Whose glorious name alone  
          Deserves our endless praise.  
Earth's utmost ends his pow'r obey,  
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

8        His chosen saints to grace  
          He sets them up on high,  
          And favours all their race,  
          Whose hearts to him are nigh?  
O therefore raise your grateful voice,  
And still rejoice your Lord to praise.

**VI.**  
**Song to Creating Wisdom.**<sup>149</sup>

- 1 Eternal wisdom! Thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings:  
With thy loud name, rocks, hills and seas,  
And heav'n's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky!  
How glorious to behold!  
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,  
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light  
Their endless circles run:  
There the pale planet rules the night;  
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes  
On clouds and storms below,  
Those under-regions of the skies  
Thy numerous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there  
Thy orders to obey;  
With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
To make thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,  
Thy thunder shakes our coast;  
While the red lightnings wave along,  
The banners of thine host.
- 7 On the thin air, without a prop,  
Hang fruitful show'rs around:  
At thy command they sink and drop  
Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo! Here thy wond'rous skill array  
The earth<sup>150</sup> in cheerful green:

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<sup>149</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 56–60 (abridged).

<sup>150</sup>“Earth” restored to Watts’ original “fields” in *CPH* (1741), 105.

- A thousand herbs thy art display  
A thousand flowers between.
- 9 There the rough mountains of the deep  
Obey thy strong command:  
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,  
Or sink them to the sand.
- 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the wond'ring sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.
- 11 Infinite strength and equal skill  
Shine through the world abroad.  
Our souls with vast amazement fill  
And speak the builder God.
- 12 But the mild glories of thy grace  
Our softer passions move;  
Pity divine in Jesus' face  
We see, adore, and love.

## VII.

### The Comparison & Complaint.<sup>151</sup>

- 1 Infinite pow'r, eternal Lord!  
How sovereign is thy hand!  
All nature rose t' obey thy word  
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady<sup>152</sup> course thy shining sun  
Keeps his appointed way;  
And all the hours obedient run  
The circle of the day.
- 3 But, ah! How wide my spirit flies,  
And wanders from her God!  
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize  
And treads the downward road.

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<sup>151</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 73–74.

<sup>152</sup>Ori., “steddy.”

- 4 The raging fire and stormy sea  
Perform thy awful will,  
And ev'ry beast and ev'ry tree  
Thy great design fulfil:
- 5 While my wild passions rage within,  
Nor thy commands obey;  
But flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,  
Draw my best thoughts away.
- 6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame  
Pay all their dues to thee?  
Creatures, that never knew thy name,  
That ne'er were lov'd like me?
- 7 Great God, create my soul anew,  
Conform my heart to thine,  
Melt down my will, and let it flow  
And take the mold divine.
- 8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,  
Here all my pow'rs I bring;  
Manage the wheels by thy command,  
And govern ev'ry spring.
- 9 Then shall my feet no more depart,  
Nor my affections rove;  
Devotion shall be all my heart,  
And all my passions love.

### VIII.

#### **Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Children, Praise Ye the Lord.**<sup>153</sup>

- 1 Ye sons of Adam, bold and young,  
In the wild mazes of whose veins  
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,  
Thro' limbs with hardy sinews strung;<sup>154</sup>

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<sup>153</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 69–71.

<sup>154</sup>Ori. "strong"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 103.

Fall prostrate<sup>155</sup> at th' eternal throne,  
 Whence your precarious pow'rs depend;  
 Nor vainly think your lives your own,  
 But chuse your Maker for your friend.

- 2 Ye virgins, boast not of those charms,  
 That soon must yield their youthful grace  
 To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;  
 Love him who gave your smiling face:  
 That bridegroom claims your blooming hours,  
 O make it your perpetual care  
 To please that everlasting fair,  
 His beauty's shade alone is yours.
- 3 Infants, whose diff'rent destinies  
 Are wove with threads of diff'rent size,  
 But from the same spring-tide of tears  
 Commence your hopes and joys and fears;  
 With sounds of tend'rest accent raise  
 Young honours to his glorious name,  
 And consecrate your early days  
 To know and love the pow'r supreme.
- 4 Ye heads of venerable age  
 Just marching off the mortal stage,  
 Fathers, whose vital threads are spun  
 Long as the glass of life would run;  
 Adore the hand that led your way  
 Safe thro' a fair long summer's day;  
 Gasp out your soul, to praise that pow'r  
 By whom ye rise, and die no more.

### IX.

#### **Flying Fowl and Creeping Things, Praise Ye the Lord.**<sup>156</sup>

- 1 Sweet flocks, whose soft enamel'd wing  
 Swiftly and gently cleaves the sky,

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<sup>155</sup>Ori., "prostate"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 103.

<sup>156</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 71–72.

Whose tuneful notes address the spring  
With artless, melting harmony:  
In leafy shadows as ye sit,  
Awake, and with the dawning light  
To nature's God your matins pay,  
Who gives the sun his ev'ry ray.

2 Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,  
And wear upon your shining back  
Those num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,  
Which thousand mingling colours make:  
In harmless play twist and unfold  
The volumes of your scaly gold;  
Let soften'd fires glance from your eyes  
And speak your Maker kind and wise.

3 Insects and mites of mean degree,  
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,  
Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,  
And painted with a various dye:  
In your innumerable forms  
Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown;  
And bends his lofty counsels down  
To earth, to despicable worms.

## X.

### David's Hymn to the Creator.<sup>157</sup>

#### [Part I.]

- 1 Bless God, my soul: thou, Lord, alone  
Possessest empire without bounds!  
With honour thou art crown'd: thy throne  
Eternal majesty surrounds.
- 2 With light thou dost thy self enrobe,  
And glory for a garment take;  
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe  
Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms  
His palace-chambers in the skies,

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<sup>157</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 207–12.

The clouds his chariots are, and storms  
The swift-wing'd steeds on which he flies.

- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind  
His ministers heav'n's palace fill,  
To have their sundry tasks assign'd,  
All pleas'd to serve their sov'reign's will.
- 5 Earth on her center fix'd he set,  
Her face with waters overspread;  
Nor proudest mountains dared as yet  
To lift above the waves their head.
- 6 But when thy awful face appear'd,  
Th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,  
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,  
And by their haste confess'd their dread.
- 7 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,  
And, gushing from the mountain's side,  
Thro' vallies travel to the deep  
Appointed to receive their tide.
- 8 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,  
The threatning surges to repel,  
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,  
Nor to a second deluge swell.

## Part II.

- 1 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,  
The sea recovers her lost hills,  
And starting springs from every lawn  
Surprize the vale with plenteous rills.
- 2 The field's tame beasts are thither led  
Weary with labour, faint with drought,  
And asses on wild mountains bred  
Have sense to find these currents out.
- 3 There shady trees from scorching beams  
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng:

They drink, and for the bounteous streams  
Return the tribute of their song.

4 Thy rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,  
That soon transmit the liquid store,  
'Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,  
And nature's lap can hold no more.

5 Grass for our cattle to devour  
Thou mak'st the growth of ev'ry field;  
Herbs for man's use of various power,  
That either food or physick yield.

6 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine  
To chear man's heart, oppress'd with cares,  
Gives oil that makes his face to shine,  
And corn that wasted strength repairs.

### Part III.

1 The trees of God without the care  
Or art of man with sap are fed,  
The mountain-cedar looks as fair  
As those in royal gardens bred.

2 Safe in the<sup>158</sup> lofty cedar's arms  
The wand'ers of the air may rest,  
The hospitable pine from harms  
Protects the stork, her pious guest.

3 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,  
Its tow'ring heights their fortress make,  
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,  
Where feebler creatures refuge take.

4 The moon's inconstant aspect shews  
Th' appointed seasons of the year,  
Th' instructed sun his duty knows,  
His hours to rise and disappear.

5 Darkness he makes the earth to shrowd,  
When forest-beasts securely stray:

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<sup>158</sup>“The” changed to “a” in *CPH* (1741), 78.

Young lions roar their wants aloud  
To providence that sends them prey:

- 6 They range all night, on slaughter bent,  
'Till summon'd by the rising morn  
To skulk in dens, with one consent  
The conscious ravagers return.
- 7 Forth to the tillage of the soil  
The husbandman securely goes,  
Commencing with the sun his toil,  
With him returns to his repose.
- 8 How various, Lord, thy works are found!  
For which thy wisdom we adore:  
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,  
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

#### **Part IV.**

- 1 But still the vast unfathom'd main  
Of wonders a new scene supplies,  
Whose depths inhabitants contain  
Of ev'ry form and ev'ry size.
- 2 Full freighted ships from every port  
There cut their unmolested way;  
Leviathan, whom there to sport  
Thou mad'st, hath compass there to play.
- 3 These various troops of sea and land  
In sense of common want agree;  
All wait on thy dispensing hand,  
And have their daily alms from<sup>159</sup> thee.
- 4 They gather what thy stores disperse,  
Without their trouble to provide:  
Thou ope'st thy hand, the universe  
The craving world is all supplied.
- 5 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,  
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn,

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<sup>159</sup>“From” changed to “of” in *CPH* (1741), 79.

Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race  
Forthwith to mother earth return.

- 6 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,  
T' inspire the mass with vital seed;  
Nature's restor'd, and parent earth  
Smiles on her new-created breed.
- 7 Thus thro' successive ages stands  
Firm fix'd thy providential care;  
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,  
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.
- 8 One look of thine, one wrathful look,  
Earth's panting breast with terror fills:  
One touch from thee with clouds of smoke  
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
- 9 In praising God, while he prolongs  
My breath, I will that breath employ,  
And join devotion to my songs,  
Sincere, as is in him my joy.
- 10 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,  
My soul, praise thou his holy name,  
'Till with my song, the list'ning world  
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.