

## *Hymns and Sacred Poems (1739)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #13]

### Editorial Introduction:

John Wesley's first two collections of religious song, *CPH* (1737) and *CPH* (1738), were designed to supplement regular patterns of Anglican worship, including public services. He continued a series with the title *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* throughout his life for this purpose.

In March 1739 the Wesley brothers issued the first in a new series of collected verse, titled *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. The switch from "psalms" to "poems" in the title reflects that this collection was intended less for formal Anglican worship and more for devotional use. The new collection was also the first to contain contributions by participants in the early Methodist revival—specifically, John Gambold and Charles Wesley (his earliest published verse). This made *HSP* (1739) more representative of the distinctive emphases of the Methodist movement. This characteristic grew in later volumes in the *HSP* series, rendering it more central than the *CPH* series to early Methodist worship in their homes and various group meetings.

Reflecting its connection to the revival, *HSP* (1739) was the first collection that appeared with explicit attribution to either Wesley. While it bore the names of both brothers, printer records and diary entries make clear that John Wesley was the primary collector and editor of the work. John also authored the Preface to the volume.

Twenty-seven of the items in *HSP* (1739) were drawn from the earlier *CPH* volumes (indicated in the Table of Contents below in blue font). Wesley added nearly sixty additional selections from other identifiable authors, the majority coming from George Herbert, John Gambold, and a German Moravian hymnal. Combined, these sources account for nearly two-thirds of the contents. Most of the remaining items are likely original contributions by John or Charles Wesley (and are indicated as such in the Table of Contents below by putting them in red font). The exact division in this regard is a bit unclear, as Wesley occasionally fails to identify the source when drawing on another writer. We have tried to locate these instances, but a few may remain unidentified.

The thornier issue is determining the specific authorship of the original contributions in this collection, because the Wesley brothers agreed from the beginning NOT to indicate individual authorship in their shared collections. In some cases the question can be settled by the survival of a particular item in Charles Wesley's manuscript collections of his work (indicated by adding [CW] after the title in the Table of Contents below). Beyond that, scholars are reduced to debating internal criteria for discerning when a poem might be by John rather than Charles.<sup>2</sup> Two broad generalizations have emerged from this debate. First, unless there is strong evidence to the contrary (such as appearance in Charles' manuscript collections), scholars concur that John should be considered the author of the translations of German (and one Spanish) hymns. Second, scholars concur that the vast majority of the original contributions were penned by Charles, thus he should be considered the author unless compelling evidence is found to indicate otherwise.

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<sup>2</sup>A sense of this debate can be gained by comparing Henry Bett, *The Hymns of Methodism in their Literary Relations* (London: Epworth, 1920), 21–33; to Frank Baker, *Representative Verse of Charles Wesley* (New York: Abingdon, 1962), lviii–lxi.

## Editions:

John and Charles Wesley. *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. London: Strahan, 1739.

2<sup>nd</sup> London: Strahan, 1739.

3<sup>rd</sup> London: Strahan, 1739.

4<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Farley, 1743 [incorporating *HSP* (1740)].

5<sup>th</sup> London, 1756 [incorporating *HSP* (1740)].

The second edition is significantly abridged, reducing the size of the volume by more than twenty percent. Among items removed are all of the selections from John Gambold, as well as Wesley's preface. The purpose of these revisions remains unclear. **It should be noted that this edition also includes *five new hymns*, all likely by Charles Wesley.** However, these hymns do not recur in the third edition, being moved instead to the distinct *HSP* (1740) collection. Readers will find them in that collection, with their earlier appearance noted.

The third edition is a simple reprint of the first, with a few minor changes.

The fourth and fifth editions of *HSP* (1739) incorporate a second volume in the series, *HSP* (1740). To accommodate the combined publication, about twenty-five items were eliminated from the original list, the majority being poems adapted from George Herbert.

**NOTE:** John Wesley's personal copy of the 5<sup>th</sup> edition is present in the remnants of his personal library at Wesley's House, London (shelfmark, J. 21). Notations that he made in this copy are mentioned in the notes.

The combined *HSP* (1739/40) was not reprinted after 1756 because Methodist worship relied increasingly on two alternative collections that John Wesley had introduced: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753) and *Select Hymns, with Tunes Annexed* (1761). The most popular hymns from *HSP* (1739/40) were included in these collections.

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## **THE PREFACE**

1. Some verses, it may be observed, in the following collection, were wrote upon the scheme of the mystic divines. And these, 'tis owned, we had once in great veneration, as the best explainers of the gospel of Christ. But we are now convinced that we therein “greatly erred, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God.” And because this is an error which many serious minds are sooner or later exposed to, and which indeed most easily besets those who seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity, we believe ourselves indispensably obliged, in the presence of God, and angels, and men, to declare wherein

we apprehend those writers not to teach “the truth as it is in Jesus.”

2. And first, we apprehend them to lay another foundation. They are careful, indeed, to pull down our own works, and to prove that “by the *deeds* of the law shall no flesh be justified.” But why is this? Only “to establish our own righteousness” in the place of our own works. They speak largely and well against expecting to be accepted of God for our virtuous actions—and then teach that we are to be accepted for our virtuous habits or tempers. Still the ground of our acceptance is placed *in ourselves*. The difference is only this: common writers suppose we are to be justified for the sake of our outward righteousness. These suppose we are to be justified for the sake of our inward righteousness. Whereas in truth we are no more justified for the sake of one than of the other. For neither our own inward nor outward righteousness is the ground of our justification. Holiness of heart, as well as holiness of life, is not the cause but the effect of

it. The sole cause of our acceptance with God (or, that for the sake of which, on the account of which we are accepted) is the righteousness and the death of Christ, who fulfilled God's law and died in our stead. And even the condition of it is not (as they suppose) our holiness either of heart or life, but our faith alone, faith contradistinguished from holiness as well as from good works. Other foundation therefore can no man lay, without being an adversary to Christ and his gospel, than faith alone, faith, though necessarily producing both, yet not including either good works or holiness.

3. But supposing them to have laid the foundation right, the manner of building thereon which they advise is quite opposite to that prescribed by Christ. He commands to "build up one another." They advise, "To the desert, to the desert, and God will build you up." Numberless are the commendations that occur in all their writings, not of retirement intermixed with conversation, but of an entire seclusion from men (perhaps for

months or years), in order to purify the soul. Whereas, according to the judgment of our Lord and the writings of his apostles, it is only when we are “knit together” that we “have nourishment from him,” and “increase with the increase of God.” Neither is there any time when the weakest member can say to the strongest, or the strongest to the weakest, “I have no need of thee.” Accordingly our blessed Lord, when his disciples were in their weakest state, sent them forth, not alone but *two by two*. When they were strengthened a little, not by solitude but by abiding with him and one another, he commanded them to “wait,” not separate but *being assembled together*, “for the promise of the Father.” And “they were all with one accord in one place” when they received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Express mention is made in the same chapter that when “there were added unto them three thousand souls,” “all that believed were together,” “and continued steadfastly” not only “in the apostles” doctrine,” but also “in fellowship and in breaking of bread,” and in praying “with one accord.”

Agreeable to which is the account the great Apostle gives of the manner which he had been taught of God, “for the perfecting of the saints,” “for the edifying of the body of Christ,” even to the end of the world. And according to St. Paul, “all” who will ever “come, in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ,” must together “grow up into him, from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted” (or strengthened) “by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love.” Ephesians 4:15–16.

4. So widely distant is the manner of building up souls in Christ taught by St. Paul from that taught by the mystics! Nor do they differ as to the foundation, or the manner of building thereon, more than they do with regard to the superstructure. For the religion these authors would edify us in is

solitary religion. If thou wilt be perfect, say they, trouble not thyself about outward works. It is better to work virtues in the will. He hath attained the true resignation who hath estranged himself from all outward works, that God may work inwardly in him, without any turning to outward things. These are the true worshippers, who worship God in spirit and in truth.

For contemplation is with them the fulfilling of the law, even a contemplation that “consists in a cessation of all works.”

5. Directly opposite to this is the gospel of Christ. Solitary religion is not to be found there. “Holy solitaries” is a phrase no more consistent with the gospel than holy adulterers. The gospel of Christ knows of no religion but social; no holiness but social holiness. “Faith working by love” is the length and breadth and depth and height of Christian perfection. “This commandment have we from Christ, that he who loveth<sup>3</sup> God love his brother also;” and that we manifest our love

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<sup>3</sup>Ori., “love”; corrected in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

“by doing good unto all men, especially to them that are of the household of faith.” And in truth, whosoever loveth his brethren not in word only, but as Christ loved him, cannot but be “zealous of good works.” He feels in his soul a burning, restless desire, of spending and being spent for them. “My father,” will he say, “worketh hitherto, and I work.” And at all possible opportunities he is, like his Master, “going about doing good.”

6. This then is the way. Walk ye in it, whosoever ye are that have believed in his name. Ye know, “Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ.” Ye feel that “by grace ye are saved through faith”; saved from sin by Christ formed “in your hearts,” and from fear by “his Spirit bearing witness with your spirit, that ye are the sons of God.” Ye are taught of God, “not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is”; but to instruct, admonish, exhort, reprove, comfort, confirm, and every way build up one another. “Ye

have an unction from the Holy One” that teacheth you to renounce any other or higher perfection than “faith working by love,” faith “zealous of good works,” faith “as it hath opportunity doing good unto all men.” “As ye have therefore received Jesus Christ the Lord, so walk ye in him; rooted and built up in him, and ’stablished in the faith, and abounding therein” more and more. Only, “Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.” For “ye are complete in him.” “He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last.” Only “continue in” him, “grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel.” “And when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory!”

**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**Part 1.**

**Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator.<sup>1</sup>**

- [1] Author of being, source of light,  
With unfading beauties bright,  
Fulness, goodness, rolling round  
Thy own fair orb without a bound:  
Whether thee thy supplicants<sup>2</sup> call  
Truth, or good, or one, or all,  
Ei or Iao; thee we hail  
Essence that can never fail,  
Grecian or Barbaric name,  
Thy steadfast being still the same.
- [2] Thee, when morning greets the skies  
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;  
Thee, when sweet-declining day  
Sinks in purple waves away;  
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove  
And teach the world to praise and love.

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<sup>1</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., from the manuscript. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 71–74, but in a version with more alterations of the elder Wesley's manuscript. When John Wesley published this hymn in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 39–45, he prefaced it with a *new* dialogue between Plato and Eupolis the provides the supposed occasion for the hymn.

<sup>2</sup>“Supplicants” changed to “suppliants” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- [3] Yonder azure vault on high,  
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,  
Earth on its firm basis placed,  
And with circling waves embraced,  
All, creating pow'r confess,  
All their mighty Maker bless.  
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,  
Sea, earth and air confess thee<sup>3</sup> God:  
Yet does thy pow'rful hand sustain  
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.
- [4] Scarce can our daring thought arise  
To thy pavilion in the skies;  
Nor can Plato's self declare  
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.  
Barren above thou dost not reign,  
But circled with a glorious train,  
The sons of God, the sons of light,  
Ever joying in thy sight:  
(For thee their silver harps are strung,)  
Ever beauteous, ever young,  
Angelic forms their voices raise,  
And through heav'n's arch resound thy praise.
- [5] The feathered souls that swim the air,  
And bathe in liquid ether there,  
The lark, precentor of their choir  
Leading them higher still and higher,  
Listen and learn; th' angelic notes  
Repeating in their warbling throats:  
And ere to soft repose they go,  
Teach them to their lords below:  
On the green turf, their mossy nest,  
The ev'ning anthem swells their breast.  
Thus like thy golden chain from high,  
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

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<sup>3</sup>Ori., "the"; corrected in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- [6] Source of light, thou bidd'st the sun  
On his burning axles run;  
The stars like dust around him fly,  
And strew<sup>4</sup> the area of the sky.  
He drives so swift his race above,  
Mortals can't perceive him move:  
So smooth his course, oblique or strait,  
Olympus shakes not with his weight.  
As the queen of solemn night  
Fills at his vase her orb of light,  
Imparted lustre; thus we see,  
The solar virtue shines by thee.
- [7] Eiresione we'll no more,  
Imaginary pow'r, adore;  
Since oil, and wool, and cheering<sup>5</sup> wine,  
And life-sustaining bread are<sup>6</sup> thine.
- [8] Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains  
The flocks that graze our Attic plains;  
The olive, with fresh verdure crowned,  
Rises pregnant from the ground;  
At thy command it shoots and springs,  
And a thousand blessings brings.  
Minerva, only is thy mind,  
Wisdom, and bounty to mankind.  
The fragrant thyme,<sup>7</sup> the bloomy rose,  
Herb and flow'r and shrub that grows  
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,  
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,  
That treat the taste or smell or sight,  
For food, for med'cine or delight;  
Planted by thy parent care,  
Spring and smile and flourish there.
- [9] O ye nurses of soft dreams,  
Reedy brooks and winding streams,

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<sup>4</sup>Ori., "show"; corrected in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>5</sup>"Cheering" changed to "cheerful" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>6</sup>Ori., "is"; corrected in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>7</sup>"Thyme" misprinted as "theme" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743).

Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles sheen,  
Or sliding through the meadows green,  
Or where through matted sedge you creep,  
Travelling to your parent deep:  
Sound his praise, by whom you rose,  
That sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.

- [10] O ye immortal woods and groves,  
Which the enamoured student loves;  
Beneath whose venerable shade,  
For thought and friendly converse made,  
Famed Hecadem, old hero, lies,  
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,  
And through the gloom of silent night  
Projects from far its trembling light;  
You, whose roots descend as low,  
As high in air your branches grow;  
Your leafy arms to heav'n extend,  
Bend your heads, in homage bend:  
Cedars and pines that wave above,  
And the oak belov'd of Jove.
- [11] Omen, monster, prodigy,  
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!  
Whether various nature play,  
Or reinversed thy will obey,  
And to rebel man declare  
Famine, plague or wasteful war.  
Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise  
The threat'ning vengeance of the skies,  
Whilst the pious, on his guard,  
Undismayed is still prepared:  
Life or death, his mind's at rest,  
Since what thou send'st must needs be best.

- [12] No evil can from thee proceed:  
'Tis only suffered, not decreed.  
Darkness is not from the sun,  
Nor mount the shades till he is gone:  
Then does night obscene arise  
From Erebus, and fill the skies,  
Fantastic forms the air invade,  
Daughters of nothing and of shade.
- [13] Can we forget thy guardian care,  
Slow to punish, prone to spare!  
Thou brak'st the haughty Persian's pride,  
That dared old ocean's pow'r deride;  
Their shipwrecks strewed th' Eubean wave,  
At Marathon they found a grave.  
O ye blest Greeks who there expired,  
For Greece with pious ardor fired,  
What shrines or altars shall we raise  
To secure your endless praise?  
Or need we monuments supply,  
To rescue what can never die!
- [14] And yet a greater hero far  
(Unless great Socrates could err)  
Shall rise to bless some future day,  
And teach to live, and teach to pray.  
Come, unknown instructor, come!  
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room;  
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,  
Of Jove and thee we are the care.
- [15] O Father King, whose heav'nly face  
Shines serene on all thy race,  
We thy magnificence adore,  
And thy well-known aid implore:  
Nor vainly for thy help we call;  
Nor can we want: for thou art all!

**Solitude.**  
**From the Latin.**

- [1] Solitude! Where shall I find  
Thee, pleasing to the thoughtful mind!  
Sweet delights to thee belong,  
Untasted by the vulgar throng.  
Weary of vice and noise I flee,  
Sweetest comforter, to thee.  
Here the mild and holy dove  
Peace inspires and joy and love.  
Thy unmolested, silent shade  
No tumultuous sounds invade:  
No stain of guilt is seen in thee,  
To soil thy spotless purity.  
Here the smiling fields around  
Softest harmony resound.  
Here with angel choirs combined,  
The lord of his own peaceful mind  
Glides through life, from business far,  
And noisy strife, and eating care.  
Here, retired from pomp and state  
(The envied torment of the great)  
Innocent he leads his days,  
Far from giddy thirst of praise.  
Here his accounts with studious care  
Preparing for the last great bar,  
He weeps the stains of guilt away,  
And ripens for eternal day.
- [2] Hoarded wealth desire who please,  
Tow'rs and gilded palaces.  
Fraudless silence may I find,  
Solitude and peace of mind;

To all the busy world unknown,  
Seen and lov'd by God alone.

- [3] Ye rich, ye learn'd, ye great, confess  
This in life is happiness,  
To live (unknown to all abroad)  
To myself only and my God.

### **The Mystery of Life.<sup>8</sup>**

- 1 So many years I've seen the sun,  
And called these eyes and hands my own,  
A thousand little acts I've done  
And childhood have and manhood known:  
O what is life! And this dull round  
To tread, why was a spirit bound?
- 2 So many airy draughts and lines,  
And warm excursions of the mind,  
Have filled my soul with great designs,  
While practice groveled far behind:  
O what is thought! And where withdraw  
The glories which my fancy saw?
- 3 So many tender joys and woes  
Have on my quiv'ring soul had pow'r;  
Plain life with height'ning passions rose,  
The boast or burden of their hour:  
O what is all we feel! Why fled  
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

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<sup>8</sup>Source: Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 263–64.

- 4     So many human souls divine,  
          Some at one interview displayed,  
      Some oft and freely mixed with mine,  
          In lasting bonds my heart have laid:  
      O what is friendship! Why impressed  
      On my weak, wretched, dying breast?
- 5     So many wondrous gleams of light,  
          And gentle ardors from above,  
      Have made me sit, like seraph bright,  
          Some moments on a throne of love:  
      O what is virtue! Why had I,  
      Who am so low, a taste so high?
- 6     Ere long, when sov'reign wisdom wills,  
          My soul an unknown path shall tread,  
      And strangely leave, who strangely fills  
          This frame, and waft me to the dead:  
      O what is death?—'Tis life's last shore,  
      Where vanities are vain no more;  
      Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
      And life is all retouched again;  
      Where in their bright result shall rise  
      Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys.

**Epitaph.**<sup>9</sup>

Ask not, who ended here his span?  
His name, reproach and praise, was man.  
Did no great deeds adorn his course?  
No deed of his, but showed him worse:  
One thing was great, which God supplied,  
He suffered human life—and died.  
What points of knowledge did he gain?  
That life was sacred all—and vain:  
Sacred how high, and vain how low?  
He knew not here, but died to know.

**Virtue.**

**Altered from Herbert.**<sup>10</sup>

- 1 Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky:  
The dew shall weep thy fall to night,  
For thou with all thy sweets must die!
- 2 Sweet Rose, so fragrant and so brave,  
Dazzling the rash beholder's eye:  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou with all thy sweets must die!
- 3 Sweet Spring, so beauteous and so gay,  
Storehouse, where sweets unnumbered lie:  
Not long thy fading glories stay,  
But thou with all thy sweets must die!

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<sup>9</sup>Source: Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 276.

<sup>10</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 80 (#63).

- 4     Only a sweet and virtuous mind,  
          When nature all in ruins lies,  
       When earth and heav'n a period find,  
          Begins a life that never dies!

**Upon List'ning to the Vibrations of a Clock.<sup>11</sup>**

Instructive sound! I'm now convinced by thee  
Time in its womb may bear infinity.  
How the past moment dies, and throbs no more!  
What worlds of parts compose the rolling hour!  
The least of these a serious care demands;  
For though they're little, yet they're golden sands:  
By some great deeds distinguished all in heav'n,  
For the same end to me by number giv'n!  
Cease, man, to lavish sums thou ne'er hast told!  
Angels, though deathless, dare not be so bold!

**Doomsday.  
From Herbert.<sup>12</sup>**

- 1     "Come to judgment, come away!"  
       (Hark, I hear the angel say,  
       Summoning the dust to rise)  
       "Haste, resume, and lift your eyes;  
       Hear, ye sons of Adam, hear,  
       Man, before thy God appear!"

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<sup>11</sup>Source: Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 265–66.

<sup>12</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 181 (#159).

- 2     Come to judgment, come away!  
      This the last, the dreadful day.  
      Sov'reign author, judge of all,  
      Dust obeys thy quick'ning call,  
      Dust no other voice will heed:  
      Thine the trump that wakes the dead.
- 3     Come to judgment, come away!  
      Ling'ring man no longer stay;  
      Thee let earth at length restore,  
      Pris'ner in her womb no more;  
      Burst the barriers of the tomb,  
      Rise to meet thy instant doom!
- 4     Come to judgment, come away!  
      Wide dispersed howe'er ye stray,  
      Lost in fire, or air, or main,  
      Kindred atoms meet again;  
      Sepulchred where'er ye rest,  
      Mixed with fish, or bird, or beast.
- 5     Come to judgment, come away!  
      Help, O Christ, thy work's decay:  
      Man is out of order hurled,  
      Parceled out to all the world;  
      Lord, thy broken concert raise,  
      And the music shall be praise.

**Spiritual Slumber.  
From the German.<sup>13</sup>**

- 1 O thou, who all things canst control,  
Chase this dead slumber from my soul;  
With joy and fear, with love and awe  
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light  
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night:  
Touch my cold breast with heav'nly fire,  
With holy, conq'ring zeal inspire.
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;  
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:  
With steps unwav'ring, undismayed  
Give me in all thy paths to tread.
- 4 With outstretched hands, and streaming eyes  
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;  
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray:  
But ah! How soon it dies away!
- 5 The deadly slumber soon I feel  
Afresh upon my spirit steal:  
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quick'ning pow'r,  
And wake me that I sleep no more.

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<sup>13</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 222–23 (#231, by Sigismund Gmelin).

6 Single of heart O may I be,  
Nothing may I desire but thee:  
Far, far from me the world remove,  
And all that holds me from thy love!

**Zeal.**

1 Dead as I am, and cold my breast,  
Untouched by thee, celestial zeal,  
How shall I sing th' unwonted guest?  
How paint the joys I cannot feel?

2 Assist me thou, at whose command  
The heart exults, from earth set free!  
'Tis thine to raise the drooping hand,  
Thine to confirm the feeble knee.

3 'Tis zeal must end this inward strife,  
Give me to know that warmth divine!  
Through all my verse, through all my life  
The active principle shall shine.

4 Where shall we find its high abode?  
To heav'n the sacred ray aspires,  
With ardent love embraces God,  
Parent and object of its fires.

- 5     There its peculiar influence known  
       In breasts seraphic learns to glow;  
Yet darted from th' eternal throne,  
       It sheds a cheering light below.
- 6     Through earth diffused, the active flame  
       Intensely for God's glory burns,  
And always mindful whence it came,  
       To heav'n in every wish returns.
- 7     Yet vain the fierce enthusiast's aim  
       With this to sanctify his cause;  
To screen beneath this awful name  
       The persecuting sword he draws.
- 8     In vain the mad fanatic's dreams  
       To this mysteriously pretend;  
On fancy built, his airy schemes  
       Or slight the means, or drop the end.
- 9     Where zeal holds on its even course,  
       Blind rage, and bigotry retires;  
Knowledge assists, not checks its force,  
       And prudence guides, not damps its fires.
- 10    Resistless then it wins its way;  
       Yet deigns in humble hearts to dwell:  
The humble hearts confess its sway,  
       And pleased the strange expansion feel.

- 11 Superior far to mortal things,  
In grateful ecstasy they own,  
(Such antedated heav'n it brings,)  
That zeal and happiness are one.
- 12 Now varied deaths their terrors spread,  
Now threat'ning thousands rage—in vain!  
Nor tortures can arrest its speed,  
Nor worlds its energy restrain.
- 13 That energy, which quells the strong,  
Which clothes with strength the abject weak,  
Looses the stamm'ring infant's tongue,  
And bids the sons of thunder speak.
- 14 While zeal its heav'nly influence sheds,  
What light o'er Moses' visage plays!  
It wings th' immortal prophet's steeds,  
And brightens fervent Stephen's face.
- 15 Come then, bright flame, my breast inspire;  
To me, to me be thou but giv'n,  
Like them I'll mount my car of fire,  
Or view from earth an op'ning heav'n.
- 16 Come then, if mighty to redeem,  
Christ purchased thee with blood divine:  
Come, holy zeal! For thou through him,  
Jesus himself through thee is mine!

**On Reading Monsr. de Renty's Life.**

- [1] We deem the saints, from mortal flesh released,  
With brighter day, and bolder raptures blest:  
Sense now no more precludes the distant thought,  
And naked souls now feel the God they sought,  
But thy great soul, which walked with God on earth  
Can scarce be nearer by that second birth:  
By change of place dull bodies may improve,  
But spirits to their bliss advance by love.  
Thy change insensible brought no surprise,  
Inured to innocence and paradise:  
For earth, not heav'n, thou through a glass didst view,  
The glass was love; and love no evil knew,  
But in all places only heav'n did show.
- [2] Canst thou love more, when from a body freed,  
Which so much life, so little had of need?  
So pure, it seemed for this alone designed,  
To usher forth the virtues of the mind!  
From nature's chain, from earthly dross set free,  
One only appetite remained in thee:  
That appetite it mourned but once denied,  
For when it ceased from serving God, it died.

**Vanity.**  
**From Herbert.**<sup>14</sup>

- 1 The fleet astron'mer travels o'er  
The spheres with his sagacious mind,  
Their stations views from door to door,  
As if to purchase he designed:

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<sup>14</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 77–78 (#61). This hymn appears only in the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> edns.

Through all their circling orbs he goes,  
And all their mazy wand'rings knows.

- 2 The nimble diver with his side  
    Cuts through the working waves his way,  
To fetch the pearl which God did hide  
    On purpose from the view of day,  
That he might save his life, and hers  
Whose pride the costly danger wears.
- 3 The subtle chemist can divest  
    Gay nature of her various hue;  
Stripped of her thousand forms, confessed  
    She stands, and naked to his view:  
At distance other suitors stand;  
Her inmost stores wait his command.
- 4 What has not man sought out and found,  
    But God? Who yet his glorious law  
Plants in us; mellowing the ground  
    With show'rs and frost, with love and awe.  
Poor, busy, foolish man! For death  
    In fire, and air, and sea, and land,  
Through heav'n above, and earth beneath  
    Thou seek'st; but missest life at hand.

**Farewell to the World.  
From the French.<sup>15</sup>**

- 1 World adieu, thou real cheat!  
    Oft have thy deceitful charms

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<sup>15</sup>Source: Pierre Poiret, *La Vie continuee de Dammle. Antoinette Bourignon* (Amsterdam: Pierre Arentz, 1682), 56. This translation was provided to the Wesley brothers by John Byrom (1692–1763); see Byrom's letter of Nar, 3, 1738 to CW, in Richard Parkinson (ed.), *The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom* (Manchester: Chetham Society, 1856), 2:195–97.

Filled my heart with fond conceit,  
Foolish hopes and false alarms:  
Now I see as clear as day,  
How thy follies pass away.

- 2 Vain thy entertaining sights,  
False thy promises renewed,  
All the pomp of thy delights  
Does but flatter and delude:  
Thee I quit for heav'n above,  
Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Farewell honour's empty pride!  
Thy own nice, uncertain gust,  
If the least mischance betide,  
Lays thee lower than the dust:  
Worldly honours end in gall,  
Rise today, tomorrow fall.
- 4 Foolish vanity farewell,  
More inconstant than the wave!  
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,  
Purest tempers they deprave:  
He, to whom I fly, from thee  
Jesus Christ shall set me free.
- 5 Never shall my wand'ring mind  
Follow after fleeting toys,  
Since in God alone I find  
Solid and substantial joys:  
Joys that never overpassed,  
Through eternity shall last.

6 Lord, how happy is a heart  
After thee while it aspires!  
True and faithful as thou art,  
Thou shalt answer its desires:  
It shall see the glorious scene  
Of thy everlasting reign.

**Giddiness.**  
**From Herbert.**<sup>16</sup>

1 O what a thing is man! From rest  
How widely distant, and from pow'r!  
Some twenty sev'ral men at least  
He seems, he is, each sev'ral hour.

2 Heav'n his sole treasure now he loves;  
But let a tempting thought creep in,  
His coward soul he soon reproves,  
That starts t' admit a pleasing sin.

3 Eager he rushes now to war,  
Inglorious now dissolves in ease:  
Wealth now engrosses all his care;  
And lavish now he scorns increase.

4 A stately dome he raises now:  
But soon the dome his change shall feel;  
See, level lies its lofty brow,  
Crushed by the whirlwind of his will.

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<sup>16</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 119–20 (#99).

- 5 O what were man, if his attire  
Still varied with his varying mind!  
If we his every new desire  
Stamped on his alt'ring form could find.
- 6 Could each one see his neighbour's heart,  
Brethren and social made in vain,  
All would disband and range apart,  
And man detest the monster man.
- 7 If God refuse our heart to turn,  
Vain will his first creation be:  
O make us daily! Or we spurn  
Our own salvation, Lord, and thee!

**To a Friend in Love.**<sup>17</sup>

- [1] Accept, dear youth, a sympathizing lay,  
The only tribute pitying love can pay.  
Though vain the hope thine anguish to assuage,  
Charm down desire, or calm fierce passion's rage;  
Yet still permit me in thy griefs to grieve,  
Relief to offer, if I can't relieve;  
Near thy sick couch with fond concern t' attend,  
And reach out cordials to my dying friend.
- [2] Poor hapless youth! What words can ease thy pain,  
When reason pleads, and wisdom cries in vain!

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<sup>17</sup>Source: Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 258–60.

Can feeble verse impetuous nature guide,  
 Or stem the force of blind affection's tide?  
 If reason checks, or duty disallows,  
 "Reason, you cry, and duty are my foes:  
 Religion's dictates ineffectual prove,  
 And God himself's impertinence in love."

- [3] What art thou, love? Thou strange mysterious ill,  
 Whom none aright can know, though all can feel.  
 From careless sloth thy dull existence flows,  
 And feeds the fountain whence itself arose:  
 Silent its waves with baleful influence roll,  
 Damp the young mind, and sink th' aspiring soul  
 Poison its virtues, all its pow'rs restrain,  
 And blast the promise of the future man.  
 To thee, curst fiend, the captive wretch consigned,  
 "His passions rampant, and his reason blind,"  
 Reason, heav'n's great vicegerent, dares disown,  
 And place a foolish idol in its throne:  
 Or wildly raise his frantic raptures higher,  
 And pour out blasphemies at thy desire.  
 At thy desire he bids a creature shine,  
 He decks a worm with attributes divine;  
 Hers to angelic beauties dares prefer,  
 "Angels are painted fair to look like her!"  
 Before her shrine the lowly suppliant laid,  
 Adores the idol that himself has made:  
 From her almighty breath<sup>18</sup> his doom receives,  
 Dies by her frown, as by her smile he lives.  
 Supreme she reigns in all-sufficient state,  
 To her he bows, from her expects his fate,  
 "Heav'n in her love, damnation in her hate."  
 He rears unhallowed altars to her name,  
 Where lust lights up a black, polluted flame;

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<sup>18</sup>"Breath" misprinted as "breadth" in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739).

Where sighs impure, as impious incense rise,  
Himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice:  
And thus God's sacred word his horrid pray'r supplies.

- [4] “Center of all perfection, source of bliss,  
In whom thy creature lives and moves and is,  
Save, or I perish! Hear my humble pray'r,  
Spare thy poor servant—O in mercy spare.  
Thou art my joy, on thee depends my trust,<sup>19</sup>  
Hide not thy face, nor frown me into dust.  
Send forth thy breath, and raised again I see  
My joy, my life, my final bliss in thee.  
For thee I am: for thee I all resign,  
Be thou my one thing needful, ever mine!”
- [5] But O forbear, presumptuous muse forbear,  
Nor wound with rant profane the Christian ear:  
A just abhorrence in my friend I see,  
He starts from love, when love's idolatry.  
“Give me thy heart,” if the Creator cries,  
“'Tis giv'n the creature,” what bold wretch replies?  
Not so my friend—he wakes, he breathes again,  
And “Reason takes once more the slackened rein.”  
In vain rebellious nature claims a part,  
When heav'n requires, he gives up all his heart:  
 (“For love divine no partnership allows,  
And heav'n averse rejects divided vows”)  
Fixed though she be, he rends the idol thence,  
Nor lets her pow'r exceed omnipotence.  
Commands his God, “Cut off th' offending hand?”  
He hears, obedient to his God's command:  
“Pluck out thine eye,” let the Redeemer say;  
He tears, and casts the bleeding orb away.

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<sup>19</sup>Changed to “on thee alone I trust” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

Victorious now to nobler joys aspires,  
His bosom, touched with more than earthly fires:  
He leaves rough passion for calm virtue's road,  
Gives earth for heav'n, and quits a worm for God.

**1 Tim. 5:6.<sup>20</sup>**

**“She that liveth in pleasure,  
is dead while she liveth.”**

- [1] How hapless is th' applauded virgin's lot,  
Her God forgetting, by her God forgot!  
Stranger to truth, unknowing to obey,  
In error nursed, and disciplined to stray;  
Swoll'n with self-will, and principled with pride,  
Sense all her good, and passion all her guide:  
Pleasure its tide, and flatt'ry lends its breath,  
And smoothly waft her to eternal death!
- [2] A goddess here, she sees her vot'ries meet,  
Crowd to her shrine, and tremble at her feet;  
She hears their vows, believes their life and death  
Hangs on the wrath and mercy of her breath;  
Supreme in fancied state she reigns her hour,  
And glories in her plenitude of pow'r:  
Herself the only object worth her care,  
Since all the kneeling world was made for her.
- [3] For her, creation all its stores displays,  
The silkworms labour, and the diamonds blaze:  
Air, earth, and sea conspire to tempt her taste,  
And ransacked nature furnishes the feast.  
Life's gaudiest pride attracts her willing eyes,  
And balls, and theaters, and courts arise:

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<sup>20</sup>Source: Rev. John Gambold (1711–1771), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 270–71.

Italian songsters pant her ear to please,  
Bid the first cries of infant reason cease,  
Save her from thought, and lull her soul to peace.

- [4] Deep sunk in sense th' imprisoned soul remains,  
Nor knows its fall from God, nor feels its chains:  
Unconscious still, sleeps on in error's night,  
Nor strives to rise, nor struggles into light:  
Heav'n-born in vain, degen'rate cleaves to earth,  
(No pangs experienced of the second birth)  
She only fall'n, yet unawakened found,  
While all th' enthralled creation groans around.

**John 15:18–19.**<sup>21</sup>

- 1 Where has my slumb'ring spirit been,  
So late emerging into light?  
So imperceptible, within,  
The weight of this Egyptian night!
- 2 Where have they hid the *WORLD* so long,  
So late presented to my view?  
Wretch! Though myself increased the throng,  
Myself a part I never knew.
- 3 Secure beneath its shade I sat,  
To me were all its favours shown:  
I could not taste its scorn or hate;  
Alas, it ever lov'd its own!

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<sup>21</sup>Titled by James 4:4 (“Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God”) in the 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 4 Jesus, if half discerning now,  
From thee I gain this glimm'ring light,  
Retouch my eyes, anoint them thou,  
And grant me to receive my sight.
- 5 O may I of thy grace obtain  
The world with other eyes to see:  
Its judgments false, its pleasures vain,  
Its friendship enmity with thee.
- 6 Delusive world, thy hour is past,  
The folly of thy wisdom show!  
It cannot now retard my haste,  
I leave thee for the holy few.
- 7 No! Thou blind leader of the blind,  
I bow my neck to thee no more;  
I cast thy glories all behind,  
And slight thy smiles, and dare thy pow'r.
- 8 Excluded from my Saviour's pray'r,  
Stained, yet not hallowed, with his blood,  
Shalt thou my fond affection share,  
Shalt thou divide my heart with God?
- 9 No! Though it rouse thy utmost rage,  
Eternal enmity I vow:  
Though hell with thine its pow'rs engage,  
Prepared I meet your onset now.

- 10 Load me with scorn, reproach and shame;  
My patient Master's portion give;  
As evil still cast out my name,  
Nor suffer such a wretch to live.
- 11 Set to thy seal that I am his;  
Vile as my Lord I long to be:  
My hope, my crown, my glory this,  
Dying to conquer sin and thee!

**Hymn to Contempt.**

- 1 Welcome, contempt! Stern, faithful guide,  
Unpleasing, healthful food!  
Hail pride-sprung antidote of pride,  
Hail evil turned to good!
- 2 Thee when with awful pomp arrayed  
Ill-judging mortals see,  
Perverse they fly with coward speed,  
To guilt they fly from thee.
- 3 Yet if one haply longing stands  
To choose a nobler part,  
Ardent from sin's ensnaring bands  
To vindicate his heart:

- 4 Present to end the doubtful strife,  
Thy aid he soon shall feel;  
Confirmed by thee, though warm in life,  
Bid the vain world farewell.
- 5 Through thee he treads the shining way  
That saints and martyrs trod,  
Shakes off the frailty of his clay,  
And wings his soul for God.
- 6 His portion thou, he burns no more,  
With fond desire to please;  
The fierce, distracting conflict's o'er  
And all his thoughts are peace.
- 7 Sent by almighty pity down,  
To thee alone 'tis giv'n  
With glorious infamy to crown  
The favourites of heav'n.
- 8 With thee heav'n's fav'rite Son, when made  
Incarnate, deigned t' abide;  
To thee he meekly bowed his head,  
He bowed his head, and died.
- 9 And shall I still the cup decline,  
His suff'rings disesteem,  
Disdain to make this portion mine  
When sanctified by him?

- 10 Or firm through him and undismayed,  
Thy sharpest darts abide?  
Sharp as the thorns that tore his head,  
The spear that pierced his side.
- 11 Yes—since with thee my lot is cast,  
I bless my God's decree,  
Embrace with joy what he embraced,  
And live and die with thee!
- 12 So when before th' angelic host  
To each his lot is giv'n,  
Thy name shall be in glory lost,  
And mine be found in heav'n!

**The Agony.**  
**From Herbert.**<sup>22</sup>

- 1 Vain man has measured land and sea,  
Fathomed the depths of states and kings,  
O'er earth and heav'n explored his way:  
Yet there are two vast spacious things,  
To measure which doth more behove,  
Yet few that sound them! Sin and love.
- 2 Who would know sin, let him repair  
To Calvary: there shall he see  
A man so pained, that all his hair,  
His skin, his garments bloody be!

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<sup>22</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 29 (#7). This hymn found only in 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> edns.

Sin is that rack, which forces pain  
To hunt its food through every vein.

- 3 Wouldst thou know love? Behold the God,  
The man, who for thy ransom died:  
Go taste the sacred fount that flowed  
Fast-streaming from his wounded side!  
Love, is that liquor most divine,  
God feels as blood, but I as wine.

**The Thanksgiving.  
From the Same [Herbert].<sup>23</sup>**

- 1 O King of grief, (how strange and true  
The name, to Jesus only due!)  
How, Saviour, shall I grieve for thee?  
Who in all griefs preventest me.
- 2 Then let me vie with thee in love,  
And try who there shall conq'ror prove.  
Giv'st thou me wealth? I will restore  
All back unto thee by the poor.
- 3 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.
- 4 Thee shall my music find: each string  
Shall have his attribute to sing;

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<sup>23</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 27–28 (#5), much shortened and revised. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 41–42 (with 7 stanzas; stanza 2 omitted here and stanza 1 revised). This hymn omitted from 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

And every note accord in thee,  
And prove one God, one harmony.

- 5 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.
- 6 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!

**The Reprisal.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>24</sup>**

- 1 Well have I weighed it, Lord, and find  
Thy mighty passion mocks my skill:  
Though I die for thee, I'm behind;  
My sins deserve the death to feel.
- 2 O were I innocent, that I  
Might bring thee off'rings pure and free!  
Still my attempt thy wounds defy,  
For they require me dead for thee.
- 3 Yet will I share the conquest too:  
Though I can do against thee nought,  
In thee, O Lord, I will subdue  
The man that once against thee fought!

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<sup>24</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 28–29 (#6). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

**Mattins.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>25</sup>**

- 1 I cannot open, Lord, mine eyes,  
But thou art ready still to claim  
My morning soul in sacrifice:  
Thine then the foll'wing day I am.
- 2 My God, what is a human heart?  
Silver or gold, or precious stone;  
Or star, or rainbow; or a part  
Of all, or all thy world in one?
- 3 My God, what is a human heart?  
Thou soft'nest it with heav'nly dew,  
Thou pour'st upon it all thy art,  
As all thy business were to woo.
- 4 To serve his God, is man's estate;  
This glorious task asks all his care:  
He did not earth and heav'n create,  
But may know him by whom they are.
- 5 Teach me at last thy love to know—  
That this new light which now I see  
May both the work and workman show:  
A sunbeam lifts me then to thee!

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<sup>25</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 54 (#34). This hymn appears only in the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> edns.

**Employment.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>26</sup>**

- 1 The flow'r now blooms, now hangs its head,  
So fleets my short-lived day!  
O may my useful fragrance spread  
Before I fade away!
- 2 What though the throne I then should fill  
At the great day, were mine?  
The sweetness, which thy gracious skill  
Diffused, its praise were thine.
- 3 Let me not languish then, and spend  
A life dead to thy praise,  
As is the dust to which I tend  
By sure though slow decays!
- 4 All things are busy round but I:  
Nor honey with the bees,  
Nor scent with flow'rs, nor husbandry  
Have I to water these.
- 5 I am no link of thy great chain,  
A cumbrous, fruitless weed:  
O mend my music! Give one strain  
Ev'n to my useless reed!

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<sup>26</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 49 (#28). This hymn appears only in the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> edns.

**The Elixir.  
From the Same [Herbert].<sup>27</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.
  
- 3        A man that looks on glass,  
          On that may fix his eye;  
Or unopposed may through it pass,  
          And heav'n behind descry.
  
- 4        All may of thee partake:  
          Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
          Greatness and worth from thee.
  
- 5        If done t' obey thy laws,  
          Ev'n servile labours shine;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,  
          The meanest work divine.

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<sup>27</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 178–79 (#156). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 38–39. Wesley restores the title used in *CPH* (1738), “A Single Eye,” in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739); restores title above in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739); then omits hymn from 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

6       Th' elixir this, the stone<sup>28</sup>  
          That all converts to gold:  
For that which God for his doth own,  
          Cannot for less be told.

**Grace Before Meat.**

1       Fountain of being, source of good!  
          At whose almighty breath  
The creature proves our bane or food,  
          Dispensing life or death:

2       Thee we address with humble fear,  
          Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;  
Father of all, thy children hear,  
          And send a blessing down.

3       O may our souls forever pine  
          Thy grace to taste and see;  
Athirst for righteousness divine,  
          And hungry after thee!

4       For this we lift our longing eyes,  
          We wait the gracious word;  
Speak—and our hearts from earth shall rise,  
          And feed upon the Lord.

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<sup>28</sup>Wesley restores his original wording of *CPH* (1738), “This is the long-sought stone,” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739); but reverts to wording above in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739).

**Another [Grace Before Meat].**

- 1 Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,  
Fond of created good;  
Father, our helplessness we own,  
And trembling taste our food.
- 2 Trembling we taste: for ah! No more  
To thee the creatures lead;  
Changed they exert a fatal pow'r,  
And poison while they feed.
- 3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,  
They now engross him whole,  
With pleasing force on earth detain,  
And sensualize his soul.
- 4 Grov'ling on earth we still must lie  
Till Christ the curse repeal;  
Till Christ descending from on high  
Infected nature heal.
- 5 Come then, our heav'nly Adam, come!  
Thy healing influence give;  
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,  
And bid us eat and live.

- 6 The bondage of corruption break!  
For this our spirits groan;  
Thy only will we fain would seek;  
O save us from our own.
- 7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide:  
Let all our actions tend  
To thee their source; thy love the guide,  
Thy glory be the end.
- 8 Earth then a scale to heav'n shall be,  
Sense shall point out the road;  
The creatures then<sup>29</sup> shall lead to thee,  
And all we taste be God!

**Grace After Meat.**

- 1 Being of beings, God of love,  
To thee our hearts we raise;  
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine we pant to be,  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.

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<sup>29</sup>“Then” changed to “all” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 3 Heav'nward our every wish aspires:  
For all thy mercy's store  
The sole return thy love requires,  
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask, we open then  
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:  
Turn and beget us, Lord, again,  
With all thy fulness fill!
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad;  
So shall we ever live and move,  
And be, with Christ, in God.

**On Clemens Alexandrinus's  
Description of a Perfect Christian.<sup>30</sup>**

- 1 Here from afar the finished height  
Of holiness is seen:  
But O what heavy tracts of toil,  
What deserts lie between?
- 2 Man for the simple life divine  
What will it cost to break;  
Ere pleasure soft and wily pride  
No more within him speak?

---

<sup>30</sup>This is most likely by Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), taken from manuscript, even though it does not appear in his posthumous *Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789). Note how it is included in a set of other poems by Gambold in Wesley's *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* (1744) 3:193–205, *prior* to the poems that are specifically identified as being by John or Charles Wesley (see 3:206).

- 3     What ling'ring anguish must corrode  
          The root of nature's joy?  
      What secret shame and dire defeats  
          The pride of heart destroy?
- 4     Learn thou the whole of mortal state  
          In stillness to sustain;  
      Nor soothe with false delights of earth  
          Whom God has doomed to pain.
- 5     Thy mind now multitude of thoughts,  
          Now stupor shall distress;  
      The venom of each latent vice  
          Wild images impress.
- 6     Yet darkly safe with God thy soul  
          His arm still onward bears,  
      Till through each tempest on her face  
          A peace beneath appears.
- 7     'Tis in that peace we see and act  
          By instincts from above;  
      With finer taste of wisdom fraught,  
          And mystic pow'rs of love.
- 8     Yet ask not in mere ease and pomp  
          Of ghostly gifts to shine:  
      Till death the lownesses of man,  
          And decent<sup>31</sup> griefs are thine.

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<sup>31</sup>“Decent” changed to “pitying” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

**Affliction.**  
**From Herbert.**<sup>32</sup>

- 1       When first thou didst entice my heart  
          To thee, I thought the service brave;  
          So many joys I for my part  
          Set down; besides what I might have  
Out of my stock of natural delights,  
Augmented by thy gracious benefits.
- 2       I viewed thy furniture so fine,  
          So gay, so rich; and all for me!  
          Strongly it spoke the hand divine,  
          And lured my ravished soul to thee.  
Such stars I counted mine: both heav'n and earth  
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.
- 3       What pleasures could I want who served  
          A king, where joys my fellows were?  
          Still my fond hopes no place reserved  
          For pining grief, or anxious fear:  
Thus did my simple soul thy yoke embrace,  
And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face.
- 4       At first thou gav'st me sweetnesses,  
          And strew'dst with flow'rs the narrow way:  
          Smoothly my soul sunk down to peace,  
          My every joyous month was May.  
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,  
And made a party unawares for woe.

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<sup>32</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 38–40 (#18). This hymn appears in only the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> edns.

5           My flesh chastised with tort'ring pain  
              My soul, and sickness clave my bones;  
              Pale agues dwelt in every vein,  
              And sadly tuned my breath to groans.  
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce perceived,  
But by the pains I suffered, that I lived.

6           Health's slowly-ling'ring, vain return  
              A far severer loss attends;  
              Sudden my ravished life I mourn,  
              I lose it in my dying friends.  
Defenceless now, my every comfort fled,  
While grief's whole sea is emptied on my head.

7           How thou wilt now thy servant use,  
              Not one of all my books can say.  
              On thy ignobler works I muse,  
              And wish like them my God t' obey:  
Blest, could I emulate the lifeless mass,  
Flow like the stream, or flourish like the grass.

8           Yet must I, though oppressed, submit  
              Strongly my mis'ry to sustain—  
              Or I will now the service quit,  
              And strait some other master gain—  
Ah! My dear Lord, though I am clean forgot,  
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not!

**Frailty.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].**<sup>33</sup>

- 1 Lord, how in silence I despise  
The giddy worldling's snare!  
This beauty, riches, honour, toys  
Not worth a moment's care.  
Hence painted dust, and gilded clay!  
You have no charms for me:  
Delusive breath, be far away!  
I waste no thought on thee.
  
- 2 But when abroad at once I view  
Both the world's hosts and thine!  
These simple, sad, afflicted, few,  
These num'rous, gay and fine  
Lost my resolves, my scorn is past,  
I boast my strength no more;  
A willing slave they bind me fast  
With unresisted pow'r.
  
- 3 O brook not this; let not thy foes  
Profane thy hallowed shrine:  
Thine is my soul, by sacred vows  
Of strictest union thine!  
Hear then my just, though late request,  
Once more the captive free;  
Renew thy image in my breast,  
And claim my heart for thee.

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<sup>33</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 62–63 (#46), paraphrased. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 49–50 (reformatted and slight changes here). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

**The Collar.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>34</sup>**

- 1    No more, I cried, shall grief be mine,  
      I will throw off the load;  
      No longer weep, and sigh, and pine  
      To find an absent God.
  
- 2    Free as the muse, my wishes move,  
      Through nature's wilds they roam:  
      Loose as the wind, ye wand'ers rove,  
      And bring me pleasure home!
  
- 3    Still shall I urge with endless toil,  
      Yet not obtain my suit?  
      Still shall I plant th' ungrateful soil,  
      Yet never taste the fruit?
  
- 4    Not so, my heart!—For fruit there is,  
      Seize it with eager haste;  
      Riot in joys, dissolve in bliss,  
      And pamper every taste.
  
- 5    On right and wrong thy thoughts no more  
      In cold dispute employ;  
      Forsake thy cell, the bounds pass o'er,  
      And give a loose to joy.

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<sup>34</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 147 (#122).

- 6 Conscience and reason's pow'r deride,  
Let stronger nature draw,  
Self be thy end, and sense thy guide,  
And appetite thy law.
- 7 Away, ye shades, while light I rise,  
I tread you all beneath!  
Grasp the dear hours my youth supplies,  
Nor idly dream of death.
- 8 Whoe'er enslaved to grief and pain,  
Yet starts from pleasure's road,  
Still let him weep, and still complain,  
And sink beneath his load—
- 9 But as I raved, and grew more wild  
And fierce at every word,  
Methought I heard one calling "Child!"  
And I replied—"My Lord!"

**Grace.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>35</sup>**

- 1 My stock lies dead, and no increase  
Does thy past gifts improve:  
O let thy graces without cease  
Drop gently<sup>36</sup> from above.

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<sup>35</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 52 (#31).

<sup>36</sup>"Gently" changed to "plenteous" in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) only.

- 2 If still the sun should hide his face,  
Earth would a dungeon prove,  
Thy works night's captives: O let grace  
Drop gently from above.
- 3 The dew unsought each morning falls,  
Less bounteous is thy dove?  
The dew for which my spirit calls,  
Drop gently from above.
- 4 Death is still digging like a mole  
My grave, where'er I move;  
Let grace work too, and on my soul  
Drop gently from above.
- 5 Sin is still spreading o'er my heart  
A hardness void of love;  
Let suppling grace, to cross her art,  
Drop gently from above.
- 6 O come; for thou dost know the way!  
Or if thou wilt not move,  
Translate me, where I need not say  
Drop gently from above.

**Gratefulness.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>37</sup>**

- 1    Thou, who hast giv'n so much to me,  
      O give a grateful heart:  
      See how thy beggar works on thee  
      By acceptable art!
  
- 2    He makes thy gifts occasion more;  
      And says, if here he's crossed,  
      All thou hast giv'n him heretofore,  
      Thyself, and all is lost.
  
- 3    But thou didst reckon, when at first  
      Our wants thy aid did crave,  
      What it would come to at the worst  
      Such needy worms to save.
  
- 4    Perpetual knockings at thy door,  
      Tears sullyng all thy rooms;  
      Gift upon gift; much would have more,  
      And still thy suppliant comes.
  
- 5    Yet thy unwearied love went on;  
      Allowed us all our noise;  
      Nay thou hast dignified a groan,  
      And made a sigh thy joys.

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<sup>37</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 116–17 (#96).

- 6    Wherefore I cry, and cry again,  
      Nor canst thou quiet be,  
Till my repeated suit obtain  
      A thankful heart from thee.
- 7    Hear then, and thankfulness impart  
      Continual as thy grace;  
O add to all thy gifts a heart  
      Whose pulse may be thy praise!

**The Method.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>38</sup>**

- 1    Lament, unhappy heart, lament!  
      Since God refuses still  
To hear thy pray'r, some discontent  
      Unknown must cool his will.
- 2    Doubtless thy heav'nly Father could  
      Give all thy suit does move;  
For he is pow'r: and sure he would  
      Give all; for he is love.
- 3    Go then the secret cause explore,  
      Go search thy inmost soul:  
Let earth divide thy care no more,  
      Since heav'n requires the whole.

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<sup>38</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 126–27 (#105). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 4 Ha! What do I here written see?  
It tells me “Yesterday  
Cold I preferred my careless plea,  
And only seemed to pray.”
- 5 But stay—what read I written there?  
“Something I would have done;  
His Spirit moved me to forbear,  
Yet boldly I went on.”
- 6 Then bend once more thy knees and pray,  
Once more lift up thy voice:  
Seek pardon first; and God will say  
“Again, glad heart, rejoice.”

**Grieve Not the Holy Spirit.  
From the Same [Herbert].<sup>39</sup>**

- 1 And art thou grieved, O sacred Dove,  
When I despise or cross thy love?  
Grieved for a worm; when every tread  
Crushes, and leaves the reptile dead!
- 2 Then mirth be ever banished hence,  
Since thou art pained by my offence;  
I sin not to my grief alone,  
The Comforter within doth groan.

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<sup>39</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 128–29 (#107). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 3 Then weep, my eyes, for God doth grieve!  
Weep, foolish heart, and weeping live:  
Tears for the living mourner plead,  
But ne'er avail the hopeless dead.
- 4 Lord, I adjudge myself to grief,  
To endless tears without relief:  
Yet O! T' exact thy due forbear,  
And spare a feeble creature, spare!
- 5 Still if I wail not, (still to wail  
Nature denies, and flesh would fail)  
Lord, pardon—for thy Son makes good  
My want of tears, with store of blood.

**The Sigh.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>40</sup>**

- 1 My heart did heave, and there came forth "O God!"  
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,  
(Making a golden sceptre of thy rod)  
To guide and govern it to my relief.  
Hadst thou not had a more than equal part,  
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.
- 2 But since thy will my bounds of life assigned,  
Thou know'st my frame: and if a single sigh  
Ask so much breath, what then remains behind?  
Why! If some years of life together fly,

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<sup>40</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 64–65 (#48). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

The swiftly-wafting sigh then only is  
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss!

- 3 Thy life on earth was grief: to this thou still  
    Art constant, while thy suff'ring majesty  
Touched with my mis'ry, feels whate'er I feel,  
    Adopts my woes, and daily grieves in me.  
Thy death was but begun on Calvary;  
Thou every hour dost in thy members die!

**The Flower.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>41</sup>**

- 1 While sad my heart, and blasted mourns,  
How cheering, Lord, are thy returns,  
    How sweet the life, the joys they bring!  
Grief in thy presence melts away.  
Refreshed I hail the gladsome day,  
    As flow'rs salute the rising spring.
- 2 Who would have thought my withered heart  
Again should feel thy sov'reign art,  
    A kindly warmth again should know?  
Late like the flow'r, whose drooping head  
Sinks down, and seeks its native bed  
    To see the mother-root below.
- 3 These are thy wonders, Lord of pow'r,  
Killing and quick'ning! One short hour  
    Lifts up to heav'n, and sinks to hell:

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<sup>41</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 160–61 (#134).

Thy will supreme disposes all;  
We prove thy justice in our fall,  
Thy mercy in our rise we feel.

- 4 O that my latest change were o'er!  
O were I placed where sin no more  
With its attendant grief, could come!  
Stranger to change, I then should rise  
Amidst the plants of paradise,  
And flourish in eternal bloom.
- 5 Many a spring since here I grew,  
I seemed my verdure to renew,  
And higher still to rise and higher:  
Watered by tears, and fanned by sighs,  
I poured my fragrance through the skies,  
And heav'nward ever seemed t' aspire.
- 6 But while I grow, as heav'n were mine,  
Thine anger comes, and I decline;  
Faded my bloom, my glory lost:  
Who can the deadly cold sustain,  
Or stand beneath the chilling pain  
When blasted by thine anger's frost?
- 7 And now in age I bud again,  
Once more I feel the vernal rain,  
Though dead so oft I live and write:  
Sure I but dream! It cannot be  
That I, my God, that I am he  
On whom thy tempests fell all night!

- 8     These are thy wonders, Lord of love,  
      Thy mercy thus delights to prove  
          We are but flow'rs that bloom and die!  
      Soon as this saving truth we see,  
      Within thy garden placed by thee,  
          Time we survive, and death defy.

**Desertion.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>42</sup>**

- 1     Joy of my soul, when thou art gone,  
      And I (which cannot be) alone;  
      (It cannot, Lord! For I on thee  
      Depend, and thou abid'st in me.)
- 2     But when thou dost the sense repress,  
      Th' ecstatic influence of thy grace;  
      Seem to desert thy lov'd abode,  
      And leave me sunk beneath my load:
- 3     O what a damp and deadly shade,  
      What horrors then my soul invade!  
      Less ghastly low'rs the gloomiest night  
      Than the eclipse that veils thy light.
- 4     O do not, do not thus withdraw,  
      Lest sin surprise me void of awe,  
      And when thou dost but shine less clear,  
      Say boldly, that thou art not here.

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<sup>42</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 177–78 (#155). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

5     Thou, Lord, and only thou canst tell  
      How dead the life which then I feel;  
      Pursued by sin's insulting boast,  
      That "I may seek—but thou art lost!"

6     I half believe (the deadly cold  
      Does all my pow'rs so fast infold)  
      That sin says true. But while I grieve,  
      Again I see thy face, and live!

**A True Hymn.  
From the Same [Herbert].<sup>43</sup>**

1     My joy, my life, my crown of bliss,  
      My heart was musing all the day,  
      Fain would it speak; yet only this,  
      "My joy, my life, my crown," could say.

2     Few as they are, and void of art,  
      Yet slight not, Lord, these humble words:  
      Fine is that hymn which speaks the heart,  
      The heart that to the lines accords.

3     He, who requires his creature's time,  
      And all his soul, and strength and mind,  
      Complains, if heartless flows the rhyme,  
      What makes the hymn is still behind:

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<sup>43</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 162–63 (#137). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 4 The scanty verse himself supplies,  
Let but the fervent heart be moved;  
And when it says with longing sighs  
“O could I love!” God writeth “Lov’d!”

**The Temper.  
From the Same [Herbert].<sup>44</sup>**

- 1 O Lord, how gladly would my rhymes  
Engrave thy love in steel,  
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,  
My soul might ever feel!
- 2 Though there were forty heav’ns or more,  
Sometimes I mount them all;  
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,  
Sometimes to hell I fall.
- 3 Rack me not to such vast extent;  
These lengths belong to thee;  
The world’s too little for thy tent,  
A grave too big for me.
- 4 O mete not arms with man, nor stretch  
A worm from heav’n to hell!  
Strive not with dust, nor let a wretch  
Thy pow’r almighty feel.

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<sup>44</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 46–47 (#25) This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 5     Yet take thy way: thy way is best;  
       Grant or deny me ease:  
       This is but tuning of my breast,  
       To make the music please.
- 6     Rise I to heav'n, or sink to dust,  
       In both, thy hands appear;  
       Thy pow'r and love, my love and trust  
       Make one place every where!

**The Same [The Temper].  
[From Herbert].<sup>45</sup>**

- 1     It cannot be! Is this the heart  
       That swelled so late with mighty joy?  
       Lord, if thou needs must use thy dart,  
       Spare thy own gifts, and sin destroy.
- 2     The greater world knows no decay;  
       But thy diviner world of grace  
       A new Creator every day  
       Thou suddenly dost rear or raze.
- 3     Set up thy kingdom in my heart,  
       That all my pow'rs thy sway may own:  
       For ah! My Lord, if thou depart,  
       Strait rebel nature mounts thy throne.

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<sup>45</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 47–48 (#26).

- 4     Though heav'n be moved, may I remain  
       Steadfast, and centred firm on thee:  
Here fix thy court, and still maintain  
       A standing majesty in me!

**Bitter-Sweet.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>46</sup>**

- 1     Ah my dear, angry Lord,  
       Since thou dost love, yet strike,  
Cast down, and yet thy help afford,  
       Sure I will do the like.
- 2     I will complain, yet praise,  
       Bewail, and yet approve,  
And all my mournful, joyful days  
       I will lament, and love.

**A Hymn for Midnight.<sup>47</sup>**

- 1     While midnight shades the earth o'erspread,  
       And veil the bosom of the deep,  
Nature reclines her weary head,  
       And care respire and sorrows sleep:  
My soul still aims at nobler rest,  
       Aspiring to her Saviour's breast.

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<sup>46</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 165–66 (#142).

<sup>47</sup>Title changed in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) to “A Midnight Hymn for One under the Law.” John Wesley corrects this title by hand in his personal copy of the 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756) to “A Midnight Hymn for One Convinced of Sin.”

- 2 Aid me, ye hov'ring spirits near,  
Angels and ministers of grace;  
Whoever, while you guard us here,  
Behold your heav'nly Father's face!  
Gently my raptured soul convey  
To regions of eternal day.
- 3 Fain would I leave this earth below,  
Of pain and sin the dark abode;  
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe  
Allures, or tears me from my God:  
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,  
Since death alone confirms me his.<sup>48</sup>
- 4 Till then, to sorrow born I sigh,  
And gasp, and languish after home;  
Upward I send my streaming eye,  
Expecting till the Bridegroom come:  
Come quickly, Lord! Thy own receive,  
Now let me see thy face, and live.
- 5 Absent from thee, my exiled soul  
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans;  
Around me clouds of darkness roll,  
And lab'ring silence speaks my moans:  
Come quickly, Lord! Thy face display,  
And look my midnight into day.
- 6 Error<sup>49</sup> and sin, and death are o'er  
If thou reverse the creature's doom;  
Sad, Rachel weeps her loss no more,  
If thou the God, the Saviour come:

---

<sup>48</sup>John Wesley inserted a manuscript "NO" at the end of this line in his personal copy of the 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756). He changed the line to begin "Since faith alone ..." in *Hymns* (1780), #148.

<sup>49</sup>John Wesley changed "Error" to "Sorrow" in *Hymns* (1780), #148.

Of thee possessed, in thee we prove  
The light, the life, the heav'n of love.

**After Considering Some of His Friends.**<sup>50</sup>

- 1 Why do the deeds of happier men  
    Into a mind return,  
Which can, oppressed by bands of sloth,  
    With no such ardors burn?
- 2 God of my life and all my pow'rs,  
    The everlasting friend!  
Shall life so favoured in its dawn,  
    Be fruitless in its end?
- 3 To thee, O Lord, my tender years  
    A trembling duty paid,  
With glimpses of the mighty God  
    Delighted and afraid.
- 4 From parents' eye, and paths of men,  
    Thy touch I ran to meet;  
It swelled the hymn, and sealed the pray'r,  
    'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet!
- 5 Oft when beneath the work of sin  
    Trembling and dark I stood,  
And felt the edge of eager thought,  
    And felt the kindling blood:

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<sup>50</sup>This is most likely by Rev. John Gambold (1711–71), taken from manuscript, even though it does not appear in his posthumous *Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789). Note how it is included in a set of other poems by Gambold in Wesley's *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* (1744) 3:193–205, *prior* to the poems that are specifically identified as being by John or Charles Wesley (see 3:206).

- 6 Thy dew came down—my heart was thine,  
It knew nor doubt nor strife;  
Cool now and peaceful as the grave,  
And strong to second life.
- 7 Full of myself I oft forsook  
The now, the truth, and thee,  
For sanguine hope, or sensual gust,  
Or earth-born sophistry:
- 8 The folly thrived, and came in sight  
Too gross for life to bear;  
I smote the breast for man too base,  
I smote—and God was there!
- 9 Still will I hope for voice and strength  
To glorify thy name;  
Though I must die to all that's mine,  
And suffer all my shame.

**Religious Discourse.**<sup>51</sup>

- [1] To speak for God, to sound religion's praise,  
Of sacred passions the wise warmth to raise;  
T' infuse the contrite wish to conquest nigh,  
And point the steps mysterious as they lie;  
To seize the wretch in full career of lust,  
And soothe the silent sorrows of the just:

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<sup>51</sup>Source: Rev. John Gambold (1711–1771), manuscript; cf. *The Works of the late Rev. John Gambold* (Bath: S. Hazard, 1789), 251–56.

Who would not bless for this the gift of speech,  
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich?

- [2] But who must talk? Not the mere modern sage  
Who suits the softened gospel to the age;  
Who ne'er to raise degen'rate practice strives,  
But brings the precept<sup>52</sup> down to Christian's lives,  
Not he, who maxims from cold reading took,  
And never saw himself but through a book:  
Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace,  
Soon sinks extinguished as a comet's blaze.  
Nor he, who strains in scripture-phrase t' abound  
Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound:  
But he, who silence loves; and never dealt  
In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.
- [3] Guilty you speak, if subtle from within  
Blows on your words the self-admiring sin:  
If unresolved to choose the better part,  
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart,  
But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind  
Above self-seeking blest, on God reclined,  
Feels him at once suggest unlaboured sense,  
And ope a sluice of sweet benevolence.  
Some high behests of heav'n you then fulfil,  
Spring from his light your words, and issuing by his will.
- [4] Nor yet expect so *mystically* long,  
Till certain inspiration loose your tongue:  
Express the precept runs, "Do good to all;"  
Nor adds, "Whene'er you find an inward call."  
'Tis God commands: no farther motive seek,  
Speak or without, or with reluctance speak:  
To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,  
And kindle, till you catch the gospel-fire.

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<sup>52</sup>"Precept" changed to "precepts" in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

[5] Discoveries immature of truth decline,  
Nor prostitute the gospel pearl to swine.  
Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,  
The vileness, or the treasures of your soul.  
If spurned by some, where weak on earth you lie,  
If judged a cheat or dreamer, where you fly;  
Here the sublimer strain, th' exerted air  
Forego; you're at the bar, not in the chair.

[6] To the pert reas'ner if you speak at all,  
Speak what within his cognizance may fall:  
Expose not truths divine to reason's rack,  
Give him his own belov'd ideas back,  
Your notions till they look like his, dilute;  
Blind he must be—but save him from dispute!  
But when we're turned of reason's noontide glare,  
And things begin to show us what they are,  
More free to such your true conceptions tell;  
Yet graft them on the arts where they excel.  
If sprightly sentiments detain their taste;  
If paths of various learning they have traced;  
If their cool judgment longs, yet fears to fix:  
Fire, erudition, hesitation mix.

[7] All rules are dead: 'tis from the heart you draw  
The living lustre, and unerring law.  
A state of thinking in your manner show,  
Nor fiercely soaring, nor supinely low:  
Others their lightness and each inward fault  
Quench in the stillness of your deeper thought,  
Let all your gestures fixed attention draw,  
And wide around diffuse infectious awe;  
Present with God by recollection seem,  
Yet present, by your cheerfulness, with them.

- [8] Without elation Christian glories paint,  
Nor by fond am'rous phrase assume the saint.  
Greet not frail men with compliments untrue,  
With smiles to peace confirmed and conquest due,  
There are who watch t' adore the dawn of grace,  
And pamper the young proselyte with praise:  
Kind, humble souls! They with a right goodwill  
Admire his progress—till he stands stock still.
- [9] Speak but to thirsty minds of things divine,  
Who strong for thought, are free in yours to join.  
The busy from his channel parts with pain,  
The languid loathes an elevated strain:  
With these you aim but at good-natured chat,  
Where all, except the love, is low and flat.<sup>53</sup>
- [10] Not one address will different tempers fit.  
The grave and gay, the heavy and the wit.  
Wits will sift you; and most conviction find  
Where least 'tis urged, and seems the least designed.  
Slow minds are merely passive; and forget  
Truths not inculcated: to these repeat,  
Avow your counsel, nor abstain from heat.
- [11] Some gentle souls, to gay indifference true,  
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you.  
Let love turn babbling here, and caution sleep,  
Blush not for shallow speech, nor muse for deep;  
These to your humour, not your sense attend,  
'Tis not th' advice that sways them, but the friend.  
Others have large recesses in their breast,  
With pensive process all they hear digest:  
Here well-weighed words with wary foresight sow,  
For all you say will sink, and every seed will grow.

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<sup>53</sup>John Wesley expressed dissent with this paragraph in his personal copy of the 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756); he deleted the paragraph when he reprinted this poem in *Arminian Magazine* 4 (1781): 170–74 [see p. 172].

- [12] At first acquaintance press each truth severe,  
Stir the whole odium of your character:  
Let harshest doctrines all your words engross,  
And nature bleeding on the daily cross.  
Then to yourself th' ascetic rule enjoin,  
To others stoop surprisingly benign;  
Pitying, if from themselves with pain they part,  
If stubborn nature long holds out the heart.  
Their outworks now are gained; forbear to press  
The more you urge them, you prevail the less;  
Let speech lay by its roughness to oblige,  
Your speaking life will carry on the siege:  
By your example struck, to God they strive  
To live, no longer to themselves alive.
- [13] To positive adepts insidious yield,  
T' ensure the conquest, seem to quit the field:  
Large in your grants; be their opinion shown:  
Approve, amend—and wind it to your own.  
Couch in your hints, if more resigned they hear,  
Both what they will be soon, and what they are:  
Pleasing these words now to their conscious breast,  
Th' anticipating voice hereafter blest.
- [14] In souls just waked the paths of light to choose,  
Convictions keen, and zeal of pray'r infuse.  
Let them love rules; till freed from passion's reign,  
Till blameless moral rectitude they gain.
- [15] But lest reformed from each extremer ill,  
They should but civilize old nature still,  
The loftier charms and energy display  
Of virtue modeled by the Godhead's ray;  
The lineaments divine, perfection's plan,  
And all the grandeur of the inner man.

Commences thus the agonizing strife  
Previous to nature's death, and second life:  
Struck by their own inclement piercing eye,  
Their feeble virtues blush, subside and die;  
They view the scheme that mimic nature made,  
A fancied goodness, and religion's shade;  
With angry scorn they now reject the whole,  
Unchanged their heart, undeified their soul;  
Till indignation sleeps away to faith,  
And God's own pow'r and peace take root in sacred wrath.

- [16] Aim less to teach than love. The work begun  
In words, is crowned by artless warmth alone.  
Love to your friend a second office owes,  
Yourself and him before heav'ns footstool throws:  
You place his form as suppliant by your side,  
(A helpless worm, for whom the Saviour died)  
Into his soul call down th' eternal beam,  
And longing ask to spend, and to be spent for him.

**Man's Medley.  
From Herbert.<sup>54</sup>**

- 1 Hark how the woods with music ring,  
How sweet the feathered minstrels sing!  
They have their joys, and man has his:  
Yet, if we judge our state aright,  
The present is not man's delight,  
Hereafter brings his perfect bliss.
- 2 This life belongs to things of sense,  
Justly to this they make pretence;

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<sup>54</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 123–24 (#102). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

Angels possess the next by birth:  
Man, grov'ling glorious man alone  
Angel and brute unites in one,  
While this hand heav'n, that touches earth.

3   Glorious in soul, he mounts and flies,  
Grov'ling in flesh, he sinks and dies:  
    His treasure holds in earth confined—  
The body's calls forbid to hear,  
Born to regard with list'ning ear  
    The dictates of his nobler mind.

4   Not but his gracious Master here  
Allows and bids him taste the cheer:  
    As birds, that drinking lift their head,  
Thankful like them he bids him drink,  
And of those streams of pleasure think  
    That ever cheer th' immortal dead.

5   His joys are double—and his pains;  
While of two winters he complains,  
    The brute creation feels but one:  
Round, and within him tempests roll;  
Frost chills his veins, and thought his soul;  
    Two deaths he fears, and he alone.

6   Yet ev'n the sharpest heaviest grief  
May with it bring its own relief,  
    If right his state the suff'rer weighs:  
Happy the man, who finds the art  
To turn, by thankfulness of heart,  
    His double pains to double praise!

**Misery.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>55</sup>**

- 1 Lord, let the angels praise thy name,  
    Man is a feeble, foolish thing!  
Folly and sin play all his game,  
    Still burns his house, he still doth sing:  
Today he's here, tomorrow gone,  
The madman knows it—and sings on.
  
- 2 How canst thou brook his foolishness?  
    When heedless of the voice divine,  
Himself alone he seeks to please,  
    And carnal joys prefers to thine;  
Eager through nature's wilds to rove,  
Nor awed by fear, nor charmed by love.
  
- 3 What strange pollutions does he wed,  
    Slave to his senses and to sin!  
Naked of God, his guilty head  
    He strives in midnight shades to screen:  
Fondly he hopes from thee to fly,  
Unmarked by thine all-seeing eye.
  
- 4 The best of men to evil yield,<sup>56</sup>  
    If but the slightest trial come;  
They fall, by thee no more upheld:  
    And when affliction calls them home,  
Thy gentle rod they scarce endure,  
And murmur to accept their cure.

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<sup>55</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 92–94 (#76).

<sup>56</sup>John Wesley writes “No!” here in his personal copy of 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 5     Wayward they haste, while nature leads,  
       To' escape thee; but thy gracious Dove  
Still mildly o'er their folly spreads  
       The wings of his expanded love:  
Thou bring'st them back, nor suff' rest those  
Who would be, to remain thy foes.
- 6     My God, thy name man cannot praise,  
       All brightness thou, all purity!  
The sun in his meridian blaze  
       Is darkness, if compared to thee.  
O how shall sinful worms proclaim,  
Shall man presume to speak thy name?
- 7     Man cannot serve thee: all his care  
       Engrossed by grov'ling appetite,  
Is fixed on earth; his treasure there,  
       His portion, and his base delight:  
He starts from virtue's thorny road,  
Alive to sin, but dead to God!
- 8     Ah foolish man, where are thine eyes?  
       Lost in a crowd of earthly cares:  
Thy indolence neglects to rise,  
       While husks to heav'n thy soul prefers;  
Careless the starry crown to seize,  
By pleasure bound, or lulled by ease.
- 9     To God, through all creation's bounds  
       Th' unconscious kinds their homage bring;  
His praise through every grove resounds,  
       Nor know the warblers whom they sing:

But man, lord of the creatures, knows  
The Source from whence their being flows.

- 10 He owns a god—but eyes him not,  
    But lets his mad disorders reign:  
They make his life a constant blot,  
    And blood divine an off'ring vain.  
Ah wretch! Thy heart unsearchable,  
Thy ways mysterious who can tell!
- 11 Perfect at first, and blest his state,  
    Man in his Maker's image shone;  
In innocence divinely great  
    He lived; he lived to God alone:  
His heart was love, his pulse was praise,  
And light and glory decked his face.
- 12 But altered now and *fall'n* he is,  
    Immersed in flesh, and *dead within*;  
Dead to the taste of native bliss,  
    And ever sinking into sin:  
Nay by his wretched self undone.  
Such is man's state—and such *my own*!

**The Sinner.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>57</sup>**

- 1 When all the secrets of my heart  
    With horror, Lord, I see,  
Thine is, I find, the smallest part,  
    Though all be due to thee.

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<sup>57</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 30 (#8).

Thy footsteps scarce appear within,  
But lusts a countless crowd;  
Th' immense circumference is sin,  
A point is all my good.

- 2 O break my bonds, let sin enthrall  
My struggling soul no more;  
Hear thy fall'n creature's feeble call,  
Thine image O restore!  
And though my heart senseless and hard  
To thee can scarcely groan,  
Yet O remember, gracious Lord,  
Thou once didst write in stone!

**Repentance.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>58</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 poured into my soul!  
O tarry not! If still thou stay,  
Here sets in death my short-lived day.

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<sup>58</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 40–41 (#19), much revised. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 61–62. This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 4    When thou for sin rebukest man,  
      His drooping heart is filled with pain;  
      Blasted his strength, his beauty too  
      Consumes away as morning dew.
  
- 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?

**Complaining.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>59</sup>**

- 1    Thou, Lord, my pow'r and wisdom art,  
      O do not then reject my heart!  
      Thy clay that weeps, thy dust I am  
      That calls, O put me not to shame!
  
- 2    Thy glories, Lord, in all things shine,  
      Thine is the deed, the praise is thine:  
      A feeble helpless creature I  
      Do at thy pleasure live or die.
  
- 3    Art thou all justice?—Shows thy word  
      Through every page an angry Lord?  
      Am I all tears?—Is this to live?  
      Is all my business here, to grieve?

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<sup>59</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 137–38 (#115), much revised. This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns. Note that Wesley combined the first two stanzas of this Herbert hymn with two stanzas from #107 as “A Sinner’s Prayer” in *CPH* (1737), 47.

- 4 Fill not my life's short hour with pain:  
Or, O contract the wretched span;  
So shall I mount from sorrow free,  
And find relief and heav'n in thee!

**Home.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>60</sup>**

- 1 Faint is my head, and sick my heart,  
While thou dost ever, ever stay!  
Fixed in my soul I feel thy dart,  
Groaning I feel it night and day:  
Come, Lord, and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!
- 2 Canst thou withhold thy healing grace,  
So kindly lavish of thy blood;  
When swiftly trickling down thy face,  
For me the purple current flowed!  
Come, Lord, and show [thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]<sup>61</sup>
- 3 When man was lost, *LOVE* looked about,  
To see what help in earth or sky:  
In vain; for none appeared without,  
The help did in thy bosom lie!  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]<sup>62</sup>

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<sup>60</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 99–100 (#82). Wesley included a very different adaptation of this hymn in *CPH* (1738), 63–64.

<sup>61</sup>Ori., ends this stanza: “Come, Lord, and show ....”

<sup>62</sup>Ori., ends this and next nine stanzas: “Come, Lord, ...”

- 4     There lay thy Son: but left his rest  
          Thraldom and mis'ry to remove  
From those, who glory once possessed,  
          But wantonly abused thy love.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]
- 5     He came—O my Redeemer dear!  
          And canst thou after this be strange?  
Not yet within my heart appear!  
          Can love like thine or fail or change?  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]
- 6     But if thou tarriest, why must I?  
          My God, what is this world to me!  
This world of woe—hence let them fly,  
          The clouds that part my soul and thee.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]
- 7     Why should this weary world delight,  
          Or sense th' immortal Spirit bind?  
Why should frail beauty's charms invite,  
          The trifling charms of womankind?  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]
- 8     A sigh thou breath'st into my heart,  
          And earthly joys I view with scorn:  
Far from my soul, ye dreams depart,  
          Nor mock me with your vain return!  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]

- 9 Sorrow and sin, and loss and pain  
Are all that here on earth we see;  
Restless we pant for ease in vain,  
In vain—till ease we find in thee.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]
- 10 Idly we talk of harvests here,  
Eternity our harvest is:  
Grace brings the great sabbatic year,  
When ripened into glorious bliss.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]
- 11 O loose this frame, life's knot untie,  
That my free soul may use her wing;  
Now pinioned with mortality,  
A weak, entangled, wretched thing!  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]
- 12 Why should I longer stay and groan?  
The most of me to heav'n is fled:  
My thoughts and joys are thither gone;  
To all below I now am dead.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!]
- 13 Come, dearest Lord! My soul's desire  
With eager pantings gasps for home:  
Thee, thee my restless hopes require;  
My flesh and spirit bid thee come!  
Come, Lord, and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee!

**Longing.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>63</sup>**

- 1 With bending knees, and aching eyes,  
Weary and faint, to thee my cries,  
To thee my tears, my groans I send:  
O when shall my complainings end?
- 2 Withered my heart, like barren ground  
Accurst of God; my head turns round,  
My throat is hoarse: I faint, I fall,  
Yet falling still for pity call.
- 3 Eternal streams of pity flow  
From thee their source to earth below:  
Mothers are kind, because thou art,  
Thy tenderness o'erflows their heart.
- 4 Lord of my soul, bow down thine ear,  
Hear, bowels of compassion, hear!  
O give not to the winds my pray'r:  
Thy name, thy hallowed name is there!
- 5 Look on my sorrows, mark them well,  
The shame, the pangs, the fires I feel:  
Consider, Lord; thine ear incline!  
Thy Son hath made my sufferings thine.

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<sup>63</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 142–45 (#119). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 52–54 (several small revisions, and one new stanza [#10] in this setting).

- 6     Thou, Jesu, on th' accursed tree  
       Didst bow thy dying head for me;  
       Incline it now! Who made the ear,  
       Shall he, shall he forget to hear!
- 7     See thy poor dust, in pity see,  
       It stirs, it creeps, it aims at thee!  
       Haste, save it from the greedy tomb!  
       Come!—Every atom bids thee come!
- 8     'Tis thine to help! Forget me not!  
       O be thy mercy ne'er forgot!  
       Locked is thy ear? Yet still my plea  
       May speed: for mercy keeps the key.
- 9     Thou tarriest, while I sink, I die,  
       And fall to nothing! Thou on high  
       Seest me undone. Yet am I stilled  
       By thee (lost as I am) thy child!
- 10    Didst thou for this forsake thy throne?  
       Where are thy ancient mercies gone?  
       Why should my pain my guilt survive,  
       And sin be dead, yet sorrow live?
- 11    Yet sin is dead; and yet abide  
       Thy promises; they speak, they chide:  
       They in my bosom pour my tears,  
       And my complaints present as theirs.

- 12 Hear, Jesu! Hear my broken heart!  
Broken so long, that every part  
Hath got a tongue that ne'er shall cease,  
Till thou pronounce "Depart in peace."
- 13 My love, my Saviour, hear my cry;  
By these thy<sup>64</sup> feet at which I lie!  
Pluck out thy dart! Regard my sighs;  
Now heal my soul, or now it dies.

**The Search.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>65</sup>**

- 1 Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
My Saviour and my love?  
My searches are my daily bread,  
Yet unsuccessful prove.  
My knees on earth, on heav'n mine eye  
Is fixed; and yet the sphere,  
And yet the center both deny  
That thou, my God, art there.
- 2 Yet can I mark that herbs below  
Their fragrant greens display,  
As if to meet thee they did know,  
While withered I decay.  
Yet can I mark how stars above  
With conscious lustre shine,  
Their glories borrowing from thy love,  
While I in darkness pine.

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<sup>64</sup>"Thy" changed to "dear" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>65</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 156–57 (#131).

- 3 I sent a sigh to seek thee out,  
    Drawn from my heart in pain,  
Winged like an arrow; but my scout  
    Returned alas! In vain.  
Another from my endless store  
    I turned into a groan,  
Because the search was dumb before:  
    But all alas! Was one.
- 4 Where is my God? What secret place  
    Still holds, and hides thee still?  
What covert dares eclipse thy face?—  
    Is it thy awful will?  
O let not that thy presence bound:  
    Rather let walls of brass,  
Let seas and mountains gird thee round,  
    And I through all will pass.
- 5 Thy will so vast a distance is,  
    Remotest points combine,  
East touches west, compared to this,  
    And heav'n and hell conjoin.  
Take then these bars, these lengths away,  
    Turn and restore my soul:  
Thy love omnipotent display,  
    Approach! And make me whole.
- 6 When thou, my Lord, my God art nigh,  
    Nor life, nor death can move,  
Nor deepest hell, nor pow'rs on high  
    Can part me from thy love.

For as thy absence passes far  
The widest distance known,  
Thy presence brings my soul so near,  
That thou and I are one!

**Discipline.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>66</sup>**

- 1 O throw away thy rod,  
O throw away thy wrath!  
My gracious Saviour and my God,  
O take the gentle path.
- 2 Thou seest, my heart's desire  
Still unto thee is bent:  
Still does my longing soul aspire  
To an entire consent.
- 3 Not ev'n a word or look  
Do I approve or own,  
But by the model of thy book,  
Thy sacred book alone.
- 4 Although I fail, I weep;  
Although I halt in pace,  
Yet still with trembling steps I creep  
Unto the throne of grace.
- 5 O then let wrath remove:  
For love will do the deed!  
Love will the conquest gain; with love  
Ev'n stony hearts will bleed.

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<sup>66</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 173–74 (#151). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 45–46.

- 6        For love is swift of foot,  
          Love is a man of war;  
Love can resistless arrows shoot,  
          And hit the mark from far.
- 7        Who can escape his bow?  
          That which hath wrought on thee,  
Which brought the King of Glory low,  
          Must surely work on me.
- 8        O throw away thy rod;  
          What though man frailties hath?  
Thou art my Saviour and my God!  
          O throw away thy wrath!

**Divine Love.**  
**From the German.**<sup>67</sup>

- 1        Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
          Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
          Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
My heart is pained, nor<sup>68</sup> 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;  
And fain I would: but though my will  
          Be<sup>69</sup> fixed, yet wide my passions rove.  
Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

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<sup>67</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 483–84 (#542, by Gerhard Tersteegen). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 51–53.

<sup>68</sup>Ori., “not”; a misprint, as seen in *CPH* (1738), 51.

<sup>69</sup>“Be” changed to “Seem” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 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, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there:  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it has found repose in thee.
- 5 O hide this SELF from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may 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 self-will through all my heart,  
Through 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 footsteps of thy love!

- 8 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, 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!

**Written in the Beginning of a  
Recovery from Sickness.**

- 1 Peace, flutt'ring soul! The storm is o'er,  
Ended at last the doubtful<sup>70</sup> strife:  
Respiring now, the cause explore  
That bound thee to a wretched life.
- 2 When on the margin of the grave,  
Why did I doubt my Saviour's art?  
Ah! Why mistrust his will to save?  
What meant that falt'ring of my heart?
- 3 'Twas not the searching pain within  
That filled my coward flesh with fear;  
Nor conscience of uncanceled sin,<sup>71</sup>  
Nor sense of dissolution near.

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<sup>70</sup>Ori., "doubtless"; corrected 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) by ms. insert; and in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>71</sup>Changed to read "Nor consciousness of outward sin" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 4 Of hope I felt no joyful ground,  
The fruit of righteousness alone;  
Naked of Christ my soul I found,  
And started from a God unknown.
- 5 Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,  
Could I his purer presence bear?  
Unchanged, unhallowed, unrenewed  
Could I before his face appear?
- 6 Father of mercies, hear my call!  
Ere yet returns the fatal hour,  
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,  
And raise me by thy quick'ning pow'r.
- 7 My nature re-exchange for thine;  
Be thou my life, my hope, my gain;  
Arm me in panoply divine,  
And death shall shake his dart in vain.
- 8 When I thy promised Christ have seen,  
And clasped him in my soul's embrace,  
Possessed of my salvation, then—  
Then, let me, Lord, depart in peace!

**After a Recovery from Sickness.**

- 1    And live I yet by pow'r divine?  
      And have I still my course to run?  
  Again brought back in its decline  
      The shadow of my parting sun?
- 2    Wond'ring I ask, is this the breast  
      Struggling so late and torn with pain!  
  The eyes that upward looked for rest,  
      And dropped their weary lids again!
- 3    The recent horrors still appear:  
      O may they never cease to awe!  
  Still be the king of terrors near,  
      Whom late in all his pomp I saw.
- 4    Torture and sin prepared his way,  
      And pointed to a yawning tomb!  
  Darkness behind eclipsed the day,  
      And checked my forward hopes of home.
- 5    My feeble flesh refused to bear  
      Its strong redoubled agonies:  
  When mercy heard my speechless pray'r,  
      And saw me faintly gasp for ease.

- 6 Jesus to my deliv'rance flew,  
Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay:  
Pale death his ancient conq'ror knew,  
And trembled, and ungrasped his prey!
- 7 The fever turned its backward course,  
Arrested by almighty pow'r;  
Sudden expired its fiery force,  
And anguish gnawed my side no more.
- 8 God of my life, what just return  
Can sinful dust and ashes give?  
I only live my sin to mourn,  
To love my God I only live!
- 9 To thee, benign and saving pow'r  
I consecrate my lengthened days;  
While marked with blessings, every hour  
Shall speak thy coextended praise.
- 10 How shall I teach the world to love,  
Unchanged myself, unloosed my tongue?  
Give me the pow'r of faith to prove,  
And mercy shall be all my song.
- 11 Be all my added life employed  
Thy image in my soul to see:  
Fill with thyself the mighty void;  
Enlarge my heart to compass thee!

- 12 O give me, Saviour, give me more!  
Thy mercies to my soul reveal:  
Alas! I *see* their endless store,  
Yet O! I cannot, cannot *feel*!
- 13 The blessing of thy love bestow:  
For this my cries shall never fail;  
Wrestling I will not let thee go,  
I will not, till my suit prevail.
- 14 I'll weary thee with my complaint;  
Here at thy feet forever lie,  
With longing sick, with groaning faint:  
O give me love, or else I die!
- 15 Without this best, divinest grace  
'Tis death, 'tis worse than death to live;  
'Tis hell to want thy blissful face,  
And saints in thee their heav'n receive.
- 16 Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord,  
And fix in me thy lasting home!  
Be mindful of thy gracious word,  
Thou with thy promised Father, come!
- 17 Prepare, and then possess my heart,  
O take me, seize me from above:  
Thee do I love, for God thou art;  
Thee do I feel, for God is love!

**A Prayer Under Convictions.**

- 1 Father of light,<sup>72</sup> from whom proceeds  
Whate'er thy every creature needs,  
Whose goodness providently nigh  
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;  
To thee I look; my heart prepare,  
Suggest, and hearken to my pray'r.
  
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see  
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,  
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,  
Preventing what my lips would say:  
Thou seest my wants; for help they call,  
And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
  
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind  
Wayward, and impotent and blind,  
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,  
Averse to good, and prone to ill:  
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,  
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.
  
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,  
And feel the indigence I see;  
Fain would I all my vileness own,  
And deep beneath the burden groan:  
Abhor the pride that lurks within,  
Detest and loath myself and sin.

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<sup>72</sup>Only the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) uses "Father of lights," as in James 1:17.

- 5 Ah give me, Lord, myself to feel,  
My total misery reveal:  
Ah give me, Lord, (I still would say)  
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;  
My business this, my only care,  
My life, my every breath be pray'r.
- 6 Scarce I begin my sad complaint,  
When all my warmest wishes faint;  
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,  
When all my kindling ardors die;  
Nor hopes nor fears my bosom move,  
For still I cannot, cannot love.
- 7 Father, I want a thankful heart;  
I want to taste how good thou art,  
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,  
And comprehend thy love to me;  
The breadth, and length, and depth, and height  
Of love divinely infinite.
- 8 Father, I long my soul to raise  
And dwell forever on thy praise,  
Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,  
In ecstasy unspeakable;  
While the full pow'r of FAITH I know,  
And reign triumphant here below.

**The 53<sup>rd</sup> Chapter of Isaiah.**

- 1 Who hath believed the tidings? Who?  
Or felt the joys our words impart?  
Gladly confessed our record true,  
And found the Saviour in his heart?  
Planted in nature's barren ground,  
And cherished by Jehovah's care,  
There shall th' immortal seed be found,  
The root divine shall flourish there!
  
- 2 See the desire of nations comes;  
Nor outward pomp bespeaks him near,  
A veil of flesh the God assumes,  
A servant's form he stoops to wear;  
He lays his every glory by;  
Ignobly low, obscurely mean,  
Of beauty void, in reason's eye,  
The source of loveliness is seen.
  
- 3 Rejected and despised of men,  
A Man of Grievs, inured to woe;  
His only intimate is pain,  
And grief is all his life below.  
We saw, and from the irksome sight  
Disdainfully our faces turned;  
Hell followed him with fierce despite,  
And earth the humble object<sup>73</sup> scorned.
  
- 4 Surely for us he humbled was,  
And grieved with sorrows not his own:  
Of all his woes were we the cause,  
We filled his soul with pangs unknown.

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<sup>73</sup>Ori., "object"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) and following.

Yet him th' offender we esteemed,  
 Stricken by heaven's vindictive rod,  
 Afflicted for himself we deemed,  
 And punished by an angry God.

5 But O! With our transgressions stained,  
 For our offence he wounded was;  
 Ours were the sins that bruised and pained  
 And scourged, and nailed him to the cross.  
 The chastisement that bought our peace,  
 To sinners due, on him was laid:  
 Conscience be still! Thy terrors cease!  
 The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid.

6 What though we all as wand'ring sheep  
 Have left our God, and lov'd to stray,  
 Refused his mild commands to keep,  
 And madly urged the downward way;  
 Father, on him thy bolt did fall,  
 The mortal law thy Son fulfilled,  
 Thou laid'st on him the guilt of all,  
 And by his stripes we all are healed.

7 Accused his mouth he opened not,  
 He answered not by wrongs oppressed;  
 Pure though he was from sinful spot  
*Our*<sup>74</sup> guilt he *silently* confessed!  
 Meek as a lamb to slaughter led,  
 A sheep before his shearers dumb  
 To suffer in the sinner's stead  
 Behold the spotless victim come!

8 Who could his heavenly birth declare  
 When bound by man he silent stood,  
 When worms arraigned him at their bar,  
 And doomed to death th' eternal God!

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<sup>74</sup>Ori., "What"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) and following.

Patient the sufferings to sustain  
The vengeance to transgressors due,  
Guiltless he groaned and died for man:  
Sinners rejoice, he died for you!

- 9 For your *imputed* guilt he bled,  
Made sin a sinful world to save;  
Meekly he sunk among the dead:  
The rich supplied an honoured grave?  
For O! Devoid of sin, and free  
From actual or entailed offence,  
No sinner in himself was he,  
But pure and perfect innocence.
- 10 Yet him th' Almighty Father's will  
With bruising chastisements pursued,  
Doomed him the weight of sin to feel,  
And sternly just required his blood.  
But lo! The mortal debt is paid,  
The costly sacrifice is o'er,  
His soul for sin an offering made  
Revives, and he shall die no more.
- 11 His numerous seed he now shall see,  
Scattered through all the earth abroad,  
Blest with his immortality,  
Begot by him, and born of God.  
Head to his church o'er all below  
Long shall he here his sons sustain;  
Their bounding hearts his power shall know,  
And bless the lov'd Messiah's reign.
- 12 'Twixt God and them he still shall stand  
The children whom his Sire hath given,

Their cause shall prosper in his hand  
While RIGHTEOUSNESS looks down from heaven.  
While pleased he counts the ransomed race,  
And calls and draws them from above;  
The travail of his soul surveys,  
And rests in his redeeming love.

- 13 'Tis done! My justice asks no more,  
The satisfaction's fully made:  
Their sins he in his body bore;  
Their surety all the debt has paid.  
My righteous servant and my son  
Shall each believing sinner clear,  
And all, who stoop t' abjure their own,  
Shall in his righteousness appear.
- 14 Them shall he claim his just desert,  
Them his inheritance receive,  
And many a contrite humble heart  
Will I for his possession give.  
Satan he thence shall chase away,  
Assert his right, his foes o'ercome;  
Stronger than hell, retrieve the prey,  
And bear the spoil triumphant home.
- 15 For charged with all their guilt he stood,  
Sinners from suffering to redeem,  
For them he poured out all his blood,  
Their substitute, he died for them.  
He died; and rose his death to plead,  
To testify their sins forgiven—  
And still I hear him intercede,  
And still he makes their claim to heaven!

**Heb[rews] 12:2.**  
**“Looking unto Jesus, the author  
and finisher of our faith.”**

- 1 Weary of struggling with my pain,  
Hopeless to burst my nature’s chain,  
Hardly I give the contest o’er,  
I seek to free myself no more.
- 2 From my own works at last I cease,  
God that creates must seal my peace;<sup>75</sup>  
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,  
And<sup>76</sup> all my fitness is despair.
- 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,  
I see my sin, but cannot feel:  
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,  
And bid th’ obedient waters flow.
- 4 ’Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,  
Thy gifts I only can receive:  
Here then to thee I all resign,  
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.
- 5 With simple faith, to thee I call,  
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:  
I wait the moving of the pool;  
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

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<sup>75</sup>Changed to “God must create and seal my peace” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>76</sup>“And” changed to “for” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 6 Speak gracious Lord, my sickness cure,  
Make my infected nature pure;  
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,  
And pour thyself into my heart.

**Gal[atians] 3:22.**

**“The scripture hath concluded all under sin,  
that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ  
might be given to them that believe.”**

- 1 Jesu, the sinner’s friend, to thee  
Lost and undone for aid I flee,  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin—  
Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,  
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole,  
Fall’n, till in me thine image shine,  
And cursed I am till thou art mine.
- 3 Hear, Jesu, hear my helpless cry,  
O save a wretch condemned to die!  
The sentence in myself I feel,  
And all my nature teems with hell.

- 4     When shall concupiscence and pride  
      No more my tortured heart divide!  
      When shall this agony be o'er,  
      And the old Adam rage no more!
- 5     Awake, the woman's conqu'ring seed,  
      Awake, and bruise the serpent's head,  
      Tread down thy foes, with power control  
      The beast and devil in my soul.
- 6     The mansion for thyself prepare,  
      Dispose my heart by ent'ring there!  
      'Tis this alone can make me clean,  
      'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 7     Long have I vainly hoped and strove  
      To force my hardness into love,  
      To give thee all thy laws require;  
      And laboured in the purging fire.
- 8     A thousand specious arts essayed,  
      Called the deep *Mystic* to my aid:  
      His boasted skill the brute refined,  
      But left the subtler fiend behind.
- 9     Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,  
      Nor hope to break my nature's chain:  
      The fond self-emptying scheme is past,  
      And lo! Constrained I yield at last.

- 10 At last I own it cannot be  
That I should fit myself for thee:  
Here then to thee, I all resign,  
Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 11 No more to lift my eyes I dare  
Abandoned to a just despair;  
I have my punishment in view.  
I feel a thousand hells my due.
- 12 What shall I say thy grace to move?  
Lord I am sin—but thou art love:  
I give up every plea beside  
“Lord I am damned—but thou hast died!”
- 13 While groaning at thy feet I fall  
Spurn me away, refuse my call,  
If *love* permit, contract thy brow,  
And, if thou canst, destroy me now!

**Hoping for Grace.  
From the German.<sup>77</sup>**

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

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<sup>77</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 724–25 (#804, omitting stanza 5; by Christian Friedrich Richter). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 56–58 (stanza 4 omitted in this setting).

- 2     Lost and undone, for aid I cry;  
       In thy death, Saviour, let me die!  
       Grieved with thy grief, pained with thy pain,  
       Ne'er may I feel self-love again.
- 3     Jesu, vouchsafe my heart and will  
       With thy meek lowliness to fill;  
       No more her pow'r let nature boast,  
       But in thy will may mine be lost.
- 4     In life's short day let me yet more  
       Of thy enliv'ning pow'r implore:  
       My mind must deeper sink in thee,  
       My foot stand firm from wand'ring free.
- 5     Ye sons of men, here nought avails  
       Your strength, here all your wisdom fails;  
       Who bids a sinful heart be clean?  
       Thou only, Lord, supreme of men.
- 6     And well I know thy tender love;  
       Thou never didst unfaithful prove:  
       And well I know thou stand'st by me,  
       Pleased from myself to set me free.
- 7     Still will I watch, and labour still  
       To banish every thought of ill;  
       Till thou in thy good time appear,  
       And sav'st me from the fowler's snare.

- 8    Already springing hope I feel;  
      God will destroy the pow'r of hell:  
      God from the land of wars and pain  
      Leads me, where peace and safety reign.
- 9    One only care my soul shall know,  
      Father, all thy commands to do:  
      Ah deep engrave it on my breast,  
      That I in thee ev'n now am blest.
- 10   When my warmed thoughts<sup>78</sup> I fix on thee,  
      And plunge me in thy mercy's sea,  
      Then ev'n on me thy face shall shine,  
      And quicken this dead heart of mine.
- 11   So ev'n in storms my zeal<sup>79</sup> shall grow;  
      So shall I thy hid sweetness know;  
      And feel (what endless age shall prove)  
      That thou, my Lord, my God, art love!

**The Dawning.**  
**From Herbert.**<sup>80</sup>

- 1    Awake, sad heart, whom sorrows drown,  
      Lift up thine eyes, and cease to mourn,  
      Unfold thy forehead's settled frown;  
      Thy Saviour, and thy joys return.

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<sup>78</sup>“Warmed thoughts” changed to “warm thought” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>79</sup>“Zeal” changed to “soul” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) only.

<sup>80</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 104–5 (#86).

- 2 Awake, sad drooping heart, awake!  
No more lament, and pine, and cry:  
His death thou ever dost partake,  
Partake at last his victory.
- 3 Arise; if thou dost not withstand,  
Christ's resurrection thine may be:  
O break not from the gracious hand  
Which, as it rises, raises thee.
- 4 Cheered by thy Saviour's sorrows rise;  
He grieved, that thou mayst cease to grieve;  
Dry with his burial clothes thine eyes,  
He died himself, that thou mayst live!

**Matth[ew] 5:3.**

**“Blessed are they that mourn.”<sup>81</sup>**

- 1 Jesu! My great high priest above,  
My friend before the throne of love!  
If now for me prevails thy prayer,  
If now I find thee pleading there;  
If thou the secret wish convey,  
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,  
Hear; and my weak petitions join,  
Almighty advocate, to thine!

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<sup>81</sup>In 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) and following this is titled: “Psalm 139:23 [BCP]. ‘Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart.’”

- 2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,  
And groan my nature's weight to feel,  
To feel the clouds that round me roll,  
The night that hangs upon my soul.  
The darkness of my carnal mind,  
My will perverse, my passions blind,  
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,  
Immeasurably far from God.
- 3 Jesu! My heart's desire obtain,  
My earnest suit present and gain,  
My fulness of corruption show,  
The knowledge of myself bestow;  
A deeper displicence<sup>82</sup> at sin,  
A sharper sense of hell within,  
A stronger struggling to get free,  
A keener appetite for thee.
- 4 For thee my spirit often pants,  
Yet often in pursuing faints,  
Drooping it soon neglects t' aspire,  
To fan<sup>83</sup> the ever-dying fire:  
No more thy glory's skirts are seen,  
The world, the creature steals between;  
Heavenward no more my wishes move,  
And I forget that thou art love.
- 5 O sovereign love, to thee I cry,  
Give me thyself, or else I die.  
Save me from death, from hell set free,  
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.

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<sup>82</sup>A rare word meaning "dislike."

<sup>83</sup>"To fan" changed to "Nor fans" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

Quickened by thy imparted flame,  
Saved, when possessed of thee, I am;  
My life, my only heav'n thou art:  
And lo! I feel<sup>84</sup> thee in my heart!

**The Change.  
From the German.**<sup>85</sup>

- 1 Jesu, whose glory's streaming rays,  
Though duteous to thy high command  
Not seraphs view with open face,  
But veiled before thy presence stand:  
How shall weak eyes of flesh, weighed down  
With sin, and dim with error's night,  
Dare to behold thy awful throne,  
Or view thy unapproached light?
- 2 Restore my sight! Let thy free grace  
An entrance to the holiest give!  
Open my eyes of faith! Thy face  
So shall I see; yet seeing live.  
Thy golden scepter from above  
Reach forth: see my whole heart I bow:  
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love,  
My chosen 'midst ten thousand thou."
- 3 O Jesu, full of grace! The sighs  
Of a sick heart with pity view!  
Hark how my silence<sup>86</sup> speaks; and cries,  
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"  
I know thou canst not but be good!  
How should'st thou, Lord, thy grace restrain?

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<sup>84</sup>Changed to "When shall I feel" in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739); and to "O might I feel" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>85</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 250–51 (#256, by Wolfgang Dessler).

<sup>86</sup>"Silence" changed to "misery" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) only.

Thou, Lord, whose blood so largely flowed  
To save me from all guilt and pain.

- 4 Into thy gracious hands I fall,  
And with the arms of faith embrace!  
O King of Glory, hear my call!  
O raise me, heal me by thy grace!  
—Now righteous through thy wounds I am:  
No condemnation now I dread:  
I taste salvation in thy name,  
Alive in thee my living head!
- 5 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,  
Nor take thy light from me away:  
Still with me let thy grace abide,  
That I from thee may never stray.  
Let thy word richly in me dwell;  
Thy peace and love my portion be,  
My joy t' endure, and do thy will,  
Till perfect I am found in thee!
- 6 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord,  
Support my weakness with thy might:  
Gird on my thigh thy conq'ring sword,  
And shield me in the threat'ning fight.  
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,  
So in thy strength shall I go on,  
Till heav'n and earth flee from thy face,  
And glory end what grace begun.

**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**Part 2.**

**Christ the Friend of Sinners.<sup>87</sup>**

- 1   Where shall my wond'ring soul begin?  
      How shall I all to heaven aspire?  
A slave redeemed from death and sin,  
      A brand plucked from eternal fire,  
How shall I equal triumphs raise,  
And sing my great Deliverer's praise!
  
- 2   O how shall I the goodness tell,  
      Father, which thou to me hast showed,  
That I, a child of wrath, and hell,  
      I should be called a child of God!<sup>88</sup>  
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,  
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

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<sup>87</sup>This is likely the "hymn on his conversion" that Charles records writing in *MS Journal* (May 23, 1738).

<sup>88</sup>Charles Wesley changes line in *All in All* (1761) to read: "Should now be called a child of God."

- 3     And shall I slight my Father's love,  
          Or basely fear his gifts to own?  
Unmindful of his favours prove?  
          Shall I the hallowed cross to shun  
Refuse his righteousness t' impart  
By hiding it within my heart?
- 4     No—though the ancient dragon rage  
          And call forth all his hosts<sup>89</sup> to war,  
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage;  
          Them, and their god alike I dare:  
Jesus the sinner's friend proclaim,  
Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 5     Outcasts of men, to you I call,  
          Harlots and publicans, and thieves!  
He spreads his arms t' embrace you all;  
          Sinners alone his grace receives:  
No need of him the righteous have,  
He came the lost to seek and save!
- 6     Come all ye Magdalens in lust,  
          Ye ruffians fell in murders old;<sup>90</sup>  
Repent, and live: despair and trust!  
          Jesus for you to death was sold;  
Though hell protest, and earth repine,  
He died for crimes like yours—and mine.
- 7     Come O my guilty brethren come,  
          Groaning beneath your load of sin!

---

<sup>89</sup>“Hosts” changed to “host” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>90</sup>This line is borrowed from Samuel Wesley Jr., “Upon Bishop Atterbury’s Birthday,” st. 6, *Poems* (1863),

His bleeding heart shall make you room,  
His open side shall take you in.  
He calls you now, invites you home—  
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

- 8 For you the purple current flowed  
In pardons from his wounded side:  
Languished for you th' eternal God,  
For you the Prince of Glory died.  
*Believe*; and all your guilt's<sup>91</sup> forgiven,  
*Only believe*—and yours is heaven.

**On the Conversion of a Common Harlot.**<sup>92</sup>

**Luke 15:10.**

**“There is joy in the presence of the angels  
of God over one sinner that repenteth.”**

- 1 Sing, ye heavens, and earth rejoice,  
Make to God a cheerful noise,  
He the work alone hath done,  
He hath glorified his Son.
- 2 Sons of God exulting rise  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
See the prodigal is come,  
Shout to bear the wanderer home!

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<sup>91</sup>“Guilt’s” changed to “sin’s” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>92</sup>Charles records writing this hymn in his *MS Journal* on February 20, 1739.

- 3 Strive in joy with angels strive,  
Dead she was, but now's alive,  
Loud repeat the glorious sound,  
Lost she was, but now is found!
- 4 This through ages all along,  
This be still the joyous song,  
Wide diffused o'er earth abroad,  
Music in the ears of God.
- 5 Rescued from the fowler's snare,  
Jesus spreads his arms for her,  
Jesu's arms her sacred fence:—  
Come, ye fiends, and pluck her thence!
- 6 Thence she never shall remove,  
Safe in his redeeming love:  
This the purchase of his groans!  
This the soul he died for once!
- 7 Now the gracious Father smiles,  
Now the Saviour boasts his spoils;  
Now the Spirit grieves no more:  
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth adore!  
*Hallelujah.*

**Rom[ans] 4:5.**

**“To him that worketh not, but believeth  
on him that justifieth the ungodly, his  
faith is counted for righteousness.”<sup>93</sup>**

- 1 Lord, if to me thy grace hath given,  
A spark of life, a taste of heaven,  
The gospel-pearl, the woman’s seed,  
The bruiser of the serpent’s head;
- 2 Why sleeps my principle divine?  
Why hastens not my spark to shine?  
The Saviour in my heart to move  
And all my soul to flame with love?
- 3 Buried, o’erwhelmed, and lost in sin,  
And seemingly extinct within,  
Th’ immortal seed unactive lies,  
The heav’nly Adam sinks and dies:
- 4 Dies, and revives the dying flame.  
Cast down, but not destroyed I am,  
'Midst thousand lusts I still respire,  
And tremble, unconsumed in fire.
- 5 Suffered awhile to want my God,  
To groan beneath my nature’s load,  
That all may own, that all may see  
*Th’ ungodly justified in me.*

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<sup>93</sup>Title changed to “Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of Our Faith” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

Acts 1:4.

**“Wait for the promise of the Father,  
which ye have heard of me.”<sup>94</sup>**

- 1 Saviour of men, how long shall I  
Forgotten at thy footstool lie!  
Washed in<sup>95</sup> the fountain of thy blood,  
Yet groaning still to be renewed;
- 2 A miracle of grace and sin,  
Pardoned, yet still alas unclean!  
Thy righteousness is *counted* mine:  
When will it in my nature shine?
- 3 Darksome I still remain and void,  
And painfully unlike my God,  
Till thou diffuse a brighter ray,  
And turn the glimm’ring into day.
- 4 Why didst thou the first gift impart,  
And sprinkle with thy blood my heart,  
But that my sprinkled heart might prove,  
The life and liberty of love?
- 5 Why didst thou bid my terrors cease,  
And sweetly fill my soul with peace,  
But that my peaceful soul might know  
The joys that from believing flow?

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<sup>94</sup>Title changed to “Another” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>95</sup>“Washed in” changed to “Close by” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 6 See then thy ransomed servant, see,  
I hunger, Lord, I thirst for thee!  
Feed me with love, thy Spirit give,  
I gasp, in him, in thee to live.
- 7 The promised Comforter impart,  
Open the fountain in my heart;  
There let him flow with springing joys,  
And into life eternal rise.
- 8 There let him ever, ever dwell,  
The pledge, the witness, and the seal;  
I'll glory then in sin forgiven,  
In Christ my life, my love, my heaven!

**Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Father.**<sup>96</sup>

- 1           Thee, O my God and King,  
              My Father, thee I sing!  
Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,  
              Praise from earth and heav'n receive;  
Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
              Dead, by faith in Christ I live.
- 2           Father, behold thy son,  
              In Christ I am thy own.

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<sup>96</sup>Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as July 10, 1738.

Stranger long to thee and rest,  
See the prodigal is come:  
Open wide thine arms and breast,  
Take the weary wand'rer home.

3           Thine eye observed from far,  
          Thy pity looked me near:  
Me thy bowels yearned to see,  
          Me thy mercy ran to find,  
Empty, poor, and void of thee,  
          Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4           Thou on my neck didst fall,  
          Thy kiss forgave me all:  
Still the gracious words I hear,  
          Words that made the Saviour mine,  
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,  
          His be righteousness divine!"

5           Thee then, my God and King,  
          My Father, thee I sing!  
Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,  
          Praise from earth and heav'n receive;  
Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
          Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

**Hymn to the Son.**<sup>97</sup>

1           O filial deity,  
          Accept my newborn cry!

---

<sup>97</sup>Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as July 2, 1738.

See the travail of thy soul,  
Saviour, and be satisfied;  
Take me now, possess me whole,  
Who for *me*, for *me* hast died!

2           Of life thou art the tree,  
          My immortality!  
Feed this tender branch of thine,  
          Ceaseless influence derive,  
Thou the true, the heav'nly vine,  
          Grafted into thee I live.

3           Of life the fountain thou,  
          I know—I feel it now!  
Faint and dead no more I droop:  
          Thou art in me: thy supplies  
Every moment springing up  
          Into life eternal rise.

4           Thou the good shepherd art,  
          From thee I ne'er shall part:  
Thou my keeper and my guide,  
          Make me still thy tender care,  
Gently lead me by thy side,  
          Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5           Thou art my daily bread;  
          O Christ, thou art my head:  
Motion, virtue, strength to me,  
          Me thy living member flow;  
Nourished I, and fed by thee,  
          Up to thee in all things grow.

- 6           Prophet, to me reveal  
              Thy Father's perfect will.  
Never mortal spake like thee,  
              Human prophet like divine;  
Loud and strong their voices be,  
              Small and still and inward thine!
- 7           On thee my priest I call,  
              Thy blood atoned for all.  
Still the Lamb as slain appears,  
              Still thou stand'st before the throne,  
Ever off'ring up my<sup>98</sup> pray'rs,  
              *These* presenting with thy own.
- 8           Jesu!<sup>99</sup> Thou art my King,  
              From thee my strength I bring!  
Shadowed by thy mighty hand,  
              Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?  
Faith supports, by faith I stand  
              Strong as thy omnipotence.
- 9           O filial deity,  
              Accept my newborn cry!  
See the travail of thy soul,  
              Saviour, and be satisfied;  
Take me now, possess me whole,  
              Who for me, for me hast died!

---

<sup>98</sup>Ori., "thy"; a misprint, not corrected until the 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1782) of *Hymns* (1780).

<sup>99</sup>Charles Wesley changes "Jesu!" to "Jesus," in *All in All* (1761).

**Hymn to the Holy Ghost.**<sup>100</sup>

- 1            Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,  
              My inward Comforter!  
Loosed by thee my stamm'ring tongue  
              First essays to praise thee now,  
This the new, the joyful song,  
              Hear it in thy temple thou!
- 2            Long o'er my formless soul  
              The dreary waves did roll;  
Void I lay and sunk in night:  
              Thou, the overshadowing Dove,  
Call'dst the chaos into light,  
              Bad'st me be, and live, and love.
- 3            Thee I exult to feel,  
              Thou in my heart dost dwell:  
There thou bear'st thy witness true,  
              Shedd'st the love of God abroad;  
I in Christ a creature new,  
              I, ev'n I am born of God!
- 4            Ere yet the time was come  
              To fix in me thy home,  
With me oft thou didst reside:  
              Now, my God, thou in me art!  
Here thou ever shalt abide;  
              One we are, no more to part.

---

<sup>100</sup>Charles records use of this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as July 11, 1738.

5           Fruit of the Saviour's pray'r,  
              My promised Comforter!  
Thee the world cannot receive,  
              Thee they neither know nor see,  
Dead is all the life they live,  
              Dark their light, while void of thee.

6           Yet I partake thy grace  
              Through Christ my righteousness;  
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,  
              Mine the unction from above,  
Pardon written on my heart,  
              Light, and life, and joy, and love.

7           Thy gifts, blest Paraclete,  
              I glory to repeat:  
Sweetly sure of grace I am,  
              Pardon to my soul applied,  
Int'rest in the spotless Lamb;  
              Dead for all, for me he died.

8           Thou art thyself the seal;  
              I more than pardon feel,  
Peace, unutterable peace,  
              Joy that ages ne'er can move,  
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,  
              All the confidence of love!

9           Pledge of thy promise giv'n,  
              My antepast of heav'n;

Earnest thou of joys divine,  
Joys divine on me bestowed,  
Heav'n and Christ, and all is mine,  
All the plenitude of God.

10           Thou art my inward guide,  
          I ask no help beside:  
Arm of God, to<sup>101</sup> thee I call,  
          Weak as helpless infancy!  
Weak I am—yet cannot fall  
          Staid by faith, and led by thee!

11           Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,  
          My inward Comforter!  
Loosed by thee my stamm'ring tongue  
          First essays to praise thee now;  
This the new, the joyful song,  
          Hear it in thy temple thou!

**Praise.**  
**From Herbert.**<sup>102</sup>

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

2    For thou hast granted my request,  
          For thou my cries hast heard,  
Marked all the workings of my breast,  
          And hast in mercy spared.

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<sup>101</sup>“To” changed to “on” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>102</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 140 (#117), much altered. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 21–22 (several slight revisions in this setting). This hymn omitted from 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 3     Wherefore with all my strength and art  
       Thy mercy's praise I sing;  
       To thee the tribute of my heart,  
       My soul, my all I bring.
- 4     What though my sins against me cried?  
       Thou didst the sinner spare:  
       In vain th' accuser still replied,  
       For love had charmed thy ear.
- 5     Thee sev'n whole days, not one in sev'n,  
       Unwearied will I praise,  
       And in my heart, a little heav'n,  
       Thy throne triumphant raise.
- 6     Softened and vanquished by my tears  
       Thou could'st no more withstand,  
       But when stern justice called for fears,  
       Disarmed her lifted hand.
- 7     Small is it in this humble sort  
       Thy mercy's pow'r to raise:  
       For ev'n eternity's too short  
       To utter all thy praise.

**The Glance.  
From the Same [Herbert].<sup>103</sup>**

- 1    When first thy gracious eye's survey,  
      Ev'n in the midst of youth and night,  
Marked me, where sunk in sin I lay;  
      I felt a strange unknown delight.
  
- 2    My soul in all its pow'rs renewed<sup>104</sup>  
      Owned<sup>105</sup> the divine Physician's art,  
So swift the healing look bedewed,  
      Embalmed, o'erran and filled my heart.
  
- 3    Since then I many a bitter storm  
      Have felt, and feeling sure had died,  
Had the malicious fatal harm  
      Rolled on its unmolested tide:
  
- 4    But working still, within my soul,  
      Thy sweet original joy remained;  
Thy love did all my griefs control,  
      Thy love the victory more than gained.
  
- 5    If the first glance, but opened now  
      And now sealed up, so powerful prove,  
What wondrous transports shall we know  
      When glorying in thy full-eyed love!

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<sup>103</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 166 (#143).

<sup>104</sup>Changed to "I seemed in all my pow'rs renewed" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) and 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739); then changed to "My soul, as all at once renewed" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>105</sup>"Owned" changed to "By" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) and 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739).

- 6     When thou shalt look us out of pain,  
          And raise us to thy blissful sight,  
With open face strong to sustain  
          The blaze of thy unclouded light!

**Desiring to Praise Worthily.**  
**From the German.<sup>106</sup>**

- 1     Monarch of all, with lowly fear  
       To whom heaven's host their voices raise,  
       Even earth and dust thy bounties share:  
       Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.
- 2     Before thy face, O Lord most high,  
       Sinks all created glory down:  
       Yet be not wroth with me, that I  
       Vile worm, draw near thy awful throne.
- 3     Of all thou the beginning art,  
       Of all things thou alone the end:  
       On thee still fix my steadfast heart;  
       To thee let all my actions tend.
- 4     Thou, Lord, art light: thy native ray  
       No shade, no variation knows—  
       On my dark soul (ye clouds away)  
       The brightness of thy face disclose.

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<sup>106</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 2–3 (#3, by Johann Freylinghausen). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 5    Thou, Lord, art love: from thee pure love  
      Flows forth in unexhausted streams;  
      Let me its quick'ning influence prove,  
      Fill my whole heart with sacred flames.
- 6    Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone:  
      With eager hope, with warm desire,  
      Thee may I still my portion own,  
      To thee in every thought aspire.
- 7    So shall my every power to thee  
      In love, thanks, praise incessant rise,  
      Yea my whole soul and flesh shall be  
      One holy, living sacrifice.
- 8    Lord God of armies, ceaseless praise  
      In heaven thy throne to thee is given,  
      Here as in heaven thy name we raise,  
      For where thy presence shines, is heaven.

**Free Grace.**

- 1    And can it be, that I should gain  
      An int'rest in the Saviour's blood!  
      Died he for me?—Who caused his pain!  
      For me?—Who him to death pursued.  
      Amazing love! How can it be  
      That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

- 2 'Tis myst'ry all! Th' immortal dies!  
Who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine.  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;  
Let angel minds enquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,  
(So free, so infinite his grace!)  
Emptied himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race:  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free!  
For O my God! It found out me!
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:  
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;  
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
- 5 Still the small inward voice I hear,  
That whispers all my sins forgiv'n;  
Still the atoning blood is near,  
That quenched the wrath of hostile heav'n:  
I feel the life his wounds impart;  
I feel my Saviour in my heart.
- 6 No condemnation now I dread,  
Jesus, and all in him, is mine:

Alive in him, my living head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

**The Call.**  
**From Herbert.**<sup>107</sup>

- 1 Come, O my Way, my Truth, my Life!  
A Way that gives us breath,  
A Truth that ends its followers' strife,  
A Life that conquers death!
- 2 Come, O my Light, my Feast, my Strength!  
A Light that shows a feast;  
A Feast that still improves by length,  
A Strength that makes the guest!
- 3 Come, O my Joy, my Love, my Heart!  
A Joy that none can move;  
A Love that none can ever part,  
A Heart that joys in love!

**True Praise.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].**<sup>108</sup>

- 1 When first my feeble verse essayed,  
Of heav'nly joys to sing,  
Fancy was summoned to my aid  
Her choicest stores to bring.

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<sup>107</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 150 (#125).

<sup>108</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 95 (#77). This hymn omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 2 With studied words each rising thought  
I decked, with nicest art,  
And shining metaphors I sought  
To burnish every part.
- 3 Thousands of notions swift did run,  
And filled my lab'ring head;  
I blotted off' what I begun,  
This was too flat, that dead.
- 4 To clothe the sun, no dress too fine  
I thought, no words too gay,  
Much less the realms that glorious shine  
In one eternal day.
- 5 Mean while I whisp'ring heard a friend,  
"Why all this vain pretence?  
Love has a sweetness ready penned,  
Take that, and save expense."

**The Dialogue.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].<sup>109</sup>**

[Saint]

- 1 Saviour, if thy precious love  
Could be merited by mine,  
Faith these mountains would remove;  
Faith would make me ever thine:  
But when all my care and pains,  
Worth can ne'er create in me,

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<sup>109</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 107 (#89).

Nought by me thy fulness gains;  
Vain the hope to purchase thee.

C[hrist]

2 Cease, my child, thy worth to weigh,  
Give the needless contest o'er:  
Mine thou art! While thus I say,  
Yield thee up, and ask no more.  
What thy estimate may be,  
Only can by him be told,  
Who to ransom wretched thee,  
Thee to gain, himself was sold.

S[aint]

3 But when all in me is sin,  
How can I thy grace obtain?  
How presume thyself to win?  
God of love, the doubt explain—  
Or if thou the means supply,  
Lo! To thee I all resign!  
Make me, Lord, (I ask not why,  
How, I ask not) ever thine!

C[hrist]

4 This I would—that humbly still  
Thou submit to my decree,  
Blindly<sup>110</sup> subjecting thy will,  
Meekly<sup>111</sup> copying after me:  
That as I did leave my throne;  
Freely from my glory part;  
Die, to make thy heart my own—

S[aint] Ah! No more—thou break'st my heart!

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<sup>110</sup>“Blindly” changed to “Gladly” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) and 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739); then to “Meekly” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>111</sup>“Meekly” changed to “Closely” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

**Subjection to Christ.  
From the German.<sup>112</sup>**

- 1 Jesu, to thee my heart I bow,  
Strange flames far from my soul remove;  
Fairest among ten thousand thou,  
Be thou my Lord, my life, my love.
- 2 All heav'n thou fill'st with pure desire;  
O shine upon my frozen breast;  
With sacred warmth my heart inspire,  
May I too thy hid sweetness taste.
- 3 I see thy garments rolled in blood,  
Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side:  
All hail, thou suff'ring, conquering God!  
Now man shall live; for God hath died.
- 4 O kill in me this rebel sin,  
And triumph o'er my willing breast:  
Restore thy image, Lord, therein,  
And lead me to my Father's rest.
- 5 Ye earthly loves, be far away!  
Saviour, be thou my love alone;  
No more may mine usurp the sway,  
But in me thy great will be done!

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<sup>112</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 215–16 (#225, stanzas 1, 10–12, 16–17; by Zinzendorf). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 26. Note that Charles made several revisions when including in *All in All* (1761), 11–12.

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

**Renouncing All for Christ.  
From the French.<sup>113</sup>**

- 1     Come, Saviour Jesu, from above,  
          Assist me with thy heav'nly grace,  
Withdraw my heart from worldly love,  
          And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2     O let thy sacred presence fill  
          And set my longing spirit free,  
Which pants to have no other will,  
          But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3     While in these regions here below,  
          No other good will I pursue;  
I'll bid this world of noise and show  
          With all its flatt'ring snares adieu.
- 4     That path with humble speed I'll seek  
          Wherein my Saviour's footsteps shine,  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
          Of any other love than thine.

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<sup>113</sup>Source: Pierre Poiret, *La Vie continuee de Dammle. Antoinette Bourignon* (Amsterdam: Pierre Arentz, 1682), 65. This translation was provided to the Wesley brothers by John Byrom (1692–1763); see Byrom's letter of Nar, 3, 1738 to CW, in Richard Parkinson (ed.), *The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom* (Manchester: Chetham Society, 1856), 2:195–97.

- 5 To thee my earnest soul aspires,  
To thee I offer all my vows,  
Keep me from false and vain desires,  
My God, my Saviour and my spouse.
- 6 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul;  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and master of the whole.
- 7 Wealth, honour, pleasure, or what else  
This short enduring world can give,  
Tempt as you will, my heart repels,  
To Christ alone resolved to live.
- 8 Thee I can love and thee alone  
With holy peace and inward bliss;  
To find thou tak'st me for thy own,  
O what a happiness is this!
- 9 Nor heav'n nor earth do I desire  
But thy pure love within my breast,  
This, this I always will require,  
And freely give up all the rest.
- 10 Thy gifts, if called for, I resign,  
Pleased to receive, pleased to restore;  
Gifts are thy work; it shall be mine  
The giver only to adore.

**The Invitation.  
From Herbert.**<sup>114</sup>

- 1    Come hither all, whose grov'ling taste  
     Enslaves your souls, and lays them waste;  
       Save your expense, and mend your cheer:  
     Here God himself's prepared and dressed,  
     Himself vouchsafes to be your feast,  
       In whom alone all dainties are.
  
- 2    Come hither all, whom tempting wine  
     Bows to your father Belial's shrine,  
       Sin all your boast, and sense your God:  
     Weep now for what you've<sup>115</sup> drank amiss,  
     And lose your taste for sensual bliss  
       By drinking here your Saviour's blood.
  
- 3    Come hither all, whom searching pain,  
     Whom<sup>116</sup> conscience's loud cries arraign  
       Producing all your sins to view:  
     Taste; and dismiss your guilty fear,  
     O taste and see that God is here  
       To heal your souls and sin subdue.
  
- 4    Come hither all, whom careless joy  
     Does<sup>117</sup> with alluring force destroy,  
       While loose ye range beyond your bounds:  
     True joy<sup>118</sup> is here, that passes quite  
     And all your transient mean delight  
       Drowns, as a flood the lower grounds.

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<sup>114</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 174–75 (#152). This hymn not reprinted in later editions of *HSP*, but moved to *HLS* (1745), Hymn 9.

<sup>115</sup>“You’ve” changed to “ye’ve” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>116</sup>“Whom” changed to “And” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>117</sup>“Does” changed to “Doth” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>118</sup>“Joy” changed to “love” in *HLS* (1745).

- 5     Come hither all, whose idol-love,  
       While fond the pleasing pain ye prove,  
          Raises your foolish raptures high:  
       True love is here; whose dying breath  
       Gave life to us; who tasted death,  
          And tasting<sup>119</sup> once no more can die.
- 6     Lord, I have now invited all,  
       And instant still the guests shall call,  
          Still shall I all invite to thee:  
       For, O my God, it seems but right  
       In mine, thy meanest servant's sight,  
          That where all is, there all should be!

**The Banquet.**  
**From the Same [Herbert].**<sup>120</sup>

- 1     Welcome, delicious sacred cheer,  
       Welcome, my God, my Saviour dear,  
          O with me, in me live and dwell!  
       Thine, earthly joy surpasses quite,  
       The depths of thy supreme delight  
          Not angel tongues can taste or<sup>121</sup> tell.
- 2     What streams of sweetness from the bowl  
       Surprise and deluge all my soul,  
          Sweetness that<sup>122</sup> is, and makes divine!  
       Surely from God's right hand they flow,  
       From thence derived to earth below  
          To cheer us with immortal wine.

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<sup>119</sup>“Tasting” changed to “dying” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>120</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 175–77 (#153). This hymn was included in *HLS* (1745) as Hymn 160 (omitting stanza 7).

<sup>121</sup>“Taste or” changed to “fully” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>122</sup>“That” changed to “which” in *HLS* (1745).

- 3     Soon as I taste the heav'nly bread,  
      What manna o'er my soul is shed,  
          Manna that angels never knew!  
      Victorious sweetness fills my heart,  
      Such as my God delights t' impart,  
          Mighty to save, and sin subdue.
- 4     I had forgot my heav'nly birth,  
      My soul degen'rate clave to earth,  
          In sense and sin's base pleasures drowned:  
      When God assumed humanity,  
      And spilt his sacred blood for me,  
          To find me grov'ling on the ground.<sup>123</sup>
- 5     Soon as his love has raised me up,  
      He mingles blessings in a cup,  
          And sweetly meets my ravished taste,  
      Joyous I now throw off my load,  
      I cast my sins and care on God,  
          And wine becomes a wing at last.
- 6     Upborne on this, I mount, I fly;  
      Regaining swift my native sky,—  
          I wipe my streaming eyes and see  
      Him, whom I seek, for whom I sue,  
      My God, my Saviour there I view,  
          Him, who has done so much for me!<sup>124</sup>
- 7     O let thy wondrous mercy's praise  
      Inspire and consecrate my lays,

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<sup>123</sup>Line changed to "To wash, and lift me from the ground" in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>124</sup>Line changed to "And live with him who died for me" in *HLS* (1745).

And take up all my lines and life;  
Thy praise my every breath employ:  
Be all my business, all my joy  
To strive in this, and love the strife!

**“Therefore with Angels, . . .”**<sup>125</sup>

- 1 Lord and God of heav’nly pow’rs,  
Theirs—yet Oh! Benignly ours,  
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,  
Worms attempt to chant thy name.
- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine  
Angels and archangels join;  
We with them our voices raise,  
Echoing thy eternal praise:
- 3 “Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Live by heav’n and earth adored!”  
Full of thee, they ever cry  
“Glory be to God most high!”

**“Glory Be to God on High, . . .”**<sup>126</sup>

- 1 Glory be to God on high,  
God whose glory fills the sky:  
Peace on earth to man forgiv’n,  
Man the well-belov’d of heav’n!

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<sup>125</sup>From the Preface to the Sanctus in the liturgy of Holy Communion, BCP. This hymn included later in *HLS* (1745), as Hymn 161.

<sup>126</sup>The Gloria in the liturgy of Holy Communion, BCP. This hymn included later in *HLS* (1745), as Hymn 163.

- 2     Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King!  
      Thee we now presume to sing;  
      Glad thine attributes confess,  
      Glorious all and numberless.
- 3     Hail! By all thy works adored,  
      Hail! The everlasting Lord!  
      Thee with thankful hearts we prove  
      Lord of pow'r, and God of love.
- 4     Christ our Lord and God we own,  
      Christ the Father's only Son!  
      Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
      Saviour of offending man!
- 5     Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
      Hear, the world's atonement thou!  
      Jesu, in thy name we pray,  
      Take, O take our sins away.
- 6     Pow'rful advocate with God,  
      Justify us by thy blood!  
      Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
      Hear, the world's atonement thou!
- 7     Hear; for thou, O Christ alone  
      With thy glorious Sire art one!<sup>127</sup>  
      One the Holy Ghost with thee,  
      One supreme eternal Three.

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<sup>127</sup>Line changed to "Art with thy great Father one" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

**Hymn to Christ.**  
**Altered from Dr. Hicckes's Reformed Devotions.**<sup>128</sup>

- 1 Jesu, behold the wise from far  
Led to thy cradle by a star,  
    Bring gifts to thee their God and King!  
O guide us by thy light, that we  
The way may find, and still to thee  
    Our hearts, our all for tribute bring.
  
- 2 Jesu, the pure, the spotless Lamb,  
Who to the temple humbly came  
    Duteous the legal rights to pay:  
O make our proud, our stubborn will  
All thy wise, gracious laws fulfil,  
    Whate'er rebellious nature say.
  
- 3 Jesu, who on the fatal wood  
Pour'dst out thy life's last drop of blood,  
    Nailed to th' accursed shameful cross:  
O may we bless thy love, and be  
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee  
    All shame, all grief, all pain, all loss.
  
- 4 Jesu, who by thine own love slain,  
By thine own pow'r took'st life again,  
    And Conqueror from the grave didst rise:  
O may thy death our souls revive,  
And ev'n on earth a new life give,  
    A glorious life that never dies.

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<sup>128</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 Hicckes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 31, stanzas 2–7 (pp. 330–31). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 18–19; minor changes in this setting.

- 5 Jesu, who to thy heav'n again  
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign  
Of men and angels sov'reign King:  
O may our parting souls take flight  
Up to that land of joy and light,  
And there forever grateful sing.
- 6 All glory to the sacred Three,  
One undivided deity,  
All honour, pow'r, and love and praise;  
Still may thy blessed name shine bright  
In beams of uncreated light,  
Crowned with its own eternal rays.

**On the Crucifixion.**<sup>129</sup>

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark how he groans! While nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend!  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! The precious ransom's paid;  
Receive my soul, he cries;  
See where he bows his sacred head!  
He bows his head and dies.

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<sup>129</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., a manuscript recovered after the rectory at Epworth was destroyed by fire. John Wesley omits stanzas 2 & 6 of the six-stanza original. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 46–47.

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

**Part of the 63<sup>rd</sup> Chapter of Isaiah.**  
**Altered from Mr. Norris.<sup>130</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 dyed 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?  
'Tis I, who to my promise stand:  
I, who sin, death, hell, and the grave  
Have foiled with this all-conquering hand:  
'Tis I, the Lord mighty to save.
- 3 Why wear'st thou then this crimson dye;  
Say thou all-conquering hero, why?

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<sup>130</sup>Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 51–53. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 24–25. Moved to *HSP* (1742), 8–9, where it was extended; so does appear in 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

Why do thy garments look all red  
Like them that in the wine-vat tread?  
The wine-press I alone have trod,  
That pond'rous mass I plied alone:  
And with me to assist was none:  
A task, worthy the Son of God!

- 4 Angels stood trembling at the sight,  
Enraged, I put forth all my might,  
And down the engine pressed; the force  
Put frightened nature out of course;  
The blood gushed out, and chequered o'er  
My garments with its deepest gore.  
With glorious stains bedecked 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 looked, who to assist stood by:  
Trembled heav'n's hosts nor ventured nigh:  
Ev'n to my Father did I look  
In pain: my Father me forsook!
- 6 A while amazed I was to see  
None to uphold or comfort me:  
Then I arose in might arrayed,  
And called my fury to my aid;  
My single arm the battle won,  
And strait th' acclaiming hosts above  
Hymned, in new songs of joy and love,  
Jehovah and his conquering Son.

**The Magnificat.**<sup>131</sup>

- 1 My soul extols the mighty Lord,  
In God the Saviour joys my heart:  
Thou hast not my low state abhorred;  
Now know I, thou my Saviour art.
- 2 Sorrow and sighs are fled away,  
Peace now I feel, and joy and rest:  
Renewed I hail the festal day,  
Henceforth by endless ages blest.
- 3 Great are the things which thou has done,  
How holy is thy name, O Lord!  
How wondrous is thy mercy shown  
To all that tremble at thy word!
- 4 Thy conqu'ring arm with terror crowned  
Appeared the humble to sustain:  
And all the sons of pride have found  
Their boasted wisdom void and vain.
- 5 The mighty from their native sky,  
Cast down thou hast in darkness bound:  
And raised the worms of earth on high  
With majesty and glory crowned.

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<sup>131</sup>From service of evening prayer, BCP. Cf. Luke 1:46–55.

- 6     The rich have pined amidst their store,  
       Nor e'er the way of peace have trod;  
Mean while the hungry souls thy pow'r  
       Filled with the fulness of their God.
- 7     Come, Saviour, come, of old decreed!  
       Faithful and true be thou confessed:  
By all earth's tribes in Abraham's seed  
       Henceforth through endless ages blest.

**Psalm 46.**<sup>132</sup>

- 1     On God supreme our hope depends,  
       Whose omnipresent sight  
Ev'n to the pathless realms extends  
       Of uncreated night.
- 2     Plunged in th' abyss of deep distress,  
       To him we raised our cry:  
His mercy bade our sorrows cease,  
       And filled our tongue with joy.
- 3     Though earth her ancient seat forsake  
       By pangs convulsive torn,  
Though her self-balanced fabric shake,  
       And ruined nature mourn:

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<sup>132</sup>Source: David Lewis, ed., *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 255–56. By Henry Pitt, sent by John Wesley to Lewis; cf. Wesley, *Works*, 25:195–97. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 4. This hymn omitted for the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 4     Though hills be in the ocean lost  
       With all their trembling load,  
No fear shall e'er disturb the just,  
       Or shake his trust in God.
- 5     Nations remote and realms unknown  
       In vain resist his sway;  
For lo! Jehovah's voice is shown,  
       And earth shall melt away.
- 6     Let war's devouring surges rise  
       And swell on every side:  
The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,  
       And Jacob's God our guide.

**Psalm 113.**<sup>133</sup>

- 1     Ye priests of God, whose happy days  
       Are spent in your Creator's praise,  
       Still more and more his fame express!  
Ye pious worshippers proclaim  
       With shouts of joy his holy name;  
       Nor satisfied with praising, bless.
- 2     Let God's high praises still resound  
       Beyond old time's too scanty bound,

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<sup>133</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 251–53. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 6–7 (with an additional stanza 6 that is deleted here). This hymn omitted for the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

And through eternal ages pierce,  
From where the sun first gilds the streams  
To where he sets with purpled beams,  
Through all the wide-stretched universe.

- 3 The various tribes of earth obey  
Thy awful and imperial sway;  
Nor earth thy sov'reign pow'r confines;  
Above the sun's all-cheering light,  
Above the stars, and far more bright  
Thy pure essential glory shines.
- 4 What mortal formed of fading clay,  
What native of eternal day  
Can with the God of heav'n compare?  
Yet angels round thy glorious throne  
Thou stoop'st to view: nor they alone;  
Ev'n earth-born men thy goodness share.
- 5 The poor thou liftest from the dust;  
The sinner, if in thee he trust,  
From depths of guilt and shame thou'lt raise;  
That he, in peace and safety placed,  
With pow'r and love and wisdom graced,  
May sing aloud his Saviour's praise.

**Psalm 116.**<sup>134</sup>

- 1 O thou, who when I did complain,  
Didst all my griefs remove,  
O Saviour, do not now disdain  
My humble praise and love.
- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give  
And hear me when I prayed,  
I'll call upon thee while I live,  
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death with all his ghastly train  
My soul encompassed round,  
Anguish and sin, and dread and pain  
On ev'ry side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I prayed,  
And did for succour flee:  
O save (in my distress I said)  
The soul that trusts in thee!
- 5 How good thou art! How large thy grace!  
How easy to forgive!  
The helpless thou delight'st to raise:  
And by thy love I live.

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<sup>134</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 257–59 (stanzas 1–7). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 8. This hymn omitted for the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 6 Then, O my soul, be never more  
With anxious thoughts distressed,  
God's bounteous love doth thee restore  
To ease and joy and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drowned in tears,  
My feet from falling free,  
Redeemed from death, and guilty fears  
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

**Psalm 117.**<sup>135</sup>

- 1 Ye nations, who the globe divide,  
Ye num'rous nations scattered wide,  
To God your grateful voices raise:  
To all his boundless mercy's shown,  
His truth to endless ages known  
Require our endless love and praise.
- 2 To him who reigns enthroned on high,  
To his dear Son, who deigned to die  
Our guilt and errors to remove;  
To that blest Spirit who grace imparts,  
Who rules in all believing hearts,  
Be ceaseless glory, praise and love!

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<sup>135</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 259–60. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 9. This hymn omitted for the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

**Prayer.**  
**From Herbert.**<sup>136</sup>

- 1   How swiftly wafted in a sigh,  
      Thou God that hear'st the pray'r,  
Do our requests invade the sky,  
      And pierce thy bending ear?
  
- 2   My suit is made, my pray'r is o'er,  
      If I but lift my eye;  
Thou, omnipresent, can'st no more  
      Not hear, than thou canst die.
  
- 3   How shall we thy great arm revere,  
      Which gives this all to be,  
Connects the center with the sphere,  
      And spans infinity!
  
- 4   Whate'er our ardent souls require,  
      Whate'er we wish is there;  
Thy pow'r exceeds our scant desire,  
      And chides our partial pray'r.
  
- 5   O how unbounded is thy love,  
      Which, when thou could'st not die,  
Descending from thy throne above  
      Put on mortality!

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<sup>136</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 95–96 (#78), paraphrased. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 37–38. This hymn omitted for the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns.

- 6    Thou leav'st thy Father's blissful face  
      Our guilt and curse t' assume,  
      To burst the bars that stopped thy grace,  
      And make thy bounty room.
- 7    Still then may pray'r with me remain,  
      This my companion be;  
      So shall I all my wants obtain,  
      Obtain all heav'n in thee.

**Trust in Providence.**  
**From the German.**<sup>137</sup>

- 1       Commit thou all thy griefs  
      And ways into his hands;  
      To his sure truth and tender care,  
      Who earth and heav'n commands.
- 2       Who points the clouds their course,  
      Whom winds and seas obey;  
      He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,  
      He shall prepare thy way.
- 3       Thou on the Lord rely,  
      So safe shalt thou go on;  
      Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
      So shall thy work be done.

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<sup>137</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 36–37 (#34, by Paul Gerhardt). Wesley's translation was republished in George Whitefield's *Continuation of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield's Journal, after his Arrival in Georgia to a Few Days after his Second Return thither from Philadelphia* (London: William Strahan, 1741), 56–58.

- 4        No profit canst thou gain  
          By self-consuming care;  
To him commend thy cause, his ear  
          Attends the softest pray'r.
- 5        Thy everlasting truth,  
          Father, thy ceaseless love  
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows  
          What best for each will prove.
- 6        And whatsoe'er thou will'st,  
          Thou dost, O King of kings;  
What thy unerring wisdom chose  
          Thy pow'r to being brings.
- 7        Thou every where hast way,  
          And all things serve thy might;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
          Thy path unsullied light.
- 8        When thou arisest, Lord,  
          What shall thy work withstand?  
When all thy children want thou giv'st,  
          Who, who shall stay thy hand?
- 9        Give to the winds thy fears;  
          Hope, and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
          God shall lift up thy head.

- 10        Through waves and clouds and storms  
          He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
          Soon end in joyous day.
- 11        Still heavy is thy heart?  
          Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
          And every care be gone.
- 12        What though thou rulest not?  
          Yet heav'n and earth and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne  
          And ruleth all things well!
- 13        Leave to his sov'reign sway  
          To choose and to command;  
So shalt thou wond'ring own, his way  
          How wise, how strong his hand.
- 14        Far, far above thy thought  
          His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought,  
          That caused thy needless fear.
- 15        Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
          Our hearts are known to thee;  
O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
          Confirm the feeble knee!

16        Let us in life, in death,  
            Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath  
            Thy love and guardian care!

**In Affliction.**

- 1        Eternal beam of light divine,  
            Fountain of unexhausted love,  
In whom the Father's glories shine,  
            Through earth beneath, and heav'n above!
- 2        Jesu! The weary wand'rer's rest;  
            Give me thy easy yoke to bear,  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
            With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3        Thankful I take the cup from thee,  
            Prepared and mingled by thy skill:  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
            Pow'rful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4        Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh:  
            So shall each murm'ring thought be gone,  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
            As clouds before the midday sun.

- 5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"  
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:"  
Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 6 O death, where is thy sting? Where now  
Thy boasted victory, O grave?  
Who shall contend with God: or who  
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

**In Affliction, or Pain.**  
**From the German.<sup>138</sup>**

- 1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!  
My longing soul implores thy grace,  
O make in me thy likeness shine.
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see:  
In love be every wish resigned,  
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.

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<sup>138</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 707–8 (#781, omitting stanza 3; by Christian Friedrich Richter). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 51.

- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various current flow;  
With steadfast eye mark every step,  
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;  
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:  
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,  
O may I conquer through thy blood!
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,  
And all heav'n's host adore their King,  
Shall I be found at thy right hand,  
And free from pain thy glories sing.

**Another [In Affliction, or Pain].  
From the Same [German].<sup>139</sup>**

- 1 All glory to th' Eternal Three,  
Of light and love th' unfathomed sea!  
Whose boundless pow'r, whose saving grace,  
Relieved 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.

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<sup>139</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 267–69 (#275, by Zinzendorf). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 62.

- 3 My heart from all pollution clean,  
O purge it, though with grief and pain:  
To thee lo! I my all resign,  
Thine be my will, my soul be thine.
- 4 O guide me, lead me in thy ways:  
'Tis thine the sinking hand to raise.  
Oh may I ever lean on thee:  
'Tis thine to prop the feeble knee.
- 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!

**In Desertion or Temptation.**

- 1 Ah! My dear Lord, whose changeless love  
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;  
When shall my feet forget to rove?  
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?

- 2     Why do these cares my soul divide  
       If thou indeed hast set me free?  
       Why am I thus, if God hath died;  
       If God hath died to purchase<sup>140</sup> me?
- 3     Around me clouds of darkness roll,  
       In deepest night I still walk on;  
       Heavily moves my fainting soul,  
       My comfort and my God are gone.
- 4     Cheerless and all forlorn I droop;  
       In vain I lift my weary eye;  
       No gleam of light, no ray of hope  
       Appears throughout the darkened sky.
- 5     My feeble knees I bend again,  
       My drooping hands again I rear:  
       Vain is the task, the effort vain,  
       My heart abhors the irksome pray'r.
- 6     Oft with thy saints my voice I raise,  
       And seem to join the tasteless song:  
       Faintly ascends th' imperfect praise,  
       Or dies upon my thoughtless tongue.
- 7     Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead  
       To thy dread courts I oft repair;  
       By conscience dragged, or custom led  
       I come; nor know that God is there!

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<sup>140</sup>“Purchase” changed to “ransom” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 8 Nigh with my lips to thee I draw,  
Unconscious at thy altar found;  
Far off my heart: nor touched with awe,  
Nor moved—though angels tremble round.
- 9 In all I do, myself I feel,  
And groan beneath the wonted load,  
Still unrenewed and carnal still,  
Naked of Christ, and void of God.
- 10 Nor yet the earthly Adam dies,  
But lives, and moves, and fights again,  
Still the fierce gusts of passion rise,  
And rebel nature strives to reign.
- 11 Fondly my foolish heart essays  
T' augment the source of perfect bliss,  
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise  
With drops of creature-happiness.
- 12 O love! Thy sov'reign aid impart,  
And guard the gifts thyself hast giv'n:  
My portion thou, my treasure art,  
And life, and happiness, and heav'n.
- 13 Would ought with thee my wishes share,  
Though dear as life the idol be,  
The idol from my breast I'll tear,  
Resolved to seek my all from thee.

- 14    Whate'er I fondly counted mine,  
          To thee, my Lord, I here restore:  
Gladly I all for thee resign:  
          Give me thyself, I ask no more!

**Justified, But Not Sanctified.**<sup>141</sup>

- 1    My God (if I may call thee mine  
          From heav'n and thee removed so far)  
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,  
          And cast not out my languid pray'r.  
Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,  
          Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee,  
O break not then a bruised reed,  
          Nor quench the smoking flax in me.
- 2    Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,  
          And burst the barriers of my tomb,  
In all the marks of death appear,  
          Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.  
Give me, O give me fully, Lord,  
          Thy resurrection's pow'r to know;  
Free me indeed; repeat<sup>142</sup> the word,  
          And loose my bands, and let me go.
- 3    Fain would I go to thee my God,  
          Thy mercies and my wants to tell:  
I feel my pardon sealed in blood;  
          Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

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<sup>141</sup>This hymn is retitled "Another" in the 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756); perhaps reflecting Wesley's distinction between "initial sanctification," which accompanies justification, and "entire sanctification."

<sup>142</sup>"Repeat" changed to "pronounce" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) only.

Freed from the pow'r of canceled sin;  
When shall my soul triumphant prove?  
Why breaks not out the fire within  
In flames of joy and praise and love?

4 When shall my eye affect my heart,  
Sweetly dissolved in gracious tears?  
Ah, Lord, the stone to flesh convert!  
And till thy lovely face appears,  
Still may I at thy footstool keep,  
And watch the smile of op'ning heav'n:  
Much would I pray, and love, and weep;  
I would; for I have much forgiv'n.

5 Yet O! Ten thousand lusts remain,  
And vex my soul absolved from sin,  
Still rebel nature strives to reign,  
Still am I all unclean, unclean!  
Assailed by pride, allured by sense,  
On earth the creatures court my stay;  
False flatt'ring idols get ye hence,  
Created good be far away!

6 Jesu, to thee my soul aspires,  
Jesu, to thee I plight my vows,  
Keep me from earthly base desires,  
My God, my Saviour, and my spouse.  
Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,  
Thou art the good I seek below;  
Fulness of joys in thee there is,  
Without 'tis mis'ry all and woe.

- 7     Take this poor wand'ring, worthless heart,  
       Its wand'rings all to thee are known,  
       May no false rival claim a part,  
       Nor sin disseize thee of thine own.  
       Stir up thy interposing pow'r,  
       Save me from sin, from idols save,  
       Snatch me from fierce temptation's hour,  
       And hide, O hide me in the grave!
- 8     I *know* thou wilt accept me now,  
       I *know* my sins are now forgiv'n!  
       My head to death O let me bow,  
       Nor keep my life, to lose my heav'n.  
       Far from this snare my soul remove,  
       This only cup I would decline,  
       I deprecate a creature-love,  
       O take me, to secure me thine.
- 9     Or if thy wiser will ordain  
       The trial, I would die to shun,  
       Welcome the strife, the grief, the pain,  
       Thy name be praised, thy will be done!  
       I from thy hand the cup receive,  
       Meekly submit to thy decree,  
       Gladly for thee consent to live!  
       Thou, Lord, hast lived, hast died for me!

**Isaiah 43:1–3.**

- 1 Peace, doubting heart—my God's I am!  
Who formed me man forbids my fear:  
The Lord hath called me by my name,  
The Lord protects forever near:  
His blood for me did once atone,  
And still he loves, and guards his own.
- 2 When passing through the wat'ry deep  
I ask in faith his promised aid,  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And shrink from my devoted head:  
Fearless their violence I dare:  
They cannot harm, for God is there!
- 3 To him my eye of faith I turn,  
And through the fire pursue my way;  
The fire forgets its pow'r to burn,  
The lambent flames around me play:  
I own his pow'r, accept the sign,  
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,  
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;  
Hide in the hollow of thy hand,  
Show forth in me thy saving pow'r.  
Still be thy arm my sure defence,  
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

- 5     Since thou hast bid me come to thee,  
          (Good as thou art and strong to save)  
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,  
          Upborne by the unyielding wave;  
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,  
And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 6     When darkness intercepts the skies,  
          And sorrow's waves around me roll,  
When high the storms of passion rise,  
          And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;  
My soul a sudden calm<sup>143</sup> shall feel  
And hear a whisper "Peace, be still."
- 7     Though in affliction's furnace tried,  
          Unhurt on snares and deaths I'll tread;  
Though sin assail, and hell thrown wide  
          Pour all its flames upon my head,  
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,  
And flourish unconsumed in fire.

**The Believer's Support.**  
**From the German.**<sup>144</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.

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<sup>143</sup>"Calm" changed to "voice" in the 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>144</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 375 (#415, by Zinzendorf). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 55–56.

- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross!  
Hallow each thought: let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 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<sup>145</sup> 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, untired I follow thee:  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be my<sup>146</sup> way,  
My strength proportion to my day:  
Till toil and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

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<sup>145</sup>“Head” changed to “soul” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>146</sup>“My” changed to “the” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

**Living by Christ.  
From the German.**<sup>147</sup>

- 1 Jesu, thy boundless love to me  
    No thought can reach, no tongue declare:  
O knit my thankful heart to thee,  
    And reign without a rival there.  
Thine wholly, thine alone I am:  
Be thou alone my constant flame.
  
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
    May dwell, but thy pure love alone:  
O may thy love possess me whole,  
    My joy, my treasure, and my crown.  
Strange fires far from my soul remove,  
My every act, word, thought, be love.
  
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray?  
    All pain before thy presence flies!  
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away  
    Where'er thy healing beams<sup>148</sup> arise:  
O Jesu, nothing may I see,  
Nothing hear, feel or think but thee!
  
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
    Dauntless to the high prize aspire;  
Hourly within my breast renew  
    This holy flame, this heav'nly fire;  
And day and night be all my care  
To guard this sacred treasure there.

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<sup>147</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 24–26 (#23, by Paul Gerhardt).

<sup>148</sup>“Beams” changed to “streams” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me  
In want, in pain, in shame,<sup>149</sup> hast showed;  
For me on the accursed tree  
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood:  
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,  
Nor ought shall the loved stamp efface.
- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,  
And foul with sins of deepest stain:  
But thou the mighty Saviour art,  
Nor flowed thy cleansing blood in vain.  
Ah! Soften, melt this rock, and may  
Thy blood wash all these stains away.
- 7 O that my heart, which open stands,  
May catch each drop, that torturing pain  
Armed by my sins, wrung from thy hands,  
Thy feet, thy head, thy every vein:  
That still my breast may heave with sighs,  
Still tears of love o'erflow my eyes.
- 8 O that I as a little child  
May follow thee, nor ever rest  
Till sweetly thou hast poured thy mild  
And lowly mind into my breast.  
Nor may we ever<sup>150</sup> parted be  
Till I become one spirit with thee.
- 9 O draw me, Saviour, after thee,  
So shall I run and never tire:

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<sup>149</sup>Reads "In want, in shame, in pain" in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn (1739) only.

<sup>150</sup>"May we ever" changed to "ever may we" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

With gracious words still comfort me;  
Be thou my hope, my sole desire.  
Free me from every weight: nor fear  
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

10 My health, my light, my life, my crown,  
My portion and my treasure thou!  
O take me, seal me for thine own;  
To thee alone my soul I bow.  
Without thee all is pain; my mind  
Repose in nought but thee can find.

11 Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,  
In thee alone is all my rest.  
Be thou my flame; within me burn,  
Jesu, and I in thee am blest.  
Thou art the balm of life: my soul  
Is faint; O save, O make it whole!

12 What in thy love possess I not?  
My star by night, my sun by day;  
My spring of life when parched with drought,  
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,  
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,  
My robe before the throne of God!

13 Ah love! Thy influence withdrawn  
What profits me that I am born?  
All my delight, my joy is gone,  
Nor know I peace, till thou return.  
Thee may I seek till I attain;  
And never may we part again.

- 14 From all eternity with love  
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued.  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side.
- 15 Still let thy love point out my way,  
(How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!)  
Still lead me lest I go astray,  
Direct my work, inspire my thought:  
And when I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 16 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my pow'r;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesu, in that important hour,  
In death as life be thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died!

**God's Love to Mankind.  
From the Same [German].<sup>151</sup>**

- 1 O God, of good th' unfathomed sea,  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Who would not his whole soul and mind  
With all his strength to thee unite?

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<sup>151</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 537–38 (#605, by Johann Scheffler).

- 2    Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;  
      Before the unsufferable blaze  
          Angels with both wings veil their eyes:  
      Yet free as air thy bounty streams  
      On all thy works; thy mercy's beams  
          Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.
- 3    Astonished at thy frowning brow,  
      Earth, hell, and heav'n's strong pillars bow,  
          Terrible majesty is thine!  
      Who then can that vast love express  
      Which bows thee down to me, who less  
          Than nothing am, till thou art mine?
- 4    High-throned on heav'n's eternal hill,  
      In number, weight and measure still  
          Thou sweetly ord'rest all that is:  
      And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
      And guide my steps that I with thee  
          Enthroned may reign in endless bliss.
- 5    Fountain of good, all blessing flows  
      From thee; no want thy fulness knows:  
          What but thyself canst thou desire?  
      Yes: self-sufficient as thou art,  
      Thou dost desire my worthless heart,  
          This, only this thou dost require.
- 6    Primeval beauty! In thy sight  
      The first-born, fairest sons of light

See all their brightest glories fade:  
What then to me thy eyes could turn  
In sin conceived, of woman born,  
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade?

- 7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,  
And trembling own th' Almighty God  
Sov'reign of earth, air, hell and sky.  
But who is this that comes from far,  
Whose garments rolled in blood appear?  
'Tis God made man for man to die!
- 8 O God, of good th' unfathomed sea,  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Who would not his whole soul and mind  
With all his strength to thee unite?

**God's Greatness.**  
**From the Same [German].**<sup>152</sup>

- 1 O God, thou bottomless abyss,  
Thee to perfection who can know?  
O height immense! What words suffice  
Thy countless attributes to show:  
Unfathomable depths thou art!  
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea;  
Void of true wisdom is my heart,  
With love embrace and cover me.

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<sup>152</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 8–10 (#9, by Ernst Lange). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 15–18; lines 10 & 12 of each stanza lengthened in this setting, and several other small changes.

While thee all-infinite I set  
By faith before my ravished eye,  
My weakness bends beneath the weight  
O'erpow' red I sink, I faint, I die.

2 Eternity thy fountain was,  
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;  
Thou wast, ere time began his race,  
Ere glowed with stars th' ethereal blue:  
Greatness unspeakable is thine,  
Greatness, whose undiminished ray  
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,  
When earth and heav'n are fled away.  
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,  
Essential life's unbounded sea,  
What lives and moves, lives by thy word,  
It lives and moves and is from thee.

3 Thy parent hand, thy forming skill  
Firm fixed this universal chain;  
Else empty, barren darkness still  
Had held his unmolested reign:  
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky  
Or shuns or meets the wand'ring thought,  
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,  
By thee was to perfection brought.  
High is thy pow'r above all height:  
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:  
Thy wisdom equal to thy might  
Only to thee, O God, is known.

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,  
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;

Vain man! Thy wisdom folly own,  
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.  
What his dim eye could never see  
Is plain and naked to thy sight;  
What thickest darkness veils, to thee  
Shines clearly as the morning light.  
In light thou dwell'st: light that no shade  
No variation ever knew:  
And heav'n and hell stand all displayed  
And open to thy piercing view.

5 Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth  
Th' immortal armies of the sky:  
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;  
Thou thunder'st, and amazed they fly.  
With downcast eye th' angelic choir  
Appear before thy awful face,  
Trembling they strike the golden lyre  
And through heaven's vault resound thy praise.  
In earth, in heav'n, in all thou art:  
The conscious creature feels thy nod,  
Whose forming hand on every part  
Impressed the image of its God.

6 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;  
Justice and truth before thee stand;  
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne  
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.  
Each ev'ning shows thy tender love,  
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;  
"Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,  
Thy willing mercy flies apace."

To thy benign, indulgent care,  
    Father, this light, this breath we owe,  
And all we have, and all we are  
    From thee, great source of being, flow.

7    Parent of good, thy bounteous hand  
        Incessant blessings down distills,  
And all in air, or sea, or land  
        With plenteous food and gladness fills.  
All things in thee live, move, and are,  
    Thy pow'r infused doth all sustain;  
Ev'n those thy daily favours share  
    Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.  
Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray  
    Alike on all impartial pour;  
To all who hate or bless thy sway  
    Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful show'r.

8    Yet while at length, who scorned thy might  
        Shall feel thee a consuming fire,  
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright  
    Of those who to thy love aspire!  
All creatures praise th' eternal name!  
    Ye hosts that to his courts belong,  
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,  
    Awake the everlasting song.  
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,  
    The pow'r omnipotent is thine,  
And when created nature dies  
    Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

**Hymn on the Titles of Christ.**

- 1           Arise, my soul, arise  
            Thy Saviour's sacrifice!  
All the names that love could find,  
            All the forms that love could take  
Jesus in himself has joined,  
            Thee, my soul, his own to make.
  
- 2           Equal with God, most high,  
            He laid his glory by:  
He, th' eternal God was born,  
            Man with men he deigned t' appear,  
Object of his creature's scorn,  
            Pleased a servant's form to wear.
  
- 3           Hail everlasting Lord,  
            Divine, incarnate *Word!*  
Thee let all my pow'rs confess,  
            Thee my latest breath proclaim;  
Help, ye angel choirs, to bless,  
            Shout the lov'd *Immanuel's* name.
  
- 4           Fruit of a virgin's womb  
            The promised blessing's come:  
Christ the fathers' hope of old,  
            Christ the *Woman's* conq'ring *Seed*,  
Christ the Saviour! Long foretold,  
            Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5           Refulgent from afar  
              See the bright *Morning-Star!*  
See the *Day-Spring* from on high  
      Late in deepest darkness rise,  
Night recedes, the shadows fly,  
      Flame with day the op'ning skies!

6           Our eyes on earth survey  
              The dazzling *Shechinah!*  
Bright, in endless glory bright  
      Now in flesh he stoops to dwell  
God of God, and light of light,  
      Image of th' invisible.

7           He shines on earth adored  
              The *Presence of the LORD:*  
God, the mighty God and true,  
      God by highest heav'n confessed,  
Stands displayed to mortal view,  
      God supreme, forever blest.

8           Jesu! To thee I bow  
              Th' Almighty's *Fellow* thou!  
Thou, the Father's only Son;  
      Pleased he ever is in thee,  
Just and holy thou alone  
      Full of grace and truth for me.

9           High above every name  
              Jesus, the great *I AM!*

Bows to *JESUS* every knee  
Things in heav'n, and earth and hell,  
Saints adore him, demons flee,  
Fiends and men and angels feel.

10           He left his throne above  
          Emptied of all, but love:  
Whom the heav'ns cannot contain  
          God vouchsafed a worm t' appear,  
Lord of glory, *Son of man*,  
          Poor, and vile, and abject here.

11           His own on earth he sought,  
          His own received him not:  
Him, a sign by all blasphemed,  
          Outcast and despised of men,  
Him they all a madman deemed,  
          Bold to scoff the *Nazarene*.

12           Hail *Galilean* King!  
          Thy humble state I sing;  
Never shall my triumphs end,  
          Hail derided majesty,  
Jesus, hail! The sinner's friend,  
          *Friend of Publicans*—and me!

13           Thine eye observed my pain  
          Thou good *Samaritan*!  
Spoiled I lay and bruised by sin,  
          Gasp'd my faint, expiring soul,  
Wine and oil thy love poured in,  
          Closed my wounds, and made me whole.

14           Hail the life-giving Lord,  
              Divine, engrafted word!  
Thee the *Life* my soul has found,  
              Thee the *Resurrection* proved:  
Dead I heard the quick'ning sound,  
              Owned thy voice; believed, and lov'd!

15           With thee gone up on high  
              I live, no more to die:  
*First* and *Last*, I feel thee now,  
              Witness of thy empty tomb,  
*Alpha* and *Omega* thou  
              Wast, and art, and art to come!

**2<sup>nd</sup> Hymn to Christ.**

1           Saviour, the world's and mine,  
              Was ever grief like thine!  
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,  
              All my sins were laid on thee;  
Help me, Lord; to thee I look,  
              Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2           'Tis done! My God hath died,  
              My love is crucified!  
Break this stony heart of mine,  
              Pour my eyes a ceaseless flood,  
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine,  
              Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

3           When, O my God, shall I  
              For thee submit to die?  
How the mighty debt repay,  
              Rival of thy passion prove?  
Lead me in thyself the way,  
              Melt my hardness into love.

4           To love is all my wish,  
              I only live for this:  
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,  
              There by faith forever dwell:  
This I always will require  
              Thee and only thee to feel.

5           Thy pow'r I pant to prove  
              Rooted and fixed in love,  
Strengthened by thy Spirit's might,  
              Wise to fathom things divine,  
What the length and breadth and height,  
              What the depth of love like thine.

6           Ah! Give me this to know  
              With all thy saints below.  
Swells my soul to compass thee,  
              Gasps in thee to live and move,  
Filled with all the deity,  
              All immersed and lost in love!

**3<sup>rd</sup> Hymn to Christ.**

- 1            Still, O my soul, prolong  
              The never-ceasing song!  
Christ my theme, my hope, my joy;  
              His be all my happy days,  
Praise my every hour employ,  
              Every breath be spent in praise.
  
- 2            His would I wholly be  
              Who lived and died for me:  
Grief was all his life below,  
              Pain and poverty and loss:  
Mine the sins that bruised him so,  
              Scourged and nailed him to the cross.
  
- 3            He bore the curse of all,  
              A spotless criminal:  
Burdened with a world of guilt,  
              Blackened with imputed sin,  
Man to save his blood he spilt,  
              Died, to make the sinner clean.
  
- 4            Join earth and heav'n to bless  
              The *LORD our righteousness!*  
Myst'ry of redemption this,  
              This the Saviour's strange design,  
Man's offence was counted his,  
              Ours is righteousness divine.

5           Far as our parent's fall  
              The gift is come to all:  
Sinned we all, and died in one?  
              Just in one we all are made,  
Christ the law fulfilled alone,  
              Died for all, for all obeyed.

6           In him complete we shine,  
              His death, his life is mine.  
Fully am I justified,  
              Free from sin, and more than free;  
Guiltless, since for me he died,  
              Righteous, since he lived for me!

7           Jesu! To thee I bow,  
              Saved to the utmost now.  
O the depth of love divine!  
              Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?  
Knowledge infinite is thine,  
              All thy ways unsearchable!

**Hymn to Christ the King.**

1           Jesu, my God and King,  
              Thy regal state I sing.  
Thou, and only thou art great,  
              High thine everlasting throne;  
Thou the sov'reign potentate,  
              Blest, immortal thou alone.

- 2            Essay your choicest strains,  
              The King *Messiah* reigns!  
Tune your harps, celestial choir,  
              Joyful all, your voices raise,  
Christ than earth-born monarchs higher,  
              Sons of men and angels praise.
- 3            Hail your dread Lord and ours,  
              Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs!  
Source of pow'r he rules alone:  
              Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall,  
Cast your crowns before his throne,  
              Hail the cause, the Lord of all!
- 4            Let earth's remotest bound  
              With echoing joys resound;  
Christ to praise let all conspire:  
              Praise doth all to Christ belong;  
Shout ye first-born sons of fire,  
              Earth repeat the glorious song.
- 5            Worthy, O Lord, art thou  
              That every knee should bow,  
Every tongue to thee confess,  
              Universal nature join  
Strong and mighty thee to bless,  
              Gracious, merciful, benign!
- 6            Wisdom is due to thee,  
              And might and majesty:

Thee in mercy rich we prove;  
Glory, honour, praise receive,  
Worthy thou of all our love,  
More than all we pant to give.

7           Justice and truth maintain  
          Thy everlasting reign.  
One with thine almighty Sire,  
          Partner of an equal throne,  
King of hearts, let all conspire,  
          Gratefully thy sway to own.

8           Prince of the hosts of God  
          Display thy pow'r abroad:  
Strong and high is thy right hand,  
          Terrible in majesty!  
Who can in thine anger stand?  
          Who the vengeful bolt can flee?

9           Thee when the dragon's pride  
          To battle vain defied,  
Brighter than the morning-star  
          Lucifer, as lightning fell,  
Far from heav'n, from glory far  
          Headlong hurled to deepest hell.

10          Sin felt of old thy pow'r,  
          Thou patient Conqueror!  
Long he vexed the world below,  
          Long they groaned beneath his reign;  
Thou destroy'dst the tyrant foe,  
          Thou redeem'dst the captive, man.

11            Trembles the king of fears  
              Whene'er thy cross appears.  
Once its dreadful force he found:  
              Saviour, cleave again the sky;  
Slain by an eternal wound  
              Death shall then forever die!

**2<sup>nd</sup> Hymn to Christ the King.**

1            Jesu, thou art our King,  
              To me thy succour bring.  
Christ the mighty one art thou,  
              Help for all on thee is laid:  
This the word; I claim it now,  
              Send me now the promised aid.

2            High on thy Father's throne,  
              O look with pity down!  
Help, O help! Attend my call,  
              Captive lead captivity,  
King of glory, Lord of all,  
              Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3            I pant to feel thy sway  
              And only thee t' obey.  
Thee my spirit gasps to meet,  
              This my one, my ceaseless pray'r,  
Make, O make my heart thy seat,  
              O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,  
And spread thy victory:  
Hell and death, and sin control,  
Pride, and self,<sup>153</sup> and every foe,  
All subdue; through all my soul  
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

**The Saviour Glorified by All.  
From the German.<sup>154</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 gazed th' angelic train  
While thou bow'dst the heav'ns beneath,  
God with God wert man with man,  
Man to save from endless death.

3 Thou for our pain didst mourn,  
Thou hast our sickness borne:  
All our sins on thee were laid;  
Thou with unexampled grace  
All the mighty debt hast paid  
Due from Adam's helpless race.

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<sup>153</sup>John Wesley corrected by hand in his copy of 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756) to "Pride, self-will"; in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753) to "pride, self-love"; and in *Hymns* (1780) changed it to "Pride and wrath."

<sup>154</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 68–69 (#68, by Johann Scheffler). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 36–38.

- 4           Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,  
              God's kingdom fixed below.  
Conqu'ror of all adverse pow'r,  
              Thou heav'n's gates hast opened wide:  
Thou thine own dost lead secure  
              In thy cross, and by thy side.
- 5           Enthroned 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 choirs 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 proved:  
Join t' extol his sacred name  
              Whom in life and death ye lov'd.
- 8           The church through all her bounds  
              With thy high praise resounds.

Confessors undaunted here  
Unashamed 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 pow'r,  
                  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 lie,  
                  '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.

**A Morning Hymn.**

1            "See the day-spring from afar  
                 Ushered by the morning-star!"  
Haste; to him who sends the light,  
Hallow the remains of night.  
Souls, put on your glorious dress,  
Waking into righteousness:  
Clothed with Christ aspire to shine,  
Radiance he of light divine;  
Beam of the eternal beam,  
He in God, and God in him!  
Strive we him in us to see,  
Transcript of the deity.

2            Burst we then the bands of death,  
                 Raised by his all-quick'ning breath;  
Long we to be loosed from earth,  
Struggling<sup>155</sup> into second birth.  
Spent at length is nature's night;  
Christ attends to give us light,  
Christ attends himself to give;  
God we now may see, and live.

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<sup>155</sup>"Struggling" changed to "Struggle" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

Though the outward man decay;  
Formed within us day by day  
Still the inner man we view,  
Christ creating all things new.

- 3 Turn, O turn us, Lord, again,  
Raiser thou of fallen man!  
Sin destroy and nature's boast,  
Saviour thou of spirits lost!  
Thy great will in us be done:  
Crucified and dead our own,  
Ours no longer let us be;  
Hide us from ourselves in thee!  
Thou the life, the truth, the way,  
Suffer us no more to stray;  
Give us, Lord, and ever give  
Thee to know, in thee to live!

**A Morning Dedication of Ourselves to Christ.  
From the German.<sup>156</sup>**

- 1 Jesu, thy light again I view,  
Again thy mercy's beams I see,  
And all within me wakes, anew  
To pant for thy immensity:  
Again my thoughts to thee aspire  
In fervent flames of strong desire.
- 2 But O! What offering shall I give  
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?

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<sup>156</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 291–92 (#308, by Joachim Lange).

My spirit, soul, and flesh receive  
A holy, living sacrifice.  
Small as it is, 'tis all my store:  
More should'st thou have, if I had more.

- 3 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul;  
No longer mine, but thine I am:  
Guard thou thy own; possess it whole,  
Cheer it by hope, with love inflame.  
Thou hast my spirit; there display  
Thy glory, to the perfect day.
- 4 Thou hast my flesh; thy hallowed shrine,  
Devoted solely to thy will:  
Here let thy light forever shine,  
This house still let thy presence fill:  
O source of life, live, dwell, and move  
In me, till all my life be love.
- 5 O never in these veils of shame,  
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!  
Clothe with salvation through thy name  
My soul, and may I put on thee!  
Be living faith my costly dress,  
And my best robe, thy righteousness!
- 6 Send down thy likeness from above,  
And let this my adorning be:  
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,  
With lowliness and purity,  
Than gold and pearls more precious far,  
And brighter than the morning-star.

- 7 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,  
    Since I am called by thy great name:  
In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,  
    Of all my works be thou the aim.  
Thy love attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be thy praise!

**Christ Protecting and Sanctifying.  
From the Same [German].<sup>157</sup>**

- 1 O Jesu, source of calm repose,  
Thy like nor man, nor angel knows,  
    Fairest among ten thousand fair!  
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,  
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,  
    Find light and life, if thou appear.
- 2 Effulgence of the light divine,  
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,  
    Ere time its ceaseless course began;  
Thou, when th' appointed hour was come,  
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,  
    But God with God wert man with man.
- 3 The world, sin, death oppose in vain,  
Thou by thy dying death hast slain,  
    My great Deliverer and my God!  
In vain does the old dragon rage,  
In vain all hell its pow'rs engage;  
    None can withstand thy conqu'ring blood.

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<sup>157</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 32–33 (#30, stanzas 1, 3–5, 8, 13; by Johann Freylinghausen). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 38–39.

- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfill  
Thy gracious Father's sov'reign will,  
To thy dread scepter will I bow:  
With duteous rev'rence at thy feet,  
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit:  
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.
- 5 Renew thy image, Lord, in me,  
Lowly and gentle may I be;  
No charms but these to thee are dear:  
No anger may'st thou ever find,  
No pride in my unruffled mind,  
But faith and heav'n-born peace be there.
- 6 A patient, a victorious mind  
That, life and all things cast behind,  
Springs forth obedient to thy call,  
A heart, that no desire can move,  
But still t' adore, believe and love,  
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

**Supplication for Grace.  
From the Same [German].<sup>158</sup>**

- 1 O God of God, in whom combine  
The heights and depths of love divine,  
With thankful hearts to thee we sing!  
To thee our longing souls aspire  
In fervent flames of strong desire:  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring.

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<sup>158</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 519–20 (#586, by Zinzendorf).

- 2 All things in earth and air and sea  
Exist and live and move in thee;  
All nature trembles at thy voice:  
With awe ev'n we thy children prove  
Thy pow'r. O let us taste thy love;  
So evermore shall we rejoice.
- 3 O pow'rful love, to thee we bow,  
Object of all our wishes thou,  
(Our hearts are naked to thine eye)  
To thee, who from th' eternal throne  
Cam'st, emptied of thy Godhead down  
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.
- 4 Grace we implore; when billows roll  
Grace is the anchor of the soul;  
Grace every sickness knows to heal:  
Grace can subdue each fond desire,  
And patience in all pain inspire,  
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.
- 5 O love, our stubborn wills subdue,  
Create our ruined frame anew;  
Dispel our darkness by thy light:  
Into all truth our spirit guide,  
But from our eyes forever hide  
All things displeasing in thy sight.
- 6 Be heav'n ev'n now our soul's abode,  
Hid be our life with Christ in God,

Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine:  
Let all our works in thee be wrought,  
And filled with thee be all our thought,  
Till in us thy full likeness shine.

**Hymn to the Holy Ghost.**

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,  
Come, and in me delight to rest!  
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,  
O come, and consecrate my breast:  
The temple of my soul prepare,  
And fix thy sacred presence there!
- 2 If now thy influence I feel,  
If now in thee begin to live;  
Still to my heart thyself reveal,  
Give me thyself, forever give.  
A point my good, a drop my store:  
Eager I ask, and pant for more.
- 3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,  
So strong the principle divine  
Carries me out with sweet constraint,  
Till all my hallowed soul be thine:  
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,  
And lost in thy immensity.
- 4 My peace, my life, my comfort now,  
My treasure, and my all thou art!

True witness of my sonship thou,  
Engraving pardon on my heart:  
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiv'n,  
Earnest of love, and pledge of heav'n.

5 Come then, my God, mark out thy heir,  
Of heav'n a larger earnest give,  
With clearer light thy witness bear;  
More sensibly within me live:  
Let all my pow'rs thy entrance feel,  
And deeper stamp thyself the seal.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,  
Come, and in me delight to rest!  
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,  
O come, and consecrate my breast:  
The temple of my soul prepare,  
And fix thy sacred presence there!

**On the Descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost.**  
**Altered from Dr. H. More.<sup>159</sup>**

1 When Christ had left his flock below,  
The loss his faithful flock deplored:  
Him in the flesh no more they know,  
And languish for their absent Lord.

2 Not long—for he gone up on high  
Gifts to receive, and claim his crown,  
Beheld them sorrowing from his sky,  
And poured the mighty blessing down.

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<sup>159</sup>Source: Henry More, *Divine Dialogues ... with Divine Hymns*, 2 vols. (London: James Flesher, 1668), 2:504–6. Cf. George Osborn's analysis of Wesley's adaptation of this hymn in *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* 90 (1867): 23–30. Wesley's adaptation was republished in George Whitefield's *Continuation of the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's Journal, from his Embarking after the Embargo to his Arrival at Savannah in Georgia* (London: William Strahan, 1740) 87–88.

- 3 He, for the presence of his flesh,  
The Spirit's sev'nfold gifts imparts,  
And living streams their souls refresh,  
And joy divine o'erflows their hearts.
- 4 While all in sweet devotion joined  
Humbly to wait for God retire,  
The promised grace in rushing wind  
Descends, and cloven tongues of fire.
- 5 God's mighty Spirit fills the dome,  
The feeble dome beneath him shook,  
Trembled the crowd to feel him come,  
Soon as the sons of thunder spoke.
- 6 Father! If justly still we claim  
To us and ours the promise made,  
To us be graciously the same,  
And crown with living fire our head.
- 7 Our claim admit, and from above  
Of holiness the Spirit show'r,  
Of wise discernment, humble love,  
And zeal and unity and pow'r.
- 8 The Spirit of convincing speech  
Of pow'r demonstrative impart,  
Such as may every conscience reach  
And sound the unbelieving heart.

- 9 The Spirit of refining fire:  
Searching the inmost of the mind,  
To purge all fierce and foul desire,  
And kindle life more pure and kind.
- 10 The Spirit of faith in this thy day  
To break the pow'r of canceled sin,  
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,  
And still the conquest more than win.
- 11 The Spirit breath<sup>160</sup> of inward life  
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;  
Then grief expires, and pain and strife,  
'Tis nature all, and all delight.
- 12 On all the earth thy Spirit show'r,  
The earth in righteousness renew;  
Thy kingdom come, and hells o'erpow'r,  
And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 13 Like mighty wind, or torrent fierce  
Let it<sup>161</sup> opposers all o'errun,  
And every law of sin reverse,  
That faith and love may make all one.
- 14 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place  
Its richer energy declare,  
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace  
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

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<sup>160</sup>Charles Wesley changes “breath” to “breathe” in *All in All* (1761). John Wesley makes the same change in *Hymns* (1780).

<sup>161</sup>“It” misprinted as “in” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) only.

- 15 Grant this, O holy God, and true!  
The ancient seers thou didst inspire:  
To us perform the promise due,  
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

**Public Worship.**  
**From the German.**<sup>162</sup>

- 1 Lo God is here! Let us adore  
And own, how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel his pow'r,  
And silent bow before his face.  
Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove  
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing:  
To him enthroned above all height  
Heav'n's hosts their noblest praises bring:  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:  
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give;  
O take, O seal them for thy own.  
Thou art the God; thou art the Lord:  
Be thou by all thy works adored!

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<sup>162</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 515–16 (#581, by Gerhard Tersteegen).

- 4    Being of beings, may our praise  
      Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill,  
      Still may we stand before thy face,  
      Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.  
      To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
      Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!
- 5    In thee we move. All things of thee  
      Are full, thou source and life of all!  
      Thou vast, unfathomable sea!  
      Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,  
      Ye sons of men; for God is man!  
      All may we lose, so thee we gain!
- 6    As flow'rs their op'ning leaves display  
      And glad drink in the solar fire,  
      So may we catch thy every ray,  
      So may thy influence us inspire:  
      Thou beam of the eternal beam,  
      Thou purging fire, thou quick'ning flame!

**Prayer to Christ Before the Sacrament.**  
**From the Same [German].<sup>163</sup>**

- 1    O thou, whom sinners love, whose care  
      Does<sup>164</sup> all our sickness heal,  
      Thee we approach with heart sincere,  
      Thy pow'r we joy to feel.

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<sup>163</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 969 (#1072, by Zinzendorf). This hymn appears later as *HLS* (1745), Hymn 85.

<sup>164</sup>“Does” changed to “Doth” in *HLS* (1745).

To thee our humblest thanks we pay  
To thee our souls we bow;  
Of hell erewhile the helpless prey,  
Heirs of thy glory now.

- 2 As incense to thy throne above  
O let our pray'rs arise!  
O wing with<sup>165</sup> flames of holy love  
Our living sacrifice.  
Stir up thy strength, O Lord of might,  
Our willing breasts inspire:  
Fill our whole souls with heav'nly light,  
Melt with seraphic fire.
- 3 From thy blest wounds our life we draw;<sup>166</sup>  
Thy<sup>167</sup> all-atoning blood  
Daily we<sup>168</sup> drink with trembling awe;  
Thy flesh our daily<sup>169</sup> food.  
Come, Lord, thy sov'reign aid impart,  
Here make thy likeness shine!  
Stamp thy whole image on our heart,  
And all our souls be<sup>170</sup> thine!

**Hymn After the Sacrament.**<sup>171</sup>

- 1 Sons of God, triumphant rise,  
Shout th' accomplished sacrifice!  
Shout your sins in Christ forgiv'n,  
Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n!

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<sup>165</sup>“O wing with” changed to “Wing with the” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>166</sup>“Our life we draw” changed to “life let us draw” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>167</sup>“Thy” changed to “Thine” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>168</sup>“Daily we” changed to “Now let us” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>169</sup>“Our daily” changed to “be now our” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>170</sup>“Souls be” changed to “heart is” in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>171</sup>This hymn included later in *HLS* (1745), as Hymn 164.

- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,  
List'ning angels join the song:  
Sing with us, ye heav'nly pow'rs,  
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done!  
Greet we now th' accepted<sup>172</sup> Son,  
Healed and quickened by his blood,  
Joined to Christ, and one with God.
- 4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal;  
Peace divine in Christ we feel,  
Pardon to our souls applied:  
Dead for all, for me he died!
- 5 Sin shall tyrannize no more,  
Purged its guilt, dissolved its pow'r;  
Jesus makes our hearts his throne,  
There he lives, and reigns alone.
- 6 Grace our every thought controls,  
Heav'n is opened in our souls,  
Everlasting life is won,  
Glory is on earth begun.
- 7 Christ in us; in him we see  
Fulness of the deity.  
Beam of the eternal beam;  
Life divine we taste in him!

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<sup>172</sup>“Th' accepted” changed to “th' atoning” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743), 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756), and *HLS* (1745).

- 8 Him we only taste below,<sup>173</sup>  
Mightier joys ordained to know<sup>174</sup>  
Him when fully ours we prove,<sup>175</sup>  
Ours the heav'n of perfect love!<sup>176</sup>

**Acts 2:41ff.**

- 1 The word pronounced, the gospel-word,  
The crowd with various hearts received:  
In many a soul the Saviour stirred,  
Three thousand yielded, and believed.
- 2 These by th' apostles' counsels led,  
With them in mighty pray'rs combined,  
Broke the commemorative bread,  
Nor from the fellowship declined.
- 3 God from above, with ready grace  
And deeds of wonder, guards his flock,  
Trembles the world before their face,  
By Jesus crushed, their Conqu'ring Rock.
- 4 The happy band whom Christ redeems,  
One only will, one judgment know:  
None this contentious earth esteems,  
Distinctions, or delights below.

---

<sup>173</sup>Changed to "Him we taste; but wait to know" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756); read "Him by faith we taste below" in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>174</sup>Changed to "Mightier happiness below" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>175</sup>Line changed to "When his utmost grace we prove" in *HLS* (1745).

<sup>176</sup>Line changed to "Rise to heaven by perfect love" in *HLS* (1745).

- 5 The men of worldly wealth possessed  
Their selfish happiness remove,  
Sell, and divide it to the rest,  
And buy the blessedness of love.
- 6 Thus in the presence of their God,  
Jesus their life, and heav'n their care,  
With single heart they took their food  
Heightened by Eucharist and pray'r.
- 7 God in their every work was praised:  
The people bless'd the law benign:  
Daily the church, his arm had raised,  
Received the sons of mercy in.

**To Be Sung at Work.**

- 1 Son of the carpenter, receive  
This humble work of mine;  
Worth to my meanest labour give,  
By joining it to thine.
- 2 Servant of all, to toil for man  
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:  
Thy majesty did not disdain  
To be employed for us.

- 3 Thy bright example I pursue  
To thee in all things rise,  
And all I think, or speak, or do,  
Is one great sacrifice.
- 4 Careless through outward<sup>177</sup> cares I go,  
From all distraction free:  
My hands are but engaged below,  
My heart is still with thee.
- 5 O when wilt thou my life appear!  
How gladly would I cry:  
“’Tis done, the work thou gav’st one<sup>178</sup> here,  
’Tis finished Lord”—and die.

**Another [To Be Sung at Work].**

- 1 Summoned my labour to renew,  
And glad to act my part,  
Lord, in thy name, my task I do,  
And with a single heart.
- 2 End of my every action thou!  
Thyself in all I see:  
Accept my hallowed labour now;  
I do it unto thee.

---

<sup>177</sup>Ori., “outwards”; corrected in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) and following.

<sup>178</sup>“One” changed to “me” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 3     Whate'er the Father views as thine,  
       He views with gracious eyes.  
Jesus! This mean oblation join  
       To thy great sacrifice.
- 4     Stamped with an infinite desert  
       My work he then shall own;  
Well-pleased in me, when mine thou art,  
       And I his favourite son!

**God with Us.**  
**From the German.**<sup>179</sup>

- 1     Eternal depth of love divine  
       In Jesus, God-with-us, displayed,  
How bright thy beaming glories shine!  
       How wide thy healing streams are spread!  
With whom dost thou delight to dwell?  
       Sinners, a vile, a thankless race.  
O God! What tongue aright can tell  
       How vast thy love, how great thy grace!
- 2     The dictates of thy sov'reign will  
       With joy our grateful hearts receive:  
All thy delight in us fulfill,  
       Lo! All we are to thee we give.  
To thy sure love, thy tender care,  
       Our flesh, soul, spirit we resign;  
O! Fix thy sacred presence there,  
       And seal th' abode forever thine.

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<sup>179</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 11–12 (#11, by Zinzendorf).

- 3 O King of Glory, thy rich grace  
Our short desires surpasses far!  
Yea, ev'n our crimes, though numberless,  
Less num'rous than thy mercies are.  
Still on thee, Father, may we rest!  
Still may we pant thy Son to know!  
Thy Spirit still breathe into our breast,  
Fountain of peace and joy below!
- 4 Oft have we seen thy mighty pow'r  
Since from the world thou mad'st us free:  
Still may we praise thee more and more,  
Our hearts more firmly knit to thee!  
Still, Lord, thy saving health display,  
And arm our souls with heav'nly zeal:  
So, fearless shall we urge our way  
Through all the pow'rs of earth and hell!

**God Our Portion.**  
**From the Spanish.**<sup>180</sup>

- 1 O God, my God, my all thou art;  
Ere shines the dawn of rising day  
Thy sov'reign 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.

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<sup>180</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. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 6–7.

- 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 fulness 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.
- 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 ravished 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 bidd'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.

**Gratitude for Our Conversion.  
From the German.<sup>181</sup>**

- 1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all my works and thee alone!  
Thee will I love till the pure fire  
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah! Why did I so late thee know,  
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!  
Ah! Why did I no sooner go  
To thee, the only ease in pain!  
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn  
That I so late to thee did turn.

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<sup>181</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 540–41 (#610, by Johann Scheffler).

- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed;  
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:  
For wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,  
Thy creatures more than thee I loved.  
And now, if more at length I see,  
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
That thy bright beams on me have shined:  
I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and healed my wounded mind.  
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice  
Bids my freed<sup>182</sup> heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray:  
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace  
Still to press forward in thy way.  
My soul and flesh, O Lord, of might,  
Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light.
- 6 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,  
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,  
Give to my soul with filial fears  
The love that all heav'n's host inspires:  
"That all my pow'rs with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite."
- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!

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<sup>182</sup>"Freed" changed to "free" in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) only.

Thee will I love, beneath thy frown  
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod.  
What though my flesh and heart decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day!

**Boldness in the Gospel.  
From the Same [German].**<sup>183</sup>

- 1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,  
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or undismayed, in deed and word  
Be a true witness to my Lord?
- 2 Awed 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 soothe th' unholy throng  
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue?  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross, endured, 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!

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<sup>183</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). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 65–66.

- 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<sup>184</sup> descry:  
      Doth ought on earth my wishes raise;  
      Or the world's favour,<sup>185</sup> or its praise?
- 7     The love of Christ does me constrain  
      To seek the wand'ring souls of men:  
      With cries, entreaties, 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:  
      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 adored!
- 10    Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r!  
      Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,  
      Thy faithful witness will I be—  
      'Tis fixed! I can do all through thee!

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<sup>184</sup>“Thoughts” changed to “soul” in the 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>185</sup>“Favour” changed to “pleasures” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

**Acts 4:29.**<sup>186</sup>

- 1 Captain of my salvation, hear!  
Stir up thy strength and bow the skies  
Be thou the God of battles near;  
In all thy majesty arise!
- 2 The day, the dreadful day's at hand!  
In battle cover thou my head:  
Past is thy word: I here demand,  
And confident expect thine aid.
- 3 Now arm me for the threat'ning fight  
Now let thy power descend from high,  
Triumphant in thy Spirit's might  
So shall I every foe defy.<sup>187</sup>
- 4 I ask thy help; by thee sent forth  
Thy glorious gospel to proclaim,  
Be thou my mouth, and shake the earth,  
And spread by me thy awful name.
- 5 Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace,  
Arm me with all thy armour now,  
Set like a flint my steady face,  
Harden to adamant my brow.

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<sup>186</sup>Also published in George Whitefield's *Continuation of the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's Journal, from His Arrival at London to His Departure from thence on his Way to Georgia* (London: James Hutton, 1739), 114–15.

<sup>187</sup>“Defy” changed to “despise” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) only.

- 6 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold  
My high commission to perform,  
Nor shrink thy harshest truths t' unfold,  
But more than meet the gathering storm.
- 7 Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,  
Still may I turn my fearless face,  
Stand as an iron pillar strong,  
And steadfast as a wall of brass.
- 8 Give me thy might, thou God of power;  
Then let or men or fiends assail!  
Strong in thy strength, I'll stand a tower  
Impregnable to earth or hell.

**Congratulation to a Friend,  
Upon Believing in Christ.**

- 1 What morn on thee with sweeter ray,  
Or brighter lustre e'er hath shined?  
Be blest the memorable day  
That gave thee Jesus Christ to find!  
Gave thee to taste his perfect<sup>188</sup> grace,  
From death to life in him to pass!
- 2 O how diversified the scene,  
Since first that heart began to beat!

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<sup>188</sup>“Perfect” changed to “pard’ning” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

Evil and few thy days have been:  
In suffering, and in comfort, great,  
Oft hast thou groaned beneath thy load,  
And sunk—into the arms of God!

3 Long did all hell its pow'rs engage,  
And filled thy darkened soul with fears:  
Baffled at length the dragon's rage,  
At length th' atoning blood appears:  
Thy light is come, thy mourning's o'er,  
Look up; for thou shalt weep no more!

4 Blest be the name that sets thee free,  
The name that sure salvation brings!  
The Sun of righteousness on thee  
Has rose with healing in his wings.  
Away let grief and sighing flee;  
Jesus has died for thee—for thee!

5 And will he now forsake his own,  
Or lose the purchase of his blood?  
No! For he looks with pity down,  
He watches over thee for good;  
Gracious he eyes thee from above,  
And guards and feeds thee with his love.

6 Since thou wast precious in his sight,  
How highly favoured hast thou been!  
Upborne by faith to glory's height,  
The Saviour-God thine eyes have seen,  
Thy heart has felt its sins forgiv'n,  
And tastes anticipated heav'n.

- 7 Still may his love thy fortress be  
And make thee still his darling care,  
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish thee,  
On eagle's wings thy spirit bear:  
Fill thee with heav'n, and ever shed<sup>189</sup>  
His choicest blessings on thy head.
- 8 Thus may he comfort thee below,  
Thus may he all his graces give:  
Him but in part thou here canst know:  
Yet here by faith submit to live;  
Help me to fight my passage through,  
Nor seize thy heav'n, till I may too.
- 9 Or if the sov'reign wise decree  
First number thee among the blest,  
(The only good I'd envy thee)  
Translating to an earlier rest;  
Near in thy latest hour may I  
Instruct, and learn of thee, to die.
- 10 Mixed with the choirs that hover round  
And all th' adverse pow'rs control,  
Angel of peace may I be found  
To animate thy parting soul,  
Point out the crown, and smooth thy way  
To regions of eternal day.
- 11 Fired with the thought, I see thee now  
Triumphant meet the king of fears!

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<sup>189</sup>Changed to "Fill thee with heavenly joy, and shed" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

Steadfast thy heart, serene thy brow;  
Divinely confident appears  
Thy mounting soul, and spreads abroad,  
And swells to be dissolved in God.

- 12 Is this the soul so late weighed down  
By cares and sins, by griefs and pains!  
Whither are all thy terrors gone?  
Jesus for thee the vict'ry gains;  
And death, and sin and Satan yield  
To faith's unconquerable shield.
- 13 Blest be the God, that calls thee home;  
Faithful to thee his mercies prove:  
Through death's dark vale he bids thee come,  
And more than conquer in<sup>190</sup> his love;  
Robes thee in righteousness divine,  
And makes the crown of glory thine!

#### Hymn for Christmas Day.

- 1 Hark how all the welkin rings  
“Glory to the King of kings,<sup>191</sup>  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!”
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
Universal nature say  
“Christ the Lord is born today!”

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<sup>190</sup>“In” changed to “through” in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>191</sup>Opening lines changed by George Whitefield in *Hymns for Social Worship* (1753), p. 24, to:  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
“Glory to the newborn King!”

Whitefield introduced several other small changes throughout the hymn.

- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate deity!  
Pleased as man with men t' appear  
Jesus, our Immanuel here!
- 5 Hail the heav'nly<sup>192</sup> Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born—that man no more may die,  
Born—to raise the sons of earth,  
Born—to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble home,  
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Now display thy saving pow'r,  
Ruined nature now restore,  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours, and ours to thine.

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<sup>192</sup>“Heav'nly” changed to “heaven-born” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739) and following.

9 Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,  
Stamp thy image in its place,  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in thy love.

10 Let us thee, though lost, regain,  
Thee, the life, the inner<sup>193</sup> man:  
O! To all thyself impart,  
Formed in each believing heart.

### Hymn for the Epiphany.

1 Sons of men, behold from far,<sup>194</sup>  
Hail the long-expected star!  
Jacob's star that gilds the night,  
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,  
Wars or pestilence below,  
Wars it bids and tumults cease,  
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shade of death,  
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.

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<sup>193</sup>“Inner” changed to “heav'nly” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>194</sup>Reads “behold him far” in *HSP* (1747).

- 4 Nations all, far off and near,  
Haste to see your God appear!  
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there!
- 5 There behold the Day-Spring rise,  
Pouring eyesight on your eyes,  
God in his own light survey,  
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars again,  
God descends on earth to reign,  
Deigns for man his life t' employ;  
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

**Hymn for Easter Day.**

- 1 "Christ the Lord is ris'n today,"  
Sons of men and angels say,  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won,  
Lo! Our sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell!  
Death in vain forbids his rise:  
Christ has opened paradise!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Dying once he all doth save,<sup>195</sup>  
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now, where Christ has led?  
Following our exalted head,  
Made like him, like him we rise,  
Ours the cross—the grave—the skies!
- 6 What though once we perished all,  
Partners in our parent's fall?  
Second life we all receive,  
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Ris'n with him, we upward move,  
Still we seek the things above,  
Still pursue, and kiss the Son  
Seated on his Father's throne;
- 8 Scarce on earth a thought bestow,  
Dead to all we leave below,  
Heav'n our aim, and lov'd abode,  
Hid our life with Christ in God!

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<sup>195</sup>Changed to "Once he died our souls to save" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 9 Hid; till Christ our life appear,  
Glorious in his members here:  
Joined to him, we then shall shine  
All immortal, all divine!
- 10 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!  
Praise to thee by both be giv'n:  
Thee we greet triumphant now;  
Hail the resurrection thou!
- 11 King of Glory, soul of bliss,  
Everlasting life is this,  
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,  
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

**Hymn for Ascension Day.**

- 1 Hail the day that sees him rise,  
Ravished from our wishful eyes;  
Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,  
Reascends his native heav'n!
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits,  
“Lift your heads, eternal gates,  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of Glory in!”

- 3     Circled round with angel powers,  
       Their triumphant Lord, and ours,  
       Conqueror over death and sin,  
       Take the King of Glory in!
- 4     Him though highest heaven receives,  
       Still he loves the earth he leaves;  
       Though returning to his throne,  
       Still he calls mankind his own.
- 5     See! He lifts his hands above!  
       See! He shows the prints of love!  
       Hark! His gracious lips bestow  
       Blessings on his church below!
- 6     Still for us his death he pleads;  
       Prevalent, he intercedes;  
       Near himself prepares our place,  
       Harbinger of human race.
- 7     Master, (will we ever say)  
       Taken from our head today;  
       See thy faithful servants, see!  
       Ever gazing up to thee.
- 8     Grant, though parted from our sight,  
       High above yon azure height,  
       Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
       Following thee beyond the skies.

- 9 Ever upward let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love,  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Longing, gasping after home.
- 10 There we shall with thee remain,  
Partners of thy endless reign,  
There thy face unclouded see,  
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee!

**Hymn for Whitsunday.<sup>196</sup>**

- 1 Granted is the Saviour's prayer,  
Sent the gracious Comforter;  
Promise of our parting Lord,  
Jesus to his heav'n restored:
- 2 Christ; who now gone up on high,  
Captive leads captivity,  
While his foes from him receive  
Grace, that God with man may live.
- 3 God, the everlasting God,  
Makes with mortals his abode,  
Whom the heavens cannot contain,  
He vouchsafes to dwell in<sup>197</sup> man.

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<sup>196</sup>Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as May 24, 1738.

<sup>197</sup>"In" changed to "with" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 4 Never will he thence depart,  
Inmate of an humble heart;  
Carrying on his work within,  
Striving till he cast out sin.
- 5 There he helps our feeble moans,  
Deepens our imperfect groans;  
Intercedes in silence there,  
Sighs th' unutterable prayer.
- 6 Come, divine and peaceful guest,  
Enter our devoted breast;  
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Kindle there the gospel-fire.
- 7 Crown the agonizing strife,  
Principle, and Lord of life;  
Life divine in us renew,  
Thou the gift and giver too!
- 8 Now descend and shake the earth,  
Wake us into second birth;  
Now thy quick'ning influence give,  
Blow—and these dry bones shall live!
- [9]<sup>198</sup> Brood thou o'er our nature's night,  
Darkness kindles into light;  
Spread thy over-shadowing wings,  
Order from confusion springs.

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<sup>198</sup>Ori., "8"; a misprint.

- 10 Pain and sin, and sorrow cease,  
Thee we taste, and all is peace;  
Joy divine in thee we prove,  
Light of truth, and fire of love.

**Grace Before Meat.**

- 1 Parent of good, whose plenteous grace  
O'er all thy creatures flows,  
Humbly we ask thy pow'r to bless  
The food thy love bestows.
- 2 Thy love provides the sober feast:  
A second gift impart,  
Give us with joy our food to taste  
And with a single heart.
- 3 Let it for thee new life afford,  
For thee our strength repair,  
Blest by thine all-sustaining word,  
And sanctified by prayer.
- 4 Thee let us taste; nor toil below  
For perishable meat:  
The manna of thy love bestow,  
Give us thy flesh to eat.

5 Life of the world, our souls to feed  
Thyself descend from high!  
Grant us of thee the living bread  
To eat, and never die!

**At Meals.**

1 Father, our eyes we lift to thee,  
And taste our daily bread:  
'Tis now thy open hand we see,  
And on thy bounty feed.

2 'Tis now the meaner creatures join  
Richly thy grace to prove;  
Fulfil thy primitive design,  
Enjoyed by thankful love.

3 Still, while our mouths are filled with good,  
Our souls to thee we raise;  
Our souls partake of nobler food,  
And banquet on thy praise.

4 Yet higher still our farthest aim;  
To mingle with the blest,  
T' attend the marriage of the Lamb,  
And heaven's eternal feast.

**Grace After Meat.**

- 1    Blest be the God, whose tender care  
      Prevents his children's cry,  
      Whose pity providently near  
      Doth all our wants supply.
  
- 2    Blest be the God, whose bounty's<sup>199</sup> store  
      These cheering gifts imparts;  
      Who veils in bread, the secret power  
      That feeds and glads our hearts.
  
- 3    Fountain of blessings, source of good,  
      To thee this strength we owe,  
      Thou art the virtue of our food,  
      Life of our life below.
  
- 4    When shall our souls regain the skies?  
      Thy heav'nly sweetness prove?  
      Fulness of joys shall there arise,<sup>200</sup>  
      And all our food be<sup>201</sup> love.

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<sup>199</sup>“Bounty's” changed to “bounteous” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>200</sup>Changed to “Where joys in all their fullness rise” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) and following.

<sup>201</sup>“Be” changed to “is” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) and following.

**Another [Grace After Meat].**

- 1 Fountain of all the good we see  
Streaming from heav'n above,  
Saviour! Our faith we act on thee,  
And exercise our love.
- 2 'Tis not the outward food we eat  
Doth this new strength afford,  
'Tis thou, whose presence makes it meat,  
Thou the life-giving word.
- 3 Man doth not live by bread alone,  
Whate'er thou wilt can feed;  
Thy power converts the bread to stone,  
And turns the stone to bread.
- 4 Thou art our food: we taste thee now,  
In thee we move and breathe,  
Our bodies' only life art thou,  
And all besides is death!

**John 16:24.**  
**“Ask, and ye shall receive,  
that your joy may be full.”**

- 1 Rise my soul with ardor rise,  
Breathe thy wishes to the skies;  
Freely pour out all thy mind,  
Seek, and thou art sure to find;  
Ready art thou to receive?  
Readier is thy God to give.
- 2 Heavenly Father, Lord<sup>202</sup> of all,  
Hear, and show thou hear'st my call;  
Let my cries thy throne assail  
Entering now within the veil:  
Give the benefits I claim—  
Lord, I ask in Jesu's name!
- 3 Friend of sinners, King of saints,  
Answer my minutest wants,  
All my largest thoughts require,  
Grant me all my heart's desire,  
Give me, till my cup run o'er,  
All, and infinitely more.
- 4 Meek and lowly be my mind,  
Pure my heart, my will resigned!

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<sup>202</sup>“God” substituted for “Lord” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739) only.

Keep me dead to all below,  
Only Christ resolved to know,  
Firm and disengaged and free,  
Seeking all my bliss in thee.

- 5 Suffer me no more to grieve  
Wanting what thou long'st to give,  
Show me all thy goodness, Lord,  
Beaming from th' incarnate Word,  
Christ, in whom thy glories shine,  
Efflux of the light divine.
- 6 Since the Son hath made me free,  
Let me taste my liberty,  
Thee behold with open face,  
Triumph in thy saving grace,  
Thy great will delight to prove,  
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 7 Since the Son hath bought my peace,  
Mine thou art, as I am his:<sup>203</sup>  
Mine the Comforter I see,  
Christ is full of grace for me:  
Mine (the purchase of his blood)  
All the plenitude of God.
- 8 Abba, Father! Hear thy child  
Late in Jesus reconciled!  
Hear, and all the graces shower,  
All the joy, and peace, and pow'r,  
All my Saviour asks above,  
All the life and heaven of love.<sup>204</sup>

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<sup>203</sup>Changed to "Mine I see, whate'er is his" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>204</sup>Changed to "All the life of heaven, of love" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 9 Lord, I will not let thee go,  
Till THE BLESSING thou bestow:  
Hear my advocate divine;  
Lo! To his my suit I join:  
Joined to his it cannot fail—  
Bless me, for I *will* prevail!
- 10 Stoop from thy eternal throne,  
See, thy promise calls thee down!  
High and lofty as thou art,  
Dwell within my worthless heart!  
Here<sup>205</sup> a fainting soul revive;  
Here forever walk and live.
- 11 Heavenly Adam, life divine,  
Change my nature into thine:  
Move and spread throughout my soul,  
Actuate and fill the whole:  
Be it I no longer now,  
Living in the flesh, but thou.
- 12 Holy Ghost, no more delay,  
Come, and in thy temple stay;  
Now thy inward witness bear  
Strong and permanent, and clear;  
Spring of life, thyself impart,  
Rise eternal in my heart!

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<sup>205</sup>Ori., “Hear”; a misprint, corrected in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1739), but reappears in the 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1739). Change line to “My poor fainting soul revive” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

**Isa. 51:9ff.**<sup>206</sup>

- 1 Arm of the Lord awake, awake!  
 Thy<sup>207</sup> own immortal strength put on.  
 With terror clothed the nations shake,  
 And cast thy foes, in fury, down.  
 As in the ancient days appear!  
 The sacred annals speak thy fame:  
 Be now omnipotently near,  
 Through endless ages still the same.
- 2 Thy tenfold vengeance knew to quell,  
 And humble haughty Rahab's pride.  
 Groaned her pale sons thy stroke to feel,  
 The first-born victims groaned and died!  
 The wounded dragon raged in vain;  
 While bold thine utmost plague to brave,  
 Madly he dared the parted main  
 And sunk beneath th' o'erwhelming wave.
- 3 He sunk; while Israel's chosen race  
 Triumphant urge their wondrous way.  
 Divinely led the favourites pass,  
 Th' unwater deep, and emptied sea.  
 At distance heaped on either hand,  
 Yielding a strange unbeaten road,  
 In crystal walls the waters stand,  
 And own the arm of Israel's God!

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<sup>206</sup>This hymn omitted from 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> edns., but published in *HSP* (1749), 1:20–21, as Part 2 of paraphrase of the complete chapter.

<sup>207</sup>“Thy” changed to “Thine” in *HSP* (1749).

4 That arm which is not shortened now,  
Which wants not now the power to save.  
Still present with thy people thou  
Bear'st them through life's departed wave.  
By earth and hell pursued in vain,  
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;  
Shouting their heav'nly Sion gain,  
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,  
The anguish and distracting care;  
There sighing grief shall weep no more,  
And sin shall never enter there!  
Where pure, essential joy is found  
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,  
With everlasting gladness crowned,  
And filled with love, and lost in praise!