

## *Hymns and Sacred Poems (1740)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #40]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

The Wesley brothers followed up their first volume in the new *Hymns and Sacred Poems* series with a second volume published July 14, 1740. Once again, records make clear that John Wesley served as primary editor for the volume and contributed its controversial Preface (not included below, available on page for John's poetry and hymn collections).

In contrast with its predecessor, the majority of items in this second volume were appearing for the first time. Only two hymns were reprinted from *CPH* (1738), both adaptations from John Norris. Five of the Wesley hymns had appeared briefly in the second edition of *HSP* (1739) before being moved here, and three more had appeared individually prior to incorporation into this volume (all prior publications are noted in [blue font](#) in the Table of Contents).

In equal contrast with its predecessor, the majority of items in this second volume are original to the Wesleys. In addition to the reprints of Norris, there is only one new poem drawn from George Herbert, one from George Sandys, and one from Samuel Wesley Sr. Seven new translations of German hymns are included, almost certainly the work of John. The bulk of the other hymns and poems are surely the product of Charles's pen, though lack of attribution leaves room for question in individual instances.

### **Editions:**

John and Charles Wesley. *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. London: Strahan, 1740.

[4<sup>th</sup>] Bristol: Farley, 1743 [incorporated with *HSP* (1739)].

[5<sup>th</sup>] London, 1756 [incorporated with *HSP* (1739)].

Instead of reprinting this volume separately, John Wesley chose to combine it with *HSP* (1739), as sections III and IV of the joint work, in 1743. This joint work was reprinted with minimal change in 1756.

To reduce the size of the joint volume, Wesley omitted eight items (four of which had continuing publication in other settings). These omissions are signaled in notations below.

**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. 23). 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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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: April 13, 2017.

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**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**Part I.**

**The Fifty Fifth Chapter of Isaiah.**

- 1 Ho! Every one that thirsts, draw nigh:  
( 'Tis God invites the fallen race)  
Mercy and free salvation buy;  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come!  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls:  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

- 4     Nothing ye in exchange shall give;  
       Leave all you have and are behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
       Pardon, and peace in Jesus find.
- 5     Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
       Nor can your hungry souls sustain?  
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,  
       You spend your little all in vain.
- 6     In search of empty joys below,  
       Ye toil with unavailing strife:  
Whither, ah whither would you go?  
       I have the words of endless life.
- 7     Hearken to me with earnest care,  
       And freely eat substantial food;  
The sweetness of my mercy share,  
       And taste that I alone am good.
- 8     I bid you all my goodness prove,  
       My promises for all are free:  
Come taste the manna of my love,  
       And let your soul delight in me.
- 9     Your willing ear and heart incline,  
       My words believably receive;  
Quicken'd your soul, by faith divine,  
       An everlasting life shall live.

- 10 You for my own I then shall take,  
    Shall surely seal you for my own,  
My covenant of mercy make,  
    And 'stablish it in David's Son.
- 11 A faithful witness of my grace,  
    Him have I to the people given,  
To teach a sinful world my ways,  
    And lead and train them up for heaven.
- 12 Son of my love, behold, to thee  
    From all eternity I give  
Sinners who to thy wounds will flee;  
    The soul that chuseth life shall live.
- 13 Nations, whom once thou didst not own,  
    Thou thine inheritance shalt call;  
Nations who knew not thee shall run,  
    And hail the God that died for all.
- 14 For I, the holy God, and true,  
    To glorify thy name have sworn:  
And lo! My faithfulness I shew;  
    And lo! To thee the Gentiles turn.
- 15 Seek ye the Lord with timely care,  
    Ye servants of uncancel'd sin,  
While all that seek may find him near  
    With open arms to take them in.

- 16 His evil let the sinner leave,  
In bitterness of spirit mourn,  
Death's sentence in himself receive,  
And to a gracious God return.
- 17 Surely our God will bid him live,  
Will with the arms of love embrace;  
Freely, abundantly forgive,  
And shew him all his depths of grace.
- 18 For thus the mighty God hath said,  
My ways, and thoughts ye cannot scan;  
Ye cannot, whom my hands have made,  
Your infinite Creator span.
- 19 Me will ye mete with reason's line?  
Or teach my grace how far to move?  
Fathom my mercy's deep design,  
My heighth, and breadth, and length of love!
- 20 Far as the heavens that earth surpass,  
Far as my throne those nether skies,  
My ways of love, and thoughts of grace,  
Beyond your low conceptions rise.
- 21 For as the snow from heaven comes down,  
The first and latter rains distill,  
The earth with fruitfulness to crown,  
Man's heart with food and joy to fill.
- 22 As no return the shower can know,  
But falls a thirsty land to cheer,  
But executes its charge below,  
While plenty decks the smiling year.



- 23 So shall the word my lips have spoke,  
Accomplish that which I ordain;  
My word I never will revoke;  
My word is not gone forth in vain.
- 24 In my redeeming work employ'd,  
And sent my pleasure to fulfill,  
Vain it shall not return, and void,  
But prosper, and perform my will.
- 25 With me is plenteous mercy found,  
Redemption free for all to know;  
And where your sin doth most abound,  
My more abundant grace shall flow.
- 26 From guilt and pain ye shall be freed,  
From the black dungeon of despair,  
Into my heavenly kingdom led,  
And reap eternal pleasures there.
- 27 All ye that in my word believe,  
Shall see my love in Jesu's face;  
The peace and joy of faith receive,  
And triumph in my saving grace.
- 28 The trees shall clap their hands and sing,  
Mountains and hills their voices raise;  
All the new heavens and earth shall ring  
With Jesus their Creator's praise.
- 29 Where thorns deform'd the barren ground,  
Where noisome weeds the soul o'erspread,  
There shall the fruits of grace abound,  
And second nature lift her head.

- 30 The trees of God shall deck the soil,  
The plants of righteousness arise;  
The Lord shall on his garden smile,  
His late-returning paradise.
- 31 The earth, in token of his grace,  
Shall spread the odour of his fame,  
And everlasting trophies raise,  
To glorify the Saviour's name.

**The Life of Faith,<sup>2</sup>  
Exemplified in the Eleventh Chapter of  
St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews.**

**Verse I.**

- 1 Author of faith, eternal word,  
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,  
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,  
To day, as yesterday the same;
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,  
And ask the gift unspeakable:  
Increase in us the kindled fire,  
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save,  
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)  
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,  
Future and past subsisting now.

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<sup>2</sup>This was first published by Charles Wesley as a pamphlet on May 24, 1740—see *Life of Faith* (1740).

4 To him that in thy name believes,  
Eternal life with thee is given,  
Into himself he all receives,  
Pardon, and happiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,  
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,  
With strong, commanding evidence  
Their heavenly origine display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,  
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,  
Th' invisible appears in sight,  
And God is seen by mortal eye.

**Verses II, III.**

1 By faith the holy men of old  
Obtain'd a never-dying name,  
The sacred leaves their praise unfold,  
And God himself records their fame.

2 Thro' faith we know the worlds were made,  
By his great word to being brought:  
He spake: the earth and heaven obey'd;  
The universe sprang forth from nought.

3 The heavens thy glorious power proclaim,  
If thou in us thy power declare;  
We know from whom the fabrick came,  
Our heart believes, when God is there.

- 4 Thee thro' thyself we understand,  
When thou in us thyself hast shown,  
We see thy all-creating hand,  
We *feel* a God thro' faith alone.

**Verse IV.**

- 1 Believing in the woman's seed,  
And justified by faith alone,  
Abel a nobler offering made,  
And God vouchsaf'd his gifts to own.
- 2 Witness divine he thus obtain'd,  
The gift of righteousness receiv'd;  
And now he wears the crown he gain'd,  
And sees the Christ he once believ'd.
- 3 Still by his faith he speaks tho' dead,  
He calls us to the living way:  
We hear; and in his footsteps tread:  
We *first* believe, and *then* obey.

**Verses V, VI.**

- 1 Exempted from the general doom,  
The death which all are born to know,  
Enoch obtain'd his heavenly home  
By faith, and disappear'd below.
- 2 From earth unpainfully releas'd,  
Translated to the realms of light,  
He found the God by faith he pleas'd,  
His faith was sweetly lost in sight.

3 God, without faith, we cannot please:  
For all, who unto God would come,  
Must *feelingly* believe he is,  
And gives to all their righteous doom.

4 We *feelingly* believe thou art:  
Behold we ever seek thee, Lord,  
With all our mind, with all our heart,  
And find thee now our great reward.

**Verse VII.**

1 Divinely warn'd of judgments near,  
Noah believ'd a threaten<sup>3</sup> God,  
With humble faith, and holy fear  
He built the ark, and 'scap'd the flood.

2 He (while the world that disbeliev'd,  
The careless world of sinners died,)  
The righteousness of faith receiv'd:  
Noah by faith was justified.

3 We too by faith the world condemn,  
Of righteousness divine possest,  
Escape the wrath that covers them,  
Safe in the ark of Jesu's breast.

**Verses VIII, IX, X.**

1 Obedient to his God's command,  
And influenc'd by faith alone,  
Abraham left his native land,  
Went out, and sought a place unknown.

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<sup>3</sup>Ori., "threatening", a misprint; corrected in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

- 2 A place he should possess at last,  
When full four hundred years were o'er,  
Upon the word himself he cast,  
He follow'd God, and ask'd no more.
- 3 As in a strange, tho' promis'd, land,  
(A land his distant heirs receiv'd,)  
He, and his sons in tents remain'd;  
He knew on whom he had believ'd.
- 4 A better heritage he sought,  
A city built by God on high,  
Thither he rais'd his tow'ring thought,  
He fix'd on heaven his stedfast eye.
- 5 Whose firm foundations never move,  
Jerusalem was all his care,  
The New Jerusalem above;  
His treasure, and his heart was there.
- 6 And shall not we the call obey,  
And haste where God commands, to go?  
Despise these tenements of clay,  
These dreams of happiness below?
- 7 Yes Lord; we hearken to thy call,  
As sojourners o'er earth we rove,  
We have for thee forsaken all,  
And seek the heaven of perfect love.

**Verses XI, XII.**

- 1 By faith, the handmaid of the Lord,  
Sarah, receiv'd a power unknown,  
She judg'd him faithful to his word;  
Barren and old she bore a son.
- 2 Nature had lost its genial power,  
And Abraham was old in vain:  
Impossibilities are o'er,  
If faith assent, and God ordain.
- 3 He glorified JEHOVAH's name;  
(God spake the word, it must be done)  
Father of nations he became,  
And multitudes sprang forth from one.
- 4 From one old man the race did rise,  
A barren womb the myriads bore,  
Countless, as stars that deck the skies,  
As sands that crown the ocean shore.

**Verses XIII, XIV, XV, XVI.**

- 1 The worthies these of ancient days,  
By faith they lived, in faith they died:  
Not yet receiv'd the promis'd grace,  
But darkly from afar descri'd.
- 2 Assur'd the Saviour *should* appear,  
And confident in Christ to come,  
Him they embrac'd, tho' distant near,  
And languish'd for their heavenly home.

- 3 Pilgrims they here themselves confess'd,  
Who no abiding-place must know,  
Strangers on earth they could not rest,  
Or find their happiness below.
- 4 Regardless of the things behind,  
The earthly home from whence they came,  
A better land they long'd to find,  
A promis'd heaven was all their aim.
- 5 Their faith the gracious Father sees,  
And kindly for his children cares,  
He condescends to call them his,  
And suffers them to call him theirs,
- 6 For them his heaven he hath prepar'd,  
His New Jerusalem above,  
And love is there their great reward,  
A whole eternity of love.

**Verses XVII, XVIII, XIX.**

- 1 Abraham, when severely tried,  
His faith by his obedience shew'd;  
He with the harsh command complied,  
And gave his Isaac back to God.
- 2 His son the father offer'd up,  
Son of his age, his only son,  
Object of all his joy and hope,  
And less belov'd than God alone.



- 3 His seed elect, his heir foretold,  
Of whom the promis'd Christ should rise,  
He could not from his God with-hold  
That best, that costliest sacrifice.
- 4 The father curb'd his swelling grief,  
'Twas God requir'd, it must be done;  
He stagger'd not thro' unbelief,  
He bar'd his arm<sup>4</sup> to slay his son.
- 5 He rested in JEHOVAH's power,  
The word must stand which God hath said,  
He knew th' Almighty could restore,  
Could raise his Isaac from the dead.
- 6 He knew in whom he had believ'd,  
And, trusting in omnipotence,  
His son as from the dead receiv'd,  
His stedfast faith receiv'd him thence.
- 7 O for a faith like his, that we  
The bright example may pursue,  
May gladly give up all to thee,  
To whom our more than all is due!
- 8 Now, Lord, for thee our all we leave,  
Our willing soul thy call obeys,  
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,  
Freedom, and life, to win thy grace.

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<sup>4</sup>Charles Wesley changed "arm" to "arms" in *All in All* (1761).

9 Is there a thing than life more dear,  
A thing from which we cannot part?—  
We can—we now rejoice to tear  
The idol from our bleeding heart.

10 Jesu accept our sacrifice,  
All things for thee we count but loss,  
Lo! At thy word our Isaac dies,  
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

11 Now to thyself the victim take,  
Nature's last agony is o'er,  
Freely thine own we render back,  
We grieve to part with all no more.

12 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,  
An hundred fold we here obtain,  
And soon with thee shall all receive,  
And loss shall be eternal gain.

**Verses XX, XXI, XXII.**

1 Isaac by faith declar'd his race  
In Jacob and in Esau blest,  
The younger by peculiar grace  
A nobler heritage possess'd.

2 By faith expiring Jacob knew  
Distinguish'd mercies to pronounce,  
His hands found out the happy two,  
And bless'd his fav'rite Joseph's sons.

- 3 He rais'd himself upon the bed,  
Prop'd on a staff he own'd his Lord,  
The patriarch bow'd his hoary head,  
His body with his soul ador'd.
- 4 Joseph by faith the flight foretold  
Of Israel's afflicted race;  
God their hard bondage should behold,  
And lead them to the promis'd place.
- 5 Thither he will'd his bones to go,  
And take possession in their stead;  
His bones the promis'd land shall shew,  
He claims his Canaan, tho' dead.

**Verses XXIII, XXIV, XXV, XXVI, XXVII, XXVIII.**

- 1 Moses by faith from death was sav'd,  
While heedless of the tyrant's will,  
His parents in their God believ'd,  
And dar'd the lovely babe conceal.
- 2 By faith, when now to manhood grown,  
A just contempt of earth he shew'd,  
Refus'd a prince's name to own,  
And sought but to be great in God.
- 3 In vain its pomps ambition spreads,  
Glory in vain displays her charms,  
A brighter crown its lustre sheds,  
A purer flame his bosom warms.

- 4 Wisely he chose the better part,  
Suff' rings with God's elect to share,  
To pleasures vain he steel'd his heart,  
No room for them when God is there.
- 5 Fleeting he deem'd them all, and vain,  
His heart on heavenly joys bestow'd,  
Partaker of his people's pain,  
Th' afflicted people of his God.
- 6 Egypt unfolds her golden blaze,  
Yet all for Christ he counts but loss;  
A richer treasure he surveys,  
His Lord's anticipated cross.
- 7 He triumph'd in his glorious shame,  
On pleasure, fame, and wealth look'd down,  
'Twas heaven at which his wishes aim'd,  
Aspiring to a starry crown.
- 8 By faith he left th' oppressive land,  
And scorn'd the petty rage of kings,  
Supported by JEHOVAH's hand,  
And shadow'd by JEHOVAH's wings.
- 9 His steady way he still pursu'd,  
Nor hopes nor fears retard his pace,  
Th' INVISIBLE before him stood,  
And faith unveil'd the Saviour's face.

10 By faith he slew the typick lamb,  
And kept the passover of God:  
He knew from whom its virtue came,  
The saving power of sprinkled blood.

11<sup>5</sup> With all the servants of his Lord,  
He (while the first-born victims died)  
Dar'd the destroying angel's sword,  
And, arm'd with blood, its point defied!

**Verse XXIX.**

1 While thro' the sea by faith they past,  
The sea retir'd at God's command,  
The waves shrink back with trembling haste,  
The waves a chrystal barrier stand.

2 Th' Egyptians daring to pursue,  
With horror found a wat'ry grave,  
Too late their want of faith they knew,  
And sunk beneath th' o'erwhelming wave.

**Verses XXX, XXXI, XXXII, XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV.**

1 By faith, while Israel's host surrounds  
Proud Jericho's devoted walls,  
The ark stands still, the trumpet sounds,  
The people shouts, the city falls.

2 Rahab by faith deliv'rance found,  
Nor perish'd with th' accursed race,  
The harlot for her faith renown'd,  
Amongst the worthies takes her place.

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., "12"; a misprint.

- 3     Worthies, who all recorded stand,  
          And shine in everlasting lays;  
And justly now they each demand  
          The tribute of distincter praise.
- 4     Gideon, and Barak claim the song,  
          And David good, and Samuel wise,  
And Jephtha bold, and Samson strong,  
          And all the ancient prophets rise!
- 5     The battles of the Lord they fought  
          Thro' faith, and mighty states subdu'd,  
And works of righteousness they wrought,  
          And prov'd the faithfulness of God.
- 6     They stop'd the lions' mouths, the rage  
          Of fire they quench'd, escap'd the sword,  
The weak grew strong, and bold t' engage,  
          And chase the hosts that dar'd their Lord.
- 7     Women their quicken'd dead receiv'd,  
          Women the power of faith display'd,  
With stedfast confidence believ'd,  
          *Believ'd* their children from the dead.

**Verses XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII.**

- 1     Others, as in a furnace try'd,  
          With strength of passive grace endu'd,  
Tortures, and deaths thro' faith defy'd,  
          Thro' faith resisted unto blood.

- 2 Earth they beheld with gen'rous scorn,  
On all its proffer'd goods look'd down,  
High on a fiery chariot borne,  
They lost their life to keep their crown.
- 3 Secure a better life to find,  
The path of varied death they trod,  
Their souls triumphantly resign'd,  
And died into the arms of God.
- 4 The prelude of contempt they found,  
A spectacle to fiends and men;  
Cruelly mock'd, and scourg'd, and bound,  
'Till death shut up the bloody scene.
- 5 Or stoned, they glorified their Lord,  
Or joy'd, asunder sawn, t' expire,  
Or rush'd to meet the slaught'ring sword,  
Or triumph'd in the tort'ring fire.

**Verses XXXVII, XXXVIII.**

- 1 Naked, or in rough goatskins clad,  
In every place they long confess'd  
The God, for whom o'er earth they stray'd  
Tormented, destitute, distress'd.
- 2 Of whom the world unworthy was,  
Whom only God their Maker knew,  
The world they punish'd with their loss,  
The holy anchorites withdrew.

- 3 Lone unfrequented wilds they trod,  
O'er mountain-tops the wanderers ran,  
With milder beasts in dens abode,  
And shun'd the haunts of savage man.

**Verses XXXIX, XL.**

- 1 Famed for their faith all these believ'd,  
By justifying faith made whole:  
Nor yet the promis'd grace receiv'd,  
The Christ, the fulness in their soul.
- 2 A better gift he us provides,  
On whom the gospel-times are come;  
And lo! The Holy Ghost *abides*  
In us, and makes our hearts his home.
- 3 We now our elder brethren meet,  
Their faith, and happiness improve,  
And soon with them shall shine compleat  
In Christ, and perfected in love.

**Business.<sup>6</sup>**

**Alter'd from Herbert.**

- 1 Art thou idle? Canst thou play?  
Foolish soul, who sinn'd to day?  
He that loseth gold, tho' dross,  
Tells to all he meets his loss:  
What for shadows hast thou given?  
Peace, and joy, and love, and heaven.

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<sup>6</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 105–106 (#88); omitted from 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.



- 2 Art thou idle? Sits there<sup>7</sup> now,  
Giddy mirth upon thy brow?  
If thou hast no sighs and tears,  
Well thou hadst no guilt, or fears,  
Tears for living mourners plead;  
Nought avails the hopeless dead.
- 3 If thou still canst idle be,  
Foolish soul who died for thee?  
Who forsook his throne on high,  
Laid his every glory by,  
Drank the dregs of wrath divine?  
Lord was ever love like thine!
- 4 Idle mirth where art thou now?  
Where the giddy, thoughtless brow?  
Hast thou sinn'd? Lament and grieve:  
Hath God died? Believe, and live:  
Mirth adieu, and laughter vain!  
Laughter was not made for man.

**Looking unto Jesus.  
[From the German.]<sup>8</sup>**

- 1 Regardless now of things below,  
Jesus, to thee my heart aspires,  
Determin'd thee alone to know,  
Author, and end of my desires:  
Fill me with righteousness divine;  
To end, as to begin, is thine.

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "their," a misprint.

<sup>8</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 14 (#13, by Maria Böhmer). See Charles's adaptation in MS Family, 8–9.

- 2     What is a worthless worm to thee?  
       What is in man thy grace to move?  
       That still thou seekest those who flee  
       The arms of thy pursuing love?  
       That still thy inmost bowels cry  
       “Why, sinner, wilt<sup>9</sup> thou perish, why?”
- 3     Ah show me, Lord, my depth of sin!  
       Ah, Lord, thy depth of mercy show!  
       End, Jesus, end this war within:  
       No rest my spirit e'er shall know,  
       Till thou thy quickning influence give:  
       Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.
- 4     There, there before the throne thou art,  
       The Lamb ere<sup>10</sup> earth's foundations slain!  
       Take thou, O take this guilty heart;  
       Thy blood will wash out every stain:  
       No cross, no sufferings I decline;  
       Only let all my heart be thine!

**The Same [Looking unto Jesus].**

- 1     God of love, incline thine ear!  
       Christ my King,  
       Haste and bring  
       Thy salvation near.

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<sup>9</sup>Ori. “will”; corrected in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

<sup>10</sup>Ori., ‘e’er’; but clearly used in sense of ‘before’.

- 2    Thee my restless soul requires;  
      Restless till  
      Thou fulfill  
      All its large desires.
- 3    Only thou to me be given;  
      Thou be mine,  
      I resign  
      All in earth and heaven.
- 4    Jesus, come, my sickness cure;  
      Shew thine art,  
      Cleanse a heart  
      Full of thoughts impure.
- 5    Painfully it now aspires  
      To be free,  
      Full of thee,  
      Full of hallow'd fires.
- 6    Lo, I tread on deaths and snares,  
      Sinking still  
      Into ill,  
      Plung'd in griefs and cares.
- 7    When, O when wilt thou appear?  
      O draw nigh!  
      Say, "'Tis I,"  
      And I will not fear.

- 8 Hasten, hasten the glad hour,  
Come and be  
Unto me  
Health, and love, and power.
- 9 Christ, my life, my inward heaven,  
Thro' the whole  
Of my soul  
Spread thy little leaven.
- 10 Make me to the end endure;  
Let me feel  
Love the seal:  
Love shall make it sure.
- 11 Love, thine image love restore:  
Let me love,  
Hence remove,  
And be seen no more.

**Morning Hymn.**

- 1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night:  
Day-Spring from on high, be near:  
Day-Star, in my heart appear.

- 2     Dark and cheerless is the morn  
          Unaccompanied by thee,  
Joyless is the day's return,  
          Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3     Visit then this soul of mine,  
          Pierce the gloom of sin, and grief,  
Fill me, radiancy divine,  
          Scatter all my unbelief,  
More and more thyself display  
Shining to the perfect day.

**Another [Morning Hymn].<sup>11</sup>**

- 1     Jesus the all restoring Word,  
          My fallen spirit's hope,  
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,  
          O when shall I wake up!
- 2     Thou, O my God, thou only art  
          The life, the truth, the way:  
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,  
          My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3     Of all thou hast in earth below  
          In heaven above to give,  
Give me thine only self to know,  
          In thee to walk, and live.

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<sup>11</sup>Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 2–3.

- 4     Fill me with all the life of love,  
       In mystick union join  
Me to thyself, and let me prove  
       The fellowship divine.
- 5     Open the intercourse between  
       My longing soul and thee,  
Never to be broke off again  
       Thro' all eternity.
- 6     Grant this, O Lord; for thou hast died  
       That I might be forgiven,  
Thou hast the RIGHTEOUSNESS supplied,  
       For which I merit heaven.

**An Evening Hymn.**<sup>12</sup>

- 1     Jesus, the all-atoning Lamb,  
       Lover of lost mankind,  
Salvation in whose only name  
       A sinful world can find:
- 2     I ask thy grace to make me clean,  
       I come to thee, my God:  
Open, O Lord, for this day's sin  
       The fountain of thy blood.

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<sup>12</sup>Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 3–4.

- 3     Hither my spotted soul be brought,  
          And every idle word,  
      And every work, and every thought  
          That hath not pleased my Lord.
- 4     Hither my actions righteous deem'd  
          By man, and counted good,  
      As filthy rags by God esteem'd,  
          Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 5     No! My best actions cannot save,  
          But thou must purge even them:  
      And (for in thee I now believe)  
          My worst cannot condemn.
- 6     To thee then, O vouchsafe me power  
          For pardon still to flee,  
      And every day, and every hour  
          To wash myself in thee.

**To the Revd. Mr. Whitefield.**<sup>13</sup>

- 1     Brother in Christ, and well below'd,  
          Attend, and add thy pray'r to mine,  
      As Aaron call'd, yet<sup>14</sup> *inly mov'd*,  
          To minister in things divine!

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<sup>13</sup>First 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), iii–iv.

<sup>14</sup>“Yet” changed to “and” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

- 2 Faithful, and often own'd of God,  
Vessel of grace, by Jesus us'd;  
Stir up the gift on thee bestow'd,  
*The gift thro' hallow'd hands transfus'd.*
- 3 Fully thy heavenly mission prove,  
And make thy own election sure;  
Rooted in faith, and hope, and love,  
Active to work, and firm t' endure.
- 4 Scorn to contend with flesh and blood,  
And trample on so mean a foe;  
By stronger fiends in vain withstood,  
Dauntless to nobler conquests go.
- 5 Go where the darkest tempest low'rs,  
Thy foes triumphant wrestler foil;  
Thrones, principalities, and powers,  
Engage, o'ercome, and take the spoil.
- 6 The weapons of thy warfare take,  
With truth and meekness arm'd ride on;  
Mighty, through God, hell's kingdom shake,  
Satan's strong holds, through God, pull down.
- 7 Humble each vain aspiring boast,  
Intensely for God's glory burn;  
Strongly declare the sinner lost,  
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS o'erturn, o'erturn.



- 8 Tear the bright idol from his shrine,  
Nor suffer him on earth to dwell;  
T' usurp the place of blood divine,  
But chase him to his native hell.
- 9 Be all into subjection brought,  
The pride of man let faith abase;  
And captivate his every thought,  
And force him *to be sav'd by grace*.

**To the Same [Revd. Mr. Whitefield],  
Before His Voyage.<sup>15</sup>**

- 1 Servant of God, the summons hear,  
Thy Master calls, arise, obey!  
The tokens of his will appear,  
His providence points out thy<sup>16</sup> way.
- 2 Lo! We commend thee to his grace!  
In confidence go forth! Be strong!  
Thy meat his will, thy boast his praise,  
His righteousness be all thy song.
- 3 Strong in the Lord's almighty power,  
And arm'd in panoply divine,  
Firm may'st thou stand in danger's hour,  
And prove the strength of Jesus thine.

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<sup>15</sup>First published in George Whitefield's *Continuation of the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's Journal, During the Time he was Detained in England by the Embargo* (London: James Hutton, 1739), iii–iv.

<sup>16</sup>Ori. “the”, a misprint; restored to “thy” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following, as it had appeared in Whitefield's *Journal*.

- 4 Thy breast-plate be his righteousness,  
His sacred truth thy loins surround;  
Shod be thy beauteous feet with peace,  
Spring forth, and spread the gospel sound.
- 5 Fight the good fight, and stand secure  
In faith's impenetrable shield;  
Hell's prince shall tremble at its power,  
With all his fiery darts repell'd.
- 6 Prevent thy foes, nor wait their charge,  
But call their ling'ring battle on.  
But strongly grasp thy seven-fold targe,  
And bear the world, and Satan down.
- 7 The helmet of salvation take,  
The Lord's, the Spirit's conqu'ring sword,  
Speak from the word—in lightning speak,  
Cry out, and thunder—from the word.
- 8 Champion of God, thy Lord proclaim,  
Jesus alone resolv'd to know;  
Tread down thy foes in Jesu's name:  
Go—conqu'ring, and to conquer go.
- 9 Thro' racks and fires pursue thy way,  
Be mindful of a dying God;  
Finish thy course, and win the day:  
Look up—and seal the truth with blood.

**A Hymn, to Be Sung at Sea.**

- 1 Lord of the wide-extended main,  
Whose power the winds and seas controuls,  
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,  
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;
- 2 For thee we leave our native shore,  
(We, whom thy love delights to keep)  
In other worlds, thy works explore,  
And see thy wonders in the deep.
- 3 'Tis here thy unknown paths we trace,  
Which dark to human eyes appear,  
While through the mighty waves we pass,  
Faith only sees that God is here.
- 4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,  
We own thy way is in the sea,  
O'er-aw'd by majesty divine,  
And lost in thy immensity!
- 5 Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore,  
Thy everlasting truth we prove,  
Amazing heights of boundless power,  
Unfathomable depths of love.

- 6 Infinite God, thy greatness spann'd  
These heavens, and meted out the skies,  
Lo! In the hollow of thy hand,  
The measur'd waters sink and rise!
- 7 Thee to perfection who can tell?  
Earth, and her sons beneath thee lie  
Lighter than dust within thy scale,  
—Less than nothing in thine eye.
- 8 Yet in thy Son divinely great,  
We claim thy providential care.  
Boldly we stand before thy seat,  
Our Advocate hath placed us there.
- 9 With him we are gone up on high,  
Since he is ours, and we are his;  
With him we reign above the sky,  
Yet walk upon our subject seas.
- 10 We boast of our recover'd pow'rs,  
Lords are we of the lands, and floods,  
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,  
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's!

**In a Storm.**

- 1 Glory to thee, whose powerful word,  
Bids the tempestuous wind arise,  
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord  
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies!

- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,  
And seas thy awful will perform:  
From them we learn to own thy sway,  
And shout to meet the gathering storm.
- 3 What tho' the floods lift up their voice,  
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;  
They cannot damp thy children's joys,  
Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.
- 4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,  
And back to highest heaven are born,  
Unmov'd, tho' rapid whirlwinds sweep,  
And all the watry world upturn.
- 5 Roar on, ye waves! Our souls defie  
Your roaring to disturb our rest,  
In vain t' impair the calm ye try,  
The calm in a believer's breast.
- 6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,  
Thou sea, the servant of his will:  
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise;  
But fall, when he shall say, "Be still!"

**[Zechariah XII. 10.]**  
**“They shall look unto him whom they have pierced.”**  
**From the German.<sup>17</sup>**

- 1    Extended on a cursed tree,  
      Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood  
      See here, the King of Glory see!  
      He sinks;<sup>18</sup> expires the Son of God!
  
- 2    Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done;  
      Who could thy sacred body wound?  
      No guilt thy spotless heart hath known;  
      No guile hath in thy lips been found.
  
- 3    I, I alone have done the deed!  
      'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn:  
      My sins have caus'd thee, Lord, to bleed:  
      Pointed the nail and fixt the thorn.
  
- 4    The burthen for me to sustain  
      Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:  
      To heal me, thou hast born my pain;  
      To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
  
- 5    In the devouring lion's teeth  
      Torn, and forsook of all I lay:  
      Thou spring'st into the jaws of death,  
      From death to save the helpless prey.

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<sup>17</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 105–6 (#104, by Paul Gerhardt).

<sup>18</sup>Changed to “Sinks, and expires ...” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim  
How pay the mighty debt I owe?  
Let all I have, and all I am  
Ceaseless to all thy glory shew.
- 7 Too much to thee I cannot give,  
Too much I cannot do for thee:  
Let all thy love, and all thy grief  
Grav'n on my heart for ever be!
- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind  
O may I learn from thee, my God:  
And love with softest pity join'd  
For those that trample on thy blood.
- 9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs  
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,  
Till loose from flesh, and earth I rise,  
And ever in thy bosom rest.

**The Means of Grace.**<sup>19</sup>

- 1 Long have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,  
With unavailing pain;  
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,  
And heard it preach'd, in vain.

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<sup>19</sup>This was published first as a separate poem by Charles Wesley in April 1740— *Means of Grace* (1740).

- 2     Oft did I with th' assembly join,  
          And near thine altar drew;  
A form of godliness was mine,  
          The pow'r I never knew.
- 3     To please thee thus (at last I see)  
          In vain I hoped, and strove:  
For what are outward things to thee,  
          Unless they spring from love?
- 4     I see the perfect law requires  
          Truth in the inward parts,  
Our full consent, our whole desires,  
          Our undivided hearts.
- 5     But I of *means* have made my boast,  
          Of *means* an idol made,  
The spirit in the letter lost,  
          The substance in the shade.
- 6     I rested in the outward law,  
          Nor knew its deep design;  
The length and breadth I never saw,  
          And heighth of love divine.
- 7     Where am I now, or what my hope?  
          What can my weakness do?  
JESU! To thee my soul looks up,  
          'Tis thou must make it new.



- 8 Thine is the work, and thine alone—  
But shall I idly stand?  
Shall I the written rule disown,  
And slight my God's command?
- 9 Wildly shall I from thine turn back,  
A better path to find;  
Thy holy ordinance forsake,  
And cast thy words behind?
- 10 Forbid it, gracious Lord, that I  
Should ever learn thee so!  
No—let *me* with thy word comply,  
If I thy love would know.
- 11 Suffice for me, that thou, my Lord,  
Hast bid me fast, and pray:  
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd;  
'Tis only mine t' obey.
- 12 Thou bid'st me search the sacred leaves,  
And taste the hallow'd bread:  
The kind commands my soul receives,  
And longs on thee to feed.
- 13 Still for thy loving kindness, Lord,  
I in thy temple wait,  
I look to find thee in thy word,  
Or at thy table meet.

- 14 Here, *in thine own appointed ways*,  
I wait to learn thy will:  
Silent I stand before thy face,  
And hear thee say, "*Be still!*"
- 15 "Be still—and know that I am GOD!"  
'Tis all I live to know,  
To feel the virtue of thy blood,  
And spread its praise below.
- 16 I wait my vigour to renew,  
Thine image to retrieve,  
The veil of outward things pass thro',  
And gasp in thee to live.
- 17 I work; and own the labour vain:  
And *thus* from works I cease:  
I strive and see my fruitless pain,  
Till God create my peace.
- 18 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,  
Must all my efforts prove:  
They cannot change a sinful heart,  
They cannot purchase love.
- 19 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,  
And *then* the strife give o'er:  
To thee I *then* the whole resign:  
I *trust* in means no more.

- 20 I trust in him who stands between  
The Father's wrath and me:  
JESU! Thou great eternal mean,  
I look for all from thee.
- 21 Thy mercy pleads, thy truth requires,  
Thy promise calls thee down:  
Not for the sake of my desires—  
But Oh! Regard thine own!
- 22 I seek no motive out of thee:  
Thine own desires fulfil:  
If now thy bowels yearn on me,  
On me perform thy will.
- 23 Doom, if thou canst, to endless pains,  
And drive me from thy face:<sup>20</sup>  
But if thy stronger love constrains,  
Let me be *sav'd by grace*.

#### **Waiting for Christ.**

- 1 Unchangeable, Almighty Lord,  
The true, and merciful, and just,  
Be mindful of thy gracious word,  
Wherein thou causest me to trust.

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<sup>20</sup>John Wesley marks these words to be expunged in his personal copy of the 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756). They had been objected to by Thomas Church in 1744. Wesley replied in *An Answer to the Rev. Mr. Church's "Remarks"*, III.4 (*Works* 9:113–14); and in *Principles of a Methodist Farther Explained*, II.8 (*Works* 9:185).

- 2 My weary eyes look out in vain,  
And long thy saving health to see:  
But known to thee is all my pain:  
When wilt thou come, and comfort me!
- 3 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,  
Thee my strong hold, and only stay:  
Harden'd in grief, I ever mourn:  
Why do thy chariot-wheels delay?
- 4 But shall thy creature ask thee why?  
No; I retract the eager prayer:  
Lord, as thou wilt, and not as I;  
I cannot chuse; thou canst not err.
- 5 To thee, the only wise, and true,  
See then at last I all resign;  
Make me in Christ a creature new,  
The manner, and the time be thine.
- 6 Only preserve my soul from sin,  
Nor let me faint for want of thee:  
I'll wait till thou appear *within*,  
And plant thy heaven of love in me.

**Before Reading the Scriptures.**<sup>21</sup>

- 1 Father of all, in whom alone  
We live, and move and breathe,  
One bright, celestial ray dart down,  
And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,  
(We search with trembling awe)  
Open our eyes, and let us see  
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend  
The light that shines so clear:  
Now the revealing Spirit send,  
And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,  
Which here by faith we know;  
Let us in Jesus see thy face,  
And die to all below.

**Another [Before Reading the Scriptures].**<sup>22</sup>

- 1 Teacher divine, we ask thy grace,  
These sacred leaves t' unfold:  
Here in the gospel's clearest glass,  
Let us thy face behold.

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<sup>21</sup>Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 9.

<sup>22</sup>Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 9–10.

- 2 Shew us thy Sire; for known to thee  
The Father's glories are:  
The dread paternal majesty  
Thou only canst declare.
- 3 Open the scriptures now; reveal  
All which *for us* thou art:  
Talk with us, Lord, and let us feel  
The kindling in our heart.
- 4 In thee we languish to be found;  
To catch thy words we bow;  
We listen for the quick'ning sound,  
Speak, Lord; we hear thee now.

**Another [Before Reading the Scriptures].<sup>23</sup>**

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Let us thy influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetick fire,  
Fountain of life, and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for, mov'd by thee,  
Thy prophets wrote and spoke:)  
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,  
Unseal the sacred book.

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<sup>23</sup>Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 10.

- 3    Expand thy wings, prolific Dove,  
      Brood o'er our nature's night;  
On our disorder'd spirits move,  
      And let there now be light.
- 4    God thro' himself we then shall know,  
      If thou *within us* shine,  
And sound, with all thy saints below,  
      The depths of love divine.

**Before Preaching.**

- 1    Forth in thy strength, O Lord, I go,  
      Thy gospel to proclaim,  
Thy only righteousness to shew,  
      And glorify thy name.
- 2    Ordain'd I am, and sent by thee,  
      As by the Father thou:  
And lo! Thou always art with me!  
      I plead the promise now.
- 3    O give me now to speak thy word  
      In this appointed hour;  
Attend it with thy Spirit, Lord,  
      And let it come with power.

- 4    Open the hearts of all that hear,  
      To make their Saviour room,  
Now let them find redemption near,  
      Let faith by hearing come.
- 5    Give them to hear the word as thine,  
      And (while they thus receive)  
Prove it the saving power divine,  
      To sinners that believe.

**After Preaching.**

- 1    Glory, and praise, and love to thee,  
      For this effectual door,  
Jesu! Who publishest by me  
      The gospel to the poor.
- 2    Glory to thy great name alone,  
      That life and power imparts:  
Now, Lord, thy genuine gospel own,  
      And graft it on their hearts.
- 3    Now let them feel the tidings true,  
      Grant to thy word success;  
Water it with thy heavenly dew,  
      And give the wish'd increase.



- 4 Savour of life O let it prove,  
And shew their sins forgiven;  
Work in them faith, which works by love,  
And surely leads to heaven.

**Hymn to God the Sanctifier.**

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,  
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:  
Now to my soul thyself reveal;  
Thy mighty working let me feel,  
And know that I am born of God.
- 2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,  
That God, *my* God inhabits there,  
Thou, with the Father and the Son,  
Eternal light's coeval beam.  
Be Christ in me, and I in him,  
'Till perfect we are made in one.
- 3 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue?  
Come, Lord, and form my soul a-new,  
Emptied of pride, and self, and hell:  
Less than the least of all thy store  
Of mercies, I myself abhor:  
All, all my vileness may I feel.

- 4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,  
O may I, as a little child,  
My lowly Master's steps pursue:  
Be anger to my soul unknown;  
Hate, envy, jealousy be gone!  
In love create thou all things new.
- 5 Let earth no more my heart divide,  
With Christ may I be crucified,  
To thee with my whole soul aspire;  
Dead to the world, and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,  
Be thou alone my one desire.
- 6 Be thou my joy; be thou my dread;  
In battle cover thou my head,  
Nor earth, nor hell so shall I fear:  
So shall I turn my steady face;  
Want, pain defy, enjoy disgrace,  
Glory in dissolution near.
- 7 My will be swallow'd up in thee:  
Light in thy light still may I see,  
Beholding thee with open face;  
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,  
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,  
And all my sinless life be praise.
- 8<sup>24</sup> Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,  
My consecrated heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:  
Still to my soul thyself reveal;  
Thy mighty working may I feel,  
And know that I am one with God!

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<sup>24</sup>Ori., "7"; a misprint.

**Written in Sickness.**

- 1 While sickness shakes the house of clay,  
And sap'd by pain's continued course,  
My nature hastens to decay,  
And waits the fever's friendly force:
- 2 Whither should my glad soul aspire,  
But heav'nward to my Saviour's breast?  
Wafted on wings of warm desire,  
To gain her everlasting rest.
- 3 O when shall I no longer call  
This earthly tabernacle mine?  
When shall the shatter'd mansion fall,  
And rise rebuilt by hands divine?
- 4 Burthen'd beneath this fleshly load,  
Earnestly here for ease I groan,  
Athirst for thee the living God,  
And ever struggling to be gone.
- 5 Where thou, and only thou art lov'd,  
Far from the world's insidious art,  
Beyond the range of fiends remov'd,  
And safe from my deceitful heart;

- 6     There let me rest, and sin no more:  
          Come quickly, Lord, and end the strife,  
Hasten my last, my mortal hour,  
          Swallow me up in endless life.
- 7     Ah! Let it not my Lord displease,  
          That eager thus for death I sue,  
T' ward the high prize impatient press,  
          And snatch the crown to conquest due.
- 8     Master, thy greatness wants not me:  
          O how should I thy cause defend!  
Captain, release, and set me free;  
          Here let my useless warfare end.
- 9     'Tis not the pain I seek to shun,  
          The destin'd cross, and purging fire;  
Sin do I fear, and sin alone,  
          Thee, only thee do I desire.
- 10    For thee, within myself, for thee  
          I groan, and for th' adoption wait,  
When death shall set my spirit free,  
          And make my liberty compleat.
- 11    No longer then, my Lord, defer,  
          From earth and sin to take me home;  
Now let my eyes behold thee near;  
          Come quickly, O my Saviour, come.

**Upon Parting with His Friends.**

**[Part] I.**

- 1 Cease, foolish heart, thy fond complaints,  
    Nor heave with unavailing sighs,  
Equal is God to all thy wants,  
    The hungry soul himself supplies.  
Gladly thy every wish resign;  
Thou canst not want, if God is thine.
  
- 2 Stop this full current of thy tears,  
    Or pour for sin th' ennobled flood:  
Look up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
    Or fear to lose a gracious God:  
To him, thy only rest, return;  
In vain for him thou canst not mourn.
  
- 3 Still vex'd and troubled is my heart?  
    Still wails my soul the penal loss?  
Ling'ring I groan with all to part,  
    I groan to bear the grievous cross;  
The grievous cross I fain would fly,  
Or sink beneath its weight, and die.
  
- 4 Sad soothing thought! To lose my cares,  
    And silently resign my breath!  
Cut off a length of wretched years,  
    And steal an unsuspected death;  
Now to lay down my weary head,  
And lift it—free among the dead!

- 5     When will the dear deliv'rance come?  
       Period of all my pain and strife!  
       O that my soul, which gasps for home,  
       Which struggles in the toils of life,  
       Ease, and a resting place could find,  
       And leave this world of woe behind!
- 6     O that the bitterness were past,  
       The pain of life's long ling'ring hour!  
       While snatch'd from passion's furious blast,  
       And sav'd from sorrow's baleful pow'r,  
       I mock the storm, out-ride the wave,  
       And gain the harbour of the grave.
- 7     Bless'd, peaceful state! Where, lull'd to sleep,  
       The suff'rer's woes shall all be o'er!  
       There plaintive grief no more shall weep,  
       Remembrance there shall vex no more;  
       Nor fond excess, nor pining care,  
       Nor loss, nor parting shall be there!

**[Part] II.**

- 1     O holy, holy, holy Lord!  
       Righteous in all thy ways art thou!  
       I yield and tremble at thy word,  
       Beneath thy mighty hand I bow,  
       I own, while humbled in the dust,  
       I own the punishment is just.
- 2     Joy of my eyes the creature was;  
       Desired;—but O! Desir'd for thee!  
       Why feel I then th' imbitter'd loss?  
       Late in thy judgment's light, I see  
       Whom now thy stroke hath far remov'd,  
       I lov'd—alas! Too dearly lov'd!

- 3     And can I see my comfort gone,  
          (My all of comfort here below)  
And not allow a parting groan,  
          And not permit my tears to flow?  
Can I forbear to mourn and cry?  
No—let me rather weep and die.
- 4     Dear, lovely, gracious souls, to me  
          Pleasant your friendliness has been;  
So strange your love, from dross so free,  
          The fountain in the stream was seen;  
From heaven the pure affection flow'd,  
And led, from whom it sprang, to God.
- 5     To him thro' earth-born cares ye pass,  
          To him your loosen'd souls aspire:  
Glory to God's victorious grace!  
          O could I catch the sacred fire,  
Your shining steps from far pursue,  
And love, and weep, and part like you.
- 6     Partners of all my griefs and joys,  
          Help me to cast on God my care,  
To make his will my only choice,  
          Away the dear right eye to tear,  
The wise decree with you t' adore,  
To trust, submit, and grieve no more.
- 7     O let your prayers the Saviour move,  
          In love my spirit to renew!  
O could I taste the Saviour's love,  
          Gladly I then should part with you;  
My all triumphantly resign,  
And lodge you in the arms divine.

[Part] III.

- 1 Why should a sinful man complain,  
    When mildly chasten'd for his good?  
Start from the salutary pain,  
    And tremble at a Father's rod?  
Why should I grieve his hand t' endure,  
Or murmur to accept my cure?
- 2 Beneath th' afflictive stroke I fall,  
    And struggle to give up my will;  
Weeping I own 'tis mercy all;  
    Mercy pursues and holds me still,  
Kindly refuses to depart,  
And strongly vindicates my heart.
- 3 Humbly I now the rod revere,  
    And mercy in the judgment find;  
'Tis God afflicts; I own him near;  
    'Tis he, 'tis he severely kind,  
Watches my soul with jealous care,  
Disdainful of a rival there.
- 4 'Tis hence my ravish'd friends I mourn,  
    And grief weighs down my weary head,  
Far from my bleeding bosom torn,  
    The dear, lov'd, dangerous joys are fled,  
Hence my complaining never ends,—  
Oh! I have lost my friends, my friends!
- 5 Long my reluctant folly held,  
    Nor gave them to my God's command;  
Hardly at length constrain'd to yield;  
    For Oh! The angel seiz'd my hand,  
Broke off my grasp, forbad my stay,  
And forc'd my ling'ring soul away.



6 Yes; the divorce at last is made,  
My soul is crush'd beneath the blow;  
The judgment falls, so long delay'd,  
And lays my stubborn spirit low,  
My hope expires, my comfort ends,  
Oh! I have lost my friends, my friends!

**[Part] IV.**

1 How shall I lift my guilty eyes,  
Or dare appear before thy face?  
When deaf to mercy's loudest cries,  
I long have wearied out thy grace,  
Withstood thy power, and cross'd thy art,  
Nor heard, "My son, give me thy heart?"

2 How could I, Lord, hold out so long,  
So long thy striving Spirit grieve!  
Forgive me the despiteful wrong:  
Behold, my all for thee I leave,  
The whole, the whole I here restore,  
And fondly keep back part no more.

3 Lo! I cut off the dear right hand,  
Asham'd I should so late obey,  
Pluck out my eye at thy command,  
And cast the bleeding orb away;  
Lo, with my last reserve I part,  
I give, I give thee all my heart.

4 My heart, my will I here resign,  
My life, my more than life for thee:  
Take back my friends, no longer mine;  
Bless'd be the love that lent them me:  
Bless'd be the kind, revoking word,  
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd!

- 5 Henceforth thy only will I chuse,  
    To Christ I die, to Christ I live;  
Had I a thousand lives to lose,  
    Had I a thousand friends to give,  
All, all I would to thee restore,  
And grieve that I could give no more.

[Part] V.<sup>25</sup>

- 1 Jesus, in whom the weary find  
    Their late and<sup>26</sup> permanent repose;  
Physician of the sin-sick mind,  
    Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;  
And let my soul on thee be cast,  
'Till life's fierce tyranny be<sup>27</sup> past.
- 2 Loosed from my God, and far remov'd,  
    Long have I wander'd to and fro,  
O'er earth in endless circles rov'd,  
    Nor found whereon to rest below;  
Back to my God at last I fly,  
For O! The waters still are high.
- 3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,  
    The things of earth for thee I leave,  
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace,  
    Into the ark of love receive;  
Take this poor flutt'ring soul to rest,  
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.
- 4 Fill with inviolable peace,  
    'Stablish, and keep my 'stablish'd<sup>28</sup> heart;  
In thee may all my wand'rings cease,  
    From thee no more may I depart,  
Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

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<sup>25</sup>A manuscript draft of this hymn, on a sheet in the volume titled "Presidents of the British Wesleyan Conference," is held in Special Collections of Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary Library.

<sup>26</sup>"But" instead of "and" in manuscript draft.

<sup>27</sup>"Is" instead of "be" in manuscript draft.

<sup>28</sup>"'Stablish'd" changed to "settled" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

**Mourning.**

- 1    When, gracious Lord, ah tell me when  
      Shall I into myself retire?  
      To thee discover all my pain,  
      And shew my troubled heart's desire?
- 2    I long to pour out all my soul,  
      Sorrow, and sin's just weight to feel,  
      To smart, till thou hast made me whole,  
      To mourn till thou hast said, "Be still."
- 3    Sick of desire for thee I cry,  
      And, weary of forbearing, groan:  
      Horror, and sin are ever nigh,  
      My comfort, and my God are gone.
- 4    Trembling in dread suspense I stand;  
      Sinking, and falling into sin,  
      Till thou reach out thy mighty hand,  
      And snatch me from this hell within.
- 5    Fain would I rise, and get me hence,  
      From every fond engagement free,  
      Pleasure, and praise, and self, and sense,  
      And all that holds me back from thee.

- 6 O that the mild and peaceful dove,  
    Would lend his wings to aid my flight!  
Soon would I then far off remove,  
    And hide me from this hateful light.
- 7 Where none but the all-seeing eye  
    Could mark, or interrupt my grief,  
No human comforter be nigh,  
    To torture me with vain relief.
- 8 Far in some lonely, desert place,  
    For ever, ever would I sit,  
Languish to see the Saviour's face,  
    And perish, weeping at his feet.
- 9 O what is life without my God!  
    A burden more than I can bear:  
I struggle to throw off the load,  
    Me from myself I strive to tear.
- 10 I ever gasp in Christ to live,  
    O that to me the grace were given!  
Had I thy heaven and earth to give,  
    I'd buy thee with thy earth and heaven.
- 11 If sufferings could thy love obtain,  
    I'd suffer all things for thy love:  
Send me to hell, I'd there remain:  
    But let me there thy favour prove.

- 12 Let me thy righteous doom applaud,  
Thine everlasting truth declare,  
And vindicate the ways of God,  
And glorify thy justice there!
- 13 Let me—I know not how to pray;  
My anguish cannot be express:  
Jesu, thou seest what I would say;  
O let thy bowels speak the rest!

**Romans vii. 24, 25.**<sup>29</sup>

- 1 Father of mercies, God of love,  
Whose bowels of compassion move,  
To sinful worms, whose arms embrace,  
And strain to hold a struggling race!
- 2 With me still let thy Spirit strive,  
Have patience, till my heart I give;  
Assist me to obey thy call,  
And give me power to pay thee all.
- 3 If now my nature's weight I feel,  
And groan to render up my will,  
Not long the kind relentings stay,  
The morning vapour fleets away.

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<sup>29</sup>This hymn appeared first in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. of *HSP* (1739), 58–59; it was then moved to this collection.

- 4 A monster to myself I am,  
Asham'd to feel no deeper shame;  
Pain'd, that my pain so soon is o'er,  
And griev'd that I can grieve no more.
- 5 O who shall save the man of sin?  
O when<sup>30</sup> shall end this war within?  
How shall my captive soul break thro' ?  
Who shall attempt my rescue? Who?
- 6 A wretch from sin and death set free?—  
Answer, O answer, Christ, for me,  
“The grace of an accepting God,  
The virtue of a Saviour's blood.”

**[Romans vii. 24.]**

**“Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”**

- 1 Thou Son of God, thou Son of man,  
Whose eyes are as a flame of fire,  
With kind concern regard my pain,  
And mark my lab'ring heart's desire!
- 2 Its inmost folds are known to thee,  
Its secret plague I need not tell:  
Nor can I hide, nor can I flee  
*The sin* I ever groan to feel.

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<sup>30</sup>The line began “When when” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. *HSP* (1739).

- 3 My soul it easily besets,  
About my bed, about my way,  
My soul at every turn it meets,  
And half persuades me to obey.
- 4 Nothing I am, and nothing have,  
Nothing my helplessness can do;  
But thou art good, and strong to save,  
And all that seek may find thee true.
- 5 How shall I ask, and ask aright?  
My lips refuse my heart t' obey:  
But all my wants are in thy sight;  
My wants, my fears, my sorrows pray.
- 6 I want thy love, I fear thy frown,  
My own foul sin I grieve to see:  
T' escape its force would now sink down,  
And die, if death could set me free.
- 7 Yet O I cannot burst my chain,  
Or fly the body of this death:  
Immur'd in flesh I still remain,  
And gasp a purer air to breathe.
- 8 I groan to break my prison-walls,  
And quit the tenement of clay;  
Nor yet the shatter'd mansion falls,  
Nor yet my soul escapes away.

- 9 Ah Lord! Wouldst thou *within me* live,  
No longer then should I complain,  
Nor sighing wish, nor weeping grieve  
For Christ my life, or death my gain.
- 10 From grief and sin I then should cease;  
My loosen'd tongue should then declare  
Comfort, and love, and joy, and peace,  
Fill all the soul when Christ is there!

**[Psalm cxliii. 6 (BCP).]**

**“My soul gaspeth for thee, as a thirsty land.”**

- 1 Lord, how long, how long shall I  
Lift my weary eyes in pain?  
Seek, but never find thee nigh,  
Ask thy love, but ask in vain,  
Crush'd beneath my nature's load,  
Darkly feeling after God!
- 2 O disclose thy lovely face,  
Quicken all my drooping powers!  
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,  
As a thirsty land for showers:  
Haste, my Lord, no longer stay,  
Come, my Jesus, come away!



- 3 Well thou know'st I cannot rest,  
Till I fully rest in thee,  
Till I am of thee possest,  
Till from sin and self set free,  
All the life of faith I prove,  
All the joy and heaven of love.
- 4 See my sad inconstant state,  
Give me, Lord, this root within:  
Trembling for thy love I wait,  
Still relapsing into sin,  
Falling, till thy love I feel,  
Ever sinking into hell.
- 5 With me O continue, Lord,  
Keep me, or from thee I fly:  
Strength and comfort from thy word  
Imperceptibly supply;  
Hold me till I apprehend,  
Make me faithful to the end.

**Longing after Christ.**<sup>32</sup>

- 1 Jesu, the strength of all that faint,  
When wilt thou hear my sad complaint?  
Jesu, the weary wanderer's rest,  
When wilt thou take me to thy breast?

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<sup>31</sup>This page is misnumbered as p. 62 in the original.

<sup>32</sup>This hymn appeared first in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. of *HSP* (1739), 54; it was then moved to this collection.

- 2 My spirit mourns, by thee forgot,  
And droops my heart, where thou art not:  
My soul is all an aking void,  
And pines, and thirsts, and gasps for God.
- 3 The pain of absence still I prove,  
Sick of desire, but not of love:  
Weary of life, I ever groan,  
I long to lay the burthen down.
- 4 'Tis burthen all, and pain, and strife:  
O give me love, and take my life!  
Jesu, my only want supply,  
O let me taste thy love, and die!

**Psalm CXXX.**<sup>33</sup>

- 1 Out of the depth of *self-despair*  
To thee, O Lord, I cry;  
My misery mark, attend my prayer,  
And bring salvation nigh.
- 2 Death's sentence in myself I feel,  
Beneath thy wrath I faint;  
O let thine ear consider well  
The voice of my complaint.

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<sup>33</sup>This psalm was omitted from 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following, because it was moved to *CPH* (1743), 20.

- 3 If thou art rig'rously severe,  
Who may the test abide?  
Where shall the man of sin appear,  
Or how be justified?
- 4 But O! Forgiveness is with thee,  
That sinners may adore,  
With filial fear thy goodness see,  
And never grieve thee more.
- 5 I look to see his lovely face,  
I wait to meet my Lord,  
My longing soul expects his grace,  
And rests upon his word.
- 6 My soul, while still to him it flies,  
Prevents the morning ray;  
O that his mercy's beams would rise,  
And bring the gospel-day!
- 7 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,  
Mercy with him remains,  
Plenteous redemption in his blood,  
To wash out all your stains.
- 8 His Israel himself shall clear,  
From all their sins redeem:  
The LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS is near,  
And we are just in him.

**In Temptation.**<sup>34</sup>

- 1 Sinking underneath my load,  
Darkly feeling after thee,  
Let me ask, my God, my God,  
Why hast thou forsaken me!  
Why, O why am I forgot!  
Lord, I seek, but find thee not.
- 2 Still I ask, nor yet receive,  
Knock at the unopen'd door;  
Still I struggle to believe,  
Hope, tho' urg'd to hope no more,  
Bearing what I cannot bear,  
Yielding, fighting with despair.
- 3 Hear in mercy my complaint,  
Hear, and hasten to my aid,  
Help, or utterly I faint,  
Fails the spirit thou hast made;  
Save me, or my foe prevails,  
Save me, or thy promise fails.
- 4 Struggling in the fowler's snare,  
Lo! I ever look to thee:  
Tempted more than I can bear—  
No, my soul, it cannot be;  
True and faithful is the word,  
Sure the coming of thy Lord.

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<sup>34</sup>This hymn appeared first in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. of *HSP* (1739), 102–3; it was then moved to this collection.

5 Come then, O my Saviour, come,  
God of truth, no longer stay,  
God of love, dispel the gloom,  
Point me out the promis'd way,  
Let me from the trial fly,  
Sink into thy arms, and die!

6 Waft me to that happy shore,  
Port of ease, and end of care;  
All thy storms shall there be o'er,  
Sin shall never reach me there,  
Surely of my God possest,  
Safe in my Redeemer's breast!

**Matthew v. 3, 4, 6.**

1 Jesu, if still the same thou art,  
If all thy promises are sure,  
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,  
And make me rich, for I am poor:  
To me be all thy treasures given,  
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourner blest,  
And lo! For thee I ever mourn:  
I cannot; no! I will not rest,  
Till thou my only rest return,  
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,  
And I receive the Comforter.

- 3     Where is the blessedness bestow'd  
       On all that hunger after thee?  
I hunger now, I thirst for God!  
       See, the poor, fainting sinner see,  
And satisfy with endless peace,  
And fill me with thy righteousness.
- 4     Ah Lord!—If thou art in that sigh,  
       Then hear thyself within me pray.  
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,  
       Mark what my lab'ring soul *would* say,  
Answer the deep, unutter'd groan,  
And shew that thou and I are one.
- 5     Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,  
       Light in thy light I then shall see:  
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,  
       Glory divine is ris'n on thee,  
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er:  
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 6     Lord, I believe the promise sure,  
       And trust thou wilt not long delay;  
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
       Upon thy word myself I stay;  
Into thy hands my all resign,  
And wait—till all thou art is mine!

**In Temptation.**

- 1 Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past:  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.
  
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah! Leave me not alone,  
Still support, and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stay'd;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head,  
With the shadow of thy wing.
  
- 3 Wilt thou not regard my call?  
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—  
Lo! On thee I cast my care:  
Reach me out thy gracious hand!  
While I of thy strength receive,  
Hoping against hope I stand,  
Dying, and behold I live!

4     Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
          More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
          Heal the sick, and lead the blind,  
Just, and holy is thy name,  
          I am all unrighteousness,  
False, and full of sin I am,  
          Thou art full of truth, and grace.

5     Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
          Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound,  
          Make, and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art:  
          Freely let me take of thee,  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
          Rise to all eternity!

**[Matthew i. 21.]**

**“He shall save his people from their sins.”**

1     Jesus, in whom the Godhead’s rays  
          Beam forth with milder majesty,  
I see thee full of truth and grace,  
          And come for all I want to thee.

2     Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,  
          Nor constancy, nor strength I have:  
But thou, O Lord, art still the same,  
          And hast not lost thy power to save.



- 3 Save me from wrath,<sup>35</sup> the plague expell;  
Jesu, thy humble self impart;  
O let thy mind within me dwell;  
O give me lowliness of heart.
- 4 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;  
Thy spotless purity bestow;  
Touch me, and make the leper clean:  
Wash me, and I am white as snow.
- 5 Fury is not in thee, my God:  
O why should it be found in thine!  
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,  
And all thy gentleness is mine.
- 6 Pour but thy blood upon the flame,  
Meek, and dispassionate, and mild,  
The leopard sinks into a lamb,  
And I become a little child.

**Desiring Christ.**

- 1 Where shall I lay my weary head?  
Where shall I hide me from my shame?  
From all I feel, and all I dread,  
And all I have, and all I am!  
Swift to outstrip the stormy wind,  
And leave this cursed *self* behind!

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<sup>35</sup>“Wrath” changed to “pride” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

- 2 O the intolerable load  
Of nature waken'd to pursue,  
The footsteps of a distant God,  
Till faith hath form'd the soul anew!  
'Tis death, 'tis more than death to bear—  
I cannot live, till God is here.
- 3 Give me thy wings, celestial Dove,  
And help me from myself to fly;  
Then shall my soul far off remove,  
The tempest's idle rage defy,  
From sin, from sorrow, and from strife  
Escap'd, and hid in Christ, my life.
- 4 Stranger on earth, I sojourn here:  
Yet, O on earth I cannot rest,  
Till thou my hidden life appear,  
And sweetly take me to thy breast:  
To thee my wishes all aspire,  
And sighs for thee my whole desire.
- 5 Search, and try out my panting heart:  
Surely, my Lord, it pants for thee,  
Jealous lest earth should claim a part:  
Thine wholly thine I gasp to be.  
Thou know'st 'tis all I live to prove;  
Thou know'st, I only want thy love.

[1 Corinthians x. 11.]

“These things were written for our instruction.”

- 1 Jesu, if still thou art to day  
As yesterday the same,  
Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 If still thou go'st about, to do  
Thy needy creatures good,  
On me, that I thy praise may shew,  
Be all thy wonders shew'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat;  
With pitying eyes behold me fall  
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhor'd,  
I sink beneath my sin;  
But if thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy commands,  
Open, O Lord, my ear;  
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,  
And lift them up in prayer.

- 6     Silent, (alas thou know'st how long)  
       My voice I cannot raise;  
       But O! When thou shalt loose my tongue,  
       The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7     Lame at the pool I still am found:  
       Give; and my strength employ;  
       Light as a hart I then shall bound,  
       The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8     Blind from my birth to guilt, and thee,  
       And dark I am within,  
       The love of God I cannot see,  
       The sinfulness of sin.
- 9     But thou, they say, art passing by;  
       O let me find thee near:  
       Jesus, in mercy hear my cry!  
       Thou Son of David hear!
- 10    Long have I waited in the way  
       For thee the heavenly light;  
       Command me to be brought, and say,  
       “Sinner, receive thy sight.”
- 11    While dead in trespasses I lie,  
       The quick'ning Spirit give;  
       Call me, thou Son of God, that I  
       May hear thy voice, and live.

- 12 While full of anguish and disease,  
My weak, distemper'd soul  
Thy love compassionately sees,  
O let it make me whole.
- 13 While torn by hellish pride, I cry,  
By legion-lust possest,  
Son of the living God, draw nigh,  
And speak me into rest.
- 14 Cast out thy foes, and let them still  
To Jesu's name submit;  
Cloath with thy righteousness, and heal,  
And place me at thy feet.
- 15 To Jesu's name if all things now  
A trembling homage pay,  
O let my stubborn spirit bow,  
My stiff-neck'd will obey.
- 16 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,  
And sick, and poor I am;  
But sure a remedy to find  
For all in Jesu's name.
- 17 I know in thee all fulness dwells,  
And all for wretched man;  
Fill every want my spirit feels,  
And break off every chain.

- 18 If thou impart thyself to me,  
No other good I need;  
If thou the Son shalt make me free,  
I shall be free indeed.
- 19 I cannot rest, till in thy blood,  
I full redemption have;  
But thou, thro' whom I come to God,  
Canst to the utmost save.
- 20 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,  
Thou wilt redeem my soul.  
Lord, I believe; and not in vain:  
My faith shall make me whole.
- 21 I too with thee shall walk in white;  
With all thy saints shall prove,  
What is the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth of perfect love.

**From the German.**<sup>36</sup>

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,  
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

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<sup>36</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737). Composed of excerpts from four hymns in this collection: vv. 1–2 from #1197 (p. 1059, by Zinzendorf); vv. 3–6 from #1210 (p. 1068, by Johann Nitschmann); v. 7 from #1201 (p. 1061–62, by Zinzendorf); and v. 8 from #1233 (p. 1084–86, by Anna Nitschmann).

- 2     Take my poor heart, and let it be  
      For ever closed to all but thee!  
      Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
      That pledge of love for ever there.
  
- 3     How blest are they, who still abide  
      Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!  
      Who life, and strength from thence derive,  
      And by thee move, and in thee live!
  
- 4     What are our works but sin and death,  
      Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe!  
      Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move—  
      O wond'rous grace! O boundless love!
  
- 5     How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
      That thou should'st us to glory bring?  
      Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
      Deck'd with a never-fading crown.
  
- 6     Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
      Our words are lost: nor will we know,  
      Nor will we think of ought, beside  
      “My Lord, my love is crucified.”
  
- 7     Ah Lord! Enlarge our scanty thought,  
      To know the wonders thou hast wrought!  
      Unloose our stamm'ring tongue, to tell  
      Thy love, immense, unsearchable!

8 First-born of many brethren thou!  
To thee, lo! All our souls we bow.  
To thee our hearts and hands we give:  
Thine may we die; thine may we live.

**The Resignation.**<sup>37</sup>

1 And wilt thou yet be found?  
And may I still draw near?  
Then listen to the plaintive sound  
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

Jesu, thine aid afford,  
If still the same thou art;  
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,  
Lift up an helpless heart.

2 Thou seest my tortur'd breast,  
The strugglings of my will,  
The foes that interrupt my rest,  
The agonies I feel:

The daily death I prove,  
Saviour, to thee is known:  
'Tis worse than death, my God to love,  
And not my God alone.

3 My peevish passions chide,  
Who only canst controul,  
Canst turn the stream of nature's tide,  
And calm my troubled soul.

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<sup>37</sup>This hymn appeared first in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. of *HSP* (1739), 37–40; it was then moved to this collection.



O my offended Lord,  
Restore my inward peace:  
I know thou canst: pronounce the word,  
And bid the tempest cease.

4 Abate the purging fire,  
And *draw* me to my good;  
Allay the fever of desire,  
By sprinkling me with blood.

I long to see thy face,  
Thy Spirit I implore,  
The living water of thy grace,  
That I may thirst no more.

5 When shall thy love constrain,  
And force me to thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?

Ah! What avails my strife,  
My wand'ring to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life,  
Ah! Whither should I go?

6 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move:  
It calls me still to seek thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.

Lord, at thy feet I fall,  
I groan to be set free,  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for thee.

7           To rescue me from woe,  
              Thou didst with all things part,  
Didst lead a suffering life below,  
              To gain my worthless heart:

              My worthless heart to gain,  
              The God of all that breathe  
Was found in fashion as a man,  
              And died a cursed death.

8           And can I yet delay  
              My little all to give,  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
              For Jesus to receive?

              Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
              I can hold out no more,  
I sink by dying love compell'd,  
              And own thee Conqueror.

9           Tho' late, I all forsake,  
              My friends, my life resign,  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take  
              And seal me ever thine.

              Come, and possess me whole,  
              Nor hence again remove,  
Settle, and fix my wav'ring soul,  
              With all thy weight of love.

10          My one desire is<sup>38</sup> this,  
              Thy only love to know,  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
              No other good below.

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<sup>38</sup>Charles Wesley changes "is" to "be" in *All in All* (1761).

My life, my portion thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art,  
My hope, my heavenly treasure now,  
Enter, and keep my heart.

11       Rather than let it burn  
          For earth, O quench its heat,  
Then, when it would to earth return,  
          O let it cease to beat.

          Snatch me from ill to come,  
          When I from thee would fly,  
O take my wand'ring spirit home,  
          And grant me then to die!

**A Prayer against the Power of Sin.**

1       O that thou would'st the heavens rent,  
          In majesty come down!  
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,  
          And seize me for thine own.

2       Descend, and let thy lightning burn  
          The stubble of thy foe,  
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,  
          And let the mountains flow.

3       Thou my impetuous spirit guide,  
          And curb my headstrong will.  
Thou only canst drive back the tide,  
          And bid the sun stand still.

- 4     What tho' I cannot break my chain,  
       Or e'er throw off my load,  
       The things impossible with men,  
       Are possible to God.
- 5     Is any thing too hard for thee,  
       Almighty Lord of all,  
       Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,  
       And make the mountains fall?
- 6     Who, who shall in thy presence stand,  
       And match omnipotence,  
       Ungrasp the hold of thy right-hand,  
       Or pluck the sinner thence?
- 7     Sworn to destroy let earth assail,  
       Nearer to save thou art,  
       Stronger than all the powers of hell,  
       And greater than my heart.
- 8     Lo! To the hills I lift mine eye,  
       Thy promis'd aid I claim,  
       Father of mercies, glorify  
       Thyself in Jesu's name.
- 9     Salvation in that name is found,  
       Balm of my grief, and care,  
       A med'cine for my every wound,  
       All, all I want is there.

- 10 Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's friend,  
Come to my help pronounce the word,  
And bid my *troubles* end.
- 11 Deliverance to my soul proclaim  
And life and liberty,  
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,  
And Jesus prove to me.
- 12 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,  
For thou that faith hast given:  
Thou canst, thou canst the sinner save,  
And make me meet for heaven.
- 13 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,  
Thou wilt victorious prove,  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love.
- 14 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue  
Unconquerable sin;  
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,  
And write thy law within.
- 15 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
Yet let me hear thy call,  
My soul in confidence shall rise,  
Shall rise, and break thro' all.

- 16 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,  
The blind his sight receive,  
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,  
The heart of stone believe.
- 17 The Ethiop then shall change his skin,  
The dead shall feel thy power,  
The loathsome leper shall be clean,  
And I shall sin no more!

**After a Relapse into Sin.**

- 1 Depth of mercy! Can there be  
Mercy still reserv'd for me!  
Can my God his wrath forbear,  
Me, the chief of sinners spare!
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provok'd him to his face,  
Would not hearken to his calls,  
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 I my Master have denied,  
I afresh have crucified,  
Oft profan'd his hallow'd name,  
Put him to an open shame.

- 4 I have spilt his pretious blood,  
Trampled on the Son of God,  
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable,  
I—and yet *am not in hell*.
- 5 Lo! I cumber still the ground!  
Lo! An advocate is found,  
“Hasten not to cut him down,  
Let this barren soul alone.”
- 6 Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood,  
He disarms the wrath of God,  
Now my Father's bowels move,  
Justice lingers into love.
- 7 Kindled his relentings are,  
Me he now delights to spare,  
Cries, “*How shall I give thee up?*”  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 8 Whence to *me* this waste of love?  
Ask my advocate above,  
See the cause in Jesu's face  
Now before the throne of grace.
- 9 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shews his wounds, and spreads his hands,  
God is love: I know, I feel,  
Jesus weeps! But loves me still!

- 10 Jesus! Answer from above,  
Is not all thy nature love!  
Wilt thou not the wrong forget,  
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
- 11 If I rightly read thy heart,  
If thou all compassion art,  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Pardon, and accept me now.
- 12 Pity from thine eye let fall;  
By a look my soul recall,  
Now the stone to flesh convert,  
Cast a look, and break my heart.
- 13 Now incline me to repent,  
Let me now my fall lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more!

**Written in Stress of Temptation.**

- 1 I am the man, who long have known  
The fierceness of temptation's rage!  
And still to God for help I groan:  
When shall my groans his help engage?



- 2 Out of the deep on Christ I call,  
In bitterness of spirit cry;  
Broken upon that stone I fall,  
I fall,—the chief of sinners I!
- 3 Saviour of men, my sad complaint  
Let me into thy bosom pour,  
Beneath my load of sin I faint,  
And hell is ready to devour.
- 4 A devil to myself I am,  
Yet cannot 'scape the flesh I tear,  
Beast, fiend, and legion is my name,  
My lot the blackness of despair.
- 5 Why then in this unequal strife,  
To Tophet's utmost margin driven,  
Still gasps my parting soul for life,  
Nor quite gives up her claim to heaven?
- 6 Why hopes for help my drooping heart,  
(Hopes against hope) when none is nigh?  
I cannot from my Lord depart,  
But kiss the feet at which I die.
- 7 My Lord, (I still will call thee mine,  
Tho'<sup>39</sup> sentenc'd to eternal pain;)  
Thou wouldest not thy cup decline,  
The vengeance due to guilty man.

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<sup>39</sup>“Tho'” changed to “Till” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

- 8 My sufferings all to thee are known,  
Tempted in every point like me:  
Regard my griefs, regard thine own:  
Jesu! Remember Calvary!
- 9 O call to mind thy earnest prayers,  
Thine agony and sweat of blood,  
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,  
Thy mortal groan, "My God! My God!"
- 10 For whom didst thou the cross endure?  
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?  
Did not thy death my life procure?  
O let thy bowels answer me!
- 11 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?  
Hath pity left the Son of man?  
Dost thou not all our sorrow know,  
And claim a share in all our pain?
- 12 Canst thou forget thy days of flesh?  
Canst thou *my* miseries not feel?  
Thy tender heart—it bleeds afresh!  
It bleeds!—And thou art Jesus still!
- 13 I feel, I feel thee now the same,  
Kindled thy kind relentings are;  
These meltings from thy bowels came,  
Thy Spirit groan'd this inward prayer.

- 14 Thy prayer is heard, thy will is done!  
Light in thy light at length I see;  
Thou wilt preserve my soul thine own,  
And shew forth all thy power in me.
- 15 My peace returns, my fears retire,  
I find thee lifting up my head,  
Trembling I now to heaven aspire,  
And hear the voice that wakes the dead.
- 16 Have I not heard, have I not known,  
That thou the everlasting Lord,  
Whom earth and heaven their Maker own,  
Art always faithful to thy word?
- 17 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,  
Or quench the faintest spark of grace,  
Till thro' the soul thy power is spread,  
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 18 With labour faint thou wilt not fail,  
Or wearied give the sinner o'er,  
Till in this earth thy judgment dwell,  
And born of God I sin no more.
- 19 The day of small and feeble things  
I know thou never wilt despise;  
I know, with healing in his wings,  
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.

20 My heart thou wilt anew create,  
The fulness of thy Spirit give:  
In stedfast hope for this I wait,  
And confident in Christ believe.

**Micah vi. 6, &c.**

- 1 Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near,  
And bow myself before thy face?  
How in thy purer eyes appear?  
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?  
Will multiplied oblations please?  
Thousands of rams his favour buy,  
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?  
Can these wash out my guilty stain?  
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood!  
Alas! They all must flow in vain.
- 4 Shall I my darling Isaac give,  
Whate'er is dearest in my eyes?  
Wilt thou my soul and flesh receive  
A holy, living sacrifice?

- 5     Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,  
        Must take the path thy word hath shew'd,  
Justice pursue, and mercy love,  
        And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 6     But tho' my life henceforth be thine,  
        Future for past can ne'er atone;  
Tho' I to thee the whole resign,  
        I only give thee back thine own.
- 7     My hand performs, my heart aspires:  
        But thou my works hast wrought in me;  
I render thee thine own desires,  
        I breathe what first were breath'd from thee.
- 8     What have I then wherein to trust?  
        I nothing have, I nothing am:  
Excluded is my every boast,  
        My glory swallow'd up in shame.
- 9     Guilty I stand before thy face;  
        I feel on me thy wrath abide:  
'Tis just the sentence should take place:  
        'Tis just—but O! Thy Son hath died!
- 10    Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,  
        He bore our sins upon the tree,  
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head,  
        'TIS FINISH'D! He hath died for me!

- 11 For me, I now believe he died!  
He made my every crime his own,  
Fully for me he satisfied:  
Father, well pleased behold thy Son!
- 12 See where before the throne he stands,  
And pours the all-prevailing prayer,  
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,  
And shews that I am graven there.
- 13 He ever lives for me to pray;  
He prays, that I with him may reign:  
Amen to what my Lord doth say!  
Jesu, thou canst not pray in vain.

**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**Part II.**

**Redemption Found.  
From the German.<sup>40</sup>**

- 1 Now I have found the ground, wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
Before the world's foundation slain:  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.
  
- 2 Father, thy everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far:  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,  
Thy arms of love still open are  
Returning sinners to receive,  
That mercy they may taste, and live.

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<sup>40</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 249–50 (#255, by Johann Andreas Rothe).

- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee:  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains in me,  
While Jesu's blood, thro' earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!  
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
I look into my Saviour's breast!  
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!  
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,  
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,  
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my stedfast soul relies,  
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay:  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away;  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.



**From the Same [German].**<sup>41</sup>

- 1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,  
Who in thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast!  
See, I pant, in thee to rest!  
Gladly would I now be clean!  
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;  
To thy cross my spirit bind;  
Earthly passions far remove:  
Swallow up our souls in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes, tho' we be  
Full of guilt and misery,  
Thine we are, thou Son of God:  
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,  
He th' atonement now receives:  
He with joy beholds thy face,  
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

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<sup>41</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 950–51 (#1046, by Anna Dober).

- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame  
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,  
Marks the new, the living way,  
Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesu, when this light we see,  
All our soul's athirst for thee:  
When thy quick'ning power we prove,  
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine!  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

**Christ Our Wisdom.**  
**[1 Corinthians i. 30.]**

- 1 Made unto me, O Lord, my God,  
Wisdom divine thou art:  
Thy light, which first my darkness shew'd,  
Still searches out my heart.
- 2 Thy Spirit, breathing in the word,  
Gave me myself to see,  
Fallen, till by thy grace restor'd,  
And lost, till found in thee.

3 Jesus, of all my hopes the ground,  
Thro' thee thy name I know,  
The only name where health is found,  
Whence life and blessings flow.

4 'Tis now by faith's enlighten'd eye  
I see thy strange design,  
See the God-man come down to die,  
That God may all be mine!

5 Thou art the truth: I now receive  
Thy unction from above,  
Divinely taught in thee believe,  
And learn the lore of love.

6 Still with thy grace anoint my eyes,  
Throughout my darkness shine;  
O make me to salvation wise,—  
My all, be ever mine!

**Christ Our Righteousness.**  
**[1 Corinthians i. 30.]**

1 Jesu, thou art my righteousness,  
For all my sins were thine:  
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,  
Thy life hath made him mine.

- 2 Spotless, and just in thee I am;  
I feel my sins forgiven;  
I taste salvation in thy name,  
And antedate my heaven.
- 3 Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For *me* the Saviour died!
- 4 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt, and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever in thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, (but not my feet alone)  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve,  
Till hope shall in fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

**Christ Our Sanctification.**  
**[1 Corinthians i. 30.]**

- 1 Jesu! My life, thyself apply,  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,  
My vile affections crucify,  
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with thy rebel strive,  
Enter my soul, and work within,  
And kill, and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,  
As the old Adam dies:  
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,  
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,  
Who would not own thy sway;  
Diffuse thy image thro' my soul;  
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
And seal me thine abode;  
O make me glorious all within,  
A temple built by God.

6 My inward holiness thou art,  
For faith hath made thee mine:  
With all thy fulness fill my heart,  
Till all I am is thine!

**Christ Our Redemption.**  
**[1 Corinthians i. 30.]**

1 Thee, O my great Deliverer, thee  
My ransom I adore:  
Thy death from hell hath set me free,  
And I am damn'd no more.

2 In thee I sure redemption have,  
The pardon of my sin;  
Thy blood I find mighty to save;  
Thy blood hath made me clean.

3 I feel the power of Jesu's name,  
It breaks the captive's chain;  
And men oppose, and fiends exclaim,  
And sin subsists in vain.

4 Redeem'd from sin, its guilt, and power  
My soul in faith defies:  
But O! I wait the welcome hour,  
When this frail body dies.

5     Come thou, my dear Redeemer, come,  
       Let me my life resign,  
       O take thy ransom'd servant home,  
       And make me wholly thine.

6     Fully redeem'd I fain would rise  
       In soul and body free,  
       And mount to meet thee in the skies,  
       And ever reign with thee.

**“It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father, almighty, everlasting God.”<sup>42</sup>**

1     Meet and right it is to sing  
       Glory to our God and King,  
       Meet in every time, and place,  
       Right to shew forth all thy praise.

2     Sing we now in duty bound,  
       Echo the triumphant sound,  
       Publish it thro' earth abroad,  
       Praise the everlasting God.

3     Praises *here* to thee we give,  
       Here our *open* thanks receive,  
       Holy Father, sovereign Lord,  
       Always, every where ador'd.

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<sup>42</sup>The quote is from the Eucharistic liturgy in the *BCP*. Hymn appeared first in George Whitefield, *Divine Melody; or, a Help to Devotion* (London: W. Rayner, 1739), 13–14, ascribed to Charles Wesley; and in *The Conduct and Doctrine of the Reverend Mr. Whitefield Vindicated* (London: A. Dodd, 1739), 35.

- 4 Sons of Belial, hear the cry,  
Loud as ye our God defy;  
You can glory in your shame,  
Shall not we our God proclaim?
- 5 You can brave th' eternal laws,  
Zealous in your Master's cause;  
Jesu! Shall thy servants be  
Less resolv'd and bold for thee?
- 6 No, tho' men and fiends exclaim,  
Sing we still in Jesu's name;  
Jesus will we ever bless,  
Thee before thy foes confess.
- 7 Silent have we been too long,  
Awed by earth's rebellious throng;  
Should we still to sing deny,  
Lord, the very stones would cry  
*Hallelujah!*

**Hymn to the Trinity.**<sup>43</sup>

- 1 Fountain of deity,  
Father, all hail to thee!  
Ever equally ador'd,  
Hail the Spirit, and the Son,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
One in Three, and Three in One.

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<sup>43</sup>This and the following six short hymns reappear as the opening of *Gloria Patri* (1746).



**Another [Hymn to the Trinity].<sup>44</sup>**

- 1 Sing we to our God above  
Praise, eternal as his love:  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**Another [Hymn to the Trinity].**

- 1 Father live, by all things fear'd;  
Live the Son, alike rever'd;  
Equally be thou ador'd,  
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.
- [2] Three in Person, One in power,  
Thee we worship evermore:  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

**Another [Hymn to the Trinity].**

- 1 Praise be to the Father given;  
Christ he gave  
Us to save,  
Now the heirs of heaven.
- 2 Pay we equal adoration  
To the Son:  
He alone  
Wrought out our salvation.

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<sup>44</sup>Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as March 16, 1739.

- 3     Glory to th' eternal Spirit!  
       Us he seals,  
       Christ reveals,  
       And applies his merit.
- 4     Worship, honour, thanks, and blessing,  
       One and<sup>45</sup> Three,  
       Give we thee,  
       Never, never ceasing.

**Another [Hymn to the Trinity].<sup>46</sup>**

To God, who reigns enthron'd on high,  
To his dear Son who deign'd to die  
    Our guilt and misery to remove,  
To that blest Spirit who life imparts,  
Who rules in all believing hearts,  
    Be endless glory, praise, and love.

**Another [Hymn to the Trinity].**

- 1         Let heaven and earth agree  
           The Father's praise to sing,  
Who draws us to the Son, that he  
           May us to glory bring.
- 2         Honour and endless love,  
           Let God the Son receive,  
Who saves us here, and prays above,  
           That we with him may live.

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<sup>45</sup>“And” changed to “in” in *Gloria Patri* (1746).

<sup>46</sup>This is a slightly revised version of verse 2 of Samuel Wesley's adaptation of Psalm CXVII, in *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 259–60. John Wesley had included both verses of this adaptation (unrevised) in *CPH* (1737), 9.

3        Be everlasting praise  
          To God the Spirit given,  
Who now attests us sons of grace,  
          And seals us<sup>47</sup> heirs of heaven.

4        Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,  
          We'll sing the One and Three,  
With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd  
          To all eternity.

**Another [Hymn to the Trinity].**

1        Father of mankind,  
          Be ever ador'd:  
Thy mercy we find,  
          In sending our Lord  
To ransom and bless us:  
          Thy goodness we praise,  
For sending in Jesus  
          Salvation by grace.

2        O Son of his love,  
          Who deignedst to die,  
Our curse to remove,  
          Our pardon to buy;  
Accept our thanksgiving,  
          Almighty to save,  
Who openest heaven,  
          To all that believe.

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<sup>47</sup>Charles Wesley changes "us" to "as" in *All in All* (1761).

- 3 O Spirit of love,  
Of health, and of power,  
Thy working we prove,  
Thy grace we adore;  
Whose inward revealing  
Applies our Lord's blood,  
Attesting, and sealing  
Us children of God.

**Hymn for the Kingswood Colliers.**

- 1 Glory to God, whose sovereign grace  
Hath animated senseless stones,  
Call'd us to stand before his face,  
And rais'd us into Abraham's sons.
- 2 The people that in darkness lay,  
In sin and error's deadly shade,  
Have seen a glorious gospel day,  
In Jesu's lovely face display'd.
- 3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,  
And bare'd thine arm in all our sight,  
Hast made the reprobates thy own,  
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.
- 4 Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,  
To us the great salvation brought,  
Thy word, thy all-creating word,  
That spake at first the world from nought.

- 5 For this the saints lift up their voice,  
And ceaseless praise to thee is given,  
For this the hosts above rejoice:  
We raise the happiness of heaven.
- 6 For this, no longer sons of night,  
To thee our thanks and hearts we give;  
To thee who call'd us into light,  
To thee we die, to thee we live.
- 7 Suffice, that for the season past,  
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues,  
We all thy words behind us cast,  
And loudly sang the drunkard's songs.
- 8 But, O the power of grace divine!  
In hymns we now our voices raise,  
Loudly in strange hosannas join,  
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise!
- 9 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below,  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.<sup>48</sup>

**To Be Sung while at Work.**

- 1 Give we to the Lord above  
Blessing, honour, praise, and love,  
To the God that loos'd our tongue  
Sing we an unwonted song.

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<sup>48</sup>This closing doxology was crafted by Thomas Ken, originally as st. 14 of "A Morning Hymn" in *A Manual of Prayers*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 145.

- 2 He to us hath come unsought,  
Us hath out of darkness brought,  
Darkness such as devils feel,  
Issuing from the pit of hell.
- 3 Had he not in mercy spar'd,  
Hell had been our sure reward;  
There we had receiv'd our hire,  
Fuel<sup>49</sup> of eternal fire.
- 4 But we now extol his name,  
Pluck'd as firebrands from the flame,  
Proofs of his unbounded grace,  
Monuments of endless praise.
- 5 We are now in Jesus found,  
With his praise let earth resound,  
Tell it out thro' all her caves,  
Jesu's name the sinner saves.
- 6 With his blood he us hath bought,  
His we are, who once were not;  
Far, as hell from heaven, remov'd,  
He hath call'd us his belov'd.
- 7 Sing we then with one accord  
Praises to our loving Lord,  
Who the stone to flesh converts,  
Let us give him all our hearts.

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<sup>49</sup>Ori., "Fewel"; corrected in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).

- 8 Harder were they than the rock,  
Till they felt his mercy's stroke,  
Gushing streams did then arise  
From the fountains of our eyes.
- 9 Never let them cease to flow,  
Since we now our Jesus know,  
Let us, till we meet above,  
Sing, and pray, and weep, and love.

**Isaiah xxxv.**

- 1 Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,  
Ever faithful to thy word,  
Humbly we our seal set to,  
Testify that thou art true.
- 2 Lo! For us the wilds are glad,  
All in chearful green array'd,  
Opening sweets they all disclose;  
Bud, and blossom as the rose.
- 3 Hark! The wastes have found a voice,  
Lonely desarts now rejoice,  
Gladsom hallelujahs sing,  
All around with praises ring.

- 4 Lo, abundantly they bloom,  
Lebanon is hither come,  
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,  
Sharon's fertile excellence.
- 5 See these barren souls of ours  
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,  
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,  
Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
- 6 We behold (the objects we)  
Christ th' incarnate deity,  
Christ in whom thy glories shine,  
Excellence of strength divine.
- 7 Ye that tremble at his frown,  
He shall lift your hands cast down;  
Christ who all your weakness sees,  
He shall prop your feeble knees.
- 8 Ye of fearful hearts be strong,  
Jesus will not tarry long;  
Fear not, lest his truth should fail,  
Jesus is unchangeable.
- 9 God, your God shall surely come,  
Quell your foes, and seal their doom,  
He shall come, and save you too:  
We, O Lord, have found thee true.



- 10 Blind we were, but now we see,  
Deaf—we hearken now to thee,  
Dumb—for thee our tongues employ,  
Lame—and lo! We leap for joy!
- 11 Faint we were, and parch'd with drought,  
Water at thy word gush'd out,  
Streams of grace our thirst refresh,  
Starting from the wilderness.
- 12 Still we gasp thy grace to know;  
Here forever let it flow,  
Make the thirsty land a pool,  
Fix the Spirit in our soul.
- 13 Where the antient dragon lay,  
Open for thyself a way,  
There let holy tempers rise,  
All the fruits of paradise.
- 14 Lead us in the way of peace,  
In the path of righteousness,  
Never by the sinner trod,  
Till he feels the cleansing blood.
- 15 There the simple cannot stray,  
Babes, tho' blind, may find their way,  
Find, nor ever thence depart,  
Safe in lowliness of heart.

- 16 Far from fear, from danger far,  
No devouring beast is there;  
There the humble walk secure,  
God hath made their footsteps sure.
- 17 Jesu, mighty to redeem,  
Let our lot be cast with them,  
Far from earth our souls remove,  
Ransom'd by thy dying love.
- 18 Leave us not below to mourn,  
Fain we would to thee return,  
Crown'd with righteousness arise,  
Far above these nether skies.
- 19 Come, and all our sorrows chase,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Gladness let us now obtain,  
Partners of thy endless reign.
- 20 Death, the latest foe destroy;  
Sorrow then shall yield to joy,  
Gloomy grief shall flee away,  
Swallow'd up in endless day.

**For a Minister.**<sup>50</sup>

- 1 Ah! My dear Master! Can it be  
That I should lose by serving thee?  
In seeking souls should lose my own,  
And others save, myself undone?
- 2 Yet am I lost (shouldst thou depart)  
Betray'd by this deceitful heart,  
Destroy'd, if thou my labour bless,  
And ruin'd by my own success.
- 3 Hide me! If thou refuse to hide,  
I fall a sacrifice to pride:  
I cannot shun the fowler's snare,  
The fiery test I cannot bear.
- 4 Helpless to thee for aid I cry,  
Unable to resist, or fly:  
I must not, Lord, the task decline,  
For all I have, and am is thine.
- 5 And well thou know'st I did not seek,  
Uncall'd of God, for God to speak,  
The dreadful charge I sought to flee,  
"Send whom thou wilt, but send not me."

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<sup>50</sup>Included in George Whitefield's *Continuation of the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's Journal, from a few Days after his Return to Georgia to his Arrival at Falmouth* (London: William Strahan, 1741), 84–85.

- 6 Long did my coward flesh delay,  
And still I tremble to obey,  
Thy will be done, I faintly cry,  
But rather—suffer me to die.
- 7 Ah! Rescue me from earth and sin,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
More, more than hell myself I dread,  
Ah! Cover my defenceless head!
- 8 Surely thou wilt. Thou canst not send,  
And not my helpless soul defend,  
Call me to stand in danger's hour,  
And not support me with thy power.
- 9 Lord, I believe the promise true,  
“Behold, I always am with you;”  
Always if thou with me remain,  
Hell, earth, and sin shall rage in vain.
- 10 Give me thine all-sufficient grace—  
Then hurl your fiery darts of praise,  
Jesus and me ye ne'er shall part,  
For God is greater than my heart.

**At Setting Out to Preach the Gospel.<sup>51</sup>**

- 1 Angel of God, whate'er betide,  
Thy summons I obey;  
Jesus, I take thee for my guide,  
And walk in thee my way.
- 2 Secure from danger, and from dread,  
Nor earth nor hell shall move,  
Since over me thy hand hath spread  
The banner of thy love.
- 3 To leave my Captain I disdain,  
Behind I will not stay,  
Tho' shame, and loss, and bonds, and pain,  
And death obstruct the way.
- 4 Me to thy suffering self conform,  
And arm me with thy power,  
Then burst the cloud, descend the storm,  
And come the fiery hour!
- 5 Then shall I bear thy utmost will,  
When first the strength is given—  
Come, foolish world, my body kill,  
And drive my soul to heaven!

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<sup>51</sup>Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as March 16, 1739.

**Acts iv. 24, &c.**

- 1 Almighty, universal Lord,  
Maker of heaven and earth art thou,  
All things sprang forth t' obey thy word,  
Thy powerful word upholds them now.
- 2 Why then with unavailing rage  
Did heathens with thy people join,  
And impotently fierce engage  
To execute their vain design.
- 3 Indignant kings stood up t' oppose  
The Lord, and his Messiah's reign,  
And earth's confed'rate rulers rose  
Against their God in council vain.
- 4 Surely against thy holy Son,  
(Son of thy love, and sent by thee,  
One with th' anointing Spirit, one  
With thy coequal majesty).
- 5 Herod and Pilate both combin'd  
Thy sovereign purpose to fulfill;  
Gentiles and Jews unconscious join'd  
T' accomplish thy eternal will.

- 6 And now their idle fury view,  
And now behold their threatenings, Lord;  
Behold thy faithful servants too,  
And strengthen us to speak thy word.
- 7 Embolden by thine out-stretch'd arm,  
Fill us with confidence divine,  
With heavenly zeal our bosoms warm,  
That all may own, the work is thine;
- 8 May see the tokens of thy hand,  
Its sovereign grace, its healing power,  
No more their happiness withstand,  
And fight against their God no more.
- 9 Now let their opposition cease,  
Now let them catch the quick'ning flame,  
And forc'd to yield, the signs increase,  
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.

**To Be Sung in a Tumult.**

- 1 Earth rejoice, the Lord is King!  
Sons of men, his praises sing;  
Sing ye in triumphant strains,  
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

- 2 Power is all to Jesus given,  
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven,  
Every knee to him shall bow—  
Satan hear, and tremble now!
- 3 Roaring lion, own his power:  
Us thou never canst devour,  
Pluck'd we are out of thy teeth,  
Sav'd by Christ from hell and death.
- 4 Tho' thou bruise in us his heel,  
Sorer vengeance shalt thou feel:  
Christ, the woman's conqu'ring seed,  
Christ in us shall bruise thy head.
- 5 Tho' the floods lift up their voice,  
Calm we hear thy children's noise:  
Horribly they rage in vain;  
God is mightier than man.
- 6 Jesus greater we proclaim,  
Him in us, than thee in them:  
Thee their god he overpowers;  
Thou art theirs, and Christ is ours.
- 7 Strong in Christ we thee defy,  
Dare thee all thy force to try,  
Work in them, the slaves of sin,  
Stir up all thy hell within:



- 8 All thy hosts to battle bring:  
Shouts in us a stronger King,  
Lifts our hearts and voices high—  
Hark, the morning-stars reply!
- 9 Angels and archangels join,  
All triumphantly combine,  
All in Jesu's praise agree,  
Carrying on his victory.
- 10 Tho' the sons of night blaspheme,  
More there are with us than them,  
God with us, we cannot fear:—  
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!
- 11 Lo! To faith's inlightned sight  
All the mountain flames with light!  
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,  
Circling us with hosts of fire.
- 12 Our Messiah is come down,  
Points us to the victor's crown,  
Bids us take our seats above,  
More than conqu'rors in his love.
- 13 Yes; the future work is done,  
Christ the Saviour reigns alone,  
Forces Satan to submit,  
Bruises him beneath our feet.

14 We the evil angels doom  
Antedate the joys to come,  
See the dear Redeemer's face  
Sav'd, already sav'd by grace!

**[1 John iii. 18.]**

**“Little children, love one another.”**

- 1 Giver of concord, Prince of Peace,  
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,  
Bid our unruly passions cease,  
O quench them with thy blood.
- 2 Rebuke the seas, the tempest chide,  
Our stubborn wills controul,  
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,  
And calm our troubled soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,  
Its enmity destroy,  
With cords of love th' old Adam bind,  
And melt him into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,  
And in our inward parts  
Let kindness sweetly write her law,  
Let love command our hearts.

- 5 O let *thy* love our hearts constrain!  
Jesus the crucified,  
What hast thou done our hearts to gain,  
Languish'd, and groan'd, and died!
- 6 Who would not now pursue the way  
Where Jesu's footsteps shine?  
Who would not own the pleasing sway  
Of charity divine?
- 7 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,  
Our jarring wills controul;  
Let cordial, kind affections rise,  
And harmonize the soul.
- 8 Thee let us feel benignly near,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
The sounding of thy bowels hear,  
And answer thee with ours.
- 9 O let us find the antient way  
Our wond'ring foes to move,  
And force the heathen world to say,  
"See how these Christians love!"

**For the Anniversary Day of  
One's Conversion.**

- 1    Glory to God, and praise, and love  
      Be ever, ever given;  
      By saints below, and saints above,  
      The church in earth and heaven.
  
- 2    On this glad day the glorious Sun  
      Of righteousness arose,  
      On my benighted soul he shone,  
      And fill'd it with repose.
  
- 3    Sudden expir'd the legal strife,  
      'Twas then I ceas'd to grieve,  
      My second, real, living life  
      I then began to live.
  
- 4    Then with my *heart* I first believ'd,  
      Believ'd, with faith divine,  
      Power with the Holy Ghost receiv'd  
      To call the Saviour *mine*.
  
- 5    I felt my Lord's atoning blood  
      Close to *my* soul applied;  
      *Me, me* he lov'd—the Son of God  
      For *me*, for *me* he died!

- 6 I found, and own'd his promise true,  
Ascertain'd of *my* part,  
My pardon pass'd in heaven I *knew*  
When written on my heart.
- 7 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 8 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread thro' all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.
- 9 Jesus the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis musick in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace!
- 10 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the prisoner free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 11 He speaks; and listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor *believe*.

- 12 Hear him ye deaf, his praise ye dumb  
Your loosen'd tongues employ,  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 13 Look unto him, ye nations, own  
Your God, ye fallen race!  
Look, and be sav'd, thro' faith alone;  
Be justified, by grace!
- 14 See all your sins on Jesus laid;  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For *every soul* of man.
- 15 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves  
In holy triumph join!  
Sav'd is the sinner that believes  
From crimes as great as mine.
- 16 Murtherers, and all ye hellish crew,  
Ye sons of lust and pride,  
Believe the Saviour died for you;  
For me the Saviour died.
- 17 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,  
And Christ shall give you light,  
Cast all your sins into the deep,  
And wash the Ethiop white.

18 With me, your chief, you then shall *know*,  
Shall feel your sins forgiven;  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own, that love is heaven.

**1 John ii. 3.**

1 Father, if I have sinn'd, with thee  
An advocate I have:  
Jesus the just shall plead for me,  
The sinner Christ shall save.

2 Pardon and peace in him I find;  
But not for me alone  
The Lamb was slain; for all mankind  
His blood did once atone.

3 My soul is on thy promise cast,  
And lo! I claim my part:  
The universal pardon's past;  
O seal it on my heart.

4 Thou canst not now thy grace deny;  
Thou canst not but forgive:  
Lord, if thy justice asks me why—  
In Jesus I believe!

**To Be Sung at Meals.**<sup>52</sup>

- 1    Come let us lengthen out the feast,  
      To thankfulness improve,  
      God in his gifts delight to taste,  
      And pay them back in love.
- 2    His providence supplies our needs,  
      And life and strength imparts;  
      His open hand our bodies feeds,  
      And fills with joy our hearts.
- 3    But will he not our souls sustain,  
      And nourish with his grace?  
      Yes: for thou wilt not say, in vain  
      My people seek my face.
- 4    See then we take thee at thy word,  
      With confidence draw nigh,  
      We claim, and of thy Spirit, Lord,  
      Expect a fresh supply.
- 5    The sinner, when he comes to thee,  
      His fond pursuit gives o'er,  
      From nature's sickly cravings free,  
      He pines for earth no more.

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<sup>52</sup>Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 14–15.



- 6 Lord, we believe; and taste thee good,  
Thee all-sufficient own,  
And hunger after heavenly food,  
And thirst for God alone.

**Before a Journey.**

- 1 Forth at thy call, O Lord, I go,  
Thy counsel to fulfill:  
'Tis all my business here below,  
Father, to do thy will.
- 2 To do thy will, while here I make  
My short, unfixed abode,  
An everlasting home I seek,  
A city built by God.
- 3 O when shall I my Canaan gain,  
The land of promis'd ease,  
And leave this world of sin and pain,  
This howling wilderness!
- 4 Come to my help, come quickly, Lord,  
For whom alone I sigh,  
O let me hear the gracious word,  
And get me up, and die!

**Another [Before a Journey].**

- 1 Angels attend ('tis God commands)  
And make me now your care:  
Hover around, and in your hands  
My soul securely bear.
- 2 With outstretch'd wings my temples shade;  
To you the charge is given:  
Are ye not all sent forth to aid  
Th' anointed heirs of heaven?
- 3 Servants of God, both yours and mine,  
Your fellow-servant guard:  
Sweet is the task, if he enjoin,  
His service your reward.
- 4 Then let us join our God to bless,  
Our Master's praise to sing,  
The Lord of hosts, the Prince of Peace,  
Our Father, and our King.
- 5 At him my mounting spirit aims,  
My kindling thoughts aspire,  
(Assist, ye ministerial flames,  
And raise my raptures higher!)

- 6 Upward on wings of love I fly,  
Where all his glories blaze,  
Like you behold with eagle's eye  
My heavenly Father's face.

**On a Journey.**

- 1 Saviour, who ready art to hear,  
(Readier than I to pray)  
Answer my scarcely utter'd prayer,  
And meet me on the way.
- 2 Talk with me, Lord: thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth I rove;  
Speak to my heart, and let it feel  
The kindling of thy love:
- 3 With thee conversing I forget  
All time, and toil, and care:  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.
- 4 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And make my heart rejoice;  
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,  
And eccho to thy voice.

5    Thou callest me to seek thy face—  
      'Tis all I wish to seek,  
      T' attend the whispers of thy grace,  
      And hear thee inly speak.

6    Let this my every hour employ,  
      Till I thy glory see,  
      Enter into my Master's joy,  
      And find my heaven in thee.

**After a Journey.**

1    Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out,  
      O bless my coming in,  
      Compass my weakness round about,  
      And keep me safe from sin.

2    Still hide me in thy secret place,  
      Thy tabernacle spread,  
      Shelter me with preserving grace,  
      And guard my naked head.

3    To thee for refuge may I run,  
      From sin's alluring snare,  
      Ready its first approach to shun,  
      And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more  
Might from thy ways depart!  
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,  
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,  
And then from earth release:  
I ask not life; but let me love,  
And lay me down in peace.

**At Lying Down.**<sup>53</sup>

1 How do thy mercies close me round!  
For ever be thy name ador'd!  
I blush in all things to abound;  
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Enur'd to poverty and pain,  
A suffering life my Master led,  
The Son of God, the Son of man,  
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! A place he hath prepar'd  
For me, whom watchful angels keep,  
Nay, he himself becomes my guard,  
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

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<sup>53</sup>Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 4–5.

- 4 Jesus protects; my fears be gone!  
What can the Rock of Ages move?  
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,  
Thy everlasting arms of love!
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest?  
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy,  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,  
In time, and in eternity;  
Thou never, never wilt forsake  
An helpless worm that trusts in thee.
- 8 Wherefore in confidence I close  
My eyes, for thine are open still;  
My spirit lull'd in calm repose,  
Waits for the counsels of thy will.
- 9 After thy likeness let me rise,  
If here thou will'st my longer stay,  
Or close in mortal sleep my eyes,  
To open them in endless day.

- 10 Still let me run, or end my race;  
I cannot chuse, I all resign;  
Contract or lengthen out my days;  
Come life, come death; for Christ is mine.

**Groaning for the Spirit of Adoption.**<sup>54</sup>

- 1 Father, if thou my Father art,  
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son,  
Breathe him into my panting heart,  
And make me know, as I am known:  
Make me thy conscious child, that I  
May “Father, Abba, Father” cry.
- 2 I want the Sp’rit<sup>55</sup> of power within,  
Of love, and of an healthful mind;  
Of power, to conquer inbred sin,  
Of love to thee, and all mankind,  
Of health, that pain and death defies,  
Most vig’rous, when the body dies.
- 3 When shall I hear the inward voice,  
Which only faithful souls can hear!  
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys  
Attend the promis’d Comforter:  
He comes! And righteousness divine,  
And Christ, and all with Christ is mine!

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<sup>54</sup>A manuscript draft of the first four and one-third stanzas of this hymn, on a sheet in the volume titled “Presidents of the British Wesleyan Conference,” is held in Special Collections of Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary Library. It is titled simply “For the Spirit of Adoption.”

<sup>55</sup>Spelled out as “Spirit” in manuscript draft.

- 4 O that the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit, as a transient guest,  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And take<sup>56</sup> possession of my breast,  
And make my soul his lov'd abode,  
The temple of indwelling God.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,  
Attest that I am born again!  
Come, and baptize me now with fire,  
Or all thy former gifts are vain.  
I cannot rest in sin forgiven;  
Where is the earnest of *my* heaven!
- 6 Where thy indubitable seal  
That ascertains the kingdom mine,  
The powerful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine:  
O shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fulness of love,—of heaven—of God!

**Universal Redemption.**<sup>57</sup>

- 1 Saviour of all, by God design'd  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,  
Mighty restorer of mankind,  
In whom we all, tho' dead, may live:

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<sup>56</sup>“Keep” instead of “take” in the manuscript draft.

<sup>57</sup>This hymn was omitted from 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following, because it had been transferred to *HGEL* (1741), 32.



- 2 In rapture lost, on thee I gaze,  
Thy universal goodness prove,  
Adore the riches of thy grace,  
And triumph in thy boundless love.
- 3 Rest to my soul I now have found,  
My interest in thy blood I see;  
On this my confidence I ground,  
Who died for all, hath died for *me*!
- 4 For *me*, for *me* the Saviour died!  
Surely thy grace for all is free:  
*I feel* it now by faith *applied*:  
Who died for all, hath died for *me*!
- 5 No dire decree obtain'd thy seal,  
Or fix'd th' unalterable doom,  
Consign'd my unborn soul to hell,  
Or damn'd me from my mother's womb.
- 6 Who that beholds thy lovely face,  
Can doubt, if all thy grace may share:  
So strong the lines of *general* grace—  
Grace, grace is *all* that's written there.
- 7 Loving to *every* man thou art!  
Sinners, ye all his grace may prove;  
He bears you all upon his heart:  
God is not HATE, but God is LOVE!

**Another [Universal Redemption].<sup>58</sup>**

- 1    Father, whose hand on *all* bestows  
      *Sufficiency of saving* grace,  
      Whose universal love o'erflows  
      The whole of Adam's fallen race;
- 2    Within no narrow bounds confin'd,  
      The vast, unfathomable sea  
      Swells, and embraces all mankind—  
      For, O my God, it reach'd to *me!*
- 3    If I could hear thy quick'ning call,  
      Then all *may* seek, and find thee too;  
      Surely thou loving art to all,  
      And I stand forth to prove it true.
- 4    Was there a man thou *doom'st* to die,  
      How justly then might I despair!  
      For who so vile a wretch as I?  
      For who so bold his God to dare?
- 5    Was there a single soul *decreed*  
      Thy unrelenting hate to know,  
      Then I were he—and well might dread  
      The horrors of eternal woe.

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<sup>58</sup>Omitted from 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

- 6 But O in vain the tempter tries  
To shake the Rock that ne'er shall move;  
My stedfast soul his power defies,  
Secure in this, that God is love.
- 7 Whoe'er admits; my soul disowns  
The image of a *tort'ring* God,  
Well-pleas'd with human shrieks and groans,  
A fiend, a Molock gorg'd with blood!
- 8 Good God! That any child of thine,  
So *horribly* should think of thee!  
Lo! All my hopes I here resign,  
If *all may* not find grace with *me*.
- 9 If fury can in thee have place,  
Empty it on my helpless head,  
Cut off, exclude *me* from thy grace,  
Unless for *all* the Saviour bled.
- 10 If *all may* not thy mercy claim,  
On *me* the vengeful bolt let fall,  
Take back *my* interest in the Lamb,  
Unless the victim died for all.

**Another [Universal Redemption].<sup>59</sup>**

- 1 Hear, holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Father of all mankind,  
Spirit of truth,<sup>60</sup> eternal Word,  
In mystic union join'd!
- 2 Hear, and inspire my stammering tongue,  
Exalt my abject thought,  
Speak from my mouth a sacred song,  
Who spak'st the world from nought.
- 3 Thy darling attribute I praise,  
Which all alike may prove,  
The glory of thy boundless grace,  
Thy universal love.
- 4 Mercy I sing, transporting sound,  
The joy of earth and heaven!  
Mercy, by every sinner found,  
Who takes what God hath given.
- 5 Mercy for all thy hands have made,  
Immense, and unconfi'd,  
Throughout thy every work display'd,  
Embracing all mankind.

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<sup>59</sup>This hymn appeared first as an appendix to John Wesley's sermon *Free Grace*—see "Universal Redemption" (1739).

<sup>60</sup>This reads "Spirit of love" in 1739 original and in all later reprints.

- 6 Thine eye survey'd the fallen race,  
When sunk in sin they lay,  
Their misery call'd for all thy grace,  
But justice stopp'd the way.
- 7 Mercy the fatal bar remov'd,  
Thy only Son it gave,  
To save a world so dearly lov'd,  
A sinful world to save.
- 8 *For every man he tasted death,*  
*He suffer'd once for all,*  
He calls as many souls as breathe,  
And all *may* hear the call.
- 9 A power to chuse, a will t' obey,  
Freely his grace *restores*;  
We all *may* find the living way,  
And call the Saviour ours.
- 10 Whom his eternal mind *foreknew*,  
That they the power would use,  
Ascribe to God the glory due,  
And not his grace refuse;
- 11 Them, only them his will *decreed*,  
Them did he *chuse* alone,  
*Ordain'd* in Jesu's steps to tread,  
And to be like his Son.

- 12    Them, *the elect*, consenting few,  
          Who yield to proffer'd love,  
          *Justify'd* here, he *forms anew*,  
          And *glorifies* above.
- 13    For as in Adam all have died,  
          So all in Christ may live,  
          May (for the world is justified)  
          His righteousness *receive*.
- 14    Whoe'er to God for pardon fly,  
          In Christ may be forgiven,  
          He speaks to all, "Why *will* ye die,  
          And not accept my heaven?"
- 15    No! In the death of him that dies  
          (God by his life hath sworn)  
          He is not pleas'd; but ever cries,  
          "Turn, O ye sinners, turn."
- 16    He would that all his truths should own,  
          His gospel all embrace,  
          Be justify'd by faith alone,  
          And freely sav'd by grace.
- 17    And shall I, Lord, confine thy love,  
          As not to others free?  
          And may not every sinner prove  
          The grace that found out *me*?

- 18 Doubtless thro' one eternal now,  
Thou ever art the same,  
The universal Saviour thou,  
And Jesus is thy name.
- 19 Ho! Every one that thirsteth, come!  
Chuse life; obey the word;  
Open your hearts to make him room,  
And banquet with your Lord.
- 20 When God invites, shall man repel?  
Shall man th' exception make?  
"Come, freely come, WHOEVER WILL,  
And living water take."
- 21 Thou bid'st; and would'st thou bid us chuse,  
When purpos'd not to save?  
Command us all a power to use  
Thy mercy never gave?
- 22 Thou canst not mock the sons of men,  
Invite us to draw nigh,  
Offer thy grace to all, and then  
Thy grace to most deny!
- 23 Horror to think that God is hate!  
Fury in God can dwell!  
God could an helpless world create,  
To thrust them into hell!

- 24   Doom them an endless death to die,  
      From which they could not flee,—  
No, Lord! Thine inmost bowels cry  
      Against the dire decree!
- 25   Believe who will that human pain  
      Pleasing to God can prove:  
Let Molock feast him with the slain,  
      Our God, we know, is love.
- 26   Lord, if indeed, without a bound,  
      Infinite love thou art,  
The HORRIBLE DECREE confound,  
      Enlarge thy people's heart!
- 27   Ah! Who is as thy servants blind,  
      So to misjudge their God!  
Scatter the darkness of their mind,  
      And shed thy love abroad.
- 28   Give them conceptions worthy thee,  
      Give them, in Jesu's face,  
Thy merciful design to see,  
      Thy all-redeeming grace.
- 29   Stir up thy strength, and help us, Lord,  
      The preachers multiply,  
Send forth thy light, and give the word,  
      And let the shadows fly.



- 30 O! If thy Spirit send forth me,  
The meanest of the throng,  
I'll sing thy grace divinely free,  
And teach mankind the song.
- 31 Grace will I sing, thro' Jesu's name,  
On all mankind bestow'd;  
The everlasting truth proclaim,  
And seal that truth with blood.
- 32 Come then, thou all-embracing love,  
Our frozen bosom warm;  
Dilating fire, within us move,  
With truth and meekness arm.
- 33 Let us triumphantly ride on,  
And more than conquerors prove,  
With meekness bear th' opposers down,  
And bind with cords of love.
- 34 Shine in our<sup>61</sup> hearts, Father of light;  
Jesu, thy beams impart;  
Spirit of truth, our minds unite,  
And keep us one in heart.
- 35<sup>62</sup> Then, only then our eyes shall see  
Thy promis'd kingdom come;  
And every heart by grace set free,  
Shall make the Saviour room.

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<sup>61</sup>Ori., "their"; a misprint, corrected to 1739 original.

<sup>62</sup>Ori., "36"; a misprint.

36<sup>63</sup> Thee every tongue shall then confess,  
And every knee shall bow;  
Come quickly, Lord, we wait thy grace,  
We long to meet thee now.

**Hymn to Christ the Prophet.**

1           Prophet, on earth bestow'd,  
          A Teacher, sent from God,  
Thee we welcome from above,  
          Sent the Father to reveal,  
Sent to manifest his love,  
          Sent to teach his perfect will.

2           Thee all the seers of old  
          Prefigur'd and foretold;  
Moses thee the Prophet shew'd,  
          Meek and lowly as thou art,  
Abraham, the friend of God,  
          David, after his own heart.

3           The lesser stars that shone,  
          Till thy great course begun,  
With imparted lustre bright,  
          Render'd back their borrow'd ray,  
Pointing to thy perfect light,  
          Ushering in thy glorious day.

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<sup>63</sup>Ori., "35"; a misprint.

- 4           Light of the world below,  
              Thee all mankind may know;  
Thou, the universal friend,  
              Into every soul hast shone:  
O that all *would* comprehend,  
              All adore the rising Sun.
- 5           Thy chearing beams we bless,  
              Bright Sun of righteousness:  
Life and immortality  
              Thou alone to light hast brought,  
Bid the new creation be,  
              Call'd the world of grace from nought.
- 6           Image of God most high  
              Display'd to mortal eye,  
Thee the patriarchs beheld,  
              Thee the angel they ador'd,  
Oft in diverse ways reveal'd  
              Christ the everlasting Lord.
- 7           Thy Godhead we revere,  
              Wonderful Counsellor!  
Thou the Father's wisdom art,  
              Great Apostle, thee we praise,  
Chose thy people to convert,  
              Jacob's fallen tribes to raise.
- 8           The Gentiles too may see  
              Their covenant in thee,  
Opener of their blinded eyes,  
              Thee the gracious Father gave:  
Rise on all, in glory rise,  
              Save a world thou cam'st to save.

- 9           For this the heavenly Dove  
              Descended from above,  
He, immeasurably shed,  
              Christ the Prophet mark'd and seal'd,  
Pour'd upon thy sacred head,  
              Thee th' anointing Spirit fill'd.
- 10           Ah give us, Lord, to know  
              Thy office here below;  
Preach deliverance to the poor,  
              Sent for this, O Christ, thou art,  
Jesu, all our sickness cure;  
              Bind thou up the broken heart.
- 11           Publish the joyful year  
              Of God's acceptance near,  
Preach glad tidings to the meek,  
              Liberty to spirits bound,  
General, free redemption speak,  
              Spread thro' earth the gospel-sound.
- 12           Humbly behold we sit,  
              And listen at thy feet;  
Never will we hence remove;  
              Lo! To thee our souls we bow,  
Tell us of the Father's love;  
              Speak; for, Lord, we hear thee now.
- 13           Master, to us reveal  
              His acceptable will;  
Ever for thy law we wait,  
              Write it in our inward parts,  
Our dark minds illuminate,  
              Grave thy kindness on our hearts.

- 14           Thine be the choicest store  
              Of blessings evermore!  
Thee we hear, on thee we gaze,  
              Fairer than the sons of men,  
Who can see that lovely face,  
              Who can hear those words in vain?
- 15           Spirit they are, and life,  
              They end the sinner's strife:  
God they shew benign and mild;  
              Glory be to God on high!  
Now we know him reconcil'd,  
              Now we "Abba Father" cry!
- 16           Thou art the truth, the way,  
              O teach us how to pray;  
Worship spiritual and true  
              Still instruct us how to give,  
Let us pay the service due,  
              Let us to God's glory live.
- 17           Holy and true, the key  
              Of David rests on thee.  
Come, Messiah, all things tell,  
              Make us to salvation wise,  
Shut the gates of death and hell,  
              Open, open paradise.
- 18           Servant of God, confess  
              His truth and faithfulness;  
God, the gracious God proclaim,  
              Publish him thro' earth abroad;  
Let the Gentiles know thy name,  
              Let us all be taught of God.

- 19           Witness, within us place  
              The Spirit of his grace;  
Teach us inwardly, and guide  
              By an unction from above,  
Let it in our hearts abide,  
              Source of light, and life, and love.
- 20           Pronounce our happy doom,  
              And shew us things to come:  
All the depths of love display,  
              All the mystery unfold,  
Speak us seal'd to thy great day,  
              In the book of life inroll'd.
- 21           Shepherd, securely keep  
              Thy little flock of sheep;  
Call'd and gather'd into one,  
              Feed us, in green pastures feed,  
Make us quietly lie down,  
              By the streams of comfort lead.
- 22           Thou, even thou art he,  
              Whom pain and sorrow flee:  
Comforter of all that mourn,  
              Let us by thy guidance come,  
Crown'd with endless joy return  
              To our everlasting home.

[Luke xv. 21.]

**“Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”**

- 1     When I was a little child,  
          O what sweetness did I prove!  
      Then on me my Father smil'd,  
          Clasp'd me in the arms of love;  
      Bore me all my infant days,  
          Gently by his Spirit led,  
      Dandled me upon his knees,  
          Made me on his promise feed.
  
- 2     But alas! I soon rebell'd,  
          Would not cast on him my care,  
      Swell'd with pride, with passion swell'd,  
          I could neither fall, nor err.  
      I was strong and able grown,  
          I could for myself provide,  
      I had wisdom of my own:  
          Let the weaker seek a guide.
  
- 3     When to him I would not look,  
          Griev'd and hardly forc'd away,  
      Me my guide at length forsook,  
          Me my Father left to stray.  
      Angrily he hid his face:  
          Careless of his smile or frown,  
      I pursued my evil ways,  
          Frowardly in sin went on.

- 4     Back recall'd, I know not how,  
          Father, I my folly mourn:  
If thou art my Father now,  
          Now assist me to return.  
Freely my backslidings heal,  
          Once again become my guide,  
Save me from my wayward will,  
          Empty me of self and pride.
- 5     Thou who all my ways hast seen,  
          Since I would from thee depart,  
Suffer me no more to lean  
          To my own deceitful heart.  
O repair my grievous loss,  
          Comfort to my soul restore:  
Once a little child I was:  
          Lift me up to fall no more.
- 6     Give me back my innocence,  
          Give me back my filial fears,  
Humble, loving confidence,  
          Praying sighs, and speaking tears.  
Weak and helpless may I be,  
          To thy only will resign'd,  
Ever hanging upon thee,  
          Simple, ignorant, and blind.
- 7     Abba Father! Hear my cry,  
          Look upon thy weeping child,  
Weeping at thy feet I ly,  
          Kiss me, and be reconcil'd:<sup>64</sup>

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<sup>64</sup>John Wesley marks this verse for omission in his personal copy of the 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756).



Take me up into thine arms,  
Let me hang upon thy breast,  
Hide me there secure from harms,  
Lull my sorrowing soul to rest.

**At the Approach of Temptation.**

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power  
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head;
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see:  
O help me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 On thee my helpless soul is cast,  
And looks again thy grace to prove:  
I call to mind the wonders past,  
The countless wonders of thy love.
- 4 Thou, Lord, my spirit oft hast staid,  
Hast snatch'd me from the gaping tomb,  
A monument of mercy made,  
And rescu'd me from wrath to come.

- 5     Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,  
          And gave me back to thy command:  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
          Safe in the hollow of thy hand.
- 6     Oft from the margin of the grave  
          Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head:  
Sudden I found thee near to save;  
          The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.
- 7     But O! The mightier work of grace,  
          That still the life of faith I live,  
That still I pant to sing thy praise,  
          That still my all I gasp to give!
- 8     Pluck'd from the roaring lion's teeth,  
          Caught up from the eternal fire,  
Snatch'd from the gates of hell I breathe,  
          And lo! To heaven I still aspire!
- 9     Whither, O whither should I fly,  
          But to my loving Saviour's breast;  
Secure within thy arms to lie,  
          And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 10    I see the fiery trial near,  
          But thou, my God, art still the same;  
Hell, earth, and sin I scorn to fear,  
          Divinely arm'd with Jesu's name.

- 11 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:  
I ever into ruin run,  
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 12 I have no might t' oppose the foe,  
But everlasting strength is thine.  
Shew me the way that I should go,  
Shew me the path I should decline.
- 13 Which shall I leave, and which pursue?  
Thou only my adviser be;  
My God, I know not what to do;  
But Oh! Mine eyes are fix'd on thee!
- 14 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known,  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 15 Enlarge my heart to make thee room,  
Enter, and in me ever stay;  
The crooked then shall strait become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day!

**In Temptation.**

- 1    Where, my soul, is now thy boast?  
      Where the sense of sin forgiven?  
      Destitute, tormented, lost,  
      Down the stream of nature driven,  
      Crush'd by sin's redoubled load;  
      Where, my soul, is now thy God!
  
- 2    Far from me my God is gone,  
      All my joys with him are fled,  
      Every comfort is withdrawn,  
      Peace is lost, and hope is dead;  
      Sin, and only sin I feel,  
      Pride, and lust, and self, and hell.
  
- 3    Did I then my soul deceive?  
      Rashly claim a part in thee?  
      Did I, Lord, in vain believe,  
      Falsely hope thou diedst for me?  
      Must I back my hopes restore,  
      Trust thou diedst for me no more.
  
- 4    No—I never will resign  
      What of thee by faith I know;  
      Never cease to call thee mine,  
      Never will I let thee go;  
      Be it I my soul deceive,  
      Yet I will, I will believe.

5 Tho' I groan beneath thy frown,  
Hence I will not cannot fly;  
Tho' thy justice cast me down,  
At thy mercy-seat I ly;  
Let me here my sentence meet,  
Let me perish at thy feet!

**Job xxiii. 8, 9, 10.**

1 Forward I now in duties go,  
But O! My Saviour is not there!  
Heavy he makes me drive, and slow,  
Without the chariot-wheels of prayer.

2 I look to former times, and strain  
The footsteps of my God to trace;  
Backward I go (but still in vain)  
To find the tokens of his grace.

3 Surrounded by his power I stand,  
His work on other souls I see,  
He deals his gifts on either hand,  
But still he hides himself from me.

4 Groaning I languish at his stay,  
But he regards my every groan;  
Dark and disconsolate my way;  
But still my way to him is known.

- 5     When fully he my faith hath tried,  
       Like gold I in the fire shall shine,  
Come forth when seven times purified,  
       And strongly bear the stamp divine.

**After a Relapse into Sin.**

- 1     My God, my God, on thee I call,  
       Thee only would I know:  
One drop of blood on me let fall,  
       And wash me white as snow.
- 2     Touch me, and make the leper clean,  
       Purge my iniquity:  
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
       I have no part in thee.
- 3     But art thou not already mine?  
       Answer, if mine thou art!  
Whisper within, thou love divine,  
       And cheer my doubting heart.
- 4     Tell me again, my peace is made,  
       And bid the sinner live,  
The debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid,  
       My Father must forgive.

- 5     Father, forgive thy froward child,  
          I ask in Jesu's name,  
I languish to be reconcil'd,—  
          And reconcil'd I am.
- 6     Behold for me the victim bleeds,  
          His wounds are open'd wide,  
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
          And speaks me justified.
- 7     O why did I my Saviour leave,  
          So soon unfaithful prove?  
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,  
          And sin against thy love?
- 8     I forced thee first to disappear,  
          I turn'd thy face aside—  
Ah! Lord, if thou hadst still been here,  
          Thy servant had not died.
- 9     But O! How soon thy wrath is o'er,  
          And pard'ning love takes place!  
Assist me, Saviour, to adore  
          The riches of thy grace.
- 10    O could I lose myself in thee!  
          Thy depth of mercy prove,  
Thou vast unfathomable sea  
          Of unexhausted love!

11 My humbled soul, when thou art near,  
In dust and ashes lyes:  
How shall a sinful worm appear,  
Or meet thy purer eyes!

12 I loath myself, when God I see,  
And into nothing fall,  
Content, if thou exalted be,  
And Christ be all in all.

**Against Hope, Believing in Hope.**

1 My God! I know, I feel thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim,  
Till all I have be lost in thine,  
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
I will not let thee go,  
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour  
That plants my God in me!  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty!



- 4 Jesu, thy all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove  
Rooted and fixt in God.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,  
The strength of sin subdue,  
(Mine own unconquerable sin)  
And form my soul anew.
- 6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,  
The stone to flesh convert,  
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break  
An adamantine heart.
- 7 O! That in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!
- 8 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,  
Spirit of burning come!
- 9 Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul,  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.

- 10 Sorrow and self shall then expire,  
While entred into rest,  
I only live my God t' admire,  
My God forever blest.
- 11 No longer then my heart shall mourn,  
While purified by grace,  
I only for his glory burn,  
And always see his face.
- 12 My stedfast soul, from falling free,  
Can now no longer move;  
Jesus is all the world to me,  
And all my heart is love.

[Matthew v. 4.]

**“Blessed are they that mourn.”**<sup>65</sup>

- 1 Gracious soul, to whom are given  
Holy hungriings after heaven,  
Restless breathings, earnest moans,  
Deep, unutterable groans,  
Agonies of strong desire,  
Love's supprest, *unconscious* fire;
- 2 Turn again to God thy rest,  
Jesus hath pronounc'd thee blest:  
Humbly to thy Jesus turn  
Comforter of all that mourn:  
Happy mourner, hear, and see,  
Claim the promise made to thee.

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<sup>65</sup>This hymn appeared first in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. of *HSP* (1739), 100–102; it was then moved to this collection.

- 3 Lift to him thy weeping eye,  
Heaven behind the cloud descry:  
If with Christ thou suffer here,  
When his glory shall appear,  
Christ his suffering son shall own;  
Thine the cross, and thine the crown.
- 4 Just thro' him, behold thy way  
Shining to the perfect day:  
Dying thus to all beneath,  
Fashion'd to thy Saviour's death,  
Him the resurrection prove,  
Rais'd to all the life of love.
- 5 What if here a while thou grieve,  
God shall endless comfort give:  
Sorrow may a night endure,  
Joy returns as day-light sure:  
Praise shall then thy life employ:  
Sow in tears, and reap in joy.<sup>66</sup>
- 6 Doth thy Lord prolong his stay?  
Mercy wills the kind delay:  
Hides he still his lovely face?  
Lo! He waits to shew his grace:  
Seems he absent from thy heart?  
'Tis, that he may ne'er depart.
- 7 Gently will he lead the weak,  
Bruised reeds he ne'er will break;  
Touch'd with sympathizing care,  
Thee he in his arms shall bear,  
Bless with late but lasting peace,  
Fill with all his righteousness.

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<sup>66</sup>Line reads "Sown in tears, and reap'd in joy" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. of *HSP* (1739).

- 8     Couldst thou the Redeemer see,  
       How his bowels yearn on thee!  
       How he marks with pitying eye,  
       Hears his new-born children cry,  
       Bears what every member bears,  
       Groans their groans, and weeps their tears!
- 9     Couldst thou know, as thou art known,  
       Jesus would appear thy own:  
       Most abandon'd tho' it seem,  
       Darkly safe thy soul with him;  
       Farthest when from God remov'd,  
       Nearest then, and most belov'd.
- 10    Feebly then thy hands lift up,  
       Hope, amidst despairing, hope:  
       Stand beneath thy load of grief,  
       Stagger not thro' unbelief;  
       Make thy own election sure,  
       Faithful to the end endure.
- 11    God, to keep thee safe from harms,  
       Spreads his everlasting arms,  
       Feeds with secret strength divine,  
       Waits to whisper "Thou art mine!"  
       His that thou may'st ever be,  
       Now he hides himself from thee.
- 12    Meekly then persist to mourn,  
       Soon he will, he must return:  
       Call on him; he hears thy cry,  
       Soon he will, he must draw nigh;  
       This the hope, which nought can move,  
       God is truth, and God is love!

**[Habakkuk ii. 4.]**  
**“The just shall live by faith.”**

- 1    Come hither all, who serve the Lord,  
      Who fear and tremble at his word,  
          Hear me his loving-kindness tell;  
      Hear what he for my soul hath done,  
      And look to prove it in your own;  
          Expect his promis'd love to feel.
  
- 2    Come hither, all ye slaves of sin,  
      Ye beasts without, and fiends within,  
          Glad tidings unto all I shew;  
      Jesus's grace for all is free;  
      Jesus's grace hath found out me,  
          And now he offers it to you.
  
- 3    Dead in the midst of life I was;  
      Unconscious of my Eden's loss,  
          Long did I in the graves remain,  
      A fallen spirit, dark, and void,  
      Unknowing, and unknown of God,  
          I felt not, for I hugg'd, my chain.
  
- 4    He call'd: I answer'd to his call,  
      Confess'd my state, and mourn'd my fall,  
          And strove, and groan'd to be renew'd:  
      With gradual horror then I saw  
      The nature of the fiery law,  
          But knew not then a Saviour's blood.

- 5 For ten long, legal years I lay  
An helpless, tho' reluctant prey  
    To pride, and lust, and earth, and hell:  
Oft to repentance vain renew'd,  
Self-confident for hours I stood,  
    And fell, and griev'd, and rose, and fell.
- 6 I fasted, read, and work'd, and pray'd,  
Call'd holy friendship to my aid,  
    And constant to the altar drew;  
'Tis there, I cried, he *must* be found!  
By vows, and new engagements bound,  
    All his commands I now shall do.
- 7 Soon as the trying hour return'd,  
I sunk before the foes I scorn'd,  
    My firm resolves did all expire:  
Why hath the law of sin prevail'd?  
Why have the bonds of duty fail'd?  
    Alas, the tow hath touch'd the fire.
- 8 Hardly at last I all gave o'er,  
I sought to free myself no more,  
    Too weak to burst the fowler's snare;  
Baffled by twice ten thousand foils,  
I ceas'd to struggle in the toils,  
    And yielded to a just despair.
- 9 'Twas then my soul beheld from far  
The glimmering of an orient star,  
    That pierc'd and chear'd my nature's night;  
Sweetly it dawn'd, and promis'd day,  
Sorrow, and sin it chas'd away,  
    And open'd into glorious light.

- 10 With other eyes I now could see  
The Father reconcil'd to me,  
    Jesus the just had satisfied:  
Jesus had made my sufferings his,  
Jesus was now *my* righteousness;  
    Jesus for *me* had liv'd and died.
- 11 From hence the Christian race I ran,  
From hence the fight of faith began:  
    O 'tis a good, but painful fight!  
When heaviness o'erwhelms the soul,  
When clouds and darkness round me roll,  
    And hide the Saviour from my sight.
- 12 Convinc'd my work was but begun,  
How did I strive, and grieve, and groan,  
    Half yielded, yet refus'd to yield!  
Tempted to give my Saviour up,  
Deny my Lord, abjure my hope,  
    And basely cast away my shield.
- 13 My enemies and friends were join'd,  
God's children with the world's combin'd  
    To shake my confidence in God:  
Strongly they urg'd me to disclaim  
My weaker title to the Lamb,  
    My interest in th' atoning blood.
- 14 So frail, impure, and weak, could I  
Presume for *me* he deign'd to die,  
    For *me* so cold, so void of love!  
Jesu! They bid me thee resign,  
They would not have me call thee mine,  
    Till the whole power of faith I prove.

- 15    What have I known since thee I knew!  
      What trials hast thou brought me thro'!  
          Hardly I yet can credit give:  
      Surely, my soul, 'tis all a dream;  
      Saved as by fire (if sav'd) I seem,  
          If still the life of grace I live!
- 16    What have I felt, while torn within,  
      Full of the energy of sin,  
          Horror to think, and death to tell!  
      The Prince of Darkness rul'd his hour,  
      Suffer'd to shew forth all his power,  
          And shake me o'er the mouth of hell.
- 17    But O! His tyranny is o'er!—  
      How shall my rescu'd soul adore  
          Thy strange, thy unexampled grace!  
      A brand pluck'd from the fire I am!—  
      O Saviour, help me to proclaim,  
          Help me to shew forth all thy praise.
- 18    Fain would I spread thro' earth abroad  
      The goodness of my loving God,  
          And teach the world thy grace to prove.  
      Unutterably good thou art!  
      Read, Jesu, read my panting heart,  
          Thou seest it pants to break with love!
- 19    I only live to find thee there:  
      The mansion for thyself prepare,  
          In love anew my heart create:  
      The mighty change I long to feel:  
      For this my vehement soul stands still,  
          Restless—resign'd—for this I wait.



- 20 I know, my struggling nought avails,  
My strength, and foolish wisdom fails,  
Vain is my toil, and vain my rest:  
Only before thy feet I lay,  
The potter thou, and I the clay,  
Thy will be done, thy will is best.
- 21 I need not urge my eager plea,  
The blood of sprinkling speaks for me,  
Jesus for me vouchsafes t' appear,  
For me before the throne he stands,  
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,  
And shews that I am graven there!
- 22 Suffice it, Lord, I now believe:  
To thee my ransom'd soul I give,  
Hide it, till all life's storms be o'er:  
O keep it safe against that day!  
Thou ever liv'st for me to pray:  
Thy prayer be heard, I ask no more.

**Isaiah xlv. 22.**

**“Look unto me, and be ye saved,  
all ye ends of the earth.”**

- 1 Sinners, your Saviour see!  
O look ye unto me!  
Lift your eyes, ye fallen race!  
I, the gracious God and true,  
I am full of truth and grace,  
Full of truth and grace for you!

2           Look, and be saved from sin!  
          Believe, and be ye clean!  
Guilty, lab'ring souls draw nigh;  
          See the fountain open'd wide;  
To the wounds of Jesus fly,  
          Bathe ye in my bleeding side.

3           Ah dear, redeeming Lord,  
          We take thee at thy word.  
Lo! To thee we ever look,  
          Freely sav'd by grace alone:  
Thou our sins and curse hast took;  
          Thou for all didst once atone.

4           We now the writing see  
          Nail'd to thy cross with thee!  
With thy mangled body torn,  
          Blotted out by blood divine;  
Far away the bond is borne;  
          Thou art ours, and we are thine.

5           On thee we fix our eyes,  
          And wait for fresh supplies;  
Justified, we ask for more,  
          Give th' abiding Spirit, give;  
Lord, thine image here restore,  
          Fully in thy members live.

6           Author of faith appear!  
          Be thou its finisher.  
Upward still for this we gaze,  
          Till we feel the stamp divine,  
Thee behold with open face,  
          Bright in all thy glory shine.

- 7           Leave not thy work undone,  
              But ever love thine own.  
Let us all thy goodness prove,  
              Let us to the end believe;  
Shew thy everlasting love;  
              Save us, to the utmost save.
- 8           O that our life might be  
              One looking up to thee!  
Ever hast'ning to the day  
              When our eyes shall see thee near!  
Come, Redeemer, come away!  
              Glorious in thy saints appear.
- 9           Jesu, the heavens bow,  
              We long to meet thee now!  
Now in majesty come down,  
              Pity thine elect, and come;  
Hear in us<sup>67</sup> thy Spirit groan,  
              Take the weary exiles home.
- 10          Now let thy face be seen,  
              Without a veil between:  
Come and change our faith to sight,  
              Swallow up mortality;  
Plunge us in a sea of light:  
              Christ, be all in all to me!

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<sup>67</sup>Charles Wesley changes “in us” to “us in” in *All in All* (1761).

**Praise for Redemption.  
From the German.<sup>68</sup>**

- 1 High praise to thee, all-gracious God!  
Unceasing praise to thee we pay:  
Naked and wallowing in our blood,  
Unpitied, loath'd of all we lay.  
Thou saw'st, and from th' eternal throne  
Gav'st us thy dear, thy only Son.
- 2 Thro' thy rich grace, in Jesu's blood,  
Blessing, redemption, life we find.  
Our souls wash'd in this cleansing flood,  
No stain of guilt remains behind.  
Who can thy mercy's stores express?  
Unfathomable, numberless!
- 3 Now Christ in us doth live, and we,  
Father, thro' him with thee are one:  
The banner of his love we see,  
And fearless grasp the starry crown.  
Unutterable peace we feel  
In him, and joys unspeakable.
- 4 Now hast thou giv'n us, thro' thy Son,  
The power of living faith to see,  
Unconquerable faith, alone  
That gains o'er all the victory.  
Faith which nor earth nor hell can move,  
Unblameable in perfect love.

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<sup>68</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 27–28 (#25, by Ludwig Andreas Gotter).

- 5 Fully thy<sup>69</sup> quick'ning Sp'rit impart,  
Thou who hast all our sins forgiven;  
O form the Saviour in my heart;  
Seal of thy love, and pledge of heaven.  
For ever be his name imprest  
Both on my hand, and on my breast.
- 6 Thine is whate'er we are: thy grace  
In Christ created us anew,  
To sing thy never-ceasing praise,  
Thy unexhausted love to shew;  
And arm'd with thy great Spirit's aid,  
Blameless in all thy paths to tread.
- 7 Yea, Father, ours thro' him thou art,  
For so is thy eternal will!  
O live, move, reign within my heart,  
My soul with all thy fulness fill:  
My heart, my all I yield to thee:  
Jesus be all in all to me!

**On the Admission of Any  
Person into the Society.**

- 1 Brother in Christ, and well-belov'd,  
To Jesus, and his servants dear,  
Enter, and shew thyself approv'd,  
Enter, and find that God is here!

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<sup>69</sup>Charles Wesley changes "thy" to "the" in *All in All* (1761).

- 2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from sin,  
By fiends pursued, by men abhor'd,  
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,  
And share the portion of thy Lord.
- 3 Welcome from earth!—Lo! The right-hand  
Of fellowship to thee we give;  
With open arms, and hearts we stand,  
And thee in Jesu's name receive!
- 4 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as ours?  
Then let it burn with sacred love;  
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,  
Partaker of the joys above.
- 5 Jesu, attend! Thyself reveal!  
Are we not met in thy great name?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 6 Thou God, that answerest by fire,  
The Spirit of burning now impart,  
And let the flames of pure desire  
Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 7 Truly our fellowship below  
With thee, and with thy Father is,  
In thee eternal life we know,  
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

- 8 In part we only know thee here,  
But wait thy coming from above,—  
And I shall then behold thee near,  
And I shall all be lost in love!

**Seraphick Love.**<sup>70</sup>  
**Alter'd from Mr. Norris.**

- 1 Away, vain world! My heart resign;  
For I can be no longer thine:  
A nobler, a diviner guest  
Has took possession of my breast.  
He has, and must engross it all;  
And yet the room is still too small.  
In vain you tempt my heart to rove;  
A fairer object claims my love.
- 2 At last (alas, how late!) I've seen  
One lovelier than the sons of men:  
The fairest of ten thousand he,  
Proportion all, and harmony.  
All mortal beauty's but a ray  
Of his bright ever-shining day:  
All before thee must disappear,  
Thou only good, thou only fair.
- 3 To thee my longing soul aspires  
With holy breathings, warm desires:  
To thee my panting heart does move!  
O pierce, fill, melt it with thy love!

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<sup>70</sup>Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 22–24. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 23–24. It was omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following of *HSP* (1739/40).

How do thy glorious streams of light,  
Ev'n thro' this veil, refresh my sight!  
When shall my prison'd<sup>71</sup> soul be free,  
And find light, life, love, heav'n in thee!

**The Aspiration.**<sup>72</sup>  
**From the Same [Alter'd from Mr. Norris].**

- 1     How long, great God, how long must I  
      Immur'd in this dark prison lie!  
      Where thro'<sup>73</sup> the avenues of sense  
      My soul has dim intelligence:  
      Where but faint gleams salute my sight,  
      Like moon-shine in a cloudy night.  
      When shall I leave this dusky sphere,  
      And be all mind, all eye, all ear!
  
- 2     How cold this clime! And yet my sense  
      Perceives ev'n here thy influence.  
      Ev'n here the magnet's pow'r I feel,  
      And tremble like th' attracted steel.  
      And tho' to beauties less divine,  
      Sometimes my erring heart decline,  
      Yet soon (so strong the sympathy)  
      It turns, and points again to thee.
  
- 3     I long to see this excellence,  
      Which at such distance strikes my sense.  
      My soul struggles to disengage  
      Her wings from this her earthly cage:

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<sup>71</sup>"M' imprison'd" in *CPH* (1738).

<sup>72</sup>Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 117. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 27. It was omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following of *HSP* (1739/40).

<sup>73</sup>"From" in *CPH* (1738).



Would'st thou, great love, once set her free,  
How would she haste t' unite with thee!  
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,  
But fly, and love on all the way.

**Solomon's Song.**  
**Chap. v. 15, &c.**  
**Alter'd from Sandys.<sup>74</sup>**

- 1 Who's this, who like the morning shews,  
When she her paths with roses strews;  
More fair than the replenish'd moon,  
More radiant than the sun at noon.  
Not armies with their ensigns spread,  
So threaten with amazing dread!
- 2 His looks like cedars planted on  
The brows of lofty Lebanon:  
His tongue the ear with musick feeds,  
And he in every part exceeds:  
Among ten thousand he appears  
The chief, and beauty's ensign bears.
- 3 I, my belov'd, am only thine:  
And thou by just exchange art mine.  
Come let us tread the pleasant fields;  
Taste we what fruit the country yields,  
There where no frosts our spring destroy  
Shalt thou alone my love enjoy.

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<sup>74</sup>Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Song of Solomon* (London: John Legat, 1641), 20–32 (with much skipping around). Omitted from the 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following of *HSP* (1739/40), because moved to *CPH* (1741), 127.

- 4 Be I, O thou my better part,  
A seal imprest upon thy heart;  
Should falling clouds with floods conspire,  
Their waters could not quench love's fire:  
Nor all in nature's treasury,  
The freedom of affection buy.
- 5 O thou that in thy chosen liv'st,  
And life-infusing counsel giv'st,  
To those that in thy songs rejoice,  
To me address thy chearful voice.  
May I thy finger's signet prove;  
For death is not more strong than love.
- 6 Come, my belov'd, O come away,  
Love is impatient of delay:  
Run like a youthful hart or roe,  
On hills where precious spices grow.  
Love is impatient of delay:  
Come, my belov'd, O come away.

**Written after Walking over Smithfield.**

- 1 Hail, holy martyrs, glorious names,  
Who nobly *here* for Jesus stood,  
Rejoic'd, and clap'd your hands in flames,  
And dar'd to seal the truth with blood!

- 2 Strong in the Lord, divinely strong,  
Tortures and death ye here defy'd.  
Demons and men, a gazing throng,  
Ye brav'd, and more than conqu'ring died!
- 3 Finish'd your course, and fought your fight,  
Hence did your mounting souls aspire,  
Starting from flesh, they took their flight  
Born upward on a car of fire.
- 4 Where earth and hell no more molest,  
Ye now have join'd the heavenly host,  
Entred into your Father's rest,  
And found the life which here ye lost.
- 5 Father, if *now* thy breath revives  
In us the pure, primeval flame,  
Thy power, which animates our lives,  
Can make us in our deaths the same;
- 6 Can out of weakness make us strong,  
Arming as in the antient days,  
Loosing the stammering infant's tongue,  
And perfecting in babes thy praise.
- 7 Stedfast we then shall stand, and sure  
Thy everlasting truth to prove,  
In faith's plerophory secure,  
In all th' omnipotence of love.

- 8     Come, holy, holy, holy Lord,  
       The Father, Son, and Spirit come!  
       Be mindful of thy changeless word,  
       And make the faithful soul thy home.
- 9     Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!  
       In *us* thy glorious self reveal,  
       Let *us* thy sevenfold gifts partake,  
       Let *us* thy mighty working feel.
- 10    Near us, assisting Jesu, stand,  
       Give us the opening heaven to see,  
       Thee to behold at God's right-hand,  
       And yield our parting souls to thee.
- 11    My Father, O my Father, hear,  
       And send the fiery chariot down,  
       Let Israel's flaming steeds appear,  
       And whirl us to the starry crown!
- 12    We, we would die for Jesus too!  
       Thro' tortures, fires, and seas of blood,  
       All, all triumphantly break thro',  
       And plunge into the depths of God!

**The Believer's Triumph.  
From the German.<sup>75</sup>**

- 1 Jesu, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
Fully thro' these absolv'd I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The deadly writing now I see  
Nail'd with thy body to the tree:  
Torn with the nails that pierc'd thy hands,  
Th' old covenant no longer stands.
- 4 Tho' sign'd and written with my blood,  
As hell's foundations sure it stood,  
Thine hath wash'd out the crimson stains,  
And white as snow my soul remains.
- 5 Satan, thy due reward survey,  
The Lord of life why didst thou slay?  
To tear the prey out of thy teeth:  
To spoil the realms of hell and death.

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<sup>75</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Gesang-Buch der Herrnhut und anderer Brüder-Gemeinen* (Herrnhut, 1739), 1136 (#1258, by Zinzendorf; added in anhang to 1739 edition).

- 6 The holy, the unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died, for *me* ev'n *me* t' atone,  
Now for *my* Lord and God I own.
- 7 Lord, I believe the pretious blood  
Which at the mercy-seat of God  
For ever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, ev'n for *my* soul was shed.
- 8 Lord, I believe, were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean-shore,  
For all thou hast the ransom given,  
Purchas'd for all, peace, life, and heaven.
- 9 Lord, I believe, the price is paid  
For every soul, th' atonement made;  
And every soul thy grace may prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.
- 10 Carnal, and sold to sin no more  
I am; hell's tyranny is o'er:  
Th' immortal seed remains within,  
And born of God I cannot sin.
- 11 Yet nought whereof to boast I have;  
All, all thy mercy freely gave:  
No works, no righteousness are mine;  
All is thy work, and only thine.

- 12 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."
- 13 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all heaven's armies, bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 14 Naked from Satan did I flee,  
To thee, my Lord, and put on thee:  
And thus adorn'd, I wait the word  
"He comes: arise and meet thy Lord."
- 15 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:  
No age can change its constant hue;  
Thy blood preserves it ever new.
- 16 When thou shalt call in that great day  
For *my* account, thus will I say;  
"Thanks to my gracious Lord, if ought  
Of good I did, glad I it wrought:
- 17 "And while I felt thy blood within  
Cleansing my soul from every sin,  
Purging each fierce and foul desire;  
I joy'd in the refining fire.

- 18 “If pride, desire, wrath stir’d anew,  
Swift to my sure resort I flew:  
See there my Lord upon the tree!  
Hell heard: instant my soul was free.”
- 19 Then shall heaven’s hosts with loud acclaim,  
Give praise and glory to the Lamb,  
Who bore our sins, and by his blood  
Hath made us kings and priests to God.
- 20 O ye, who joy to feed his sheep,  
Ever in your remembrance keep,  
Empty they are, and void of God,  
Till brought to the atoning blood.
- 21 Jesu, be endless praise to thee,  
Whose boundless mercy hath for *me*,  
For me, and all thy hands have made,  
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 22 Ah give me now, all-gracious Lord,  
With power to speak thy quick’ning word,  
That all, who to thy wounds will flee  
May find eternal life in thee.
- 23 Thou God of power, thou God of love,  
Let the whole world thy mercy prove:  
Now let thy word o’er all prevail:  
Now take the spoils of death, and hell.



- 24 O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness!

**The Love-Feast.**

**Part I.**

- 1 Come, and let us sweetly join  
Christ to praise in hymns divine;  
Give we all with one accord  
Glory to our common Lord:
- Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
Sing as in the antient days,  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive:  
Let the purer flame revive,  
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,  
Dying champions for their God.
- We, like them, may live and love,  
Call'd we are their joys to prove;  
Sav'd with them from future wrath,  
Partners of like pretious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,  
Now, as yesterday the same,  
One in every age and place,  
Full for all of truth and grace.

We for Christ our Master stand  
Lights in a benighted land;  
We our dying Lord confess,  
We are Jesu's witnesses.

- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,  
We with him are crucified:  
Christ hath burst the bands of death,  
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe.

Christ is now gone up on high,  
(Thither all our wishes fly):  
Sits at God's right-hand above,  
There with him we reign in love!

## Part II.

- 1 Come, thou high and lofty Lord,  
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;  
Humbly stoop to earth again,  
Come, and visit abject man.

Jesu, dear, expected guest,  
Thou art bidden to the feast;  
For thyself our hearts prepare,  
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

- 2 Jesu, we the promise claim,  
We are met in thy great name:  
In the midst do thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here;

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace,  
Thou thyself within us move;  
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound,  
Let in us thy bowels sound;  
Faith, and love, and joy increase,  
Temperance, and gentleness:

Plant in us thy humble mind;  
Patient, pitiful, and kind,  
Meek, and lowly let us be,  
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee compleat,  
Make us all for glory meet,  
Meet t' appear before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light.

Call, O call us each by name  
To the marriage of the Lamb,  
Let us lean upon thy breast,  
Love be there our endless feast.

### **Part III.**

1 Let us join ('tis God commands)  
Let us join our hearts and hands;  
Help to gain our calling's hope,  
Build we each the other up.

God his blessing shall dispense,  
God shall crown his ordinance,  
Meet in his appointed ways,  
Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,  
Faithfully his gifts improve,  
Carry on the earnest strife,  
Walk in holiness of life.

Still forget the things behind,  
Follow Christ in heart and mind,  
Toward the mark unwearied press,  
Seize the crown of righteousness.

- 3 Plead we thus for faith *alone*,  
Faith which by our works is shown;  
God it is who justifies,  
Only faith the grace *applies*,

Active faith that lives within,  
Conquers hell, and death, and sin,  
Hallows whom it first made whole,  
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

- 4 Let us for this faith contend,  
Sure salvation, is its end;  
Heaven already is begun,  
Everlasting life is won:

Only let us persevere  
Till we see our Lord appear,  
Never from the Rock remove,  
Sav'd by faith which works by love.

#### **Part IV.**

- 1 Partners of a glorious hope,  
Lift your hearts and voices up.  
Jointly let us rise and sing  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Monuments of Jesu's grace,  
Speak we by our lives his praise,  
Walk in him we have receiv'd,  
Shew we not in vain believ'd.

- 2 While we walk with God in light,  
God our hearts doth still unite,  
Dearest fellowship we prove,  
Fellowship of Jesu's love;

Sweetly each with each combin'd,  
In the bonds of duty join'd,  
Feels the cleansing blood *applied*,  
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

- 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness,  
Thee, th' unholy cannot see;  
Make, O make us meet for thee:

Every vile affection kill,  
Root out every seed of ill;  
Utterly abolish sin,  
Write thy law of love within.

- 4 Hence may all our actions flow,  
Love the proof that Christ we know;  
Mutual love the token be,  
Lord, that we belong to thee:

Love, thy image love impart,  
Stamp it on our face and heart,  
Only love to us be given,  
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

**Part V.**  
**1 Peter i. 3, &c.**

1 Father, hail, by all ador'd,  
Father of our bleeding Lord!  
God of mercy, thee we praise,  
Sav'd by thy abundant grace:

To a lively hope begot,  
Into second being brought,  
Quicken'd by, and with, our head,  
Rais'd in Jesus from the dead.

2 Rais'd t' inherit glorious joys,  
Happiness that never cloy,  
Happiness without allay,  
Joys that never fade away;

Manna such as angels eat,  
Pure delights for spirits fit,  
All to us thro' Jesus given,  
All for us reserv'd in heaven.

3 There we shall in glory shine,  
Kept on earth by power divine;  
Power divine thro' faith receiv'd:  
We the promise have believ'd;

Confident that Christ shall come,  
Make the faithful souls his home,  
Here in part himself reveal,  
Stamp us with the Spirit's seal.

4 This we now rejoice to know,  
Sorrowful howe'er we go,  
Exercis'd, if need require,  
Purg'd in the refining fire:

Faith the trial shall abide,  
Shine, as gold, when fully tried,  
Glory, honour, praise receive,  
Which the righteous judge shall give.

5 Him we love as yet unseen,  
(Flesh is interpos'd between:)  
Only faith's interior eye,  
Darkly can its Lord descry:

Gladden'd by the partial sight,  
Swells our soul with vast delight,  
Glorious and unspeakable—  
Heaven begun on earth we feel.

6 Here the sinner that believes,  
Everlasting life receives,  
Here angelic bliss we find,  
Bliss, the same with theirs in *kind*,

Only differing in *degree*:  
Lengthen'd out it soon shall be;  
All our heaven we then shall prove,  
All th' eternity of love.

**The Communion of Saints.**

**Part I.**

- 1    Father, Son, and Spirit, hear  
      Faith's effectual, fervent prayer,  
      Hear, and our petitions seal;  
      Let us now the answer feel,  
  
      Mystically one with thee,  
      Transcript of the Trinity,  
      Thee let all our nature own  
      One in Three, and Three in One.
  
- 2    If we now begin to be  
      Partners with thy saints and thee,  
      If we have our sins forgiven,  
      Fellow-citizens of heaven,  
  
      Still the fellowship increase,  
      Knit us in the bond of peace,  
      Join, our new-born spirits join  
      Each to each, and all to thine.
  
- 3    Build us in one body up,  
      Call'd in one high calling's hope;  
      One the Spirit whom we claim,  
      One the pure baptismal flame,  
  
      One the faith, and common Lord,  
      One the Father lives, ador'd  
      Over, thro', and in us all,  
      God incomprehensible.



4 One with God, the source of bliss,  
Ground of our communion this;  
Life of all that live below,  
Let thy emanations flow,

Rise eternal in our heart:  
Thou our only Eden art;  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be to us what Adam lost.

5 Bold we ask thro' Christ the Son,  
Thou, O Christ, art all our own;  
Our exalted flesh we see  
To the Godhead join'd in thee:

Glorious now thy heaven we share,  
Thou art here, and we are there,  
We participate of thine,  
Human nature of divine.

6 Live we now in Christ our head,  
Quick'ned by thy life, and fed;  
Christ, from whom the Spirit flows,  
Into thee thy body grows;

While we feel the vital blood,  
While the circulating flood,  
Christ, thro' every member rolls,  
Soul of all believing souls.

7 Daily growth the members find,  
Fityly each with other join'd;  
Closely all compacted rise;  
Every joint its strength supplies,

Life to every part conveys,  
Till the whole receive increase,  
All compleat the body prove,  
Perfectly built up in love.

**[The Communion of Saints.]**  
**Part II.**

- 1 Christ, the true, the heavenly vine,  
If thy grace hath made us thine,  
Branches of a poison'd root,  
Fallen Adam's evil fruit;

If we now transplanted are,  
If we of thy nature share,  
Hear us, Lord, and let us be  
Fully grafted into thee.

- 2 Still may we continue thus,  
We in thee, and thou in us;  
Let us fresh supplies receive,  
From thee, in thee ever live,

Share the fatness of the root,  
Blossom, bud, and bring forth fruit,  
With immortal vigour rise,  
Tow'ring till we reach the skies.

- 3 Christ, to all believers known,  
Living, precious corner stone,  
Christ, by mortals disallow'd,  
Chosen and esteem'd of God,

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<sup>76</sup>Original is misnumbered as page 191.

Lively stones we come to thee,  
Built together let us be,  
Sav'd by grace thro' faith alone:  
Faith it is that makes us one.

- 4 Other ground can no man lay,  
JESUS TAKES OUR SINS AWAY!  
Jesus the foundation is:  
This shall stand, and only this:

Fitly fram'd in him we are,  
All the building rises fair:  
Let it to a temple rise,  
Worthy him who fills the skies.

- 5 Husband of thy church below,  
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,  
Unto thee betroth'd in love,  
Always faithful let us prove,

Never rob thee of our heart,  
Never give the creature part;  
Only thou possess the whole,  
Take our<sup>78</sup> body, spirit, soul.

- 6 Stedfast let us cleave to thee,  
Love the mystic union be,  
Union to the world unknown!  
Join'd to God, in spirit one.

Wait we till the Spouse shall come,  
Till the Lamb shall take us home,  
For his heaven the bride prepare,  
Solemnize our nuptials there.

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<sup>77</sup>Original is misnumbered as page 190.

<sup>78</sup>Charles Wesley changes "our" to "my" in *All in All* (1761).

**The Communion of Saints.  
Part III.  
John xvii. 20, &c.**

1 Christ, our head, gone up on high,  
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh,  
Advocate with God, give ear  
To thine own effectual prayer:

Hear the sounds thou once didst breathe  
In thy days of flesh beneath,  
Now, O Jesu, let them be  
Strongly eccho'd back to thee.

2 We, O Christ, have thee receiv'd,  
We the gospel-word believ'd,  
Justly then we claim a share  
In thine everlasting prayer.

One the Father is with thee;  
Knit us in like unity;  
Make us, O uniting Son,  
One as thou and he are one.

3 If thy love to us hath given  
All the glory<sup>79</sup> of his heaven,  
(From eternity thine own,  
Glory here in grace begun)

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<sup>79</sup>Charles Wesley changes "glory" to "glories" in *All in All* (1761).

Let us now the gift receive,  
By the vital union live,  
Join'd to God, and perfect be,  
Mystically one in thee.

- 4 Let it hence to all be known,  
Thou art with thy Father one,  
One with him in us be shew'd,  
Very God of very God;

Sent, our spirits to unite,  
Sent to make us sons of light,  
Sent, that we his grace may prove,  
All the riches of his love.

- 5 Thee he lov'd ere<sup>80</sup> time begun,  
Thee the coeternal Son;  
He hath to thy merit given  
Us, th' adopted heirs of heaven.

Thou hast will'd that we should rise,  
See thy glory in the skies,  
See thee by all heaven ador'd,  
Be forever with our Lord.

- 6 Thou the Father see'st alone,  
Thou to us hast made him known:  
Sent from him we know thou art,  
We have found thee in our heart:

Thou the Father hast declar'd:  
He is here our great reward,  
Ours his nature and his name—  
Thou art ours with him the same.

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<sup>80</sup>Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

7 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are)  
Still to us his name declare;  
Thy revealing Spirit give,  
Whom the world cannot receive:

Fill us with the Father's love,  
Never from our souls remove,  
Dwell in us, and we shall be  
Thine to all eternity.

**The Communion of Saints.  
Part IV.**

1 Christ, from whom all blessings flow,  
Perfecting the saints below,  
Hear us, who thy nature share,  
Who thy mystic body are:

Join us, in one spirit join,  
Let us still receive of thine,  
Still for more on thee we call,  
Thee, who fillest all in all.

2 Closer knit to thee our head,  
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed,  
Let us daily growth receive,  
More and more in Jesus live:

Jesu! We thy members are,  
Cherish us with kindest care,  
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone:  
Love, forever love thine own.

3 Move, and actuate, and guide,  
Diverse gifts to each divide;  
Plac'd according to thy will,  
Let us all our work fulfil,

Never from our office move,  
Needful to the others prove,  
Use the grace on each bestow'd,  
Temper'd by the art of God.

4 Sweetly now we all agree,  
Touch'd with softest sympathy,  
Kindly for each other care:  
Every member feels its share:

Wounded by the grief of one,  
All the suffering members groan;  
Honour'd if one member is  
All partake the common bliss.

5<sup>81</sup> Many are we now, and one,  
We who Jesus have put on:  
There is neither bond nor free,  
Male nor female, Lord, in thee.

Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,  
Render'd all distinctions void:  
Names, and sects, and parties fall;  
Thou, O Christ, art ALL in ALL!

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<sup>81</sup>Ori., "6"; a misprint.

**The Communion of Saints.  
Part V.  
Hebrews xii. 22, 23, 24.**

1 King of saints, to whom are given  
All in earth, and all in heaven,  
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,  
Join'd, and gather'd into one:

Heirs of glory, sons of grace,  
Lo! To thee our hopes we raise,  
Raise and fix our hopes on thee,  
Full of immortality!

2 Absent in our flesh from home,  
We are to Mount Sion come:  
Heaven is our soul's abode,  
City of the living God;

Enter'd there our seats we claim  
In the New Jerusalem,  
Join the countless angel-quire,  
Greet the first-born sons of fire.

3 We our elder-brethren meet,  
We are made with them to sit,  
Sweetest fellowship we prove  
With the general church above;



Saints, who now their names behold  
In the Book of Life enroll'd,  
Spirits of the righteous, made  
Perfect now in Christ their head.

- 4 We with them to God are come,  
God who speaks the general doom,  
Jesus Christ, who stands between  
Angry heaven, and guilty men,

Undertakes to buy our peace,  
Gives the covenant of grace,  
Ratifies, and makes it good,  
Signs and seals it in his blood.

- 5 Life his healing blood imparts,  
Sprinkled on our peaceful hearts:  
Abel's blood for vengeance cried,  
Jesu's speaks us justify'd:

Speaks, and calls for better things,  
Makes us prophets, priests, and kings,  
Asks that we with him may reign,  
Earth and heaven say, Amen!

**The Communion of Saints.  
Part VI.**

- 1 Come, ye kindred souls above,  
Man provokes you unto love;  
Saints and angels hear the call,  
Praise the common Lord of all:

Him let earth and heaven proclaim,  
Earth and heaven record his name,  
Let us both in this agree,  
Both his one great family.

- 2 Hosts of heaven begin the song,  
Praise him with a tuneful tongue,  
(Sounds like yours we cannot raise,  
We can only lisp his praise)

Us repenting sinners see,  
Jesus died to set us free,  
Sing ye over us forgiven;  
Shout for joy, ye hosts of heaven.

- 3 Be it unto angels known,  
By the church, what God hath done:  
Depths of love and wisdom see  
In a dying deity!

Gaze, ye first-born seraphs, gaze!  
Never can ye sound his grace:  
Lost in wonder, look no more;  
Fall, and silently adore.

- 4 Ministerial spirits know,  
Execute your charge below.  
You our Father hath prepar'd,  
Fenc'd us with a flaming guard:

Bid you all our ways attend,  
Safe convoy us to the end,  
On your wings our souls remove,  
Waft us to the realms of love.

5 Happy souls, whose course is run,  
Who the fight of faith have won,  
Parted by an earlier death,  
Think ye of your friends beneath.

Have ye your own flesh forgot,  
By a common ransom bought?  
Can death's interposing tide  
Spirits one in Christ divide?

6 No: for us you ever wait,  
Till we make your bliss compleat,  
Till your fellow-servants come,  
Till your brethren hasten home:

You in paradise remain,  
For your testimony slain,  
Nobly who for Jesus stood,  
Bold to seal the truth with blood.

7 Ever now your speaking cries  
From beneath the altar rise,  
Loudly call for vengeance due:  
"Come, thou holy God, and true!

"Lord, how long dost thou delay?  
Come to judgment, come away!  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,  
Come away, to judgment come!"

8 Wait, ye righteous spirits, wait,  
Soon arrives your perfect state;  
Rob'd in white a season rest,  
Blest, if not compleatly blest.

When the number is fulfill'd  
When the witnesses are kill'd,  
When we all from earth are driven,  
Then with us ye mount to heaven.

- 9 Jesu hear, and bow the skies,  
Hark! We all unite our cries,  
“Take us to our heavenly home,  
Quickly let thy kingdom come!”

“Jesu come,” the Spirit cries,  
“Jesu come,” the bride replies;  
One triumphant church above,  
Join us all in perfect love.

**Isaiah lxiv.**<sup>82</sup>

- 1 O that thou would'st the heavens rend!  
O that thou would'st this hour come down!  
Descend, Almighty God, descend,  
And strongly vindicate thine own!
- 2 Now let the heathens fear thy name,  
Now let the world thy nature know,  
Dart into all the melting flame  
Of love, and make the mountains flow.
- 3 O let thine indignation burn,  
The lightning of thy judgments glare,  
Th' aspiring confidence o'erturn  
Of all that still thine anger dare.

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<sup>82</sup>Also printed at the end of John Wesley's extract of William Law's *A Serious Answer to Dr. Trapp's Four Sermons* (Cork: Harrison, 1748), 61–63.

- 4 From heaven reveal thy vengeful ire,  
Thy fury let the nations prove,  
Confess thee a consuming fire,  
And tremble, till they feel thy love.
- 5 Thy power was to our fathers known,  
A mighty God, and terrible;  
In majesty thou camest down,  
The mountains at thy presence fell.
- 6 The wonders thou for them hast wrought  
Thy boundless power and love proclaim,  
Far above all they ask'd or thought:  
And now we wait to know thy name.
- 7 We wait; for since the world began  
To men it ne'er by men was shew'd:  
Thou only canst thyself explain,  
God only sounds the depths of God.
- 8 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
By heart conceiv'd it cannot be,  
The bliss thou hast for him prepar'd,  
Who waits in humble faith for thee.
- 9 Thou meetest him that dares rejoice  
In hope of thy salvation near;  
Who wants, while he obeys thy voice,  
The perfect love that casts out fear.

- 10 In works of righteousness employ'd  
Who thee remembers in thy ways,  
The ORDINANCES of his God,  
The sacred channels of thy grace.
- 11 But lo! Thy anger kindled is,  
And justly might for ever burn;  
We have forsook the path of peace:  
How shall our wand'ring souls return?
- 12 In thine appointed ways we wait,  
The ways thy wisdom hath enjoin'd;  
Thy saving grace we here shall meet,  
If every one that seeks shall find.
- 13 Nor can we thus thy wrath appease;  
We and our works are all unclean,  
As filthy rags our righteousness,  
Our good is ill, our virtue sin.
- 14 Like wither'd leaves we fade away,  
We all deserve thy wrath to feel,  
Swift as the wind our sins convey,  
And sweep our guilty souls to hell.
- 15 Not one will call upon thy name,  
Stir himself up thy grace to see,  
The Lord his righteousness to claim,  
And boldly to take hold on thee.

- 16 For O! Thy face is turn'd aside,  
Since we refus'd t' obey thy will;  
Thou hast consum'd us for our pride,  
Thy heavy hand consumes us still.
- 17 But art thou not our Father now?  
Our Father now thou surely art:  
Humbly beneath thy frown we bow,  
We seek thee with a trembling heart.
- 18 The potter thou, and we the clay;  
Behold us at thy footstool laid,  
In anger cast us not away,  
The creatures whom thy hands have made.
- 19 O let thine anger rage no more,  
Remember not iniquity;  
See, Lord, and all our sins pass o'er,  
Thy own peculiar people see.
- 20 Jerusalem in ruins lies,  
A wilderness thy cities are;  
A den of thieves thy temple is,  
No longer now the house of prayer.
- 21 Where humbly low our fathers bow'd,  
And thee with joyful lips ador'd,  
Idolaters profanely croud,  
And take the altar for its Lord.

- 22 The sacred means thyself ordain'd,  
Others reject with impious haste;  
By these blasphem'd, by those profan'd,  
Our pleasant things are all laid waste.
- 23 And wilt thou not this havock see,  
For which we ever, ever mourn?  
Still shall we cry in vain to thee?  
Return, our gracious Lord, return!
- 24 Hold not thy peace at Sion's woe,  
O cast not out thy people's prayer,  
Regard thy suffering church below,  
And spare, the weeping remnant spare.
- 25 Thy fallen tabernacle raise,  
Thy chastisement at last remove,  
That all mankind may sing thy praise,  
Thou God of truth, thou God of love.

**Hebrews iv. 9.**

**“There remaineth therefore a  
rest to the people of God.”**

- 1 Lord, I believe a rest remains  
To all thy people known,  
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art lov'd alone.



- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixt on things above,  
Where doubt, and pain, and fear expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 A rest of lasting joy and peace,  
Where all is calm within:  
'Tis then from our own works we cease,  
From pride, and self, and sin.
- 4 Our life is hid with Christ in God;  
The agony is o'er,  
We wrestle not with flesh and blood,  
We *strive* with sin no more.
- 5 Our sp'rit is right, our heart is clean,  
Our nature is renew'd,  
We cannot now,<sup>83</sup> we cannot sin,  
For we are born of God.<sup>84</sup>
- 6 From ev'ry evil motion freed,  
(The Son hath made us free)  
On all the pow'rs of hell we tread,  
In glorious liberty.
- 7 Redeem'd, we walk on holy ground,  
On God we cast our care;  
No lion in that way is found,  
No rav'nous beast is there!

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<sup>83</sup>Changed to "We cannot, no, we cannot sin" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1743) and following.

<sup>84</sup>In his personal copy of 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1756) Wesley marked stanzas 4 & 5 for deletion. Cf. *Some Remarks on Mr Hill's "Review"*, *Works* (Jackson) 10:395–98.

- 8 Safe in the way of life, above  
Death, earth, and hell we rise;  
We find, when perfected in love,  
Our long-sought paradise.
- 9 Within that Eden we retire,  
We rest in Jesu's name:  
It guards us, as a wall of fire,  
And as a sword of flame.
- 10 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.
- 11 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove,  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 12 I groan from sin to be set free,  
From self to be releas'd;  
Take me, O take me into thee  
My everlasting rest.
- 13 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,  
And have thee all my own,  
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,  
I want, and thee alone.

- 14 Thy name to me, thy nature grant;  
This, only this be given,  
Nothing besides my God I want,  
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 15 Come, O my Saviour, come away,  
Into my soul descend,  
No longer from thy creature stay,  
My author, and my end.
- 16 The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd  
No longer be delay'd;  
Come, my exceeding great reward,  
For whom I first was made.
- 17 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And seal me thine abode,  
Let all I am in thee be lost,  
Let all I am be God!