

*Hymns and Sacred Poems (1742)*¹

[Baker list, #54]

Editorial Introduction:

This is the third (and last) volume issued jointly by John and Charles Wesley in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* series.² It is again clear that John provided the preface, and that he saw it through the press at Bristol (where he was staying November–December of 1741 recovering from an illness).

Whereas the first two volumes in this series used Col. 3:16 on the title page as a motto (with its reference to “hymns and spiritual songs”), the motto on the title page of this volume reflected to issues in the debate over perfection (particularly in what Wesley chose to *italicize*):

“For the grace of God that bringeth salvation unto *ALL MEN* hath appeared; teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from *ALL INIQUITY*, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” Titus 2:11–14.

John was likely the translator of the one new German hymn included in this volume. He was almost certainly also the author of “The Lord’s Prayer Paraphrased.” Charles Wesley is the presumed author of the vast majority of the remaining compositions.

The only item appearing in this collection that had been published previously is Charles’s hymn “Pleading the Promise of Sanctification,” which had been appended to John’s 1741 sermon on *Christian Perfection*—see “Promise of Sanctification” (1741).

While this volume was dated 1742, advertising makes clear it was actually released in late December 1741. A more significant dating issue applies to the second edition. Some early copies were released with the date 1743, clearly an error because the volume included a catalogue that listed items published in late 1744. The volume was actually being printed in December 1744, and when the error was caught the remaining volumes were assigned the date 1745.

This third in the *HSP* series was reprinted again in 1756, the same year as the final reprint of the combined *HSP* (1739/40). None in the series were reprinted after that point 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 the *HSP* series were included in these collections.

Editions:

John and Charles Wesley. *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. Bristol: Farley, 1742.

[2nd Bristol: Farley, 1743; actually misdated copies of following]

2nd Bristol: Farley, 1745.

3rd London, 1756.

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²Charles published the later 2-volume *HSP* (1749) on his own.

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THE PREFACE

1. Perhaps the general prejudice against Christian perfection (the subject of many of the following verses) may chiefly arise from a misapprehension of the nature of it. We willingly allow, and continually declare, there is no *such* perfection, in this life, as implies either a dispensation from doing good and attending all the ordinances of God; or a freedom from ignorance, mistake, temptation, and a thousand infirmities necessarily connected with flesh and blood.

2. First, we not only allow, but “earnestly contend” (as “for the faith once deliver’d to the saints”) that there is no perfection in this life which implies any dispensation from attending all the ordinances of God, or from “doing good unto all men, while we have time,” tho’ “specially unto the household of

faith.” And whosoever they are who have taught otherwise, we are convinced are not “taught of God.” We dare not “receive” them, “neither bid them God-speed,” lest we be “partakers of their evil deeds.” We believe that not only the babes in Christ, who have newly found redemption in his blood, but those also who are “grown up unto perfect men, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ,” are indispensably obliged (and that they are obliged thereto is their “glory and crown of rejoicing”) as oft as they have opportunity to eat bread and drink wine, “in remembrance of him”; to “search the Scriptures”; by fasting (as well as temperance) to “keep their bodies under, and bring them into subjection”; and above all, to pour out their souls in prayer, both *secretly* and “in the great congregation.”

3. We, secondly, believe, and therefore speak, and that unto all men, and with “much assurance,” that there is no *such* perfection in

this life as implies an entire deliverance, either from ignorance or mistake, in things not essential to salvation, or from manifold temptations, or from numberless infirmities, wherewith the corruptible body, more or less, presses down the soul. This is the same thing which we have spoken from the beginning. If any teach otherwise, “they are not of us.” We cannot find any ground in Scripture to suppose that any inhabitant of an house of clay is wholly exempt either from bodily infirmities, or from ignorance of many things; or to imagine any is incapable of mistake, or of falling into diverse temptations. No: “The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord.” It is enough that “everyone who is perfect shall be as his Master.”

4. But what then, it may be asked, do you mean by “one that is perfect,” or “one that is as his Master”? We mean, one in whom is “the mind which was in Christ,” and who “so walketh as he walked”; a man

that “hath clean hands and a pure heart”; or that is “cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit”; one “in whom there is no occasion of stumbling,” and who accordingly “doth not commit sin.” To declare this a little more particularly, we understand by that scriptural expression “a perfect man,” one in whom God hath fulfilled his faithful word, “From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. . . . I will also save you from all your uncleannesses.” We understand hereby one whom God hath “sanctified throughout,” even in “body, soul, and spirit”; one who “walketh in the light, as he is in the light,” in whom “is no darkness at all,” “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son” having “cleansed him from all sin.”

5. This man can now testify to all mankind, “I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet I live not, but Christ liveth in me.” “He is holy, as God who called him is holy,” both in life and “in all manner of conversation.” He “loveth the

Lord his God with all his heart, and serveth him with all his strength." He "loveth his neighbour" (every man) "as himself"; yea, "as Christ loved us": them in particular that "despitefully use him and persecute him," because "they know not the Son, neither the Father." Indeed his soul is all love, fill'd with "bowels of mercies, kindness, meekness, gentleness, long-suffering." And his life agreeth thereto, full of "the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labour of love." And "whatsoever he doth, either in word or deed," he doth it "all in the name," in the love, and power "of the Lord Jesus." In a word, he doth the will of God "on earth, as it is done in heaven."

6. This it is to be "a perfect man," to be "sanctified throughout," "created anew in Jesus Christ"; even "to have a heart so all-flaming with the love of God" (to use Archbishop Ussher's words), "as continually to offer up every thought, word, and work, as a spiritual sacrifice, acceptable unto God

through Christ.” In every thought of our hearts, in every word of our tongues, in every work of our hands, “to shew forth his praise who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light”! O that both we and all who seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity may thus “be made perfect in one”!

**HYMNS
AND
SACRED POEMS.**

Part I.

The Fortieth Chapter of Isaiah.

[Part I.]

- 1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord,
O! Lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel-word.
- 2 Go, into every nation, go!
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we shew;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Accomplish'd is thy legal war,
The mantle o'er thy sins is spread;
Thy God the punishment hath bore,
Thy God the debt hath more than paid.
- 4 Punish'd thou art, for he hath dy'd,
(The merit of his death is thine)
Absolv'd, and freely justify'd,
And cloath'd in righteousness divine.

- 5 Hark in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.
- 6 The Lord your God shall quickly come:
Sinners repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room,
Ye desert-souls, prepare his way.
- 7 The Lord shall clear his way thro' all,
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be strait, and rugged plain.
- 8 Nature perverse and rough shall yield,
Th' aspiring droop, the abject dare;
Alike by sovereign grace compell'd
Despair shall hope, and pride despair.
- 9 When all into subjection brought
Level shall lie, and humbly low,
Who captivated every thought,
His glory then the Lord shall shew.
- 10 The glory of the Lord display'd
Together all mankind shall view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

Part II.

- 1 Withering as grass is humankind,
And fleeting as the short-liv'd flower;
The goodliness to-day we find
To-morrow fades, and is no more.
- 2 Man, foolish man his vertue shews,
Which for a moment charms our eyes,

The sin-convincing Spirit blows,
Withers the flower, and fades, and dies.

- 3 Die the gay flower of human pride:
The word of God shall stand secure;
The word of God shall still abide,
And firm from age to age endure.
- 4 Sion ascend the mountain-top,
Jerusalem, the grace proclaim;
Herald of God, thy voice lift up,
And strongly shout the Saviour's name.
- 5 Good tidings shew to Judah's race,
Publish throughout the earth abroad
Good tidings of redeeming grace,
And cry to all, Behold your God!
- 6 Behold the Lord your God shall come,
And bow the world to his command;
His outstretch'd arm shall make him room:
Who can his out-stretch'd arm withstand?
- 7 Lo! An exceeding great reward,
Himself, to humbled souls he gives;
He fills whom first he hath prepar'd,
And all in all for ever lives.
- 8 Shepherd of souls, his tender care
Shall kindly for his flock provide;
The lambs he in his arms shall bear,
And sweetly in his bosom hide.
- 9 His sheep he shall protect, and feed,
Bind up the maim'd, support the weak;
The great with young shall gently lead,
And seek the lost, and heal the sick.

Part III.

- 1 Nor doth his love eclipse his might,
Or lessen his majestick powers,
Though stooping from his glory's height;
Who is so great a God as ours!
- 2 He in the hollow of his hand
Measur'd the vast unbounded main;
The wide-extended heavens he span'd:
Infinity his arms contain.
- 3 He meeted out the earth, and pois'd
The mountains, hung on empty space,
When all the morning-stars rejoic'd,
And shouted their Creator's praise.
- 4 Creation's line his wisdom laid,
He grasp'd the chaos with his fist;
Sea, air, and earth, and heaven he weigh'd,
And bad th' exact machine consist.
- 5 Who with the great omniscient God,
Angel or man in council join'd,
To him the way of judgment shew'd,
Or taught that all-informing mind?
- 6 He high entron'd above all height
A partner in his work disdains;
In power and knowledge infinite
The self-directed Spirit reigns.
- 7 See the vast tribes that crowd the face
Of earth, the islands scatter'd wide;
Survey the whole of human-race,
Their wealth, their number, and their pride!
- 8 Light as the balance-dust, and small
To him as the minutest grain,

Their millions into nothing fall,
Or “swell to be discern’d in vain.”³

- 9 The nations with their God compare
(A drop with the unfathom’d sea)
They vanish all, dissolv’d in air,
And lost in his immensity.
- 10 Lighter than vanity, and less
Than nothing, he on all looks down;
Nor can their services appease
His wrath, or mitigate his frown.
- 11 Lebanon brings her stores in vain,
Nor all her cedars can afford,
Not all her beasts for sinners slain,
An offering worthy of their Lord.
- 12 Nothing the creature adds to him,
From whom their borrow’d being flow’d,
Who self-sufficient and supream
Exists, the one eternal God.

Part IV.

- 1 Say then, ye worms of earth, to whom
Will ye your glorious God compare!
Vainly thro’ all his works ye roam,
To find Jehovah’s likeness there.
- 2 The vile idolater belies
His image with a golden shrine,
To counterfeit the Godhead tries;
And stocks and stones become divine.
- 3 Man his own deity reveres
By self-delight, and self-esteem,
Whate’er the sinner hopes, or fears,
Desires, or loves, is God to him.

³Edward Young, *A Poem on the Last Day* (Oxford: Edward Whistler, 1713), 35.

- 4 But have ye not his being known,
And clearly seen by nature's light;
Have not the antient fathers shewn,
And you confess'd the infinite!
- 5 The heavens his glorious power proclaim,
Th' invisible on earth is shew'd,
Nature is written with his name,
And all things speak their builder God.
- 6 Creation to his law submits,
His rule he over all maintains,
High on the globe of heaven he sits,
And undisturb'd for ever reigns.
- 7 Th' inhabitants of earth from thence,
As grasshoppers his eye beholds;
His hand, and power, and providence
The curtain of the heavens unfolds.
- 8 'Tis he who stretch'd them out, 'tis he
Who still the wide pavilion spreads,
That blue ethereal canopy,
And draws it o'er his creatures' heads.
- 9 Princes, and kings, that dare withstand
Their uncontroul'd Creator's sway,
Shall sink beneath his mighty hand,
And fall, and fade, and die away.
- 10 Planted awhile, or sown below,
Their stock accurst shall ne'er take root;
The Lord upon their pride shall blow,
Wither the flower, and blast the fruit.
- 11 Say then, ye abject worms, to whom
Will ye your glorious God compare?
Who shall his holiness presume
To match, or who his power shall dare?

- 12 Lift up your eyes to things on high,
Nor fix on earth your groveling thought,
Who built yon azure vaulted sky?
Who spoke those beauteous orbs from nought?
- 13 God only wise, and great, and strong,
Made them to run their heavenly race;
(Knowledge, and might to God belong,
Honour, and majesty, and praise.)
- 14 Their radiant hosts he marshals right,
Their nature, names, and number knows;
He bids them in their courses fight,
And blast their great Creator's foes.
- 15 They hear; and each his will performs,
And lo! To man they ever call,
"Lift up your eyes, ye abject worms,
Adore the glorious cause of all!"

Part V.

- 1 The world he made he still sustains.
Why then dost thou, O Israel, say,
"My God forgets his people's pains,
His Jacob is a castaway."
- 2 Repent thee of thy peevish haste,
Recall the rash desponding word,
No more complain, "The hour is past,
And I have wearied out my Lord."
- 3 Hast thou not heard, hast thou not known
The everlasting God, that laid
The earth's foundations, rules alone,
Nor faints to bear the world he made?
- 4 Jehovah is unchangeable,
His ways, and thoughts,⁴ are not as ours,

⁴Ori., "thought"; corrected in errata.

- He cheers the languid souls that fail,
And quickens all their drooping powers.
- 5 Gently he lifts the fallen up,
He gives them faith, and faith's increase,
Revives their feeble, dying hope,
And fills with love, and joy, and peace.
- 6 Blasted the vigour of the young
Shall fade, and suddenly decay;
The bold, and confident, and strong,
Shall fear, despair, and die away.
- 7 But they, who wait upon the Lord,
Shall surely find his promise true,
Receive the quickning powerful word,
And born of God their strength renew.
- 8 Their willing souls from sin set free,
Shall swiftly in his statutes move,
Shall walk in glorious liberty,
Shall fly upon the wings of love.
- 9 With eagle's wings their souls shall rise,
Steady and strong to heaven soar,
Regain on earth their native skies,
And faint, and fall, and sin no more.

The Sixty-Third Chapter of Isaiah.

[The First Part Alter'd from Mr. Norris.]⁵

- 1 No common vision this I see,
In more than human majesty,
Who is this mighty hero, who
With glorious terror on his brow?

⁵Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 51–53. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 24–25; then in *HSP* (1739), 132–33.

- 2 His deep-dy'd crimson robes outvie
The blushes of the morning-sky,
Lo! How triumphant he appears,
And victory in his visage wears!
- 3 How strong, how stately does he go!
Pompous, and solemn is his pace,
And full of majesty his face:
Who is this mighty hero, who?
- 4 'Tis I, who to my promise stand;
I, who sin, death, hell, and the grave
Have foil'd with this all-conquering hand:
'Tis I, the Lord, mighty to save.
- 5 Why wear'st thou then this crimson dye,⁶
Say, thou all-conquering hero, why?
Why do thy garments look all red,
Like them that in the wine-fat tread?
- 6 The winepress I alone have trod,
That pondrous mass I ply'd alone,
And with me to assist was none,
A task worthy the Son of God!
- 7 Angels stood trembling at the sight,
Enrag'd I put forth all my might,
And down the engine press'd; the force
Put frighted nature out of course;
- 8 The blood gush'd out, and chequer'd o'er.
My garments with its deepest gore,
With glorious stains bedeck'd I stood,
And writ my victory in blood.
- 9 The day, the signal day is come,
Vengeance of all my foes to take,
The day, when death shall have its doom,
And the dark kingdom's powers shall shake.

⁶Ori., "die."

- 10 I look'd who to assist stood by:
Trembled heaven's host, nor ventur'd nigh:
Ev'n to my Father did I look
In pain: my Father me forsook.
- 11 Awhile amaz'd I was to see
None to uphold, or comfort me:
Then I arose in might array'd,
And call'd my fury to my aid;
- 12 My single arm the battle won,
And strait th' acclaiming hosts above,
Hymn'd in new songs of joy and love,
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

Part II.

- 1 I too will magnify the Lord,
And emulate the angels' lays,
His loving-kindnesses record
In sounds of everlasting praise.
- 2 For all he hath on us bestow'd,
This only tribute can I bring,
Extol the mercies of my God,
His multitude of mercies sing.
- 3 How good to Israel's chosen race
Who, who can all his goodness tell!
So rich in unexhausted grace,
His riches are unsearchable.
- 4 Surely, he said, mine own they are,
My people will not faithless prove,
My children will not slight my care,
Or disappoint a Father's love.
- 5 Sweetly he strove their hearts to gain,
He woo'd them to embrace his will,

They never ask'd his help in vain,
But found a present Saviour still.

- 6 Dear as the apple of his eye
In all their griefs he kindly griev'd;
The angel of his presence nigh
From all the fav'rite nation saved.
- 7 He rescued when to evil sold,
He snatch'd them from impending harms,
Carried them all the days of old,
Safe in his everlasting arms.
- 8 He magnified his saving power,
Call'd them his utmost grace to prove,
With infinite compassion bore
The objects of his tend'rest love,
- 9 But Oh! They soon forsook their God,
The faithless and rebellious race
In devious paths of evil trod,
And griev'd the Spirit of his grace.
- 10 They vex'd; and forc'd his wrath to rise,
His vengeance fell so long delay'd:
Constrain'd the rebels to chastise,
He pour'd his judgments on their head.
- 11 His mercy then he call'd to mind,
He call'd to mind the antient days
When only merciful, and kind
He smiled on the peculiar race.
- 12 Where is he now—their God, their guide!
(He taught their hearts the powerful plea)
Where is he now, their hearts replied,
Who brought his people from the sea?

- 13 Who plac'd a shepherd o'er the rest,
And gave him wisdom from above,
And breath'd into his peaceful breast
The meek, mild spirit of his love.
- 14 Them by the hand of Moses led,
His power, and goodness to proclaim,
Beyond the bounds of time to spread
Jehovah's everlasting name.
- 15 The Lord of hosts in all appear'd,
He smote the sea with Moses' rod,
His glorious arm aloft he rear'd.
The parting sea confess'd its God.
- 16 He brought them thro' the wondrous way,
The deep was dry at his command,
Secure they march'd in firm array,
Nor stumbled, till they reach'd the land.
- 17 Smooth as the gen'rous nurtur'd beast,
Into the verdant vale goes down,
To bring them to that promis'd rest,
His Spirit gently led them on.
- 18 Thus didst thou guide thy chosen race,
That every tongue might speak thy fame,
And earth, and heaven conspire to praise
The God of Israel's glorious name.

Part III.

- 1 God of eternal majesty,
High as thou art, from heaven look down,
Holy, and just, we cry to thee,
Behold us from thy glorious throne!
- 2 Where is thy strength to conquer sin?
Thy zeal to save a fallen race?

- Thy bowels sounding from within?
Thy mercies, and thy pard'ning grace?
- 3 Thy pity, and paternal care,
The tender yearnings of thy heart,
Are they restrain'd? Is fury there?
Ah no! Thou still our Father art.
- 4 Doubtless thou art our Father still,
Though Abraham his seed disowns
Debas'd by sin, though Israel
Renounces his degenerate sons.
- 5 Our Lord, and our Redeemer now
Thou art, and will⁷ be still the same,
Our everlasting Father thou;
Jehovah is thy glorious name.
- 6 Why then, O Lord, if ours thou art,
Why hast thou suffer'd us to rove?
Withdrawn thy Spirit from our heart,
And left us to our want of love?
- 7 Why hast thou hid thy lovely face,
And caus'd us from thy paths to err?
Abandon'd by restraining grace
Our hearts were harden'd from thy fear.
- 8 Yet, Lord, for thee again we mourn,
Now let our prayers thine aid engage,
Now for thy servant's sake return,
And cheer thy drooping heritage.
- 9 The land we fondly deem'd our own
(Alas, how short a time enjoy'd!)
Our adversaries have o'erthrown,
And trampled on the house of God.

⁷“Will” changed to “wilt” in 3rd edn. (1756).

- 10 Yet we are thine, though disposses't,
And outcasts from the promis'd land,
They never have thy sway confess'd,
Or yielded to thy just command.
- 11 We, we are call'd by thy great name,
Accept our plea, thine ear incline,
Thine, Lord, we are, renew thy claim,
Receive, and seal us ever thine.

**God's Husbandry.
From the German.⁸**

- 1 High on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his works surveys,
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.
He rests well-pleas'd their toil to see,
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.
- 2 His eye the world at once looks thro',
A vast uncultivated field!
Mountains and vales, in ghastly shew,
A barren uncouth prospect yield.
Clear'd of the thorns by human care,
A few less hideous wastes are seen,
Yet still they all continue bare,
And not one spot of earth is green.
- 3 See where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear,
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His heritage they toil to clear.

⁸Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 909–10 (#1004, by August Gottlieb Spangenberg).

The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands,
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's land.

- 4 Alarm'd at their successful toil,
Satan, and his wild spirits rage,
They labour to tear up and spoil,
And blast the rising heritage.
In every wilderness they sow
The seed of death, the carnal mind,
They would not let one virtue grow,
Or leave one seed of good behind.
- 5 Yet still the servants of their Lord
Look up, and calmly persevere,
Supported by the Master's word,
The adverse powers they scorn to fear;
Gladly their happy work pursue:
The labour of their hands is seen,
Their hands the face of earth renew,
Diversified with chearful green.
- 6 Wheree'r the faithful workers turn,
The steps of industry appear,
They labour the dry wood to burn,
They labour with incessant⁹ care
The fruits of Sodom to tread down,
To root up each accursed seed,
By Satan, and his servants sown,
And plant the gospel in its stead.
- 7 To dig the ground, they all bestow
Their lives; from every soften'd clod
They gather out the stones, and sow
Th' immortal seed, the word of God.
They water it with tears and prayers,
They long for the returning word,
Happy, if all their pains and cares
Can bring forth fruit to please their Lord.

⁹“Incessant” changed to “unwearied” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 8 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown,
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promis'd blessing down:
The sap of life, the Spirit's powers
He rains incessant from above,
He all his gracious fulness showers,
To perfect their great work of love.
- 9 He prospers all his servants' toils:
But of peculiar grace has chose
A flock, on whom his kindest smiles,
And choicest blessings he bestows:
Devoted to their common Lord,
True followers of the bleeding Lamb,
By God belov'd, by men abhor'd—
And Hernhuth is the fav'rite name!
- 10 Here many a faithful soul is found,
With mystick power¹⁰ of love endu'd,
Full of the light of life, and crown'd
A king, and priest to serve his God.
With flaming zeal for Christ they shine,
Their body, soul, and spirit give,
To Christ their goods and blood resign,
For Christ they freely die and live.
- 11 What can we offer our good Lord
(Poor nothings!) for his boundless grace!
Fain would we his great name record,
And worthily set forth his praise.
Dear object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it our full soul o'erflow.
- 12 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free,

¹⁰“Power” changed to “powers” in 3rd edn. (1756).

Till all mankind shall learn thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee.
Open a door which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain:
Let thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain.

- 13 Oh! Multiply thy sower's seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare;
We all in perfect love renew'd
Shall know the greatness of thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

**It is Mine Own Infirmity.
Psalm lxxvii. 10. [BCP]**

- [1] Have mercy, Lord, thy wrath remove,
Nor let thy judgments weigh me down,
I cannot live without thy love,
I cannot stand beneath thy frown.
- 2 Wilt thou not once thy face display,
And dart a ray of heavenly light,
Still must I urge my cheerless way,
And mourn thro'out my long-liv'd night?
- 3 Lo! In my prayer I ever mourn,
Vext with the sad remains of sin,
Broken, and bruis'd, and rack'd, and torn,
How shall I bear this hell within?
- 4 This unbelief, these cruel fears,
Distracting doubts, and torturing pain,

While thou art silent at my tears,
Thou see'st them ever flow in vain.

5 And must I yield to black despair,
In vain on thee for mercy call,
Tempted above what I can bear!
And wilt thou suffer me to fall!

6 Never again disclose thy face,
Or shew me the atoning blood?
Have I exhausted all thy grace?
Hath God forgotten to be good?

7 For ever is thy mercy gone,
Thy truth, and faithfulness, and love?
Doth angry justice rule alone?
Have I no advocate above?

8 Then pour thy vengeance on my head,
And quench the smoaking flax in me,
Break (if thou canst) a bruised reed,
And cast me out who come to thee.

9 Jesu, I come my doom to meet,
A sinner whom thou wilt not spare:
But I will perish at thy feet,
The first that ever perish'd there!

Genesis iii. 15.

**“I will put enmity between thee and the woman,
and between thy seed and her seed,” &c.**

1 God of truth, and power, and love,
Father, friend of all mankind,
Let on me thy Spirit move,
Influence my feeble mind;

'Twixt the serpent's seed and me
Prevalently interpose,
Break the fatal amity,
Make us everlasting foes.

2 Sin hath poison'd all my soul,
Sin the serpent's cursed seed:
No one part in me is whole;
Yet will I the promise plead,
Promise of all-saving grace,
Promise of an inward power,
Able to redeem the race,
Me, and all men to restore.

3 Breathe the breath of simple life,
Oh! Be Abel born in me
Previous to the legal strife,
Innocent simplicity:
Give me childishness t' oppose
To the subtle serpent's art;
Childishness no evil knows,
Give me, Lord, a simple heart.

4 Or if pride hath this destroy'd
Turn'd into self-righteousness,
Let the law supply the void,
Seth^a succeed in Abel's place.
Deeply root thy law within
Parent of the *wretched man*:^b
Check my forwardness to sin,
Forcibly by fear restrain.

5 Bind in me the strong-man bind
With the fetters of the law,
Curb, and thwart the carnal mind,
Keep the man of sin in awe,
Enemy to all that's good,
Never will he quite give place;

^a תש A positive law.

^b שוֹנֵא Enos, i.e., miserable.

He can only be subdu'd,
By the sense of pard'ning grace.

6 Tell me, Jesus died for me,
Shew some token of his love;
Love and sin can ne'er agree,
Love shall still the stronger prove:
Love in the first measure give,
Sin shall then no longer sway,
Flesh may for a season strive,
I the Spirit shall obey.

7 Patiently I then shall wait
For the woman's noblest seed,
JESUS CHRIST the MIGHTY HATE,
Bruiser of the serpent's head;
O reveal thy Son in me,
Bring the perfect nature in,
Now destroy the enmity,
Now consume the man of sin.

8 Adam, flesh, and self, and pride,
Antichrist, perdition's son,
Let him not in me abide,
Cast him out, and reign alone;
Slay the dragon in the sea,
Make my soul thy pure abode,
Fill'd with all the deity,
Swallow'd up, and lost in God.

Moriar ut Te Videam!
“Let me die that I may see thee!”¹¹

1 O thou, who know'st what is in man,
Who searchest out the reins and heart,
Me, Jesu, to myself explain,
A ray of heavenly light impart;

¹¹A quote traditionally assigned to Saint Augustine.

- Impart thyself, thou real light,
And manifest my nature's night.
- 2 Cause me, O God, myself to know,
The depth of wickedness within,
Shew me, my inmost substance shew,
Th' exceeding sinfulness of sin:
Such power belongs to thee alone;
Shew me, that sin and I are one.
- 3 Senseless alike of sin and thee,
My unawaken'd soul remains,
Fast bound in sin, and misery
I slumber on, nor feel my chains,
Nor taste nor see how good thou art,
For still the veil is on my heart.
- 4 Oh! Might my heart at least relent,
And feel the guilty mountain-load.
Oh! That thy powerful word might rent
The veil, and let me into God;
The glories of thy face display,
The brightness of eternal day!
- 5 I know the terms: I cannot see
Thy blissful face, and live—in sin:
A flaming sword preserves the tree
Of life, lest¹² self should enter in;
It keeps out self, and every way
It turns, the man of sin to slay.
- 6 Be it according to thy word,
Ready to meet my doom I am.
Oh! Let me rush upon that sword,
And feel the sin-consuming flame;
Live only Christ in me, not I;
O let me see thy face and die!
- 7 Die all of self to live no more,
Die the old man no more to rise;

¹²Ori., "least"; changed in 3rd edn. (1756).

Me to thine image here restore,
Receive me to thy paradise,
(Whence I may never more remove)
The paradise of perfect love.

A Passion-Hymn.

- 1 Ye that pass by, behold the man!
The Man of Griefs condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 The abjects spit upon that face
Which prophets wish'd in vain to see,
On which the angels lov'd to gaze,
Pleas'd with his milder majesty.
- 4 Ador'd by angels, mock'd by men,
Speechless the form of guilt he wears,
Revil'd he answers not again,
But meekly all their insults bears.
- 5 Nor can he thus their hate assuage,
His innocence to death pursu'd,
Must fully glut their utmost rage;
Hark! How they clamour for his blood!
- 6 To us our own Barabbas give,
Away with him (they loudly cry)
Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify.

- 7 Against his God the creature calls:
 Accus'd and sentenc'd by the breath
 Himself inspir'd, their Maker falls;
 The Lord of life is doom'd to death.
- 8 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood
 His sacred limbs—expos'd, and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 9 See there! His temples crown'd with thorns!
 His bleeding hands extended wide,
 His streaming feet, transfixt and torn!
 The fountain gushing from his side!
- 10 Where is the King of Glory now!
 The everlasting Son of God!
 Th' immortal hangs his languid brow,
 Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!
- 11 Beneath *my* load he faints, and dies:
 I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown;
 I caus'd those mortal groans, and cries,
 I kill'd the Father's only Son.
- 12 Oh! Thou dear suffering Son of God,
 How doth thy heart to sinners move!
 Help me to catch thy precious blood,
 Help me to taste thy dying love.
- 13 Give me to feel thy agonies,
 One drop of thy sad cup afford:
 I fain with thee would sympathize,¹³
 And share the sufferings of my Lord.
- 14 The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convuls'd, while her Creator died;
 O let my inmost nature shake,
 And bow¹⁴ with Jesus crucified.

¹³Ori., “simpathise”; corrected in errata.

¹⁴“Bow” changed to “die” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 15 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
Oh! That my soul might burst the shade,
And quickned by thy death, arise.
- 16 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rent with thy expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart.
- 17 My stony heart thy voice *shall* rent,
Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove,
My inmost bowels shall resent
The yearnings of thy dying love.
- 18 The grace I surely shall receive,
Thy death hath bought the grace for me;
This is my whole desire, to live;
To live, and then to die in thee.

Desiring to Love.

- 1 What shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's to praise?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me, and all the fallen race;
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race, and me.
- 2 I long to know, and to make known
The heighth and depth of love divine,
The kindness thou to me hast shewn,
Whose every sin was counted thine:
My God for me resign'd his breath,
He died, to save my soul from death.
- 3 All souls are thine: and thou for all
The ransom of thy life hast given,

To raise the sinner from his fall,
And bring him back to God and heaven,
Thou all the world hast died to save,
And all may thy salvation have.

4 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
On me, and all mankind bestow'd!
O that my every breath were praise,
O that my heart were fill'd with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory shew.

5 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint,
Me weary of forbearing see,
And let me feel thy love's constraint,
And freely give up all for thee.
True in the fiery tryal prove,
And pay thee back thy dying love.

Another [Desiring to Love].

1 O love, I languish at thy stay,
I pine for thee with lingring smart,
Weary, and faint thro' long delay,
When wilt thou come into my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee!

2 Come, O thou universal good,
Balm of the wounded conscience, come,
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandring pilgrim's home,
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin.

3 Be thou, O love, whate'er I want,
Support my feebleness of mind,
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind,

The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight,
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown,
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The name inscrib'd in the white stone,
The life divine, the little leaven,
My pretious pearl, my present heaven.

Another [Desiring to Love].

1 O love divine, what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
Th' immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my love is crucified!

2 Behold him all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace,
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his!
Come feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my love is crucified!

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels near to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
We all are bought with Jesu's blood;

Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my love is crucified.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think, or speak beside:¹⁵
My Lord, my love is crucified!

[John i. 29.]

**“Behold the Lamb of God, that
taketh away the sin of the world!”¹⁶**

- 1 Jesu, great Redeemer, hear
A feeble sinner’s cry,
Thou in my behalf appear,
And bring salvation nigh:
To my Lord what shall I say?
Saviour, I of thee have need;
Take, O take my sins away,
And make me free indeed.
- 2 Thee all-lovely as thou art,
Should I profess to love,
Surely my rebellious heart
The falshood would disprove:
Thee my heart cannot obey
Till from every evil freed:
Take, O take [my sins away,
And make me free indeed.]¹⁷
- 3 Should I say, that ought in me
Of good doth now abide,
Self-condemn’d I now should be;
My all is self and pride.
Guilty, guilty must I say,
Nothing, Lord, have I to plead:
Take, O take [my sins away,
And make me free indeed.]

¹⁵Line changed to “Of nothing speak or think beside” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

¹⁶Title changed to “Salvation by Grace” in 2nd edn. (1745) and 3rd following.

¹⁷Ori., ends this and next three stanzas: “Take, O take, &c.”

- 4 No desire, or will have I
Thy mercy to embrace,
From thy arms of love I fly,
And slight thy proffer'd grace:
But thou didst my ransom pay,
But thy blood for me was shed:
Take, O take [my sins away,
And make me free indeed.]
- 5 Thy salvation to obtain,
Out of myself I go,
Freely thou must heal my pain,
Thy unbought mercy shew:
For myself I cannot pray;
Let thy Spirit interceed:
Take, O take [my sins away,
And make me free indeed.]
- 6 Not because I willing am,
On me this grace be shew'd;
But thou art th' atoning Lamb,
Therefore apply thy blood;
Therefore, Lord, no more delay,
Therefore heal my soul, and lead;
Take, O take my sins away,
And make me free indeed.

Before the Sacrament.

- 1 Jesu, at whose supreme command
We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipt in blood.
- 2 Obedient to thy gracious word
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

- 3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known,
Affix the sacramental seal,
And stamp us for thine own.
- 4 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickning Spirit move,
And *sensibly* believe.
- 5 The cup of blessing blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.
- 6 The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Sate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.
- 7 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be;
The¹⁸ flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
- 8 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below
With all the life of God.

After a Journey.

- 1 Glory to God, whose gracious care
Doth all my steps attend,
Throughout the way my weakness bear,
And bring me to the end.

¹⁸“The” changed to “Thy” in *HLS* (1745).

- 2 Thou, Lord, hast sav'd both man and beast,
 How excellent thy name!
 While underneath thy wings I rest,
 Thy goodness I proclaim.
- 3 Still (for I put my trust in thee)
 All evil turn aside,
 Cover my helpless head, and be
 My¹⁹ everlasting guide.
- 4 Lead me, till my few evil years
 Of pilgrimage are o'er;
 But e'er I leave this vale of tears,
 O let²⁰ me sin no more.

Psalm li. 10. [BCP]
**“Make me a clean heart, O God,
and renew a right spirit within me.”**

- 1 O for an heart to praise my God,
 An heart from sin set free!
 An heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 An heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine,

¹⁹“My” changed to “Mine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

²⁰“Let” changed to “bid” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesu, for thee distrest I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossess,
From self, and sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

A Prayer for Humility.

- 1 O my heart, what must I do!
Shall the self-admiring fiend
Still my helplessness pursue?
Shall his malice never end?
Still the stubborn sin remains,
Still the thorn is in my side,
Still I groan to feel my chains,
Sorely buffeted by pride.
- 2 Vanity, the serpent-seed
Poisoning all my good I find;

Stealing on with silent tread
Vanity lurks close behind.
As the substance by the shade,
Grace I find by pride pursued;
Grace is pride's occasion made,
Evil ever cleaves to good.

3 Pleas'd in borrow'd plumes to shine,
Nature arrogates a share,
Mixes in the work divine,
Bold the Godhead's form to wear;
Proudly in her beauty trusts,
Heavenly charms as hers displays,
Falsely, blasphemously boasts,
Varnish'd, deck'd, and hid by grace.

4 When the boasted grace is gone,
Humbled in the dust I lie,
Poor, forsaken, and alone,
From the deep on God I cry.
Seeing there my loss of God,
Proud I am my loss to see,
Proud to find that I am proud,
Proud of my humility.

5 O the strength of inbred sin!
Who can vanity subdue?
From a creature all unclean
Who can bring a creature new?
Jesu, Lord, all power is thine,
Nothing is too hard for thee,
Greater than this heart of mine,
Surely thou canst humble me.

6 O begin; the way prepare:
Pride, and unbelief confound:
Far away my fig-leaves tear,
Thoroughly search my spirit's wound:

Cast me down, and keep me poor,
All my weak supports remove,
Lay the deep foundation sure,
Humble me by faith and love.

- 7 Take my broken reeds away,
Every vain fallacious rest,
All on which my soul I stay,
All that keeps me from thy breast:
Strip me, empty me of all;
Joyless, cheerless would I be,
So I might on Jesus fall,
Fall, and lose myself in thee.

**“O that I had wings like a dove, for then
would I flee away, and be at rest.”
Psalm lv. 6. [BCP]**

- 1 O that I had the silver wings
Of the mild, holy dove,
To bear me far from earthly things,
And every creature-love.
- 2 Then would I swiftly fly away
To Christ, and be at rest,
On him my flutt’ring spirit stay,
And hide me in his breast.
- 3 Jesu, my hiding-place, to thee
I know not how to fly,
Long have I struggled to be free,
Nor found deliverance nigh.
- 4 Full oft in fruitless, fond desire
I *to the desert* ran,

But could not from myself retire,
Or 'scape the inner man.

5 I took the morning's wings and fled
For rest to worlds unknown;
Sin found me in the secret shade,
And claim'd me for its own.

6 O who shall bid this self depart,
This world of sin exclude,
Empty, and make my peaceful heart
An holy solitude?

7 'Tis not the desart, or the cell
Can hide me from my pain,
I carry with me my own hell,
While self and pride remain.

8 Baffled, o'ercome I yield at last,
I yield to self-despair,
My unavailing strife is past,
And void returns my prayer.

9 I cannot pray, I cannot praise,
For grace I cannot call,
I cannot *feel* my want of grace,
My soul is stript of all.

10 A vile, unworthy worm, my eyes
I dare not lift to heaven,
Let him, who sees me from the skies,
Speak if I am forgiven.

11 Or let my Lord still hold his peace,
And do as seems him good,
Forsake me in my last distress,
And leave me in my blood.

- 12 If he can find it in his heart,
His fury let him pour
On me, and from my soul depart,
And never love me more.
- 13 I leave it all to him alone,
It lies within his breast,
His will, his only will be done,
Let me be curst, or blest.

Another

**["O that I had wings like a dove, for then
would I flee away, and be at rest."
Psalm lv. 6. BCP].**

- 1 Omniscient God, whose eyelids try
The self-deceiving sons of men,
To thee how shall I dare draw nigh,
A man of lips and heart unclean!
Thou know'st, I mean not what I say,
Thou know'st, I only seem to pray.
- 2 Doubtless thou art of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquity,
And all my nature naked lies,
And all my thoughts appear to thee,
No fig-leaves from thy sight can hide
My filthiness of self, and pride.
- 3 O my abominable heart!
Its secrets all to thee are known,
The sin from which I cannot part,
The sin that claims me for its own;
Thou seest it all, my nature's shame,
Thou seest, what I should die to name.
- 4 The foul reproach I groan to bear,
And vainly struggle to get free,
Yet still I breathe a tainted air,
Tainted, alas! By sin and me,
And wish for wings to flee away,
And ever in the desert stay.

- 5 O that I had a cottage there
 To lodge a poor wayfaring man!
Far from the world of noise, and care,
 Of grief, anxiety, and pain,
O could I from my people roam,
And be, where none but God could come.
- 6 Me as a bowl if now he turn,
 To foreign climes with violence toss,
I would not for a moment mourn
 My kindred, or my country's loss;
A voluntary exile I
Would there consent to live, and die.
- 7 O might I have my one request,
 My fond, and foolish heart's desire,
And get me hence, and be at rest,
 Into the deepest shades retire,
Be clean forgot, and out of mind—
O where shall I the desert find!
- 8 Can earth afford that secret place?
 Long have I sought it out in vain,
And fled before the human face,
 And drag'd to distant worlds my chain,
Yet still I found the carnal mind,
I could not leave myself behind.
- 9 'Tis vain, I find, from self to flee
 For rest, to earth's remotest bound,
The deep cries out, 'Tis not in me!
 Happiness is not to be found,
Save only, Jesus, in thy breast:
Thou art the soul's eternal rest.
- 10 But how shall I to thee attain,
 Thee, whom I sinfully pursue,
Unprofitable I, and vain!
 Thy glory is not in my view:

What shall I say, thy grace to win?
My very prayer is turn'd to sin.

- 11 Nothing in me thy grace can move,
A wretched man of sin I am;
But thou art good, but thou art love,
And Jesus is thy healing name:
Oh! For thy name, and mercy's sake,
The sinner to thy bosom take.
- 12 Do as thou findest in thy heart,
Reject me, Saviour, or receive,
Bid me from thee to hell depart,
Or bid me come to thee, and live;
I trust my soul to this alone,
Let all thy will on me be done.

A Poor Sinner.

- 1 How happy is the man
Who sees his misery,
Who ever feels his nature's chain,
Nor murmurs to be free.
- Who waits in patient hope,
And languishing for home
With chearful confidence looks up,
And says, My Lord will come.
- 2 He neither hopes nor fears
Evil, or good below,
But sighs for God, and lets his tears
In secret silence flow.
- Stript of his joy, he grieves
Quiet, and meek, and still;
The matter to his Father leaves,
And bids him work his will.

3 In calm, submissive grief
 He suffers his distress,
He cannot snatch undue relief,
 Or wish his misery less:

 “My Father’s will is good,”
 (The patient mourner cries)
“He never gives a stone for food,
 Or slights his children’s sighs.”

4 O that I thus resign’d
 Might bear my nature’s load,
O that in me were such a mind
 To leave the whole to God!

 With him to trust my cause,
 And quietly endure,
Till he remove the hallow’d cross,
 And all my sickness cure.

5 I would (but thou canst tell)
 I would be humble, Lord,
My burthen every moment feel,
 And tremble at thy word:

 I would be stript of all,
 And calmly wait thy stay,
Poor at thy feet, and helpless fall,
 And weep my life away.

6 I would be truly still,
 Nor set a time to thee,
But act according to thy will,
 And speak, and think, and be.

 I would with thee be one,
 And till the grace is given,
Incessant pray, thy will be done
 In earth, as ’tis in heaven.

**“The heart is deceitful above all things,
and desperately wicked; who can know it?”
Jerem[iah] xvii. 9.**

- 1 O my false, deceitful heart,
Desperately false thou art,
Foul as hell, when fair in shew;
Who can all thy mazes know?
He the stars may reckon o'er,
Tell the sands that bound the shore,
Count the drops that make the sea,
Comprehend eternity.
- 2 Foolish heart, unjust and vain!
Pride was never made for man:
Glory dost thou still pursue?
Glory all to God is due.
What hast thou whereof to boast?
God alone is good and just;
Only his be all the praise,
What we are, we are by grace.
- 3 Wretched heart, with woes opprest!
Ever roving after rest;
Wilt thou still pretend to own
Bliss is found in God alone?
While thy foolish wishes go
After empty joys below,
False, imaginary ease,
Dreams of creature happiness.
- 4 Stony heart, which nought can move!
Thou can'st neither fear nor love:
Threats, and promises are vain,
Give thee neither joy, nor pain:
All alike it seems to thee
Perfect bliss, or misery,

Joys, or woes unspeakable,
Life or death, and heaven or hell.

- 5 Wav'ring, frail, inconstant heart,
O how blind, and weak thou art!
Weak as helpless infancy,
Blind thy helplessness to see,
To thine own corruptions blind,
More inconstant than the wind,
Wav'ring as a shaken reed,
Cold, and dark, and doubly dead.
- 6 Stubborn heart, ungrateful, hard,
With a red-hot iron sear'd!
Carnal heart, immerst in sin,
All a cage of birds unclean;
Downward all thy motions tend,
Lust, the beast, or pride, the fiend,
Shew thee, since thy total fall,
Earthly, sensual, devilish all.
- 7 Faithless heart! Be this thy grief,
Groan beneath thy²¹ unbelief:
Unbelief, the damning sin,
Keeps thee all unclean, unclean,
Aggravates thy heavy load,
Will not let thee come to God,
Suffers not his grace to move,
Robs him of his truth and love.
- 8 Faithless heart, to Jesus bow,
Suffer him to save thee now!
No—thou wilt not now believe,
Wilt not take what God would give:
Thou refusest to be free,
All the hindrance is in thee,
Thro' thy own rebellious will,
Bound thou art, and faithless still.

²¹“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 9 O my Lord, what must I do?
Only thou the way canst shew,
Thou canst save me in this hour,
I have neither will nor power:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the sinful heart,
Let it now on me be shewn,
Take away the heart of stone.
- 10 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean,
Make me willing to receive
What thy goodness waits to give;
Force me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear these idols from my heart,
All thy power on me be shewn,
Take away the heart of stone.
- 11 Jesu, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will, and do,
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride,
Stop the whirlwind of my will,
Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
Now thy love almighty shew,
Make ev'n me a creature new.
- 12 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down,
All my²² unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aspiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory,
Save the vilest of the race,
Force me to be sav'd by grace.

²²“My” changed to “mine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

**“Wretched, and miserable, and poor,
and blind, and naked.”
[Revelation iii. 17.]**

- 1 Rich, and increas'd with goods I was,
Abundant in my virtue's store,
In wisdom rich, and strength, and grace;
So rich, I needed nothing more:
Alas! My God, I could not see
That still I needed all in thee.
- 2 Thanks to thy grace, if I begin
My wretchedness at length to know,
If now, in part convinc'd of sin,
I groan beneath my weight of woe;
Surely at last I more than see
That sin is perfect misery.
- 3 Stript of my boasted gifts, I fall
A beggar at thy mercy's door,
I ask an alms, for grace I call,
Poor, beyond all expression poor,
If one good thought thy heaven could buy,
Alas! Not one good thought have I.
- 4 How dark and dreary is my heart!
Dark as the chambers of the grave,
So blind, 'till thou thy light impart,
I cannot see thy power to save.
Or know, 'till thou the veil remove,
That I am sin, and God is love.
- 5 My fig-leaves now are cast aside,
The rags of my self-righteousness,
From thee my shame I cannot hide,
My spirit sinks in deep distress;
How shall I in thy sight appear,
Or bear myself, when thou art near!

- 6 A monster to myself I am,
Self-loathing at thy feet I lie,
How shall I bear this load of shame!
How shall I meet thy piercing eye!
I faint, and sink, and die away
At the²³ insufferable day.
- 7 Mountains, and rocks on you I call,
My nakedness of soul to skreen,
Fall, on my guilty nature fall,
And hide me from the hell of sin!
Alas! My soul, it cannot be:
The hell of sin remains in thee.
- 8 O God! (But shall I dare to pray?)
O Jesus! Son of God and man,
Pity a sinful worm, and stay
My grief, and mitigate my pain;
Cover my shame, remove my load
Of sin, for thou hast blush'd in blood.
- 9²⁴ Or rather, if it be thy will,
Conform me fully to thy death,
Now let me all my vileness feel,
Now let me render up my breath,
And bow my head, and die with thee,
For shame that thou hast died for me.

Another
["Wretched, and miserable, and poor,
and blind, and naked." Revelation iii. 17].

- 1 Wretched, helpless, and distress
Ah! Whither shall I fly!
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh,
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin, and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee.

²³"The" changed to "thy" in 2nd edn (1745) and following.

²⁴Ori., "6"; a misprint.

- 2 Who my misery can relate,
 My depth of woe reveal?
I have left my first estate,
 In hapless Adam fell:
 Driven out of my abode
I now have lost my perfect bliss,
 Fallen, fallen out of God,
 And banish'd paradise.
- 3 I am all unclean, unclean,
 Thy purity I want,
My whole heart is sick of sin,
 And my whole head is faint:
 Full of putrifying sores,
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
 Looks to Jesus; help implores,
 And gasps to be made whole.
- 4 In the wilderness I stray,
 My foolish heart is blind,
Nothing do I know; the way
 Of peace I cannot find;
 Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take the veil away,
 Turn my darkness into light,
 My midnight into day.
- 5 Naked of thine image, Lord,
 Forsaken, and alone,
Unrenew'd, and unrestor'd
 I have not thee put on:
 Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above,
 Let thy goodness be display'd,
 And wrap me in thy love.
- 6 Poor, alas! Thou know'st I am,
 And would be poorer still,
See my nakedness, and shame,
 And all my vileness feel:

No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

7 Jesu, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want:
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor,
In thee may I my Eden find,
To the dying health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

8 Cloath me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility,
Put on me thy²⁵ glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee;
Let thy²⁶ image be restor'd,
Thy name, and nature let me prove,
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

A Welcome to the Cross.

1 All hail the Saviour's hallow'd cross,
By which I daily die within!
All things for thee I count but loss,
Enter my soul, and work out sin;
Here let thy mortal virtue move,
And crucify my creature-love.

2 Wither my strength, destroy my will,
Stain all the glory of my pride,
My appetites, and passions kill,
Be to my whole of self applied,
Implunge me in the depth beneath,
And speak to all my nature death.

²⁵Ori., "Put me on my ..."; changed in 2nd edn. (1745) to "Put on me my"; and to above in 3rd edn. (1756).

²⁶"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 3 O that I now with all could part,
Cut off the hand, pluck out the eye!
Jesus, thou greater than my heart,
Thy²⁷ efficacious death apply,
Now for thyself prepare the way,
Breathe, and the sinful Adam slay.
- 4 Thou know'st what keeps me out of thee,
Naked I in thine eyes appear,
Reveal the thing I would not see,
Th' accursed thing that harbours here,
O tear it hence, altho' the smart,
The killing anguish break my heart.
- 5²⁸ Thou see'st, alas! I am not dead,
My nature's life in me is whole,
Again the rebel lifts his head,
And self bears down my struggling soul,
This thorn, I feel it in my side
Th' unconquerable strength of pride.
- 6²⁹ Still do I live, not Christ but I,
The inbred sin I groan to bear,
Jesu, with thee I long to die,
The suffering of thy cross to share,
Sweet fellowship with thee to have:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave.
- 7³⁰ There³¹ let me lay my burthen down
In sweet forgetfulness of care,
The cross shall bring me to the crown,
The dead thy praises shall declare,
When all renew'd in love I shine,
Partaker of the³² life divine.

²⁷“Thy” changed to “Thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

²⁸Ori., “6”; a misprint.

²⁹Ori., “7”; a misprint.

³⁰Ori., “8”; a misprint.

³¹Ori., “Then”; corrected in errata.

³²“The” changed to “a” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

In Temptation.

- 1 Jesu, hear a sinner's prayer,
Lo! I flee unto thee,
Cast on thee my care.
- 2 If, O Lord, I have found favour
In thy sight, be my might,
Be my loving Saviour.
- 3 To my soul in sore temptation
Let thine aid be convey'd
Shew me thy salvation.
- 4 Christ the tempted, hear my crying,
Sinner's friend, succour send,
See, my soul is dying.
- 5 Lord, I cannot cease from sinning,
Till thou art in my heart,
Ending as beginning.
- 6 Every moment am I falling
Into hell, till thou seal
My effectual calling.
- 7 Alpha, and Omega, save me,
Enter in, bid my sin,
Bid my nature leave me.
- 8 Jesu, for thy love I languish,
Only love can remove
All my grief, and anguish.
- 9 I shall all in thee inherit,
Thirst no more, if thou pour
Into me thy Spirit.

- 10 Jesu's love than sin is stronger;
 When I prove Jesu's love,
 I shall sin no longer.
- 11 Faithful to thy Spirit's leading,
 I shall rest on thy breast,
 Find my long-sought Eden.
- 12 Neither life, nor death shall sever;
 When thou art in my heart,
 Thou art there for ever.

Another [In Temptation].

- 1 Jesu, gentle, loving Lamb,
 Let me call thee by thy name,
 Saviour, I have need of thee,
 As thou art so may I be.
- 2 Save me, Lord, from sin and fear,
 Bring the great salvation near,
 Bring into my soul thy peace,
 Everlasting righteousness.
- 3 Me to save if thou hast died,
 Save me from this self and pride,
 All the plague of sin remove,
 Cast it out by perfect love.
- 4 See me the reverse of thee,
 Only sin and misery;
 Make me willing to receive
 All the grace thou hast to give.
- 5 O supply my every want,
 Feed a tender sickly plant,
 Day and night my keeper be,
 Every moment water me.

- 6 Hide me, dearest Saviour, hide
Let me never leave thy side;
Oh! 'Tis hell from thee to part,
Press me closer to thy heart.
- 7 When thy love is my defence,
Sin shall never pluck me thence,
When my heart with love runs o'er,
Sin shall³³ never enter more.
- 8 Only love can end the strife,
Give me love, and take my life;
Do not, Lord, my suit deny,
Give me love, and let me die.

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray,
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be opprest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.
- 2 Hast thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their sin?
Weary I obey thy call,
And come to be made clean:
Give my burthen'd conscience ease,
O grant me now the promis'd rest:
Jesus, Master, [seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.]³⁴
- 3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me:

³³“Shall” changed to “can” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

³⁴Ori., ends this and next three stanzas: “Jesus, Master, &c.”

Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, Master, [seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.]

4 Full of pain and sin am I,
I ever bear my shame,
Waiting till my Lord pass by,
And call me by my name:
Surely now my pain he sees,
And I shall quickly be releas'd:
Jesus, Master, [seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.]

5 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given,
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, Master, [seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.]

6 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath,
Join the happy few, whose love
Was mightier than death.
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

In Doubt.

1 The children to the birth are come,
But Oh! They have not might
To burst the barriers of the womb,
And struggle into light.

2 My feeble soul gives o'er the strife,
Just as it sees the skies,
Fails in the very gate of life,
Sinks back again, and dies.

- 3 I saw the port of Jesu's breast,
But while I entred in,
A whirlwind swept me from my rest,
And plung'd me into sin.
- 4 What shall I do, or whither turn?
Despairing of relief,
I only can my ruin mourn
With unavailing grief.
- 5 Ah woe is me! To evil sold,
And fallen back from grace!
I never, never shall behold
The dear Redeemer's face.
- 6 Better, that I had, never felt
My Saviour's blood applied;
Less aggravated were my guilt,
Had I in Egypt died.
- 7 Better that I had never known
The way of righteousness,
Than to break off the course begun,
And leave th' unfinish'd race.
- 8 Ah! Wherefore did I ever take,
If I must quit the field;
Must shamefully at last turn back,
And cast away my shield?
- 9 But shall I throw on God the blame?
Or daringly complain
Because I most unfaithful am,
And make his mercies vain?
- 10 No, Lord, thy truth and grace I clear;
For years thy Spirit strove,
Faithful to me thy mercies were,
And infinite thy love.

- 11 Far be it from my wretched heart
To charge my death on thee,
To save me now thou ready art,
If sav'd I now would be.
- 12 Whether or no my heart of stone
Will yield to be renewed,
Sufficient is thy grace I own,
I justify my God.
- 13 This record do I leave behind,
Whether I stand or fall,
Sinners, ye all his grace may find,
His grace is free for all.

For the Spirit of Prayer.

- 1 What shall I do to 'scape the hell
That burns me up within!
Satan, and all his hosts I feel
In this indwelling sin.
- 2 It mocks my strength, prevents my flight,
Still intimately nigh,
Impossible it is to fight,
Impossible to fly.
- 3 One only refuge there remains,
But that I cannot find,
So fast these grievous, fleshly chains,
My slothful spirit bind.
- 4 Monster of sin! How can it be
That I should still delay!
Jesus I know would set me free,
Would I to Jesus pray.
- 5 He bids me ask, and I shall have:
I know it; and forbear;
Assur'd he would the sinner save,
In answer to my prayer.

- 6 He pities now my sad estate,
And gladly would relieve,
But Oh! I cannot—will not—wait
Till he the blessing give.
- 7 He waits that he may gracious be,
To all his bowels move;
Fury, O God, is not in thee,
But all thy heart is love.
- 8 Then help me to receive thy word,
Help me on thee to call,
Have patience with me, dearest Lord,
And I will pay thee all.
- 9 On me for good this token shew,
Pronounce the Ephphatha,
And let my heart in prayer or'eflow,
And let me always pray.
- 10 A time to thee I will not set,
Nor charge thee with delay;
Do with me, Lord, as seems thee meet,
But let me always pray.
- 11 Thou art not slack touching thy word,
Content I am to stay,
To wait the leisure of my Lord,
But let me always pray.
- 12 Though in my flesh I feel the thorn,
No more will I complain,
Let me but in thy bosom mourn,
And tell thee all my pain.
- 13 Come joy, or grief, come life, or death,
For this I take no care,
But when I render up my breath,
Let my last breath be prayer.

Going into a Place of Danger.

- 1 Oh! But must I, Lord, return
 Into the dreadful fight,
Bear what is not to be born
 Again drag'd out to light!
I a weak, and helpless worm
 Only shall thy cause betray,
Perish in temptation's storm,
 A final castaway.

- 2 Didst thou only bid me leap
 Into a burning fire,
Cast me down the threatning steep,
 Or now my soul require,
Gladly would I now comply,
 Plunge into the depths beneath,
Rush into the flames, and die
 To 'scape the second death.

- 3 O Almighty God of love,
 Thy holy arm display,
Send me succour from above
 In this my evil day;
Arm my weakness with thy power;
 Woman's seed appear within:
Be my safeguard, and my tower
 Against the face of sin.

- 4 Could I of thy strength take hold,
 And always feel thee near,
Stedfastly, divinely bold
 My soul would scorn to fear.
Nothing should my firmness shock:
 Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
 They never could prevail.

5 Rock of my salvation, haste,
 Extend thy ample shade,
Let it over me be cast,
 And skreen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour,
 Thou my sure protection be,
Shelter me from Satan's power,
 Till I am fixt on thee.

6 Set upon thyself my feet,
 And make me surely stand,
From temptation's rage and heat
 Cover me with thy hand:
Let me in the cleft³⁵ be placed,
 Never from my fence remove,
In thy³⁶ arms of love embrac'd,
 Of everlasting love.

For One Convinced of Inordinate Affection.

1 Woe is me! That wretched man
 More than my God I prize!
Well I know them void and vain,
 Yet pant for earthly joys:
Downward still my wishes move,
Though fairer than earth's sons thou art:
Touch me, Jesus, with thy love,
 And vindicate my heart.

2 Happiness is not in me,
 Though every creature cry,
Still the airy form I see,
 Wheree'r I turn mine eye;
After shadows still I rove,
Nor can I with my idols part:
Touch me, Jesus, [with thy love,
 And vindicate my heart.]³⁷

³⁵Ori., "clift."

³⁶"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

³⁷Ori., ends this and next four stanzas: "Touch me, Jesus, &c."

3 Burning with unhallow'd fires,
 Thou see'st, my tortur'd breast
 Pines away with low desires,
 Stranger to joy and rest:
 How shall I this death remove,
 How tear away th' inrooted dart?
 Touch me, Jesus, [with thy love,
 And vindicate my heart.]

4 Poison now o'erflows my cup,
 Fills me with thrilling pain,
 Drinks my blood, and spirits up,
 And throbs in every vein;
 Yet I fear thy grace to prove,
 I dread for thee with all to part:
 Touch me, Jesus, [with thy love,
 And vindicate my heart.]

5 God arise, thou jealous God,
 And all thy foes subdue,
 Claim the purchase of thy blood,
 Create my soul anew;
 Let it now no longer rove,
 Now let me taste how good thou art:
 Touch me, Jesus, [with thy love,
 And vindicate my heart.]

6 Saviour, purify my soul,
 As thou my God art pure,
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 And all my sickness cure;
 From thee never let me move,
 Thou my sufficient portion art:
 Touch me, Jesus, [with thy love,
 And vindicate my heart.]

7 From all filthiness of flesh
 And spirit make me clean,
 Stamp thy³⁸ image, Lord, afresh,
 And purge me from all sin:
 Thee my God, my all I prove,
 Ah! Never more from me depart;
 Fill, O Jesu, with thy love
 My vindicated heart.

³⁸“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

Dying Sampson.³⁹
[Judges xvi. 30.]

- 1 Where is my strength, my faith, my God,
 My confidence of boasting now!
Born down by sin's revolting⁴⁰ load,
 Beneath its iron yoke I bow,
Again indignantly I groan;
My strength, my faith, my God is gone.

- 2 Departed is the Lord from me,
 Weak as another man I am,
Spoil'd of my power and liberty
 I bear my punishment and shame;
The world their feeble foe despise,
Their god hath put out both mine eyes.

- 3 Into their hands by sin betray'd,
 (The sin I cherish'd in my breast)
Low in the deepest dungeon laid,
 Fetter'd in brass, by guilt opprest;
A slave to Satan I remain,
And bite, but cannot burst my chain.

- 4 Now to their idol's temple brought,
 A sport I am to fiends and men,
They set my helplessness at nought,
 They triumph in my toil and pain:
Th' uncircumcis'd lift up their voice,
And Dagon's worshippers rejoice.

- 5 Remember me, O Lord, my God,
 If ever I could call thee mine;
Though now I perish in my blood,
 And all my hopes of heaven resign,
Yet listen to my latest call,
Nor suffer me alone to fall.

³⁹Title changed to "Let Me Die with the Philistines" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁴⁰Ori., "revolving"; a misprint, corrected in all later editions.

- 6 O cast not out my dying prayer,
 Strengthen me with thy Spirit's might
This only once: I pray thee, hear,
 Avenge me for my loss of sight,
Avenge it on mine enemies,
For they have put out both mine eyes.
- 7 Blind as I am, with both my hands
 The pillars let me feel, and seize
On which the house of Dagon stands,
 The pillars of self-righteousness.
'Tis done: with all my might I bow:
Help me, O God, and help me now!
- 8 Now let the pondrous ruin fall,
 And crush the world, and Satan's head,
O let it now o'erwhelm us all:
 Since I must sink among the dead;
Since I can neither fight nor fly,
Let me with the Philistines die!

After a Relapse into Sin.

- 1 Jesu, wherewith shall I draw near,
 What shall I for acceptance bring,
How in my judge's sight appear
 A rebel 'gainst my God and King!
Loudly my sins for vengeance cry,
And justice wills that I should die.
- 2 Summon'd to answer at thy bar,
 I come, but "guilty, guilty" plead!
Did I not all thy judgments dare?
 On all thy tender mercies tread?
Death's sentence justly I receive,
I am not worthy, Lord, to live.

- 3 Then let me every good resign,
And give my forfeit blessings back;
My gifts and blessings were not mine,
Thou, only thou, the glory take:
I might have heard thy frequent call,
I might have stood, tho' now I fall.
- 4 Long did thy loving Spirit strive,
To win me over to my good;
The spark of grace was kept alive,
For years amidst temptation's flood:
I now have sinn'd it all away,
And ended is my gracious day.
- 5 An alien from the life divine,
The covenant of promis'd grace,
Saviour, no more I call thee mine;
An outcast from thy blissful face,
Without or faith, or joy, or hope
I give (but must I give) thee up!
- 6 Yes: with my shield of faith I part,
My hope is lost in just despair,
Love is not in my stony⁴¹ heart,
It cannot be, while sin is there;
My vain pretensions sin disproves;
He cannot sin who Jesus loves.
- 7 No choice, endeavour, or desire,
Motion, or will have I to turn;
Extinguish'd is the trembling fire,
Which once in me began to burn:
What have I now whereof to boast?
My all is gone, my God is lost.
- 8 See then the sinner stript of all,
A foe, and hater of his God,
Despairing, self-condemn'd I fall,
Of every spark of goodness void;

⁴¹Ori., "stong"; corrected in errata.

I cannot now for mercy groan,
Or offer thee an heart of stone.

- 9 My mouth is stopt, and guilty now,
 Before my judge I am become,
Lo! At thy judgment-seat I bow,
 O God of love, pronounce my doom,
And if thy yearning heart permit,
Now, Saviour, slay me at thy feet!

The Backslider.

- 1 Surely in the Lord we have
 Both strength and righteousness;
Jesus mighty is to save
 The sinner in distress:
Jesu's blood on which we stay,
 Cleanses us from every stain,
Takes the guilt of sin away,
 Nor lets the power remain.
- 2 Why then, O my Saviour, why
 (If mine indeed thou art)
Am I thus? A sinner I,
 And still unclean of heart?
Why doth sin my heart divide?
 Whence this grievous tyranny,
All this hell of self and pride,
 If thou hast sprinkled me?
- 3 Did I not believe and feel
 Through faith my sins forgiven?
Was I not caught up from hell,
 And strangely rais'd to heaven?
Yes; I once could call thee mine,
 Felt my Saviour's blood applied,
Cloath'd in righteousness divine,
 I once was justified.

- 4 What alas! I once have been
 Nothing avails me now:⁴²
I the servant am of sin,
 While to its yoke I bow:
While the love of sin remains,
 Christ in me can never dwell,
Christ with Belial never reigns,
 Nor mixes heaven with hell.
- 5 Can unholy actions suit
 With one that is in thee?
Jesu, thou hast said, the fruit
 Must answer to the tree:
If the tree (the heart) were good,
 Evil thoughts it could not bear,
Could not be by sin subdu'd,
 If thou, my God, wert there.
- 6 Can the self-same fountain yield
 Both bitter streams and sweet?
In a soul by Jesus fill'd
 Can Satan find a seat?
No, my Lord, I am not clean,
 Am not inwardly renew'd,
Am not (for I still can sin)
 I am not born of God.
- 7 See, I give up all at last,
 My boasted gifts disclaim,
Trust no more in graces past,
 But now condemn'd I am:
Nothing do I bring to thee,
 That I may thy mercy move,
No one spark remains in me
 Of faith, or hope, or love.
- 8 If but one good thought could buy
 Thy grace, and heaven win,
Lord, not one good thought have I,
 My all is self, and sin;

⁴²The first two lines of this stanza were omitted in the original, but added in the errata.

Full of guilt and misery,
Saviour, at thy feet I fall,
See, the unbeliever see,
The sinner stript of all!

9 Let me never, never more
My wretched soul deceive,
Dream that I have life, before
I hear thy voice, and live:
Let me, humbled in the dust,
Wait to taste how good thou art,
See, and feel, but never trust
My own deceitful heart.

10 O that I could truly wait
The dictates of thy will,
Calmly mourn my sinful state,
Till thou shalt⁴³ say “Be still!
The lost sheep to save I came,
The backslider to restore;
Sinners I do not condemn;
Depart, and sin no more.”

Another [The Backslider].

1 Oh! The dire effects of sin!
What tongue can fully tell
All that I have felt within,
Since first from grace I fell!
Still thou seest my stormy breast,
My soul is as the troubled sea,
Never, never can I rest,
Till I believe in thee.

2 O the load my spirit bears,
The mountain of my grief!
Full of cruel doubts and fears,
Of racking unbelief:

⁴³“Shall” changed to “shalt” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

Did I ever thee behold?
Thee did I ever truly know?
I can neither keep my hold,
Nor let my Saviour go.

3 Did I not my soul deceive
With groundless hopes of heaven?
Did I, Lord, indeed believe,
And was I once forgiven?
Still I ask, but no reply:
O bid me, bid me come to thee:
Son of David, hear my cry,
If mercy is for me.

4 Hear me still myself bemoan,
A bullock to the yoke
Unaccustom'd I rush on—
O that my heart were broke!
Long I after thee have mourn'd,
And still unpitied I complain,
Turn me, and I shall be turn'd,
And never sin again.

5 Me thou would'st not disregard,
Were I indeed sincere,
But my heart, alas! Is hard,
And void of love, and fear;
Seldom can I lift mine eyes,
Or offer thee an hearty groan;
Take, if thou would'st have me rise,
O take away the stone.

Another [The Backslider].

[Part I.]

1 Ah! My dear, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Behold I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray:

Ten thousand wants have I,
Alas! I all things want,
And thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.

- 2 Yet now, thou know'st, I fear,
I fear to ask thy grace,
So often have I, Lord, drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face:

With all pollutions stain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod,
Thy name and temple I prophan'd
And dar'd to call thee God.

- 3 Nigh with my lips I drew,
My lips were all unclean,
Thee with my heart I never knew,
My heart was full of sin;

Far from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven,
Thy purity I still abhor'd,
Nor wish'd⁴⁴ to be forgiven.

- 4 My nature I obey'd,
My own desires⁴⁵ pursu'd,
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallow'd house of God;

The worship he approves
To him I would not pay;
My selfish ends, and creature-loves
Had stole my heart away.

- 5 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise,
Spoke to my soul a flattering peace,
And put out mine own eyes;

⁴⁴“Wish'd” changed to “look'd” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁴⁵“Desires” changed to “desire” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

In fig-leaves I appear'd,
Nor with my form would part,
But still retain'd a conscience sear'd,
An hard, deceitful heart.

6 A goodly, formal saint
I long appear'd in sight,
By self and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white:

The Pharisee within
Still undisturb'd remain'd,
The strong-man arm'd with guilt of sin
Safe in his palace reign'd.

7 But O! The jealous God
In my behalf came down,
Jesus himself the stronger shew'd,
And claim'd me for his own:

My spirit he alarm'd,
And brought into distress,
He shook, and bound the strong-man, arm'd
In his self-righteousness.

8 Faded my virtuous shew,
My form without the power,
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower;

My mouth was stopt, and shame
Cover'd my guilty face,
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was sav'd by grace.

Part II.

1 Yet soon my wretched heart
To folly turn'd again.
How could I, Lord, from thee depart,
And make thy mercy vain?

'Twas pride my soul betray'd,
I lost my poverty,
An idol of thy gifts I made,
And lov'd them more than thee.

2 Thy perfect comeliness,
In which my soul did shine,
Dazzled my eyes; thy glorious dress
I fondly counted mine:

With sacrilegious boast
I spread mine own renown,
And in thy beauty put my trust,
And call'd it all my own.

3 I thought not of my God,
Nor call'd to mind the day
When naked, foul, and in my blood,
And loath'd of all I lay:

None cast a pitying eye,
None could assistance give,
Till Jesus graciously pass'd by,
And bad the sinner live.

4 Why did I this forget,
So soon return to sin?
How weak my heart that could submit,
And let the mischief in!

I fell, alas! Thro' pride,
I needed not thy blood,
As when I felt it first, and cry'd,
"Thou art my Lord my God."

5 O that I once again
"My Lord, my God" could cry!
Dost thou not on my sin and pain
Still cast a pitying eye?

Thy mercy still is free;
For aggravated guilt,
For sinners foul and black as me
Thy precious blood was spilt.

6 Thou seest me lost in shame,
 But thou canst still forgive;
Polluted in my blood I am,
 But thou canst bid me live.

O speak the gracious word,
Thy mercy let me prove;
Stand still, and look upon me, Lord,
Make this the time of love.

7 Jesu, if thou hast died
 My worthless soul to win;
Spread over me thy skirt, and hide
 My nakedness and sin;

Impute thy righteousness,
Wash away all my blood,
Adorn me now with every grace,
And feed, and fill with God.

A Prayer for Restoring Grace.

1 Jesu, friend of sinners, hear,
 Yet once again I pray,
From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release,
A poor, backsliding soul restore:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness, and pride
 Thou hast withdrawn thy grace,
Left me long to wander wide
 An outcast from thy face,

But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy I implore:
Love me freely, [seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.]⁴⁶

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell, and reach to heaven,
 Mercy is above the skies,
 I may be still forgiven;
 Infinite my sin's increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store:
 Love me freely, [seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.]

4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
 An hardness o'er my heart,
 But if thou thy Spirit shed,
 The stony shall depart:
 Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel the soft'ning power:
 Love me freely, [seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.]

5 From th' oppressive power of sin
 My struggling spirit free,
 Perfect righteousness bring in,
 Unspotted purity:
 Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er:
 Love me freely, [seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.]

6 For this only thing I pray,
 And this will I require,
 Take the power of sin away,
 Fill me with chast desire;
 Perfect me in holiness,
Thine image to my soul restore:
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

⁴⁶Ori., ends this and next three stanzas: "Love me freely, &c."

Another [A Prayer for Restoring Grace].

- 1 O that I was as heretofore,
 When warm in my first love
I only lived my Lord t' adore,
 And seek the things above!
- 2 Upon my head his candle shone,
 And lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
 And half unveil'd his face.
- 3 Butter and honey did I eat,
 And lifted up on high,
I saw the clouds beneath my feet,
 And rode upon the sky.
- 4 Far, far above all earthly things
 Triumphantly I rode,
I soar'd to heaven on eagle's wings,
 And found, and talk'd with God.
- 5 Where am I now! From what an height
 Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
 And faded is the crown.
- 6 My first estate I could not keep,
 Fallen thro' pride I am,
Implung'd in sin's profoundest deep,
 And swallowed up of shame.⁴⁷
- 7 Forlorn, forsaken, and alone,
 Naked, and void of God,
My feeble soul can scarcely groan
 A dying Ichabod!
- 8 Ah! Woe is me! My joy is fled,
 Vanish'd my glorious boast,

⁴⁷Line changed to "And lost in guilty shame" in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- My hope cut off, my life is dead,
My paradise is lost!
- 9 Thro' the wide world of sin and woe
A banish'd man I roam,
But cannot find my rest below,
But cannot wander home.
- 10 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain,
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden how regain?
- 11 Vengeance divine is always near;
Wheree'r my steps I turn,
I see the cherubim appear,
I see thine anger burn.
- 12 When longing oft to be restor'd,
I would to Eden flee,
Thine anger, as a flaming sword,
Preserves the sacred tree.
- 13 What shall I do? 'Tis worse than death
To live without thy grace:
I yield, I yield thee up my breath,
So I may see thy face.
- 14 A sinner in thy⁴⁸ hands I am,
No farther let me fly,
But rush upon that sword of flame,
And in thy presence die.
- 15 Nothing, alas! Have I to plead,
I am not fit to live,
Yet if thy justice strike me dead,
Thy mercy shall revive.
- 16 This is the way to find my Lord,
Thy self hast made it known,

⁴⁸“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

Be it according to thy word:
On me thy will be done.

- 17 Slay me, and I shall live indeed,
With thy dead men arise,
From all the life of nature freed,
In love's sweet paradise.
- 18 Now, Lord, thy death, thy life bring in
While at thy feet I bow,
Enter at once, and cast out sin,
Destroy, and save me now.

After a Recovery.

- 1 Lord, and is thine anger gone,
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are,
Beneath the weight I cannot move,
O! 'Tis more than I can bear
The sense of pardoning love!
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway,
Keep me, least⁴⁹ I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my violence to be still,
Captivate my every thought,
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel,
If ev'n now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal,

⁴⁹“Least” changed to “lest” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

Still, and quiet may I lie,
 Nor struggle out of thy⁵⁰ embrace,
 Never more resist or fly
 From thy pursuing grace.

4 To thy cross, thy⁵¹ altar, bind
 Me with the cords of love,
 Freedom let me never find
 From my dear Lord to move;
 That I never, never more
 May with my much-lov'd Master part,
 To the posts of mercy's door
 O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone,
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own;
 More, and more thy self reveal.
 Thy presence let me always find,
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
 Thy weakest servant keep,
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there forever weep,
 Tears of joy my⁵² eyes ore'flow
 That I have any hope of heaven;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiven.

7 Now I seem to taste thy love
 As for a moment's space,
 But I cannot faithful prove
 To thy restoring grace;
 Cannot in temptation stand,
 My own frail⁵³ soul I cannot keep,
 If thou once withdraw thy⁵⁴ hand,
 I sink into the deep.

⁵⁰“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁵¹“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁵²“My” changed to “mine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁵³“Frail” is omitted in original; a misprint, corrected in all later editions.

⁵⁴“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

8 Now, this instant now, if sin
 Were knocking at my heart,
 I should let the tempter in,
 And bid my Lord depart;
 But thou wilt not let me fall,
 Thou wilt not from my weakness move,
 Till I more than conquer all
 Thro' thy redeeming love.

Another [After a Recovery].

1 Son of God, if thy free grace
 Again hath rais'd me up,
 Call'd me still to seek thy face,
 And gave me back my hope;
 Still thy gracious help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness shew;
 Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
 And never let me go.

2 Feebly if I now begin
 After my fall to rise,
 Save me from my bosom-sin,
 My worst of enemies;
 Let me fully be restor'd,
 And cause me all thy power to know;
 Keep me, keep me, [dearest Lord,
 And never let me go.]⁵⁵

3 By me, O my Saviour, stand
 In sore temptation's hour,
 Save me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
 And shew forth all thy power:
 O be mindful of thy word,
 Thine all-sufficient grace bestow;
 Keep me, keep me, [dearest Lord,
 And never let me go.]

4 Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart,
 That I may from evil near
 With timely care depart,

⁵⁵Ori., ends this and next three stanzas: "Keep me, keep me, &c."

Sin be more than hell, abhor'd,
Till thou destroy the tyrant-foe:
Keep me, keep me, [dearest Lord,
And never let me go.]

5 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee my Saviour stray;
Thou art my support, and rest,
My true and living way,
My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, [dearest Lord,
And never let me go.]

6 Never let me go, till I
Upborn on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above,
See thee by all heaven ador'd,
And all thy glorious fulness know:
Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
And never let me go.

Groaning for Redemption.

[Part I.]

1 O Jesu, still, still shall I groan
Beneath the galling yoke of sin?
Wilt thou not claim me for thy⁵⁶ own,
And speak the word, and make me clean?
My load is more than I can bear:
Where is the friend of sinners? Where?

2 Is there no balm in thee to heal
The anguish of a sin-sick soul?
Dost thou not know the pangs I feel?
Dost thou not see the billows roll?
My soul is all a troubled sea,
I cannot find my rest in thee.

⁵⁶“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 3 But wilt thou let thy foe devour
 And take me as his lawful prey?
 But must I sink beneath the power
 Of sin, and fall a castaway?
 Forbid it love! And save (if thou
 Art love indeed) O! Save me now!
- 4 'Tis not the punishment I dread,
 Harden'd I seem, and cannot fear
 Thy wrath abiding on my head,
 Or deprecate thy judgments near;
 But rescue me from Satan's power,
 Save me from sin, I ask no more.
- 5 I ask not sensible delight,
 The joy and comfort of thy grace,
 Still let me want thy blissful sight,
 Let me go mourning all my days;
 With trembling awe thy ways adore;
 But save me, that I sin no more.
- 6 Rather than suffer me to sin,
 Now, Lord, my spotted soul require:
 I know that I am all unclean,
 And thou a sin-consuming fire;
 I cannot now in heaven appear,
 Nothing unclean shall enter there.
- 7 Yet now I chuse to breathe my last,
 Rather than turn to sin again,
 On thee my soul unchang'd I cast,
 And foul with every sinful stain,
 I plunge me in a sea unknown,
 Without thy⁵⁷ utmost grace—undone!
- 8 Thou canst cut short the work, and heal
 The sinner in a moment's space;
 Be it⁵⁸ according to thy will,
 I leave it to thy secret grace,
 I venture all on this last hour,
 And die, that I may sin no more.

⁵⁷“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

⁵⁸Ori., “But if”; corrected in errata.

Part II.

- 1 Jesu, thou knowst my simpleness,
 My faults are not conceal'd from thee,
 A sinner in my last distress,
 To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
 And never never thence depart,
 Close shelter'd in thy loving heart.

- 2 How shall I find the living way,
 Lost, and confus'd, and dark, and blind;
 Ah! Lord, my soul is gone astray,
 Ah! Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
 And in thy⁵⁹ arms of mercy take,
 And bring the weary wanderer back.

- 3 Weary and sick of sin I am,
 I hate it, Lord, and yet I love:
 When wilt thou rid me of my shame,
 When wilt thou all my load remove,
 Destroy the fiend of inbred sin,
 And speak the word of power, "Be clean!"

- 4 My Jesus, why dost thou delay
 An helpless dying soul to heal?
 What shall I to my Jesus say?
 Dost thou not all my sufferings feel?
 Ah! Tell me, if unmov'd thou art?
 How dost thou find it in thy heart?

- 5 What means this struggling in my breast,
 If thine is steel'd against my prayer?
 If thou art deaf to my request,
 Why do I groan my sin to bear?
 Surely it is thy Spirit's groan,
 I do not grieve, or weep alone.

⁵⁹"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 6 I feel that thou would'st have me live,
 And waitest now thy grace to shew,
 When I am willing to receive
 The grace, I all thy life shall know,
 And thou art striving now with me,
 To get thyself the victory.
- 7 O Lord, if I at last discern,
 That I am sin, and thou art love,
 If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
 Give me a token from above,
 And conquer my rebellious will,
 And bid my murmuring heart, "Be still."
- 8 Sin only let me not commit,
 (Sin never can advance thy praise)
 And lo! I lay me at thy feet,
 And wait unwearied all my days,
 Till my appointed time shall come,
 And thou shalt call thine exile home.
- 9 Ah! Tell me, that I shall not sin,
 Assur'd of this, I ask no more,
 The kingdom when thou wilt, bring in,
 Thine image as thou wilt restore,
 But do not suffer sin to reign,
 Ah! Do not let me sin again.⁶⁰
- 10 Or if I ask I know not what,
 The knowledge of a future grace,
 If this can only then be wrought
 When pure in heart I see thy face,
 O pierce, and fill me now with fear
 Of sin, and hell forever near.
- 11 O put thy fear within my heart,
 That I may tremble at thy word,
 Nor ever from thy paths depart,
 Or dare to sin against the Lord,

⁶⁰Line changed to "Tell me I ne'er shall sin again" in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

Till I the promis'd seed receive,
Let Ishmael before thee live.

- 12 I ask according to thy will,
 O keep me till the grace is given,
Till I thy holy law fulfil
 On earth, as angels do in heaven,
Thy⁶¹ uttermost salvation prove,
Made perfect in almighty love.

Part III.

- 1 Break stubborn heart, and sigh no more
 To mock me with a shew of good,
To make me think the conflict o'er
 The strength of inbred sin subdu'd;
Or let me cease from every ill,
Or bear the nether-milstone still.
- 2 Away my flatt'ring hopes, and fears
 The transports of my short-liv'd grief,
Away my unavailing tears,
 Nor mock me with your vain relief,
Dissembling tears, 'tis past your art
To melt the marble of my heart.
- 3 My heart, which now to God aspires,
 The following moment cleaves to dust,
My firm resolves, my good desires,
 My holy frames—no more I trust,
Poor feeble broken reeds, to you:
My goodness melts as morning-dew.
- 4 Hardly convinc'd I own at last,
 No will to good abides in me,
My latest rag away I cast,
 The rag of my sincerity,
I bear my double sin, and shame,
Beast, beast, and legion is my name.

⁶¹“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 5 Full of concupiscence and pride,
Fit fuel for eternal fire,
With virtuous shew I strive to hide
The baseness of impure desire;
Conceal'd it lies, yet⁶² not suppress;
The devil blushes for the beast.
- 6 I start from the contempt of men,
But shameless in his sight appear
By whom my every thought is seen;
My heart is harden'd from his fear,
Nor care I from his view to hide
My foulest filthiness of pride.
- 7 O what a loathsome hypocrite
Am I! A child of wrath and sin,
An heir of hell, a son of night,
An outward saint, a fiend within,
A painted tomb, a whited wall,
A worm, a sinner stript of all.
- 8 Lay to thy⁶³ hand, O God of grace;
O God, the work is worthy thee;
See at thy feet of all our race
The chief, the vilest sinner see,
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thy⁶⁴ utmost miracle of love.
- 9 Speak; and an holy thing and clean
Shall strangely be brought out of me,
My Ethiop-soul shall change her skin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
I, even I shall then proclaim,
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.
- 10 Thee I shall then forever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore,
While all I am declares thy grace,
And born of God I sin no more,

⁶²Ori., "if"; corrected in errata.

⁶³"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁶⁴"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

The pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

Part IV.

- 1 Saviour from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name,
To lose,⁶⁵ when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am;
I stay me on thy faithful word,
The servant shall be as his Lord.
- 2 Answer that gracious end in me
For which thy precious life was given,
Redeem from all iniquity,
Restore, and make me meet for heaven;
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering, and my faith is vain.
- 3 'Tis not a bare release from sin,
Its guilt and pain, my soul requires,
I want a spirit of power within,
Thee, Jesus, thee my heart desires,
And pants, and breaks to be renew'd,
And wash'd in thy⁶⁶ all-cleansing blood.
- 4 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn, and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear,
That I thy mind in me might have,
In holiness shew forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my sinless days.
- 5 Didst thou not die, that I might live
No longer to myself, but thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To him who gave himself for me?
Come then, my Master and my God,
Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

⁶⁵Ori., "love"; corrected in errata.

⁶⁶"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

6 Thine own peculiar servant claim
For thine own truth and mercy's sake,
Hallow in me thy glorious name,
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change, and throughly purify:
Thine only may I live, and die.

**“We have not an high-priest which cannot be
touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” &c.
Heb[rews] iv. 15.**

1 O compassionate high-priest,
Full of truth and grace for me,
Mark the heavings of my breast,
See my sin and misery!
Surely all to thee is known
Tho' thou dost not yet appear,
Noted is my every groan,
Counted is my every tear.

2 I have not a priest unmov'd
With the feeling of my woe,
Who himself was never prov'd,
Who my sufferings cannot know:
Touch'd most sensibly thou art
With my soul's infirmities,
Still the Saviour's gentle heart
Doth with sinners simpathize.

3 Tho' he now triumphant reigns,
Still as in his days of flesh,
All his agonies and pains
In our souls he feels afresh:
Tho' exalted to a throne,
Thou dost in our sorrows share,
Thou hast not forgot thine own:
Thine own flesh and blood we are.

- 4 Friend of sinners, in thy heart,
Tell me, doth there not remain
One unarm'd and tender part,
Sensible⁶⁷ of human pain?
Lord, I wait for the reply:
Groan an answer from within,
Tell me, Comforter, that I,
I shall be redeem'd from sin.
- 5 Hoping against hope I wait
For redemption in thy blood:
Help me in my lost estate,
Take away my heavy load,
Save me from this tyranny,
O bring near the joyful hour,
From all sin my spirit free,
All the guilt, and all the power.
- 6 Grant, O grant my last request,
Nothing do I ask beside,
Only give my spirit rest,
Rest from self, and rest from pride;
Bring into thy perfect peace,
Give me faith to enter in,
Let me with thy people cease
From my own dead works of sin.
- 7 Power I want, a constant power
My own evil to eschew,
Till my heart can sin no more,
Till I am a creature new;
Let me in thy wounds abide,
Till the perfect grace is given;
Give me this, I ask beside
Nothing or in earth or heaven.

⁶⁷Ori., "Capable"; corrected in errata.

A Prayer for Persons Join'd in Fellowship.

[Part I.]

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart,
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve,
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And sinless here below.
- 6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride,
Give us in heaven a⁶⁸ happy lot
With all the sanctified.

⁶⁸“A” changed to “an” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

Part II.

- 1 Jesu, all power is given to thee,
Command our inward parts,
Turn as the rivers of the sea
Our hard unyielding hearts.
- 2 Our hearts are to ourselves unknown,
Till thou the veil remove,
Open, enlarge, and melt them down
By thy victorious love.
- 3 Thee, at thy word, we come to meet,
And humbly to confess,
While lowly prostrate at thy feet,
Our utter sinfulness.
- 4 O let us faithfully obey
The counsel of thy will,
And each to each our faults display,
Our every thought reveal.
- 5 Our fig-leaves all be cast aside,
Let no self-soothing art
Conceal the lust, t' indulge the pride
Of a foul hellish heart.
- 6 Open a window in our breast,
That each our heart may see,
And let no secret be suppress,
Since all are known to thee.
- 7 Remove the sins which we declare,
The burthen of our soul,
And hear the mutual faithful prayer,
Which makes the sinner whole.

8 To all, thro' faith which is in thee,
A perfect soundness give,
And let us from all sin set free
The life of Jesus live.

Part III.

1 God of our life, at thy command
We now our sins confess,
In nakedness of spirit stand,
And shew our sore disease.

2 God of our health, in thy great name
We now perform thy will,
Regard our prayer, admit our claim,
Our sin-sick spirits heal.

3 Forgive the sins thro' which we groan,
Which we no longer hide,
Our filthiness of flesh we own,
Our filthiness of pride.

4⁶⁹ The devilish and the brutal lust
To thee we now confess,
Cleanse us, O faithful God, and just,
From all unrighteousness.

5 Then shall we to thy⁷⁰ only name
The praise and glory give,
The greatness of thy power proclaim
To us ward who believe.

6 Then let or earth or hell oppose,
We will assert thy power,
And witness to a world of foes,
That we can sin no more.

⁶⁹Ori., "5"; a misprint.

⁷⁰"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

Part IV.

- 1 Jesu, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thy⁷¹ easy yoke,
A band of love, a threefold cord
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink,
Baptise into thy name,
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move⁷² towards thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave,
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity,
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee.
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.

⁷¹“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

⁷²Ori., “more”; corrected in errata.

8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
Into their paradise,
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant thro' the skies.

9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heaven
Our all in all is love.

At Waking.

1 Giver, and guardian of my sleep,
To praise thy name I wake,
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep
For thy own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
I thankfully receive:
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3⁷³ Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,
Its cruel power suspend,
Till all this strife and war within
In perfect peace shall end.

4 O respite me from self and pride,
Curb, and keep down my will,
My appetites and passions chide,
And bid the sea be still.

5 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain,
Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

⁷³Ori., "2"; a misprint.

- 6 Prisoner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring,
When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus King.
- 7 Thou wilt, I stedfastly believe,
Thou wilt the captive free,
Freedom, full, perfect freedom give,
And more than victory.
- 8 Tho' now to every sin inclin'd,
I shall be as thou art,
Lowly as thine shall be my mind,
And meek and pure my heart.
- 9 Anger, and lust thou wilt expel,
And pride by stronger grace,
They can in me no longer dwell,
When Jesus fills the place.
- 10 Thy presence, Lord, the place shall fill,
My heart shall be thy throne,
Thy holy, just, and perfect will
Shall in my flesh be done.
- 11 I thank thee for the future grace,
And now in hope rejoice,
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice:
- 12 I have the things I ask of thee,
What shall I more require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.
- 13 Or let me (if I more would have)
This last desire submit,
And lye, till thou seest good to save,
Expecting at thy feet.

- 14 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home,
Come *when* thou wilt, I that resign,
But O! My Jesus, come!

Psalm cx. 1.

- 1 The Lord unto my Lord hath said,
Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet.
- 2 Jesu, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
When thee my advocate I have
Enthron'd at God's right hand?
- 3 I fear nor earth, nor sin, nor hell,
And death hath lost his sting,
In vain a while thy foes rebel,
Thou Jesus art my King.
- 4 Nature is subject to thy word,
All power to thee is given,
The uncontroll'd Almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.
- 5 And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Jesu, thy right maintain,
O let not thine usurping foes
In me thy servant reign.
- 6 Master, on thee my soul is stay'd?
Thou wilt not quit thy claim,
Thou only hast my ransom paid,
And only thine I am.

- 7 Come then, and claim me for thine own,
 Saviour, thy right assert,
 Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
 And reign within my heart.
- 8 The day of thy great power I feel,
 And pant for liberty,
 I loath myself, deny my will,
 And give up all for thee.
- 9 I hate my sins, no longer mine,
 For I renounce them too,
 My weakness with thy strength I join,
 Thy strength shall all subdue.
- 10 Our common foes, who thee defy'd
 And would not own thy sway,
 Envy, and sloth, desire, and pride,
 And hate, and anger slay.
- 11 Thy enemies destroy in mine,
 Pronounce their speedy doom,
 In vengeance speak, in brightness shine,
 The man of sin consume.
- 12 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
 And sitting at thy feet
 Thy laws with all my heart obey,
 With all my soul submit.
- 13 So shall I do thy will below,
 As angels do above,
 The virtue of thy passion shew,
 The triumphs of thy love.
- 14 Thy love the conquest more than gains:
 To all I shall proclaim,
 Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns,
 Bow down to Jesu's name.

15 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all!

**“Come unto me all you that labour, and are
heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”**

Mat[thew] xi. 28.

- 1 Oh! That my load of sin were gone!
Oh! That I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see!
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Mark the hard travail of my soul,
With pity view my lab'ring breast,
O give me faith to make me whole,
And speak my misery into rest.
- 4 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 5 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 6 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burthen prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

- 7 This moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Master bear,
With thee ascend to Calvary's top,
And bow my head, and suffer there.
- 8 I would: but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 9 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay,
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour come away.
- 10 One deep unto another cries,
My misery, Lord, implores thy grace:
When wilt thou hear, and bow the skies!
When shall I see my Jesu's face!
- 11 The hireling longeth for his hire—
But only punishment is mine,
My merits are eternal fire—
But heaven and happiness are thine.
- 12 Give me thy life, for thou my death
Hast swallow'd up in victory,
Quicken'd me with thy latest breath,
And died, that I might live to thee.
- 13 This, only this is all my hope,
And doth my sinking soul sustain,
Thy faithful mercies hold me up,
My Saviour did not die in vain.
- 14 Answer thy death's design in me,
The guilt, and power of sin remove,
Redeem from all iniquity,
Renew, and perfect me in love.

**“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of
all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came
into the world, to save sinners.”**

1 Tim[othy] i. 15.

- 1 Jesu, sin-atoning Lamb,
Jesu, lover of thy foe,
Let me feel thy sovereign name,
Let me all its virtue know:
Hear my cry out of the deep,
Haste, and help a friendless soul,
Seek, and save a wand'ring sheep,
Make a sin-sick sinner whole.
- 2 Burthen'd am I, and opprest,
Till thou dost remove my load:
Weary, till thou give me rest,
Guilty, till I feel thy blood.
See me, a meer sinner see,
Miserable, poor, and blind,
Till I lose my all in thee,
Till in thee my all I find.
- 3 What have I thy grace to move?
Beast and devil is my name,
God I hate, and sin I love,
Sin I love, and sin I am.
Yet I mean thy grace to try;
Sinners if thou canst receive,
Here I am, their captain I;
Wouldst thou have me die or live?
- 4 Thou the potter, I the clay,
Nothing have I, Lord, to plead,
Nothing have I, Lord, to say:
Bid me live, or strike me dead.

I cannot in judgment stand:
Raise; or slay me with thy breath,
Guilty I shall feel thy⁷⁴ hand,
Guilty of eternal death.

5 Trembling I expect my fate,
If thou as my judge appear;
If thou art my advocate,
Jesus, what have I to fear?
Jesus is the sinners' friend,
Sinners Jesus came to save,
Jesus, I on thee depend,
Peace, and power in thee I have.

6 I the golden scepter see
(Self-despairing as I was)
Now, ev'n now reach'd out to me
I receive thy pard'ning grace.
Of thy grace I cannot doubt;
Sinners to thy wounds who fly,
Thou in no wise wilt cast out:
Lo! I come, the sinner I!

7 Thou shalt make me white as snow,
Tho' my soul be black as hell.
Never from thy cross I go,
Safe within thy wounds I dwell.
Other refuge have I none,
None do I desire beside;
Friend of sinners, I am one,
Save me, who for me hast died.

**“Believe in the Lord Jesus
and thou shalt be saved.”
Acts xvi. 31.**

1 What shall I do, my God, my God,
I ask in Jesu's name.
Unsanctified, and unrenew'd
I still remain the same.

⁷⁴“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 2 Sin, only sin in me I find;
I cannot subject be
To thy command; my carnal mind
Is enmity to thee.
- 3 But thou can'st wash the leper clean,
The stone to flesh convert,
Can'st make the Ethiop change his skin,
And purify my heart.
- 4 Then only, when by grace renew'd
My will with thine shall suit:
O make the tree of nature good,
And good shall be its fruit.
- 5 I strive in all I do to please
With endless grief and pain,
But cannot, Lord, from sinning cease,
Till I am born again.
- 6 With thee my virtue is but vice,
My good is specious ill,
'Tis self, 'tis nature in disguise,
And I am carnal still.
- 7 No work of mine, or word, or thought
Thy judgment can abide,
Thy glory, Lord, I never sought,
For all my soul is pride.
- 8 What have I then wherein to trust?
How must I come to thee?
Foul as I am, condemn'd and lost,
Thy Son hath died for me.
- 9 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone,
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

- 10 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable,
And wait, with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 11 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove,
My longing soul is all on fire
To be dissolv'd in love.
- 12 Give me thyself, from every boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.
- 13 Thy gifts, alas! Cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given,
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

The Woman of Canaan.
[Matthew xv. 22, &c.]

- 1 Lord, regard my earnest cry,
A potsherd of the earth,
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth:
Save me from this tyranny,
From all the power of Satan save,
Mercy, mercy upon me
Thou Son of David have.
- 2 Still thou answerest not a word
To my repeated prayer;
Hear thy⁷⁵ own disciples, Lord,
Who in my sorrows share,
O let them prevail with thee
To grant the blessing which I crave:
Mercy, mercy [upon me
Thou Son of David have.]⁷⁶

⁷⁵“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁷⁶Ori., ends this and next two stanzas: “Mercy, mercy, &c.”

- 3 Send, O send me now away,
 By granting my request,
 Still I follow thee, and pray,
 And will not let thee rest,
 Ever crying after thee,
Till thou my helplessness relieve,
 Mercy, mercy [upon me
 Thou Son of David have.]
- 4 To the sheep of Israel's fold
 Thou in thy flesh wast sent,
 But the Gentiles now behold
 In thee their covenant.
 See me then, with pity see,
A sinner, whom thou cam'st to save;
 Mercy, mercy [upon me
 Thou Son of David have.]
- 5 Still to thee, my God, I come,
 And mercy I implore,
 Thee (but how shall I presume)
 Thee trembling I adore,
 Dare not stand before thy face,
But lowly at thy feet I fall,
 Help me, Jesu, shew thy grace!
 Thy grace is free for all.
- 6 Still I cannot part with thee,
 I will not let thee go,
 Mercy, mercy unto me,
 O Son of David shew,
 Vilest of the sinful race,
On thee importunate I call,
 Help me, Jesu, shew thy grace,
 Thy grace is free for all.
- 7 Nothing am I in thy sight,
 Nothing have I to plead,
 Unto dogs it is not right
 To cast the children's bread:
 Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from their master's table fall,
 Let the fragments be my meat,
 Thy grace is free for all.

- 8 Give me, Lord, the victory,
 My heart's desire fulfil,
 Let it now be done to me
 According to my will,
 Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
 "Canaanite, thy faith is great,
 My grace is free for all."
- 9 If thy grace for all is free,
 Thy call *now* let *me* hear,
 Shew this token upon me,
 And bring salvation near;
 Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul,
 "Canaanite, thy faith is great,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

The Pool of Bethesda.

[John v. 2, etc.]

- 1 Jesu, take my sins away,
 And make me know thy name,
 Thou art now, as yesterday,
 And evermore the same:
 Thou my true Bethesda be;
I know within thy arms is room,
 All the world may unto thee,
 Their house of mercy, come.
- 2 See the porches open wide!
 Thy mercy all may prove,
 All the world is justified
 By universal love.
 Halt, and wither'd when they lie,
And sick, and impotent, and blind,
 Sinners may in thee espy
 The Saviour of mankind.

- 3 See me lying at the pool,
 And waiting for thy grace,
 O come down into my soul,
 Disclose thy angel-face,
 If to me thy bowels move,
If now thou dost my sickness feel,
 Let the Spirit of thy love
 The helpless sinner heal.
- 4 Sick of anger, pride, and lust,
 And unbelief I am,
 Yet in thee for health I trust
 In Jesu's sovereign name.
 Were I taken into thee,
Could I but step into the pool,
 I from every malady
 Should be at once made whole.
- 5 Persons thou dost not respect,
 Whoe'er for mercy call
 Thou in no wise wilt reject,
 Thy mercy is for all;
 Thou wouldst freely all restore,
(Would all the gracious season find)
 Fill with goodness, love, and power,
 And with an healthful mind.
- 6 Mercy then there is for me
 (Away my doubts and fears)
 Plagu'd with an infirmity
 For more than thirty years.
 Jesu, cast a pitying eye,
Thou long hast known my desperate case,
 Poor, and helpless here I lie,
 And wait the healing grace.
- 7 Long hath thy good Spirit strove
 With my distemper'd soul,
 But I still refus'd thy love,
 And would not be made whole:

Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part,
Let my soul be fully heal'd,
And throughly cleans'd my heart.

8 Sin is now my sore disease,
But, tho' I would be free,
When the water troubled is,
There is no help for me:
Others find a cure, not I,
In thee they wash away their sin,
I, alas! Have no man nigh
To put my weakness in.

9 Pain, and sickness, at thy word,
And sin and sorrow flies,
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise,
Bid me take my burthen up,
The bed on which thyself didst lie,
When on Calvary's steep top
My Jesus deign'd to die.

10 Bid me bear the hallow'd cross,
Which thou hast born before,
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go, and sin no more,
Least⁷⁷ the heaviest curse of all
The vile apostate's curse I prove;
To the hottest hell they fall
Who fall from pard'ning love.

11 But thou canst preserve from sin,
And 'stablish me with grace,
Keep my helpless soul within
Thy arms thro' all my days:
Jesu, I on thee alone
For persevering grace depend;
Love me freely, love thine own,
And love me to the end.

⁷⁷“Least” changed to “lest” in 3rd edn. (1756).

The Good Samaritan.⁷⁸
[Luke x. 30, etc.]

- 1 Woe is me! What tongue can tell
 My sad afflicted state!
 Who my anguish can reveal,
 Or all my woe⁷⁹ relate!
 Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robb'd me of my God,
 Turn'd my glory into shame,
 And left me in my blood.
- 2 God was once my glorious dress,
 And I like him did shine,
 Satan of his righteousness
 Hath spoil'd this soul of mine;
 By the mortal wound of sin
'Twixt God and me the parting made:
 Dead in Adam, dead within,
 My soul is wholly dead.
- 3 I have lost the life divine,
 And when this outward breath
 To the giver I resign,
 Must die the second death.
 Naked, helpless, stript of God,
And at the latest gasp I lie:
 Who beholds me in my blood,
 And saves me e'er I die?
- 4 Lo! The priest comes down in vain,
 And sees my sad distress,
 Sees the state of fallen man,
 But cannot give me ease:
 Patriarchs and prophets old
Observe my wretched, desp'rate case,
 Me expiring they behold,
 But leave me as I was.

⁷⁸Ori., "Samaritian"; corrected in errata.

⁷⁹Ori., "woes"; corrected in errata.

5 Lo! The Levite me espies,
 And stops to view my grief,
 Looks on me, and bids me rise,
 But offers no relief:
 All my wounds he open tears,
And searches them, alas! In vain,
 Fill'd with anguish, griefs, and fears,
 He leaves me in my pain.

6 O thou Good Samaritan,
 In thee is all my hope,
 Only thou canst succour man,
 And raise the fallen up:
 Hearken to my dying cry,
My wounds compassionately see,
 Me a sinner pass not by
 Who gasp for help to thee.

7 Still thou journey'st where I am,
 And still thy bowels move,
 Pity is with thee the same,
 And all thy heart is love:
 Stoop, to a poor sinner stoop,
And let thy healing grace abound,
 Heal my bruises, and bind up
 My spirit's every wound.

8 Saviour of my soul draw nigh,
 In mercy haste to me,
 At the point of death I lie,
 And cannot come to thee:
 Now thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in,
 Good Physician, speak the word,
 And heal my soul of sin.

9 Pity to my dying cries
 Hath drawn thee from above,
 Hovering over me with eyes
 Of tenderness and love:

Now, ev'n now I see thy face,
The balm of Gilead I receive,
Thou hast sav'd me by thy grace,
And bad the sinner live.

10 Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past:
O my life, my righteousness
On thee my soul is cast;
Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
And I am of thy promise sure,
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin;
And all my sickness cure.

11 Perfect then the work begun,
And make the sinner whole,
All thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul:
Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for thy patient care,
Take me, Jesu, to thy⁸⁰ arms,
And keep me ever there.

Groaning for Redemption.⁸¹

[Part I.]

1 Lord, I confess my sins to thee,
My sins beyond expression great,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
My spirit faints beneath the weight,
And struggles to throw off the load,
But cannot, cannot come to God.

2 O how shall I the anguish bear
Of inbred sin's envenom'd dart?
The mischief hence I cannot tear,
'Tis enter'd deep into my heart,
Its poison drinks my spirits up,
And quenches my last spark of hope.

⁸⁰“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁸¹John Wesley ascribes this hymn to Charles in *Some Remarks on Hill's "Review"* (1772).

- 3 O wretched man, what must I do?
I neither can resist nor⁸² fly;
Hell, earth, and sin my soul pursue,
I cannot find a⁸³ Saviour nigh:
Unhappy I shall one day fall,
Shall perish by the hand of Saul.
- 4 Me from perdition what can save!
Justly my God his help denies:
No evil I abhor, and have
No fear of God before my eyes;
Self-harden'd in my lost estate,
All sin I love, all good I hate.
- 5 Whither, ah whither shall I go?
The snares of death my soul surround,
The floods of wickedness o'erflow,
And desp'rate is my spirit's wound,
The worm that never dies I feel,
Arrested by the pains of hell.
- 6 O could I but escape away,
And steal into the silent tomb,
Defraud the lion of his prey,
And at my latest hour o'ercome,
That hour I now would present have,
Would now rejoice to find a grave.
- 7 O God, behold my troubled breast,
Yet once again I thee implore,
Indulge me in my last request,
And let me die, and sin no more,
Now, let me now lay down my head,
From pain, and sin forever freed.
- 8 O God, regard my bitter cry,
I groan to be redeem'd from sin,
To thee I lift my weeping eye,
Open thy⁸⁴ arms, and take me in;
To thee my lab'ring soul I bow,
Require it, O require it now.

⁸²Ori., "or"; corrected in errata.

⁸³"A" changed to "my" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁸⁴"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 9 I know it is not now renew'd,
I am not fit thy face to see,
But trust, the virtue of thy blood
In my last hour shall work on me:
Some miracle of grace unknown,
Without a miracle undone.
- 10 My God, I cannot let thee go,
Without an answer to my prayer:
O tell me, that it shall be so,
I soon shall lose in death my care,
Where fiends and sins no more molest,
And weary spirits are at rest.
- 11 I doubt not, Lord, but there remains
A rest from sin and sorrow *here*,
Thy people *here* are freed from pains
From troubles, doubts, and guilt and fear.
But let me hence this moment fly,
Save me from sin, and let me die.
- 12 I only wait for this glad hour,
'Tis all my business here below,
Send down into my soul the power,
And let me die thy love to know,
Renew me, and withdraw my breath,
Give power o're sin, and instant death.

Part II.

- 1 Forgive me, O long-suffering God,
The hurry of my peevish grief,
Tho' fainting underneath my load,
And stagg'ring oft thro' unbelief,
Thee for my Lord I fain would own,
And say, thine only will be done.
- 2 Forgive me then my follies past,
The fond impatience of my prayers,
My rash complaints, and eager haste,
My faithless doubts, and fruitless cares,

- Thou know'st, till thou thy life bring in,
I cannot, cannot cease from sin.
- 3 The captive exile makes his moan,
And hastens to be loos'd from pain,
The pain thro' which I ever groan,
The dread least⁸⁵ I should turn again,
Lest all my bread of life should fail,
And I sink down unchang'd to hell.
- 4 That dreadful thought comes thundring back,
And falls a mountain on my head,
Nor can, nor will I comfort take
In hearing Satan's factors plead,
I cannot hug, like them, my chain,
Or rest, if sin in me *remain*.
- 5 In vain they bid me blindly fly,
And catch at thy unknown decree,
In vain they bid me dream, that I
Was chose from all eternity:
Alas! I want election's seal,
For I am all unholy still.
- 6 Tell me no more, ye carnal saints,
"The best must always strive with sin,
God will not answer *all* your wants,
God will not make you *thoroughly* clean,
Sin *must* have *some* unhallow'd part,
Christ *cannot* fill up *all* the heart."
- 7 Can life, and death together dwell?
Can Christ with Belial ee'r agree?
Darkness with light, and heaven with hell?
Can both at once have place in me?
Can I be Christ's and sin's abode,
A den of thieves, and house of God?
- 8 No, Jesus, no! Thou holy one,
When thou shalt come into my heart,
I know that thou wilt reign alone,
And sin forever shall depart,

⁸⁵"Least" changed to "lest" in 3rd edn. (1756).

Thy love shall cast out all my fear
Least⁸⁶ sin should come, when thou art here.

- 9 In patient hope for this I wait,
Till all old things are past away,
Till thou shalt all things new create,
And I behold thy perfect day,
The mark of mine election shew,
And be in Christ a creature new.

Part III.

- 1 Omniscient, omnipresent King,
The true, and merciful, and just,
To thee my last distress I bring,
To thee my desperate cause I trust,
I give my fond complainings o're,
I set my God a time no more.
- 2 My time, O God, is in thine hand,
Thou know'st my feebleness of soul,
Able thou art to make me stand,
Thou canst this moment speak me whole,
Or keep me thus till my last hour,
To shew forth all thy saving power.
- 3 I leave it all to thee alone,
Thy counsellor I cannot be,
To thee thy every work is known,
And secret things belong to thee,
Thy manner, and thy time is best:
But let me enter into rest.
- 4 The hireling longeth for his hire,
The watcher for the break of day,
But, O my restless heart's desire,
Let me not murmur at thy stay;
Be stopt my mouth, and fail my tongue,
But let thy Spirit groan, *How long!*

⁸⁶“Least” changed to “Lest” in 3rd edn. (1756).

- 5 The thing thou dost I know not now,
 But I shall know hereafter, Lord,
To thy dread sovereign will I bow,
 Thy will be done, thy name ador'd,
Act for the glory of thy name:
Lo! In thy gracious hands I am.
- 6 Act for thine own, and Sion's sake,
 And let thy will in me be done;
If but one soul may comfort take
 By hearing me so deeply groan,
Still let me all my burthen feel,
And groan, and weep, and suffer still.
- 7 If but one tempted soul may find
 Relief by my afflicted state,
I would be patient, and resign'd,
 Still in the iron furnace wait;
Still let the sin, the grief, the pain,
The thorn in my weak flesh remain.
- 8 Still let my bleeding heart be torn,
 If other bleeding hearts it chear,
Disconsolate for thee I mourn,
 My nature's cross consent to bear,
To languish for my Lord's delay,
And weep a thousand lives away.

Part IV.

- 1 Behold, ye souls that mourn for God,
 And take ye comfort from my grief,
Be strengthen'd by my grievous load,
 Let my distress be your relief,
With mine your tears and sorrows join,
And lose by mixing them with mine.

- 2 I am the man who long have known
The strength and rage of inbred sin,
My soul is dead, my heart is stone,
A cage of birds, and beasts unclean,
A den of thieves, a dire abode
Of dragons, but no house of God.
- 3 I dare not speak, I cannot shew
The depths of Satan harbour'd there,
The horrors of infernal woe,
The black and blasphemous despair;
Who can conceive but those that feel
Indwelling sin, indwelling hell!
- 4 A stranger intermedleth not
With our inexplicable grief,
'Tis past the reach of human thought
The torture of this unbelief,
The struggling groan, the passion loud⁸⁷
The heart that says, There is no God.
- 5 But will he not at last appear,
And make his power and Godhead known?
Surely he shall the mourner cheer,
And make the broken heart his throne,
Shall break it first, and then bind up:
In hope believe ye against hope.
- 6 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith our God!
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod,
And own, when now the cloud's remov'd,
He only chasten'd whom he lov'd.
- 7 Who sow in tears in joy shall reap,
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn,
Who now go on our way and weep,
With joy we doubtless shall return,

⁸⁷Ori., "load"; corrected in errata.

And bring our sheaves with vast increase,
And have our fruit to holiness.

- 8 Then let us patiently attend,
 And wait the leisure of our Lord,
Surely we all shall in the end
 Experience his abiding word,
Shall all his gracious power declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

“My Lord and my God.”
[John xx. 28.]

- 1 O thou, whom fain my soul would love,
 Whom I would gladly die to know,
This veil of unbelief remove,
 And shew me, all thy goodness shew:
Jesu, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.
- 2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
 Yet thee *my* Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a fault’ring tongue,
 I pray thee in a feeble groan.
Tell me, O tell me who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart.
- 3 If now thou talkest by the way
 With such an abject worm as me,
Thy mysteries of grace display,
 Open mine eyes that I may see,
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out, It is the Lord!
- 4 I know him by those prints of love,
 His bleeding wounds are open wide,
Thro’ faith I handle him, and prove,
 I thrust my hand into his side,
I feel the sprinkling of his blood—
Jesu, thou art my Lord my God!

Part II.

The LII. Chapter of Isaiah.

[Part I.]

- 1 Awake, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down,
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty, and thy strength put on.
- 2 By impious feet no longer trod,
Thy God shall cleanse thy every stain,
O holy city of thy God,
Thou shalt not bear his name in vain.
- 3 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes,
Arise, and struggle into light,
Thy great deliverer calls, Arise!
- 4 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion assert thy liberty,
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 5 For thus the Lord your God hath said,
Ye all have sold yourselves for nought,
A ransom (not by you) is paid,
Receive your liberty unbought.
- 6 My people have been long opprest,
No glory thence redounds to me,
Long have I seen them sore distrest,
Griev'd at my people's misery.

- 7 They groan'd beneath the tyrant's chain,
Sin rul'd them with an iron rod,
The suffering abjects howl'd for pain,
They groan'd, but durst not groan to God.
- 8 Th' oppressors with insulting boast,
My truth and saving power contemn'd,
My worship, and my praise was lost,
My name was every day blasphem'd.
- 9 For this my jealousy is stir'd,
And shall a great deliverance shew,
My people shall confess their Lord,
My faithfulness and mercy know.
- 10 Surely they all shall know my name,
They all my attributes shall prove:
I am, what I am call'd; I am
Justice, and truth, and power, and love.

Part II.

- 1 How beautiful his feet appear
High on the mountain-tops, who brings
Glad tidings of salvation near,
Salvation from the King of kings!
- 2 Who publishes the joyful sound,
Proclaims a peace 'twixt earth and heaven,
A ransom for the sinner found,
God reconcil'd, and man forgiven.
- 3 That says to Israel's mournful race,
Awake, arise, shake off thy chains,
Believe the word of gospel-grace,
Thy God, thy great Redeemer reigns.

- 4 Thy watchmen shall the voice lift up,
Shall sing with gladsome melody,
Object of all their joy and hope,
When eye to eye their Lord they see.
- 5 Him, eye to eye, shall they behold,
Shall shout to see the Saviour come,
To save a world redeem'd of old,
To bring the weary captives home.
- 6 Break forth into joy, your Comforter sing,
Ye sinners employ your all for your King,
Rejoice ye waste places, your Saviour proclaim,
Bestow all your praises, and lives on his name.¹
- 7 For Jesus the Lord hath comforted man,
The sinner restor'd; nor suffer'd in vain,
To bring us to heaven when rais'd from our fall,
His life he hath given a ransom for all.
- 8 His arm he hath bar'd, his mercy and grace
Hath pardon prepar'd for all the lost race:
His uttermost² merit display'd in our sight,
We all may inherit, and claim as our right.
- 9 The Gentiles shall hear the life-giving call,
His grace shall appear, and visit them all:
The common salvation to all doth belong,
To every nation, and people, and tongue.³

Part III.

- 1 Depart ye ransom'd souls, depart,
The house of bondage quit; be clean:
Call'd to be saints, be pure in heart,
Abhor the loathsome touch of sin.

¹Charles records corporate singing of this stanza in his *MS Journal* as early as June 28, 1741.

²“Uttermost” changed to “absolute” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

³This and the prior three stanzas first appeared as Hymn XVII in *HGEL* (1741), 33.

- 2 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord; his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 3 For not as fugitives that try
By hasty flight t' escape the foe,
Ye from the power of sin shall fly,
But calmly in full triumph go.
- 4 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.
- 5 Behold the servant of my grace,
My Son shall heavenly wisdom shew,
Deal gently with the sin-sick race,
And minister my life below.
- 6 His mighty arm, his high right-hand,
Still the pre-eminence⁴ shall have,
Shall bow the world to his command,
And magnify his power to save.
- 7 Vilest of all the sons of men
Him in his days of flesh they view'd,
His body mangled, torn with pain,
His visage marr'd with tears and blood.
- 8 The world on him they doom'd to die,
With fresh astonishment shall gaze,
Amaz'd their Saviour to descry,
O'repower'd with his stupendous grace.
- 9 The suffering sin-atoning God
Shall kindly raise them from their fall,
Sprinkle the nations with his blood,
And tell them, he hath died for all.

⁴Ori., "preheminance"; changed in 3rd edn. (1756).

- 10 The nations shall receive his word,
And kings to his command submit,
The lords of earth shall call him Lord,
And lay their crowns before his feet.
- 11 Fountain of power, when he is near
The gods of earth are gods no more,
Poor guilty worms they bow, they fear,
And fall, and silently adore.
- 12 Children of wrath and slaves of sin
They now shall see their lost estate;
Shall see the blood that makes them clean
The power that makes them truly great.
- 13 Shall now, in Jesus taught to trust,
Accept the grace on all bestow'd,
This their best title, and their boast,
Servants of Christ, and sons of God.

Wrestling Jacob.⁵

- 1 Come, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee,
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery, or sin declare,
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there,
But who, I ask thee, who art thou,
Tell me thy name, and tell me now?

⁵Cf. Genesis 32.

- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
To know it now resolv'd I am;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 6 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak then I am strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand,
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 8 Yield to me now—for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer,

Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if thy name is love.

- 9 'Tis love, 'tis love! Thou diedst for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks, the shadows flee:
Pure UNIVERSAL LOVE thou art,
To me, to all thy bowels move,
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 10 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive,
Thro' faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept, and strove,
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 11 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 12 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in his wings,
Wither'd my nature's strength; from thee
My soul its life and succour brings,
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 13 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness I,
On thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power, from thee, to move;
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

- 14 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart⁶ fly home,
Thro' all eternity to prove
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

A Thanksgiving.

- 1 O what shall I do my Saviour to praise?
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace!
 So strong to deliver so good to redeem
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him.
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
 The people that can be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
 They shall as their right thy righteousness claim:
 Thy righteousness wearing and cleans'd by thy blood
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and power,
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,
 My soul's new creation a life from the dead,
 The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence,
 I trust in his word none plucks me from thence:
 Since I have found favour he all things will do,
 My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known,

⁶Ori., "heart"; corrected in errata.

For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

Another [A Thanksgiving].

- 1 O heavenly King, look down from above,
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love,
So sweetly o'reflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.
- 2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name;
Our business and strife is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace,
The living the living shall shew forth thy praise.
- 3 Our Father and Lord Almighty art thou;
Preserv'd by thy word, we worship thee now,
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy,
Our tongues to thine honour and lives we employ.
- 4 But O above all thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race,
Thy Son thou hast given a world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven whose trust is in him.
- 5 Wherefore of thy LOVE we sing and rejoice
With angels above we lift up our voice:
Thy LOVE each believer shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever when time is no more.

Another [A Thanksgiving].⁷

- 1 My Father, my God, I long for thy love,
O shed it abroad, send Christ from above;
My heart ever fainting he only can cheer,
And all things are wanting till Jesus is there.

⁷John Wesley ascribes this hymn to Charles in *Some Remarks on Hill's "Review"* (1772).

- 2 O when shall my tongue be fill'd with thy praise,
While all the day long I publish thy grace,
Thy honour and glory to sinners forth shew,
Till sinners adore thee, and own thou art true.
- 3 Thy strength and thy power I now can proclaim,
Preserv'd every hour thro' Jesus's⁸ name;
For thou art still by me, and holdest my hand,
No ill can come nigh me, by faith while I stand.
- 4 My God is my guide, thy mercies abound,
On every side they compass me round:
Thou sav'st me from sickness, from sin dost retrieve,
And strengthen my weakness, and bid me believe.
- 5 Thou holdest my soul in spiritual life,
My foes dost controul, and quiet their strife:
Thou rulest my passion, my pride, and self-will,
To see thy salvation thou bid'st me—"Stand still!"
- 6 I stand and admire thine outstretched arm,
I walk thro' the fire, and suffer no harm,
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit,
The world and the devil fall under my feet.
- 7 I wrestle not now, but trample on sin,
For *with* me art thou, and shalt⁹ be *within*,
While stronger and stronger in Jesus's¹⁰ power,
I go on to conquer, till sin is no more.

⁸Ori., "Jesus his name"; changed in 3rd edn. (1756).

⁹Ori., "shall"; corrected in errata.

¹⁰Ori., "Jesus his power"; changed in 3rd edn. (1756).

Hymn to the Trinity.

- 1 God of unexhausted grace
Of everlasting love,
Overpower'd before thy face
I fall, and dare not move:
What hast thou for sinners done!
For so poor a worm as me!
Thou hast given thy¹¹ only Son,
To bring us back to thee.

- 2 Suffering, sin-atoning God,
Thy hallow'd name I bless,
Jesus, lavish of thy blood,
To buy the sinner's peace!
Gushing from thy sacred veins
Let it now my soul o'reflow,
Purge out all my sinful stains,
And wash me white as snow.

- 3 Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
The life of Jesus breathe,
The deep things of God reveal,
Apply *my* Saviour's death:
With the Father and the Son
Soon as one in thee I am,
All my nature shall make known
The glories of the Lamb.

- 4 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the triumphant host
Who praise thee evermore:
Live by heaven and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

¹¹“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

On His Birth Day.

- 1 Oft have I cursed my natal day,
 While strug'ling in the legal strife,
And wish'd for wings to fly away,
 And murmur'd to be held in life:
But O! My blasphemies are o'er,
I curse my day, my God no more.

- 2 His grace, which I abus'd so long,
 Hath this, and all my sins forgiven,
I now have learnt a better song,
 I chearfully look up to heaven,
With joy upon my head return,
And bless the day that I was born.

- 3 How could I, Lord, thy goodness grieve,
 How could I do thee such despight?
At last I thankfully receive
 The gift of thy continued light,
No longer I thy favours spurn,
But bless the day that I was born.

- 4 Fountain of life, and all my joy,
 Jesu, thy mercies I embrace,
The breath thou giv'st, for thee employ
 And wait to taste thy perfect grace,
No more forsaken, and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

- 5 Since first I felt by grace remov'd
 My sin's intollerable load,
Long in the wilderness I rov'd,
 And groan'd to live without my God;
I cannot now, as hopeless, mourn,
But bless the day that I was born.

- 6 The tyranny of sin is past,
And tho' the carnal mind remains,
My guiltless soul on thee is cast,
I neither hug, nor bite my chains,
Prisoner of hope to thee I turn,
And bless the day that I was born.
- 7 Preserv'd thro' faith by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand,
I prove the strength of Jesus mine:
Jesus, upheld by thy right-hand,
Tho' in my flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.
- 8 Weary of life thro' inbred sin
I was, but now defy its power,
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror,
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.
- 9 Born from above, I soon shall praise
Thy goodness with a thankful tongue,
Record the victory of thy grace,
And teach a listening world the song,
While many, whom to thee I turn,
Shall bless the day that I was born.
- 10 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
O let me now be born of God,
Live to declare I CANNOT SIN!
Or, if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born.

Job xix. 25.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand,
And tho' to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies number'd in his hand.
- 2 In this reanimated clay
I surely shall behold him near,
Shall see him at the latter day
In all his majesty appear.
- 3 I feel what then shall raise me up,
Th' eternal Spirit lives in me,
This is my confidence of hope
That God I face to face shall see.
- 4 Mine own and not another's eyes
The King shall in his beauty view,
I shall from him receive the prize
The starry¹² crown to victors due.

A Funeral Hymn.

(Used first for Mrs. Elizabeth Hooper.)¹³

- 1 Come, to the house of mourning come,
The house of serious, solemn joy,
Let us, till all are taken home,
Our lives in songs of praise employ.
- 2 Accomplish'd is our sister's strife,
Her happier soul is gone before,
Her struggle for eternal life,
Her glorious agony is o'er.

¹²“The starry” changed to “And wear the” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

¹³Charles records this first use of the hymn in his *MS Journal* (May 8, 1741).

- 3 The captive exile is releas'd,
Is with her Lord in paradise,
Of perfect paradise possest,
And waiting for the heavenly prize:
- 4 In her no spot of sin remain'd,
To shake her confidence in God,
The victory here she more than gain'd,
Triumphant thro' her Saviour's blood.
- 5 She now the fight of faith hath fought,
Finish'd and won the Christian race,
She found on earth the Lord she sought,
And now beholds him face to face.
- 6 She died in sure and stedfast hope,
By Jesus wholly sanctified,
Her perfect spirit she gave up,
And sunk into his arms, and died.
- 7 Thus may we all our parting breath
Into the Saviour's hands resign—
O Jesu! Let me die her death,
And let her latter end be mine!

Another [A Funeral Hymn].

- 1 Draw near, ye strangers to our God,
And taste with us the heavenly powers,
O that his love were shed abroad!
O that your hearts were all like ours!
- 2 Come see, how Christians wail their dead!
Come share in our mysterious bliss;
On Satan, sin, and death to tread,
O! What an happiness is this!

- 3 Though once ye intermeddled not
 With the strange madness of our joys,
Ye all may be to Eden brought,
 And heighten our triumphant noise.
- 4 With tears of joy our eyes o’reflow
 At parting with our dearest friend,
From us we gladly let her go
 To pleasures that shall never end.
- 5 We know in whom we have believ’d,
 Our faith in Jesus is not vain;
To all who have their Lord receiv’d
 To live is Christ, to die is gain.
- 6 Our sister’s flesh shall turn to dust,
 Her sacred dust in hope shall sleep,
The temple of the Holy Ghost
 The still-indwelling God shall keep.
- 7 Triumphantly she laid it down
 For time to waste, and worms devour:
In weakness and dishonour sown,
 Till rais’d in glory and in power.
- 8 A body natural it lies,
 A lifeless lump of mouldring clay,
But spiritual it soon shall rise,¹⁴
 No more to perish or decay.
- 9 This corruptible body soon
 Shall all incorruptible be,
This mortal quickly shall put on
 Its robes of immortality.
- 10 The terrible, all-conquering King
 Shall then a final period have:
Say then, O death, where is thy sting,
 Where is thy victory, O grave?

¹⁴Ori., “raise”; corrected in errata.

- 11 The sting of death, our sin is gone,
Scatter'd are all our guilty fears;
Thanks be to God, thro' Christ alone,
Who makes us more than conquerors.
- 12 God only doth the victory give,
He shall our glorious flesh restore,
His many sons to heaven receive,
Where time and death shall be no more.

**Another [A Funeral Hymn].
[1] Thess[alonians] iv. 13, &c.**

- 1 Let the world lament their dead,
As sorrowing without hope,
When a friend of ours is freed,
We cheerfully look up,
Cannot murmur or complain,
For our dead we cannot grieve,
Death to them, to us is gain;
In Jesus we believe.
- 2 We believe, that Christ our head
For us resign'd his breath,
He was numbred with the dead,
And dying conquer'd death;
Burst the barriers of the tomb:
Death could him no longer keep,
He is the first-fruits become
Of those in him that sleep.
- 3 God, who him to life restor'd,
Shall all his members raise,
Bring them quicken'd with their Lord,
The children of his grace.
We who then on earth remain,
Shall not sooner be brought home,
All the dead shall rise again
To meet the general doom.

- 4 Jesus, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend,
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall pompously attend:
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.
- 5 First the dead in Christ shall rise,
Then we who yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again;
We shall meet him in the air,
All rapt up to heaven shall be,
See,¹⁵ and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.
- 6 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords,
Joy unutter'd we possess
In these reviving words;
Happy while on earth we breathe,
Mightier bliss ordain'd to know,
Trampling upon sin and death¹⁶
To the third heaven we go.

Another [A Funeral Hymn].

- 1 Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee,
Thou in thine, abundant grace
Givest us the victory:
True and faithful to thy word
Thou hast glorified thy Son,
Jesus Christ our dying Lord
He for us the fight hath won.

¹⁵“See” changed to “Find” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

¹⁶Line changed to “Trampling down sin, hell and death” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 2 Lo! The prisoner is releast,
 Lighten'd of his fleshly load,
 Where the weary are at rest
 He is gather'd into God!
Lo! The pain of life is past,
 All his warfare now is o're,
Death, and hell behind are cast,
 Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife,
Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallow'd up of life;
Born by angels on their wings
 Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings
 Triumphing in paradise.
- 4 Join we then with one accord
 In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
 We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
 We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day
 Meet our happy brother there!
- 5 Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
 Death to thee, to us is gain;
Thou art entred into joy:
 Let the unbelievers mourn,
We in songs our lives employ,
 Till we all to God return.

Another [A Funeral Hymn].

- 1 Hark! A voice divides the sky!
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declar'd
Blest, unutterably blest,
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

- 2 Follow'd by their works they go
Where their head had gone before,
Reconcil'd by grace below;
Grace had open'd mercy's door:
Justified thro' faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven,
Here they laid their burden down
Hallow'd, and made fit for heaven.

- 3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd:
Let the world who know us not
Call us hopeless and unblest'd:
When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry "A man is dead!"
Angels sing "A child is born!"

- 4 Born into the world above
They our happy brother greet,
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says "Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou,
Enter, and receive thy crown,
Reign with me triumphant now."

- 5 Angels catch th' approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award,
Hail the heir with glory crown'd
Now rejoicing with his Lord:
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When th' archangel's trump shall blow
"Rise ye dead, to judgment come."

After the Funeral.¹⁷

- 1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,
With saints and angels join,
Glory, and praise, and blessing give,
And thanks to love divine.
- 2 Our friend in sure and certain hope
Hath laid his body down;
He knew that Christ shall raise him up
And give the starry crown.
- 3 To all who his appearing love
He opens paradise,
And we shall join the hosts above,
And we shall grasp the prize.
- 4 Then let us wait to see the day,
To hear the joyful word,
To answer, Lo! We come away,
We die to meet our Lord.

A Midnight Hymn.¹⁸

- 1 Hearken to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry,
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:

¹⁷Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as April 21, 1741.

¹⁸This and the following hymn were written in response to Charles's first participation in a "watch-night" service among the coal miners at Kingswood; cf. his *MS Journal*, April 24, 1741.

Lo! He comes to keep his word;
Light and joy his looks impart,
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

- 2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up,
See your dear, redeeming God,
He comes, and bids you hope.
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer,
Now he brings you sure relief:
Believe, and feel him here.
- 3 Ye whose loins are girt stand forth!
Whose lamps are burning bright,
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with Christ in light:
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all his promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.
- 4 Happiest souls, (if such are here,)
Who have attain'd the prize,
Wait ye till your Lord appear,
Descending from the skies:
Still forget the things behind,
Toward your thrones of glory press,
Stop not, till above ye find
The crown of righteousness.
- 5 Wait we all in patient hope
Till Christ the judge shall come,
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom;
In an hour to us unknown
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down
With all his saints in light.

- 6 Happy he, whom Christ shall find,
 Watching to see him come,
 Him the judge of all mankind
 Shall bear triumphant home:
 Who can answer to his word?
 Which of you dares meet his day!
 “Rise, and come to judgment!”—Lord
 We¹⁹ rise, and come away!

Another [A Midnight Hymn].²⁰

- 1 Oft have we pass'd the guilty night
 In revellings and frantick mirth,
 The creature was our sole delight,
 Our happiness the things of earth;
 But O! Suffice the season past,
 We chuse the better part at last.
- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
 We will not let our eyelids sleep,
 But humbly lift them to the skies,
 And all a solemn vigil keep:
 So many nights²¹ on sin bestow'd,
 Can we not watch one hour²² for God?
- 3 We can, dear Jesu,²³ for thy sake,
 Devote our every hour to thee,
 Speak but the word, our souls shall wake
 And sing with chearful melody,
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 And every heart shall dance for joy.
- 4 Dear object of our faith, and love,
 We listen for thy welcome voice,
 Our persons, and our works approve
 And bid us in thy strength rejoice,
 Now let us hear the midnight cry,
 And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

¹⁹“We” changed to “I” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

²⁰This hymn later included as the first in the collection *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

²¹“Nights” changed to “years” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

²²“Hour” changed to “night” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

²³“Jesu” changed to “Jesus” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

- 5 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and let²⁴ our joys abound,
Let us rejoice,²⁵ give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask in faith for every soul;²⁶
O let our glorious joy be full.
- 6 O may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above these²⁷ nether skies
By thee on eagle's wings upborn,
Thro' all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love.

Lord, What is Man!

- 1 Father of uncreated light,
Fountain of life, and source of power,
We tremble at thy glory's height,
And lost in silent praise adore.
- 2 Truly thou art a secret God,
That hid'st thee in the deepest shade,
Thy inaccessible abode
Thou hast in clouds²⁸ and darkness made.
- 3 Darkness and clouds surround thy throne,
And veil the brightness of thy face,
Still we revere a God unknown,
A bottomless abyss of grace.
- 4 Who, who can all thy counsel see,
Thine uttermost perfection prove,
Fathom the depths of deity,
The mystery of redeeming love!

²⁴“Let” changed to “make” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

²⁵“Rejoice” changed to “exalt” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

²⁶Line changed to “We ask for every waiting soul” in 2nd edn. (1745) and *Watchnight Hymns* (1750) only.

²⁷“These” changed to “those” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

²⁸“Clouds” changed to “cloud” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 5 Yet hast thou in the gospel-glass
The beamings of thy glory shewn,
Before us made thy goodness pass,
And strongly stamp'd it on thy Son.
- 6 Thy judgments all our thoughts transcend,
Thy love is written on our hearts,
Thy love in part we comprehend,
Love, only love we know thou art.
- 7 Angels, behold the bleeding Lamb,
Your God for guilty sinners slain,
Confess the power of Jesu's name,
Angels, bow down, and worship man.
- 8 See, where enthron'd in Christ we sit,
We who the ransom'd nature share!
Hell, earth, and heaven to man submit,
To me, for I in Christ am there!
- 9 Amazing height of Jesu's love!
Lord, what is man's distinguish'd race,
Exalted in thy flesh above
The angels that behold thy face.
- 10 O when shall all thy members rise
To perfect life in thee restor'd,
Caught up to meet thee in the skies,
And be forever with the Lord.
- 11 Who now our scanty offerings bring
And praise thee with a stammering tongue,
We soon triumphantly shall sing
The new, the everlasting song.
- 12 Come, Lord, we groan to see thy day,
Come, Son of man, with glory crown'd!
The banner of thy cross display,
Descend, and bid the trumpet sound!

**“I have a baptism to be baptized withall;
and how am I straitned till it be accomplished.”
Luke xii. 50.**

- 1 An inward baptism, Lord, of fire,²⁹
Wherewith to be baptiz'd I have;
'Tis all my longing soul's desire,
This, only this my soul can save.
- 2 Straitned I am till this be done:
Kindle in me the living flame,
Father, in me reveal thy Son,
Baptize me into Jesu's name.
- 3 Transform my nature into thine,
Let all my powers thine impress feel,
Let all my soul become divine,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
- 4 Defer'd my hope, and sick my heart;
O when shall I thy promise prove,
Set to my seal that true thou art,
Thy nature, and thy name is love!
- 5 Love, mighty love, my heart o'repower:
Ah! Why dost thou so long delay?
Cut short the work, bring near the hour,
And let me see thy perfect day.
- 6 Behold for thee I ever wait,
Now let in me thy³⁰ image shine,
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And plant with righteousness divine.
- 7 If with the wretched sons of men,
It still be thy delight to live,
Come, Lord, beget my soul again,
Thyself, thy quick'ning Spirit give.

²⁹Ori., “of fire, Lord”; corrected in errata.

³⁰“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 8 With me he dwells, and bids thee come;
Answer thine own effectual prayer,
Enter my heart, and fix thy³¹ home,
Thy³² everlasting presence there.

The Good Fight.
[1 Timothy vi. 12.]

- 1 Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, thy righteousness bring;
Thy promises bind thee compassion to have,
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to save.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
To thee I look up for certain relief,
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor start from the tryal, while Jesus is near.
- 3 I every hour in jeopardy stand;
But thou art my power, and holdest my hand,
While yet I am calling, thy succour I feel,
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.
- 4 O who can explain this struggle for life!
This travel³³ and pain, this trembling and strife!
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult and war,
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare.
- 5 For every fight is dreadful and loud,
The warrior's delight is slaughter and blood,
His foes overturning, till all shall expire;
But this is with burning, and fewel of fire.
- 6 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin,
My Jesus's³⁴ love, the battle shall win,
So terribly glorious his coming shall be,
His love all victorious shall conquer for me.

³¹“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

³²“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

³³Likely “travail” is intended; but is “travel” in all edns.

³⁴Ori., “Jesus his”; changed in 3rd edn. (1756).

- 7 He all shall break thro', his truth and his grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place:
Thro' much tribulation, thro' water and fire,
Thro' floods of temptation, and flames of desire.
- 8 On Jesus my power till then I rely,
All evil before his presence shall fly,
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
And Jesus forever shall reign in my heart.

Habakkuk iii. 17, 18, 19.

- 1 Away my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude³⁵ the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren altho' my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace *appear*,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here;
Altho' my gifts, and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory, that he died for me.

³⁵“Elude” changed to “illude” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

4 In hope believing against hope,
 Jesus my Lord and God I claim,
Jesus my strength shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesu's name:
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world, and sin behind.

After a Relapse into Sin.

1 God of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe,
Simply do I now draw near
 Thy blessing to receive;
Full of guilt alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
 To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain
 Thy blood is always nigh:
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of sinners, [spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.]³⁶

3 Full of truth, and grace thou art,
 And here is all my hope:
False, and foul as hell my heart
 To thee I offer up;
Thou wast given to redeem
My soul from all iniquity:
Friend of sinners, [spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.]

³⁶Ori., ends this and next five stanzas: "Friend of sinners, &c."

- 4 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure,
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou know'st, am poor:
 Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
 Friend of sinners, [spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.]
- 5 Without money, without price
 I come thy love to buy,
 From myself I turn my eyes,
 The chief of sinners I:
 Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in thee:
 Friend of sinners, [spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.]
- 6 No good work, or word, or thought
 Bring I to gain thy grace,
 Pardon I accept unbought,
 Thy proffer I embrace,
 Coming as at first I came
To take, and not bestow on thee:
 Friend of sinners, [spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.]
- 7 Jesu, unto thee my sin
 I quietly confess,
 Till thy blood shall wash me clean
 From all unrighteousness,
 From the slightest touch of blame
My spirit, soul, and body free:
 Friend of sinners, [spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.]
- 8 Saviour, from thy wounded side
 I never will depart,
 Here will I my spirit hide
 When I am pure in heart:
 Till my place above I claim
This only shall be all my plea,
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Another [After a Relapse into Sin].

- 1 Long have I labour'd in the fire,
And spent my life for nought,
With pride, and anger, and desire,
In nature's strength I fought.
- 2 Baffled I still my foes defied,
And rose with courage new,
All which the Lord commands, I cried,
I now resolve to do.
- 3 But O! How soon from glory driven,
Down to profoundest hell,
As Lucifer cast down from heaven,
From all my hopes I fell!
- 4 I fell, and sunk in self-despair,
I gave up all at last,
On Jesus then I cast my care,
On him my anchor cast.
- 5 With sin I strove alas! Too long,
But now I to the Lamb
Look, and am sav'd! In weakness strong,
While arm'd with Jesu's name.
- 6 Jesu, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid,
Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.
- 7 Soon as I find myself forsook,
The grace again is given,
A sigh will reach thy heart, a look
Will bring thee down from heaven.

- 8 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment staid.
- 9 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 10 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
'Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
Where faith in sight shall end.

In Doubt.

- 1 My Father, O my Father hear
Thy weakest child's imperfect call!
Now as a servant I appear,
And yet thou know'st me heir of all:
O make me know as I am known;
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 2 Allur'd by unresisted grace,
Thy footsteps why did I pursue?
Why did I ever seek thy face?
What secret power my spirit drew
After I knew not whom to run?
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 3 From whom have all my blessings flow'd?
Who gave me these enlarg'd desires?
Who made me restless after God,
And burnt me up with inward fires?
O let the author now be shewn,
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?

- 4 Who held my fleeting soul in life,
 And turn'd aside the fatal hour?
Who, when I oft gave o'er the strife,
 Preserv'd me from the adverse power,
Remov'd the death I would not shun?
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 5 When twice ten thousand times I fell,
 Who was it rais'd the sinner up,
The sinner sinking into hell?
 How came I by this spark of hope?
Who quicken'd me, a lifeless stone?
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 6 If thou didst see me in my blood,
 And bid the dying sinner live,
If freely I am counted good,
 O let me all thy life receive,
O do not leave thy work undone:
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 7 Led thro' the howling wilderness
 If now I view the promis'd land,
Here let my weary wandrings cease,
 Divide the waves with thy right-hand,
Bid me thro' Jordan's stream go on;
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 8 Or if in my forlorn estate
 Thy will appoints me to remain,
Behold me still content to wait
 In doubt, and fear, in grief, and pain,
Only when all my hope is gone,
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 9 Alas! I know not how to pray,
 But all my wants are known to thee,
Father, instruct me what to say,
 Or interceed thyself for me,

Then hearken to thy Spirit's groan!
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?

- 10 If now the bowels of thy love
 Yearn over such a worm as me,
Send down thy Spirit from above,
 And make me clean, and set me free,
The promis'd Comforter send down;
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 11 If now thou knockest at my heart,
 Now open to thyself the door,
The gift unspeakable impart;
 The kingdom to my soul restore,
Call home, call home thy banish'd one;
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 12 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord!
 Do I not now my sins confess?
Be just, and faithful to thy word,
 Cleanse me from all unrighteousness,
Finish the work thou hast begun;
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 13 Hath not my Saviour died to make
 The child of wrath a child of God?
Hast thou not pardon'd for his sake
 The soul, for which he shed his blood?
And died he not for *me* t' atone?
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 14 I cannot rest 'till pure within;
 Tho' he hath wash'd away my stains,
Remov'd the guilt and power of sin,
 Yet while the carnal mind remains,
I still must make my ceaseless moan;
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?

15 Or if my endless groans and sighs
Thy kind compassion cannot move,
Be deaf to all *my* prayers and cries,
But hear my Advocate above,
Hear him, who pleads before thy throne,
“Speak, Father; is he not thy son!”

**“And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind,
and a covert from the tempest: as rivers of water in a
dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”**

Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 To the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly:
Be my refuge³⁷ and my rest,
For Oh! The storm is high:
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be,
Hide me, Jesu, till o’repast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace:
O’re a parch’d and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And skreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin;

³⁷Ori., “refuse”; corrected in errata.

O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First, and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun,
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun;
Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,
And bring thy Father's anger down,
Skreen me, Jesu, from the heat,
And terror of his frown.

5 Let thy merit as a cloud
Still interpose between,
Plead th' atonement of thy blood
Till I am cleans'd from sin:
Weary, parch'd with thirst and faint
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

6 Never shall I want it less
When³⁸ thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven;
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

A Poor Sinner.

1 Jesu, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearst my prayer.

³⁸Ori., "Till"; corrected in errata.

Give me on thee to wait
Till I can all things do,
On thee Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me,
My succour, and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul enur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee, when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

5 I want an heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

This blessing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to³⁹ call,
And never, never faint.

6 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim
(Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name;

A jealous, just concern
For thy⁴⁰ immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

7 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

I want, I know not what,
I want my wants to see,
I want,—alas! What want I not,
When thou art not in me!

A Prayer for Humility.

1 O my Father, and my God,
Look upon thy⁴¹ helpless child!
Thou hast laid aside thy rod,
Thou in Christ art reconcil'd:
Hear me then, my Father, hear,
Good, and gracious as thou art,
Fill me with an holy fear,
Give me, Lord, an humble heart.

³⁹Ori., "I"; corrected in errata.

⁴⁰"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁴¹"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 2 O! 'Tis all I want below,
Jesus, and myself to feel,
Only sin, and grace to know,
All the good and all the ill.
Shew me, Father, what I am,
Shew me what in Christ thou art,
All my glory, all my shame;
Give me, Lord, an humble heart.
- 3 Listen to my ceaseless cries,
Mean and little may I be,
Base, and vile in my own eyes,
Griev'd at my own misery.
Shew, and then my sickness cure;
Make me know as I am known,
Wound my spirit, make me poor,
Break, O break this heart of stone.
- 4 Dust and ashes is my name,
Sinful dust and ashes I
Back return from whence I came,
Earth to earth I sink, and die.
Abject I, yet haughty too,
Nothing of my own possess,
Nothing of myself can do,
Proud of sin, and proud of grace.
- 5 O the curse, the plague I feel
By the demon pride pursu'd!
Proud to see I merit hell,
Proud I am that God is good,
Proud, that thou my works hast wrought,
Proud that I was justified,
Proud in every word and thought:
All my fallen soul is pride.
- 6 My own glory still I seek,
Still I covet human praise,
Still in all I do, or speak,
Thee I wrong, and rob thy grace:

Nature will usurp a share,
Fondly of thy graces boast,
Needlessly thy gifts declare,
Needlessly declar'd and lost.

7 And must that which is so good
Evil prove to helpless me?
Poison shall I draw from food,
Sin from grace, and pride from thee?
O forbid it humble love!
Hide me, O my Father, hide,
Far away this snare remove,
Save me from the demon pride.

8 Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Do not with thy gifts destroy,
Lowliness of heart bestow,
Give me this, or take my joy:
If with me thou wilt not stay,
Let my comfort all depart,
Take my joy, and peace away,
Leave me but an humble heart.

9 Father hear, to thee I cry,
Thee in Jesu's name conjure,
With my one⁴² request comply,
Make me humble, make me poor;
This of all thy gifts impart;
When I am of this possest,
When thou giv'st an humble heart,
If thou canst, withhold the rest.

A Thanksgiving.

1 Lord, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
With the chief of sinners dwell!

⁴²Ori., "own"; corrected in errata.

Yes; I still lift up my eyes,
Will not of thy love despair,
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still to call thee mine I dare.

2 O the length and breadth of love!
Jesu, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All its depth is seen in me!
O the miracle of grace!
Tell it out, to sinners tell!
Fiends, and men, and angels gaze,
I am, I am out of hell!

3 Turn aside a sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am!
See a bush that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amidst the flame!
See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in oceans dwell!
Kept alive with death so near,
I am, I am out of hell!

For the Spirit of Prayer.

1 Father, in the mighty name
Of thy well-beloved Son,
One of all thy gifts I claim,
All my wants I speak in one,
Let me for the promise stay,
Only give me power to pray.

2 Sensible delights on me,
Peace or joy if thou bestow,
Thankful I receive from thee,
Or let all my comforts go,
Take thy⁴³ other gifts away;
Only give me power to pray.

⁴³“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 3 See thy poor afflicted child,
Patient, and resign'd in pain,
Let me wander o'er the wild,
Never more will I complain,
Here forever let me stay,
Only give me power to pray.
- 4 Let the pangs that fill my breast
Fully all to thee be known,
Griefs that cannot be exprest
Let me tell thee in a groan,
Haste to help me, or delay,
Only give me power to pray.
- 5 Grant me comfort, or deny,
Visit, or from me depart,
Only let thy Spirit cry,
Abba Father, in my heart;
Abba Father, would I say,
Only give me power to pray.

Submission.

- 1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee!
Poor, and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise—,
Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below,
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might.
- 2 Take my nature's strength away,
Every comfort, every stay,
Every hindrance of thy love,
All *my* power to act or move,
Fain I would be truly *still*,
Fain I would be without will,

Simple, innocent, and free,
Free from all that is not thee.

- 3 Weaken, bring me down to nought,
Captivate my every thought,
Take the future from my view,
All thy love intends to do;
Let me to thy goodness leave
When, and what thou art to give,
All thy works to thee are known,
Let thy blessed will be done.
- 4 Is it not enough that I
Now can “Abba Father” cry?
I am now a child of God,
Bought, and sprinkled with thy blood?
Lord, it doth not yet appear,
What I surely shall be here,
When thou shalt unfold the word:
Only make me as my Lord.
- 5 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow,
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.
Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness,
Sweetly in my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

For a Sick Friend.

- 1 See, gracious Lord, with pitying eyes,
Beneath thine⁴⁴ hand a sufferer lies,
Thy mercy not thine anger proves,
And sick he is whom Jesus loves.

⁴⁴“Thine” changed to “thy” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 2 His to thine own afflictions join,
Accept, exalt, and count them thine,
Thy passion which remains fulfil,
And suffer in thy members still.
- 3 His sickness feel, endure his pain,
His burthen bear, his cross sustain,
Grieve in his griefs, and sigh his sighs,
And breathe his wishes to the skies.
- 4 Enter his heart, possess him whole,
Inspire, and actuate his soul,
Himself no longer let it be
That suffers, or that lives but thee.
- 5 Thyself thro' sufferings perfect made
Conform him thus to thee his head,
Refine, and raise his virtue higher,
When tried, and purified by fire.
- 6 So when his eyes behold thee near,
And thou his hidden life, appear,
Bright in thy likeness shall he shine,
And glorious all, and all divine.

After a Recovery from Sickness.
Psalm ciii. 1, &c.⁴⁵

- 1 Praise the Lord, my thankful soul,
Him let all within me praise!
He again hath made me whole,
He hath lengthen'd out my days.
- 2 Gracious, merciful, and kind,
Him my thankful soul proclaim,
Bear his benefits in mind,
Love, and bless his hallow'd name.

⁴⁵This hymn is omitted in the 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 3 Thee how often doth he save
 From the first, and second death!
Snatch thee from the gaping grave,
 Pluck thee from the lion's teeth?
- 4 He forgives thy every sin,
 Inly he thy pardon seals,
Justifies and makes thee clean,
 All thy imperfections heals.
- 5 God on me his blessings showers,
 All his blessings from above,
Bids me taste the heavenly powers,
 Crowns me with his grace, and love.
- 6 As an eagle swift and strong,
 Lo! Renew'd I live, I rise,
Active, vigorous, and young,
 Earth I spurn, and cleave the skies.

Another [After a Recovery from Sickness].
Isaiah xxxviii. 17, 18, &c.

- 1 Glory to God, whose gracious power
 Is in his creature's weakness shew'd,
Who turns aside the mortal hour,
 And bids me live to praise my God!
- 2 To praise my God I only live;
 To him my residue of days,
His own continued gift I give,
 I only live my God to praise.
- 3 In love, and pity to my soul,
 Thou, Lord, hast snatch'd me from the grave,
Thy powerful touch hath made me whole;
 O! Who can as my Saviour save?

- 4 Jesu, the Saviour of mankind,
How shall I magnify thy grace,
Which cast my every sin behind,
And brought me to thy Father's face!
- 5 Here I rejoice to bless thy name,
Thy goodness here I live to see:
The grave cannot thy praise proclaim,
The dead can call no souls to thee.
- 6 The living, he shall praise thy love;
The living, he thy truth shall own,
As I this day delight to prove,
And make thy faithful mercies known.
- 7 Let future times thy name confess
In which I sure salvation have,
And learn from me their God to bless,
So ready, and so strong to save.
- 8 The Lord hath sav'd my soul from death,
Then let us sing my grateful songs,
And render with our latest breath
The praise that to my Lord belongs.

Receiving a Christian Friend.

- 1 Welcome friend, in that great name,
Whence our every blessing flows!
Enter, and increase the flame
Which in all our bosoms glows.
- 2 Sent of God, we thee receive:
Hail the providential guest!
If in Jesus we believe,
Let us on his mercies feast.

- 3 Jesus is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is,
By his death to life restor'd,
Misery we exchange for bliss:
- 4 Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
O! 'Tis more than tongue can tell,
Only to believers known,
Glorious, and unspeakable!
- 5 Christ, our brother, and our friend,
Shews us his eternal love;
Never let our triumphs end,
Till we join the host above.
- 6 Let us walk with Christ in white,
For our bridal-day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

The Salutation.

- 1 Peace be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside!
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!
Let the Spirit now come down,
Let the blessing now take place!
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel-grace.
- 2 Christ, my Master, and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be,
O be mindful of thy word,
Visit them, and visit me:
To this house, and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come,
Save our souls from inbred sin,
Make them thine eternal home.

- 3 Let us never, never rest
Till the promise is fulfil'd,
Till we are of thee possest,
Wash'd, and sanctified, and seal'd:
Till we all in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

At the Meeting of Christian Friends.

- 1 Glory be to God above,
God, from whom all blessings flow!
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below;
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's name,
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Let us then sweet counsel take
How to make our calling sure,
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell secure;
Build we each the other up,
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Lasting comfort, steadfast hope,
Solid joy, and settled peace.
- 3 More and more let love abound,
Never, never may we rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possest.
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven,
To his image here restor'd,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

- 4 Jesu, Lord, for this we wait,
Till thine image we regain:
Wilt thou not our souls create?
Saviour, shall our faith be vain?
If we do in thee believe,
Now the second gift impart,
Now th' abiding witness give,
Give us now the perfect heart.
- 5 Surely he will not delay,
If we patiently endure,
Will not empty send away
Sinners hungry, mournful, poor.
Jesus wept! And still doth weep,
Human misery to behold,
Pities now his wand'ring sheep,
Longs to bring us to his fold.
- 6 "Children, have you ought to eat?"
(Kindly asks our careful God)
Jesu's flesh indeed is meat,
Drink indeed is Jesu's blood:
Drink, and eat my well-belov'd,
Lean, he cries, upon my breast,
Till ye all, from earth remov'd,
Share with me the marriage-feast.

At Parting.

- 1 Blest be the dear, uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our head,
Where⁴⁶ he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do *his* work below.

⁴⁶Ori., "When"; corrected in errata.

- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer, and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 While thus we walk with Christ in light
Who shall our souls disjoin,
Souls, which himself vouchsafes t' unite
In fellowship divine!
- 6 We all are one who him receive,
And each with each agree,
In him the one, the truth, we live,
Blest point of unity!
- 7 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor *place*,
Nor life, nor death can part:
- 8 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

The Commendation.

- 1 Let the world lament and grieve
At parting with a friend,
Thee we back to Jesus give,
We cheerfully commend

Thee to his preserving grace:
Go, in full assurance go!
Heavenward set thy stedfast face,
And only Jesus know.

2 Jesus, and him crucified
Forever bear in mind,
Shelter in his bleeding side
Be confident to find;
Let his truth, and faithfulness
Still thy shield, and buckler prove,
Keep thy soul in perfect peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Love the dear atoning Lamb,
And us for Jesu's sake;
Let us each, in Jesu's name,
Of others mention make;
Present thro' the Spirit's prayer,
Absent when in flesh thou art,
To the throne of grace we bear,
We bear thee on our heart.

4 To the source of all our good
Thy soul we now commend,
Jesu, sprinkle with thy blood,
And love him to the end:
Faithfully on thee we call,
Perfect him, and us in one,
With us, by us, in us, all
Thy only will be done.

Though Absent in Body, Yet Present in Spirit.

- 1 Christ, our head, and common Lord,
See the souls that wait on thee,
Hear us all with one accord
Sweetly in thy praise agree:
Parted tho' in flesh we are,
Join'd to thee, our corner-stone,
We are intimately near,
Present, and in spirit one.

- 2 Let us now to thee aspire,
Who thy life begin to know,
Let the circulating fire
Now in every bosom glow:
Let the incense of our vows,
From thy golden censer rise,
Fragrant thro' the higher house,
Well-accepted sacrifice.

- 3 Come, ye absent souls who love
Jesus with a simple heart,
Seek with us the things above,
Never from the work depart;
Never let us cease to sing
The great riches of his grace,
Till we all behold our King
Eye to eye, and face to face.

- 4 Quickly we shall all appear
At the judgment-seat above,
We shall see our Jesus near,
Him whom now unseen we love;
We his dear, peculiar ones,
Sharers of our Master's bliss,
We shall sit upon our thrones,
We shall see him as he is.

- 5 Partners of this heavenly hope,
Travel on, and meet us there,
We shall surely be caught up,
Meet the Saviour in the air:
Yes; eternity's at hand,
We shall soon be taken home,
With the Lamb on Sion stand—
Come, desire of nations, come!

Entering into the Congregation.

- 1 Fountain of life, to all below,
Let thy salvation roll,
Water, replenish, and o'reflow
Every believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take,
Jesu, fulfil thy gracious word
For thy own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood,
Wafted⁴⁷ by thee with willing heart
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall,
Be lost, and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

⁴⁷Ori., "Wasted"; corrected in errata.

Another [Entering into the Congregation].

- 1 O thou, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.
- 2 Thee King of nations we proclaim,
Who would not our great sovereign fear?
We long t' experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.
- 3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait,
And O! How dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! We see descend from high
The pillar, and the flame of fire!
- 5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill,
To Canaan's bounds point out our way,
And bring us to thy holy-hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seats at thy right-hand,
And sing thy⁴⁸ everlasting love.
- 7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now, on thy great white throne appear,
And let *my* eyes behold *my* King,
And let *me* see *my* Saviour there!

⁴⁸“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

Hymn for the Day of Pentecost.

- 1 Rejoice, rejoice ye fallen race,
The day of Pentecost is come;
Expect the sure-descending grace,
Open your hearts to make him room.
- 2 Our Jesus is gone up on high,
For us the blessing to receive;
It now comes streaming from the sky,
The Spirit comes, and sinners live.
- 3 To every one whom God shall call
The promise is securely made;
To you far off; he calls you all;
Believe the word which Christ hath said.
- 4 “The Holy Ghost, if I depart,
The Comforter shall surely come;
Shall make the contrite sinner’s heart
His lov’d, his everlasting home.”
- 5 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolick promise given;
We wait to taste the heavenly powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 6 Ah! Leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the guest divine.
- 7 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promis’d grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord—
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place!

- 8 If every one that asks, may find,
If still thou art to sinners given,
Come as a mighty rushing wind,
To shake our earth come down from heaven.
- 9 Behold to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet;
Kindle in each thy living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.
- 10 Wisdom and strength to thee belongs,
Sweetly within our bosoms move,
Now let us speak with other tongues
The new, strange language of thy love.
- 11 Spirit of faith, within us live,
And strike the crowd with fixt amaze,
Open our mouths, and utterance give
To publish our Redeemer's praise:
- 12 To testify the grace of God
To-day as yesterday the same,
And spread thro' all the earth abroad
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.

Another [Hymn for the Day of Pentecost].

- 1 Father of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood;
Give us that for which he prays,
Father, glorify thy Son!
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,
And send THE PROMISE down.
- 2 True and faithful witness thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give:
Hast thou not receiv'd him now
That we might now receive?

Art thou not our living head?
Life to all thy limbs impart,
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come:
Glow's our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room;
Present *with* us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and *in* us be,
With us, in us live and dwell
To all eternity.

Another [Hymn for the Day of Pentecost].

- 1 Sinners, your hearts lift up,
Partakers of your hope!
This the day of Pentecost,
Ask, and ye shall all receive;
Surely now the Holy Ghost
God to all that ask shall give.
- 2 Ye all may freely take
The grace, for Jesu's sake;
He for every man hath died,
He for all hath rose again;
Jesus now is glorified,
Gifts he hath receiv'd for men.
- 3 He sends them from the skies
On all his enemies;
By his cross he now hath led
Captive our captivity:
We shall all be free indeed,
Christ the Son shall make us free.
- 4 Blessings on all he pours
In never-ceasing showers,

All he waters from above,
Offers all his joy and peace,
Settled comfort, perfect love,
Everlasting righteousness.

- 5 All may from him receive
A power to turn and live;
Grace for every soul is free,
All may hear th' effectual call;
All the light of life may see,
All may feel he died for all.
- 6 Drop down in showers of love
Ye heavens from above!
Righteousness, ye skies, pour down,
Open, earth, and take it in,
Claim the Spirit for your own,
Sinners, and be sav'd from sin.
- 7 Father, behold we claim
The gift in Jesu's name!
Him the promis'd Comforter
Into all our spirits pour;
Let him fix his mansion here,
Come, and never leave us more.

A Thanksgiving.

- 1 O God of my salvation hear
And help a sinner to draw near
With boldness to the throne of grace:
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.
- 2 I cannot praise thee as I would,
But thou art merciful, and good;

I know, thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things,
But bear me till on eagle's wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

3 I thank thee for that gracious taste,
(Which pride would not permit to last)
That touch of love, that pledge of heav'n:
Surely on me my Father smil'd,
And once I knew him reconcil'd,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.

4 My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour, who had died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God:
Thou didst, thou *didst*, thy peace impart,
Pardon was written on my heart
In largest characters of blood.

5 When I had forfeited my peace,
My manners in the wilderness,
Infinite love, how didst thou bear!
Thou wouldst not give the sinner up,
My heart retain'd a feeble hope,
And could not, durst not yet despair.

6 Assail'd with doubt, and fear, and grief,
I stagger'd oft thro' unbelief,
Yet still thou wouldst not let me yield,
When stronger souls their Lord denied,
And fell in heaps⁴⁹ on every side,
I never cast away my shield.

7 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
And sinn'd against thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound,
Amaz'd I still forgiveness found,
And thank'd my Advocate above.

⁴⁹Ori., "on heaps"; corrected in errata.

- 8 Saviour, for this I thank thee now,
My Saviour to the utmost thou
Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell,
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thy⁵⁰ everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.
- 9 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free,
None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind
Thee every soul of man may find,
And freely sav'd thy grace declare.
- 10 A vile, backsliding sinner I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die,
Yet still by sovereign grace I live,
Saviour, to thee I still look up,
I see an open door of hope,
And wait thy fulness to receive.
- 11 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purg'd away!
The night of doubts and fears is past,
The Morning-Star appears at last,
And I shall see thy perfect day.
- 12 I soon shall hear thy quickning voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice,
(This is thy will, and faithful word)
My spirit meek, my will resign'd,
Lowly as thine shall be my mind,
The servant shall be as his Lord.
- 13 Already, Lord, I feel thy power,
Preserv'd from evil every hour,

⁵⁰“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

My great preserver I proclaim;
Safety and strength in thee I have,
I find, I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.

14 By faith I every moment stand,
Strangely upheld by thy right-hand
I my own wickedness eschew,
A sinner I am kept from sin;
And thou shalt make me pure within,
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

15 I thank thee, whose atoning blood
Each moment interceeds with God,
Sprinkling my every word and thought;
God hears thy blood for mercy cry,
And passes all my follies by;
He sees, but he imputes them not.

16 I sin in every breath I draw,
Nor do thy will, nor keep thy law
On earth as angels do above:
But still the fountain open stands,
Washes my feet, and head, and hands,
Till I am perfected in love.

17 Come then, and loose, my stammering tongue,
Teach me the new, the joyful song,
And perfect in a babe thy praise:
I want a thousand lives t' employ
In publishing the sounds of joy!
The gospel of thy general grace.

18 Come, Lord; thy Spirit bids thee come,
Give me thyself, and take me home,
Be now the glorious earnest given,
The counsel of thy grace fulfil,
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

A Dialogue of Angels and Men.

- 1 A: Ye worms of earth our God admire,
The God of angels praise:
M: Praise him for us, ye heavenly quire,
His earth-born sons of grace.
- 2 A: His image view in us display'd,
His nobler creatures view:
M: Lower than you our souls he made,
But he redeem'd them⁵¹ too.
- 3 A: As gods we did in glory shine,
Before the⁵² world began:
M: Our nature too becomes divine,
And God himself is man.
- 4 A: He cloath'd us in these robes of light,
The shadow of his Son:
M: We with transcendant glory bright,
Have Christ himself put on.
- 5 A: Spirits like him he made us be,
A pure ethereal flame:
M: Join'd to the Lord, one spirit we
With Jesus are the same.
- 6 A: We see him on his daz'ling throne,
Crowns he to us imparts:
M: To us the King of kings comes down,
And reigns within our hearts.
- 7 A: Pure as he did at first create,
We angels never fell:
M: He saves us from our lost estate,
He rescues man from hell.

⁵¹“Them” changed to “us” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

⁵²“The” changed to “your” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 8 A: When others fell, we faithful prov'd,
His love preserv'd us true:
M: Yet own that we are more belov'd,
He never died for you.
- 9 A: Worms of the earth, to you, we own,
The nobler grace is given:
M: Then praise with us the great Three-One,
Till we all meet in heaven.

Another [A Dialogue of Angels and Men].

- 1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Glory above be given:
We'll vie with the celestial host,
And earth shall rival heaven.
- 2 Ye angels, that in strength excel,
To God your voices raise;
In tenements of clay we dwell,
Yet humbly chaunt his praise.
- 3 To him ye hallelujah cry
Loud as the thunder's noise;
As many waters we reply,
And eccho back the voice.
- 4 Ten thousand times ten thousand, sing
Ye your Creator's name;
We claim Jehovah for our King,
And we extol the Lamb.
- 5 Ye cast your crowns before his throne,
And dare no longer gaze;
We prostrate at his footstool own
The wonders of his grace.
- 6 Thus let us all forever lie,
In songs, or silence join,
T' adore the Majesty on high,
The depth of love divine.

Psalm CXXXIII.⁵³

- 1 Behold how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace,
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness,
When brethren all in one agree;
Who knows the joys of unity!
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,
(True followers of the Lamb,
The same in heart and mind,)
And think and speak the same,
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove:
This is the gospel-grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our head.
- 4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And overspreads⁵⁴ the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.
- 5 Jesus, our great high-priest,
For us the gift receiv'd,
For us, and all the rest,
Who have in him believ'd;
Forth from our head the blessing goes,
And all his seamless coat o'erflows.
- 6 On all his chosen ones
The pretious oil comes down;
It runs, and as it runs,
It ever will run on,

⁵³This hymn omitted from 2nd edn. (1745) and following; moved to *CPH* (1743), 97–99.

⁵⁴“Overspreads” changed to “consecrates” in *CPH* (1743).

Ev'n to his skirts—the meanest name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.

- 7 From Aaron's beard it rolls
 (Those nearest to his face)
 To humble, trembling souls
 Who feebly sue for grace:
I know the grace for all is free,
For lo! It reaches now to me.
- 8 Grace every morning new,
 And every night we feel
 The soft, refreshing dew,
 That falls from Hermon's hill;
On Sion it doth sweetly fall,
The grace of One descends on all.
- 9 Ev'n now our Lord doth pour
 The blessing from above,
 A kindly, gracious shower
 Of heart-reviving love,
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God, and love of man.
- 10 In him when brethren join,
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless,
His chiefest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.
- 11 The riches of his grace
 In fellowship are given,
 To Sion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heaven;
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

David and Goliath.⁵⁵
[1 Samuel xvii.]

- 1 Who is this gigantick foe,
That proudly stalks along;
Overlooks the croud below
In brasen armour strong?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies,
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.

- 2 Tallest of the earth-born race
They tremble at his power,
Fly before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror:
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within,
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.

- 3 In the strength of Jesu's name,
I with the monster fight,
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jesus is my might:
Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove,
Still my helpless soul I cast
On his redeeming love.

- 4 From the bear and lion's paws
He hath deliver'd me;
He shall still maintain my cause,
And still my helper be;
God in my defence shall stand,
Jesus on my side I have,
From the proud Goliath's hand
He now my soul shall save.

⁵⁵“Goliath” is spelled “Goliah” throughout this poem in the first edn.; changed in all other edns.

- 5 With my sling⁵⁶ and stone I go
To slay⁵⁷ the Philistine;
God hath said, It shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin:
On the promise I rely,
Trust in an Almighty Lord,
Sure to win the victory,
For he hath spoke the word.
- 6 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low:
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone,
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.
- 7 See the promise-word takes place,
And smites the giant's head,
See, he falls upon his face,
He falls, and sin is dead!
Now I more than conquer it,
Trample on Goliath slain:
Slain he lies beneath my feet,
Never to rise again.
- 8 Willing now to be made free
From my own sin I am,
Sav'd from all iniquity,
From every touch of blame:
Thou hast made me willing, Lord,
Thou alone hast turn'd my heart,
Now I with Goliath's sword
His head and body part.
- 9 Sin, my strongest sin is dead,
Goliath is o'erthrown;
Yes; he now has lost his head;
The love of sin is gone:

⁵⁶Ori., "string"; corrected in errata.

⁵⁷"Slay" changed to "fight" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

Fallen is their boasted chief,
 Scatter'd are the Philistines,
 Scatter'd by a true belief
 Are all my meaner sins.

- 10 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,
 Your routed foe pursue,
 Shout his praises to the skies
 Who conquers sin for you:
 Jesus doth for you appear,
 He his conquering grace affords,
 Saves you, not with sword and spear,
 The battle is the Lord's.
- 11 Every day the Lord of hosts
 His mighty power displays,
 Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
 The threatning Gittite slays:
 Israel's God let all below
 Conqueror over sin proclaim;
 O that all the earth might know
 The power of Jesu's name.
- 12 Sin hath tyranniz'd too long
 O'er Israel's chosen race,
 Dar'd defy the feeble throng,
 And all their armies chase;
 Armies of the living God
 Basely they to sin did yield;
 Sin can never be destroy'd
 Till David takes the field.
- 13 Love alone can match in fight,
 And conquer every foe;
 Saul with all his strength and might
 Can never sin o'erthrow;
 Saul may vex (the law restrain)
 David takes the giant's head,
 Love will never turn again
 Till every sin is dead.

Romans x. 6, &c.

- 1 Oft I in my heart have said,
 Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ my glorious head,
 To bring him from the sky?
Born on contemplation's wing,
 Surely I should find him there
Where the angels praise their King,
 And gain the Morning-Star.

- 2 Oft I in my heart have said,
 Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead
 From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare
 By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
 And ever dwell with me.

- 3 But the righteousness of faith
 Hath taught me better things,
"Inward turn thine eyes," (it saith
 While Christ to me it brings)
"Christ is ready to impart,
 Life to all for life who sigh,
In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
 The word is ever nigh."

- 4 Jesu, I in thee believe,
 My faith in thee confess;
Gladly do I now receive
 The offers of thy grace:
Now thy merits are applied,
 I from all my sins am free,⁵⁸
I am clear, since thou hast died,
 And rose again for me.

⁵⁸Ori., "freed"; corrected in errata.

- 5 Unto righteousness I still
 Believe on thee, my Lord,
 With my heart believe, and feel
 Thee faithful to thy word.
 Unto full salvation thee
 With my mouth I still confess,
 Till the utmost heights I see
 Of perfect holiness.
- 6 Wherefore should I longer doubt?
 I every whit am clean:
 My salvation is wrought out,
 I now am sav'd from sin.
 Author of eternal grace
 Unto all who thee obey,
 I shall see thee face to face;
 My Jesus, come away!

“Rejoicing in hope.”⁵⁹
[Romans xii. 12.]

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me:
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near,
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear.
- 3 With confidence I now look up,
 His promis'd aid implore,
 Sweetly revives my blasted hope,
 And I can doubt no more.

⁵⁹John Wesley ascribes this hymn to Charles in *Some Remarks on Hill's "Review"* (1772).

- 4 Far spent is the Egyptian night
Of fear, and pain, and grief,
And lo! I see the morning light
That brings assur'd relief.
- 5 The dreadful, dire, oppressive hour
Of tyrant-sin is past,
My soul defies its rage and power,
My soul on Christ is cast.
- 6 The power of hell, the strength of sin
My Jesus shall subdue,
His healing blood shall make⁶⁰ me clean,
And make my spirit new.
- 7 He will perform the work begun:
Jesus, the sinner's friend,
Jesus, the lover of his own,
Will love me to the end.
- 8 No longer am I now afraid;
The promise must take place,
Perfect his strength in weakness made,
Sufficient is his grace.
- 9 Unto salvation kept I am,
Thro' faith, by power divine,
Ready his nature, with his name
To be reveal'd in mine.
- 10 He wills that I should holy be:
Who can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 11 Confident now of faith's increase,
I all its fruits shall prove,
Substantial joy, and settled peace,
And everlasting love.

⁶⁰“Make” changed to “wash” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 12 Yes, Lord, I put my trust in thee,
On thee my soul I stay;
I know, that thou wilt come to me,
And I shall see thy day.
- 13 *With* me, I know, thy Spirit dwells,
Nor ever shall depart,
Till *in* me he himself reveals,
And purifies my heart.
- 14 He tells me, he will quickly come,
And seal me his abode;
He now marks out his future home,
The temple of my God.
- 15 Jesu, I hang upon thy word,
I stedfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 16 Joyful in hope my spirit soars
To meet thee from above,
Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And sure I taste thy love.
- 17 Thy love I soon expect to find
In all its depth and height,
To comprehend th' eternal mind,
And grasp the infinite.
- 18 When thou dost in my heart appear,
And love erects its throne,
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heaven on earth begun.
- 19 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

- 20 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.
- 21 Thou only knowst, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known:
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.
- 22 May I, may all who humbly wait,
The glorious joy receive,
Joy above all conception great,
Worthy of God to give.
- 23 Lord, I believe, and rest secure
In confidence divine,
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And all thou art is mine.

**Another ["Rejoicing in hope."
Romans xii. 12].**

- 1 Ye happy sinners hear
The prisoner of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 The Lord our righteousness
We have long since receiv'd,
Salvation nearer is
Than when we first believ'd:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed;

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 4 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you, and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear:
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near;
Again, I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 6 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 7 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 8 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Romans vi.

- 1 Away vain thoughts, that stir within,
 Nor further can proceed!
How shall I longer live in sin,
 Who unto sin am dead?
- 2 Baptiz'd into my Saviour's name,
 I of his death partake,
Buried with Jesus Christ I am,
 And I with him awake.
- 3 He burst the barriers of the tomb,
 Rose, and regain'd the skies:
And lo! From nature's grave I come,
 And lo! With Christ I rise.
- 4 A new, a living life I live;
 And fashion'd to his death,
His resurrection's power receive
 And by his Spirit breathe.
- 5 Now the old Adam is, I know,
 With Jesus crucified,
Sin vanquish'd by its passive foe,
 Kill'd my dear Lord—and died.
- 6 His⁶¹ body was destroy'd, when nail'd
 With Jesus to the tree;
My dying surety then prevail'd,
 And I was then set free.
- 7 Dead with my gracious Lord and God,
 With him by faith I live,
The power he purchas'd with his blood
 I over sin receive.

⁶¹“His” changed to “Its” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 8 Sin shall not have dominion now,
Or in my body reign;
Beneath its yoke I scorn to bow,
And all its force disdain.
- 9 Under the law no more enslav'd,
No more I groan, and grieve,
By grace I am redeem'd and sav'd,
And under grace I live.
- 10 I live to God, who from the dead
Hath me to life restor'd,
That I from sin's oppression freed
Might only serve my Lord.
- 11 Jesus I serve, to him alone
My thankful homage pay,
My only Master, Christ I own,
And him will I obey.
- 12 To him my body I present,
Which he will not refuse;
The meanest, basest instrument
His glory deigns to use.
- 13 Servant of sin too long I was,
But Christ hath set me free;
Glory to his victorious grace
Which freely ransom'd me.
- 14 For ever be his name ador'd
For what I have receiv'd;
I have embrac'd the gospel-word,
And with my heart believ'd.
- 15 Faith freed me from the iron yoke,
The strength of sin subdued,
From off my soul the fetters broke,
And now I serve my God.

- 16 Jesus can to the utmost save;
On Jesus I depend;
My fruit to holiness I have,
And all in heaven shall end.

The Fourth Chapter of Isaiah.

- 1 Jesu, fulfil the gospel-word,
In us thou beauteous branch arise,
Arise, thou planting of the Lord,
Be glorious in thy people's eyes.
- 2 O root divine, in this our earth
Spring up, and yield a fair increase,
The graces of our second birth,
The goodly fruits of righteousness.
- 3 'Scap'd from the world of pride and lust
If now we in thy sight remain,
O make us holy, good, and just,
O let us not believe in vain.
- 4 Our names among the living write,
Whose hearts are fixt on things above,
Worthy who walk with thee in white,
Unblameable in spotless love.
- 5 Out of our inmost souls expel
The filth and stain of inbred sin,
(In us it shall not always dwell,
For thou hast said, Ye shall be clean.)
- 6 O that the grace were now applied!
Bring in, dear Lord, a purer flood,
Open the fountain of thy side,
And purge out all our tainted blood.

- 7 Adam descended from above,
The virtue of thy blood impart,
And cleanse from every creature-love,
And make, O make us pure in heart.
- 8 The judging, burning Spirit inspire,
O let him to his temple come,
And sit as a refiner's fire,
And all our sins condemn, consume.
- 9 Sin shall not in our flesh remain,
The sanctifying word is sure,
We shall be purg'd from every stain,
And pure as God himself is pure.
- 10 Then only can we fall no more,
Freed from the stumbling-block within;
Come thou divine, almighty power,
And save us from indwelling sin.
- 11 Keep us thro' faith to that thy day,
And mark us out for thy⁶² abode,
Thy glory over us display,
And guard the future house of God.
- 12 Till thou from all our sins shall⁶³ cleanse,
And perfectly renew our heart,
Thy glory be our sure defence,
Nor ever from our souls depart.
- 13 On every dwelling-place of thine,
Create a cloud, and smoke by day,
And let the fiery pillar shine,
By night, and on th' assembly stay.
- 14 Thro' the long night of doubts and fears,
The day of fierce temptation guide,
And let us, till thy face appears,
O let us in thy wounds abide;

⁶²“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

⁶³“Shall” changed to “shalt” in 3rd edn. (1756) only.

- 15 Secure beneath thy shadow sit,
In thee a tabernacle find,
A refuge from the rain and heat,
A covert from the storm and wind.
- 16 Lead us till all our toil is past,
Till all thy faithfulness we prove,
And gain the promis'd land at last,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

The Twelfth Chapter of Isaiah.

- 1 Happy soul who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel-grace!
Thee my Lord (thou then wilt say)
Thee will I forever praise.
- 2 Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again,
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.
- 3 Me behold! Thy mercy spares,
Jesus my salvation is:
Hence my doubts, away my fears,
Jesus is become my peace.
- 4 Jah, Jehovah is my Lord,
Ever merciful, and just,
I will lean upon his word,
I will on his promise trust.
- 5 Strong I am, for he is strong,
Just in righteousness divine,
He is my triumphal song,
All he has, and is, is mine.

- 6 Mine; and yours, whoe'er believe:
On his name whoe'er shall call,
Freely shall his grace receive;
He is full of grace for all.
- 7 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
Water from salvation's well,
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.
- 8 Each to each, ye then shall say,
Sinners, call upon his name,
O rejoice to see his day,
See it, and his praise proclaim.
- 9 Glory to his name belongs,
Great, and marvellous, and high,
Sing unto the Lord your songs,
Cry, to every nation cry.
- 10 Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his name we find,
This to all mankind is known:
Be it known to all mankind.
- 11 Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's holy one is he,
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Great he is, and dwells in thee.
- 12 O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul.

Isaiah xxvi. 13, 14.

- 1 O Lord, my God, with shame I own
That other lords have sway'd,
Have in my heart set up their throne,
And abject I obey'd.
- 2 Thy enemies usurp'd the place,
And robb'd thee of thy due,
A slave to every vice I was,
And only evil knew.
- 3 With sin I joyfully comply'd,
I yielded unconstrain'd,
Passion, and appetite, and pride,
And self, and nature reign'd.
- 4 But ended is the shameful hour,
Th' usurper's reign is past,
Blasted their strength, o'return'd their power,
And I am sav'd at last.
- 5 Thy love, by which redeem'd I am,
Forever be ador'd,
I now shall live to bless thy name,
And call my Jesus, Lord.
- 6 Those other lords no more are mine,
No more their slave am I,
I tread them down with strength divine,
I all my sins defy.
- 7 Freed am I now, forever freed
From their destructive power,
Nail'd to the cross they all are dead,
And shall revive no more.

- 8 The glorious presence of my God,
Hath all the tyrants slain,
Their name, their memory is destroy'd;
For⁶⁴ I am born again!

After a Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 Thy will be done, thy name be blest!
I am not, gracious Lord, my own;
Whate'er thy wisdom sends is best,
Thy name be prais'd, thy will be done.
- 2 Earnest of benefits behind,
Of all thy bounty waits to give,
Pledge of a sound and healthful mind,
My life I at thy hands receive.
- 3 Snatch'd from the death of sin, my soul
Shall never see corruption's grave,
Surely thy love shall make me whole,
Thy love can to the utmost save.
- 4 Thy love hath cast out servile fear,
No longer can I doubt or mourn,
To the black dungeon of despair
I never, never shall return.
- 5 Sin shall not have dominion now,
Or in my mortal body reign,
Jesus, my Lord, my Saviour, thou,
Thou hast the lawless tyrant slain.
- 6 Still, O my God, thy power display,
Thy kingdom to my soul restore,
Those other lords persist to slay,
And suffer them to rise no more.

⁶⁴“For” changed to “when” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 7 If now I have acceptance found
With thee, or favour in thy sight,
With thy⁶⁵ omnipotence surround,
And arm me with thy Spirit's might.
- 8 O may I hear his warning voice,
And timely fly from danger near,
With reverence unto thee rejoice,
And love thee with a filial fear.
- 9 Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide,
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on every side.
- 10 O give me faith, and faith's increase,
Finish the work begun in me,
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
That stays, and waits, and hangs on thee.
- 11 O let thy gracious Spirit guide,
And bring me to the promis'd land,
Where righteousness and peace reside,
And all submit to love's command.
- 12 A land, where milk and honey flow,⁶⁶
And springs of pure delights arise,
Delights which I shall shortly know;
I shall regain my paradise.
- 13 I see it now from Pisgah's top,
Pleasant, and beautiful, and good,
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the purchase of thy blood.
- 14 Of righteousness divine possest
O let me grasp the prize so nigh,
Enter into the promis'd rest,
Enjoy thy perfect love, and die.

⁶⁵“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁶⁶Ori., “flows”; corrected in errata.

Hymns for Children.⁶⁷

[Hymn I.]

- 1 Gentle Jesus, meek, and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought,
Dearest God, forbid it not,
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.
- 3 Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine⁶⁸ arms be stayed,
Let me lean upon thy breast,
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.
- 4 Hold me fast in thy⁶⁹ embrace,
Let me see thy smiling face,
Give me, Lord, thy blessing give,
Pray for me, and I shall live.
- 5 I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent, and happy still.
- 6 O that I may never know
What the wicked people do;
Sin is contrary to thee,
Sin is the forbidden tree.
- 7 Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

⁶⁷Several of the following hymns are reprinted in *Hymns for Children* (1747) and *Hymns for Children* (1763).

⁶⁸“Thine” changed to “thy” in 2nd edn. (1745), 3rd edn. (1756), and *Hymns for Children* (1747).

⁶⁹“Thy” changed to “thine” in *Hymns for Children* (1763).

- 8 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.
- 9 Fain I would be, as thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.
- 10 Meek, and lowly may I be,
Thou art all humility;
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to thy parents thou.
- 11 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.
- 12 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek thine own;
Thou thyself didst never please,
God was all thy happiness.
- 13 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am,
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.
- 14 I shall then shew forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

[Hymn] II.

- 1 Lamb of God, I fain would be
A meek follower of thee,
Gentle, tractable, and mild,
Loving as a little child;
- 2 Simple, ignorant of ill,
Guided by another's will,
Trusting him for heavenly food,
Casting all my care on God.
- 3 Let me in thy footsteps tread,
Be to all the creatures dead,
Dead to pleasure, wealth, and praise,
Poor, and humble all my days.
- 4 Prepossess my tender mind,
Let me cast the world behind,
All its pomps and pleasures vain
Help me, Saviour, to disdain.
- 5 Thou my better portion art,
Earth shall never share my heart,
I on all its goods look down,
I expect a starry crown.
- 6 I aspire to things above,
Lord, I give thee all my love,
I will nothing know beside
Jesus and him crucified.
- 7 Let the potsherd of the earth
Boast their virtue, beauty, birth,
A poor, guilty worm I am,
Ransom'd by the bleeding Lamb.
- 8 Jesu,⁷⁰ this be all my boast,
Thou hast sav'd a sinner lost,

⁷⁰“Jesu” changed to “Jesus” in *Hymns for Children* (1763).

Thou hast spilt thy noble⁷¹ blood
Me to make a child of God.

- 9 What a glorious title this
(Title to eternal bliss)
Thou for me thy life hast given,
Me to make an heir of heaven.
- 10 O enlarge my scanty thought
To conceive what thou hast wrought,
Raise my groveling spirit up
To my heavenly calling's hope.
- 11 Greaten my contracted mind,
Saviour thou of all mankind;
What in man thy grace could move?
O the riches of thy love!⁷²
- 12 Let thy love possess me whole,
Let it take up all my soul;
True magnificence impart,
Purify, and fill my heart.
- 13 I despise all earthly things
Offspring to the King of kings,
God I for my Father claim,
Jesus is my brother's name.
- 14 Heaven is mine inheritance,
I shall soon remove from hence,
As the stars in glory shine,
Christ and God, and all is mine.

[Hymn] III.⁷³

- 1 Come let us join the hosts above,
Now in our earliest⁷⁴ days,
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

⁷¹“Noble” changed to “sacred” in *Hymns for Children* (1763).

⁷²Stanza 11 omitted from this hymn in *Hymns for Children* (1747).

⁷³Ori., “Part III”; a misprint.

⁷⁴“Earliest” changed to “youngest” in *Hymns for Children* (1763).

- 2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.
- 3 We all his kind protection share,
Within his arms we rest;
The sucklings are his tenderest care,
While hanging on the breast.
- 4 We praise him with a stammering tongue,
While under his defence,
He smiles to hear the artless song
Of childish innocence.
- 5 He loves to be remember'd thus,
And honour'd for his grace,
Out of the mouth of babes like us
His wisdom perfects praise.
- 6 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honour, and thanks be given:
Children, and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

[Hymn] IV.

- 1 O happy state of infancy,
Stranger⁷⁵ to guilty fears,
We live from sin and sorrow free
In these our tender years.
- 2 Jesus the Lord our shepherd is,
And did our souls redeem,
Our present and eternal bliss
Are both secur'd in him.
- 3 His mercy every sinner claims,
For all his flock he cares:

⁷⁵“Stranger” changed to “Strangers” in *Hymns for Children* (1763).

The sheep he gently leads, the lambs
He in his bosom bears.

- 4 Loving he is to all his sons
Who hearken to his call;
But us, his weak, his little ones,
He loves us best of all.
- 5 If unto us our friends are good,
'Twas he their hearts inclin'd,
He bids our fathers give us food,
And makes our mothers kind.
- 6 Then let us thank him for his grace,
He will not disapprove
Our meanest sacrifice of praise,
Our childish, prattling love.

[Hymn] V.

- 1 All thanks and praise to God belong,
Our Father and our friend;
Let us with life begin the song,
Which never more shall end.
- 2 All power and majesty are his,
He ever reigns alone;
Our souls he did in mercy seize,
And he can keep his own.
- 3 Unspotted from the world, and sin,
In innocence we live,
Before the poison works within,
To God our hearts we give.
- 4 Not to the vain desires of men
We live, but to our God,
Who died for us, and rose again,
To wash us in his blood.

- 5 To him our earliest fruits we bring,
The sacrifice of praise;
All our diversion is to sing
The dear Redeemer's grace.
- 6 To him we innocently live,
Delight his will to do;
A pattern to you men we give,
A child may teach e'en you.
- 7 Children ye must be all again,
Make haste like us to be;
Return ye wise, ye sinful⁷⁶ men
To harmless infancy.
- 8 Poor men, acknowledge your offence,
And blush to hear our song,
And sigh to see the innocence
Ye have out-liv'd so long.

[Hymn] VI.

- 1 Come, let us our good God proclaim,
By earth and heaven ador'd;
Children are bid to praise his name,
And magnify the Lord.
- 2 Let us with all his saints agree,
With all his hosts above,
Part of his family are we,
His family of love.
- 3 Worthless are our best offerings,
Our songs are void of art,
Yet God accepts the smallest things
Given with a willing heart.
- 4 Us for the sake of Christ he loves,
Who did our souls redeem,

⁷⁶“Ye sinful” changed to “and sinful” in *Hymns for Children* (1747).

And all our childish thoughts approves,
When offer'd up thro' him.

- 5 He makes us his peculiar care,
While by his Spirit led;
We all his genuine children are,
And on his bounty feed.
- 6 Though men despise our infancy,
Angels attend our ways,
They wait on us,⁷⁷ yet always see
Our heavenly Father's face.
- 7 Surrounded by a flaming host,
The bright cherubic powers;
Not all the kings of earth can boast
Of such a guard as ours.
- 8 And while th' angelic army sings,
With them we feebly join
T' extol the glorious King of kings,
The majesty divine!

[Hymn] VII.

- 1 Lover of little children, thee,
O Jesus, we adore;
Our kind, and loving Saviour be
Both now and evermore.
- 2 O take us up into thine arms,
And we are truly blest;
Thy new-born babes are safe from harms
When lying on⁷⁸ thy breast.
- 3 There let us ever, ever sleep,
Strangers to guilt and care,
Free from the world of evil keep
Our tender spirits there.

⁷⁷“They wait on us” changed to “On us they wait” in *Hymns for Children* (1763).

⁷⁸“When lying on” changed to “While harbour'd in” in *Hymns for Children* (1763).

4 Still as we grow in years, in grace
 And wisdom let us grow,
 But never leave thy dear embrace,
 But never evil know.

5 Strong let us in thy grace abide,
 But ignorant of ill;
 In malice, subtlety, and pride
 Let us be children still.

6 Lover of little children, thee,
 O Jesus, we adore:
 Our kind, and loving Saviour be
 Both now, and evermore.

“Avenge me of⁷⁹ mine adversary.”
Luke xviii. [3.]

1 Jesu, thou hast bid us pray,
 Pray always, and not faint,
 With the word a power convey
 To utter our complaint,
 Quiet will we⁸⁰ never know
 Till we from sin are fully freed:
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent’s head.

2 We have now begun to cry,
 And we will never end
 Till we find salvation nigh,
 And grasp the sinner’s friend:
 Day and night we’ll speak our woe,
 With thee importunately plead:
 O avenge us [of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent’s head.]⁸¹

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
 From all our bands releas’d,
 Only thou canst set us free,
 By Satan long opprest;

⁷⁹Ori., “on”; corrected to AV text in 2nd edn. (1745).

⁸⁰“Will we” changed to “shalt thou” in 2nd edn. (1745); and to “thou shalt” in 3rd edn. (1756).

⁸¹Ori., ends this and next seven stanzas: “O avenge us, &c.”

Now thy power Almighty shew,
 Arise, the woman's conquering seed:
 O avenge us [of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent's head.]

4 To destroy his work of sin
 Thyself in us reveal,
 Manifest thyself within
 Our flesh, and fully dwell
 With us, in us here below;
 Enter, and make us free indeed:
 O avenge us [of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent's head.]

5 Stronger than the strong-man thou
 His fury canst controul;
 Cast him out by entering now,
 And keep our ransom'd soul;
 Satan's kingdom overthrow,
 On all the powers of darkness tread:
 O avenge us [of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent's head.]

6 Shall he still the souls enthrall
 For whom thy life was given?
 Hast thou not beheld him fall
 As lightening out of heaven?
 Hitherto allow'd to go,
 He now no farther shall proceed:
 O avenge us [of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent's head.]

7 To the⁸² never-ceasing cries
 Of thine elect attend,
 Send deliverance from the skies,
 Thy mighty Spirit send;
 Tho' to man thou seemest slow,
 Our cries thou seemest not to heed:
 O avenge us [of our foe,
 And bruise the serpent's head.]

8 Come, O come all-gracious Lord,
 No longer now delay,

⁸²“The” omitted in original; corrected in errata.

With thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword
The crooked serpent slay;
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out, and kill the hellish seed:
O avenge us [of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head.]

9 High enthron'd at God's right-hand
Thou dost in glory sit,
Till whoe'er thy sway withstand,
Indignantly submit;
Yes, they all shall be brought low,
They all shall be thy footstool made:
O avenge us [of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head.]

10 Jesu, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy bride who bids thee come:
Come thou righteous judge of all,
Pronounce the tempter's doom;
Doom him to infernal woe,
For him, and for his angels made;
Now avenge us of our foe,
Forever bruise his head.

Come, Lord Jesus!

1 When, dearest Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee;
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love!

2 A poor, blind child I wander here
If haply I may feel thee near,
O dark, dark, dark (I still must say)
Amidst the blaze of gospel-day.

3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,
I cast the world, and flesh behind,

Thou, only thou to me be given
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

- 4 All earthly comforts I disdain,
They shall not rob me of my pain,
Or make me senseless of my load,
Or less disconsolate for God.
- 5 Rather let all the creatures take
Their miserable comforts back,
With every vain relief depart,
And leave me to my broken heart.
- 6 Leave me, my friends, the mourner leave,
For God, and not for you I grieve;
My weakness, O ye strong, despise,
My foolish ignorance, ye wise.
- 7 Let all my Father's children be
Still angry, still displeas'd with me,
Disclaim, dishonour, and disown:
I would be poor, forlorn, alone.
- 8 A child, a fool, a thing of nought,
Abhor'd, neglected, and forgot,
Contemn'd, abandon'd, and distrest
Till I from mortal man have ceas'd.
- 9 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesu, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesu, when I have lost my all,
My soul shall on thy bosom fall.
- 10 When man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive,
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 11 Ah! Wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,

An helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

- 12 Lord, I am sick; my sickness cure:
I want; do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!
- 13 Lord, I am blind; be thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might:
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

The Same [Come, Lord Jesus].

- 1 Jesu, what hast thou bestow'd
On such a worm as me!
What compassion hast thou shew'd
To draw me after thee!
Perfect then the work begun,
All thy goodness let me prove,
All thy will in me be done,
Till all my soul is love.
- 2 Not by my own righteousness,
Or works that I have wrought,
Am I saved; but by thy grace
Surpassing human thought.
Nothing have I, nothing am,
Nothing I deserve but hell:
Yet I glory in thy name,
Yet I thy mercy feel.
- 3 Thou a spark of hallow'd fire
To me, ev'n me hast given;
Glow for thee my whole desire,
My life, my inward heaven:
Dreams of happiness below
Never more will I pursue,
Jesus only will I know,
Whose love is ever new.

- 4 Thou thy⁸³ hand on me hast laid,
 And calm'd my stormy will,
Nature's rapid tide hast stay'd,
 And bid my heart be still:
'Stablish thou my heart in peace,
 Meek, and lowly may I be,
Fill with all thy gentleness
 The soul that hangs on thee.
- 5 Oft thou visitest my breast,
 But O! How short thy⁸⁴ stay!
As the memory of a guest,
 That tarrieth but a day.
Come, and all thy foes expel,
 Fix in me thy constant home,
With thy Father in me dwell,
 Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Waiting for Christ the Prophet.

- 1 Prophet, sent from God above
 To teach his perfect will,
Lo! I wait to learn thy love,
 I tremble, and am still:
To thy guidance I submit,
 All my soul to thee I bow,
See me sitting at thy feet,
 Speak, Lord, I hear thee now.
- 2 From the idle babler man
 Behold I turn away,
Trample on the fairest plan
 That human wit can lay:
Foolish am I still, and blind,
 Till the truth itself impart,
Chase the darkness from my mind,
 And shine within my heart.

⁸³“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁸⁴Ori., “they”; corrected in errata.

- 3 What avails the creature's strife,
 When thou, and only thou
Hast the words of endless life!
 (O could I hear them now!)
Mighty thou in word and deed,
 Thou my only teacher be,
Thou, by thy⁸⁵ anointing, lead
 A soul that seeks to thee.
- 4 I from outward things withdraw,
 No help in them is found,
At thy mouth I seek the law,
 I listen for the sound
Which shall all my griefs controul,
 Empty me at once and fill,
Calm the tempest in my soul,
 And bid the sea be still.
- 5 Ah! My Lord, if thou art near,
 And knockest at the door,
Let me now my prophet hear,
 And keep thee out no more:
Be reveal'd thou heavenly guest
 To consume the man of sin,
Take possession of my breast,
 Come in, my Lord, come in.

The Same [Waiting for Christ the Prophet].

- 1 Christ, my hidden life appear,
 Soul of my inmost soul,
Light of life, the mourner cheer,
 And make the sinner whole.
Now in me thyself display,
 Surely thou in all things art,
I from all things turn away
 To seek thee in my heart.

⁸⁵“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 2 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice,
Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice,
Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place;
Still, and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace.
- 3 From the world of sin, and noise,
 And hurry I withdraw,
For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe.
Silent am I now, and still,
 Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love.
- 4 Thou hast undertook for me,
 For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
 Of bleeding love unfold;
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
 Let me die with thee to reign,
All things let me count but loss
 So I may thee regain.
- 5 Shew me, as my soul can bear
 The depth of inbred sin,
All the unbelief declare,
 The pride that lurks within;
Take me, whom thyself hast bought,
 Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought
 That would not stoop to thee.
- 6 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
 My soul to thee convert,
Thou canst make me understand,
 Though I am slow of heart.

Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine,
Thou art wisdom, power, and love,
And all thou art is mine.

The Same [Waiting for Christ the Prophet].

- 1 I will hearken what my Lord,
Shall say concerning me.
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one that waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power,
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 How have I thy Spirit griev'd,
Since first with me he strove?
Obstinately disbeliev'd,
And trampled on thy love?
I have sinn'd against the light,
I have broke from thy embrace,
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely sav'd by grace.
- 3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart,
Wilt not give the sinner o'er:
Ready art thou now to save,
Bidst me come, as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.
- 4 O thou meek, and gentle Lamb,
Fury is not in thee,
Thou continuest the same,
And still thy grace is free;

Still thy arms are open wide
Wretched sinners to receive,
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn, and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
My foolishness I mourn,
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late I turn;
Yes; I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood,
Me with all my sins I cast,
On my atoning God.

6 Freely am I justified,
And till my heart is pure,
In thy wounds will I abide,
From hell, and sin secure:
What of sin in me remains,
I believe thou wilt remove,
Thoroughly wash out all my stains,
And perfect me in love.

Daniel in the Den of Lions.
[Daniel vi.]

1 God of Daniel, hear my prayer,
And let thy power be seen,
Stop the lion's mouth, and bear
Me safe out of his den:
Save me in this dreadful hour;
Earth, and hell, and nature join,
All stand ready to devour
This helpless soul of mine.

2 No way to escape I see
The sure-approaching death,
Vain are all my hopes to flee
Out of the lion's teeth;

In the mire of sin I lie,
In the dungeon of despair,
Hear my lamentable cry,
O God of Daniel, hear.

- 3 Thee I serve, my Lord, my God,
In me thy power display,
Save me, save me, and defraud
The lion of his prey;
Angel of the covenant,
Jesus mighty to retrieve,
Let him to my help be sent:
In Jesus I believe.
- 4 Save me for thine own great name,
That all the world may know,
Daniel's God is still the same,
And reigns supreme below:
Him let all mankind adore;
Spread his glorious name abroad,
Tremble all, and bow before
The great, the living God.
- 5 Absolute, unchangeable
O'er all his works he reigns,
His dominion cannot fail,
But undisturb'd remains:
His dominion standeth fast,
Is, when time no more shall be,
Still shall his dominion last
Thro' all eternity.
- 6 He delivers by his love,
He rescues souls from death,
Signs he works in heaven above,
And signs in earth beneath;
Daniel he doth every hour
From the *lion's* paw retrieve,
I am sav'd from Satan's power,
And lo! By grace I live.

The Three Children in the Fiery Furnace.
[Daniel iii.]

- 1 God of Israel's faithful three,
Who brav'd a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorn'd to bow their knee,
And walk'd unhurt in fire;
Breathe⁸⁶ their faith into my breast,
Arm me in this fiery hour,
Stand, O Son of man! Confest
In all thy saving power.
- 2 Lo! On dangers, deaths, and snares
I every moment tread,
Hell without a veil appears,
And flames around my head;
Sin increases more and more,
Sin in all its strength returns,
Seven times hotter than before
The fiery furnace burns.
- 3 But while thou, my Lord, art nigh
My soul disdains to fear,
Sin and Satan I defy
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage,
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.
- 4 Unto thee, my help, my hope,
My safeguard, and my tower,
Confident I still look up,
And still receive thy power.
All the alien's hosts I chase,
Blast, and scatter with mine eyes;
Satan comes; I turn my face,
And lo! The tempter flies!

⁸⁶Ori., "Breath"; a misprint.

5 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
A while subsists in chains,
But thou all thy power shalt shew,
And slay its last remains;
Thou shalt conquer⁸⁷ my desire,
Thou shalt quench it with thy blood,
Fill me with a purer fire,
And change me into God.

A Thanksgiving.

1 'Tis of thy mercies, Lord,
That I am not consum'd,
By God and men abhor'd,
To endless torments doom'd:
Thy tender mercies never fail,
And therefore I am not in hell.

2 In vain was Tophet mov'd
To meet me from beneath,
For Jesu's sake belov'd
I 'scape the second death:
Thy tender mercies never fail,
And therefore I am not in hell.

3 Within its mouth I was,
And there I lay asleep,
Its mouth it could not close,
My soul it could not keep:⁸⁸
Thy tender mercies never fail,
And therefore I am not in hell.

4 Thy mercies found out me,
To me they first did stoop,
From depths of misery
Thy mercies brought me up:

⁸⁷“Shalt conquer” changed to “hast conquer’d” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁸⁸Ori., “sleep”; corrected in errata.

Thy tender mercies never fail,
And therefore I am not in hell.

- 5 Thy dear preserving grace
Each moment I receive,
And trust to see thy face,
And without sin to live:
Thy tender mercies never fail,
And I shall never be in hell.

“He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”
[Matthew x. 39.]

- 1 Be it according to thy word!
This moment let it be,
O that I now, my dearest Lord,
Might lose my life for thee!
- 2 Now, Jesu, let thy powerful death
Into my being come,
Slay the old Adam with thy breath,
The man of sin consume.
- 3 Whate'er I have, or can, or am,
I now would fain resign,
And lose my nature, and my name,
O God, to purchase thine.
- 4 Withhold whate'er my flesh requires,
Poison my pleasant food,
Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
My all of creature-good.

- 5 My old affections mortify,
Nail to the cross my will,
Daily, and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill.
- 6 Passion, and appetite destroy,
Tear, tear this pride away,
And all my boast, and idle joy,
And all my nature slay.
- 7 Jesu, my life, appear within,
And bruise the serpent's head,
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed.
- 8 Thou wilt, I know, thou wilt appear,
And end this inward strife,
Thy harbinger proclaims thee near,
And death makes way for life.
- 9 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?
Would I not die this hour?
Then speak the killing, quickening word,
Slay, raise me by thy power.
- 10 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
With thy dead men arise,
Awake, and sing from out the dust,
Soon as this nature dies.
- 11 O let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive;
So shall I live; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.
- 12 Be it according to thy word,
This moment let it be,
The life I lose for thee my Lord,
I find again in thee.

“Watch in all things.”

[2 Timothy iv. 5.]

- 1 Jesu, my Saviour, brother, friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in his wings.
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart,
Evil, and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the left or right I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
“Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.”
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my Comforter, and guide,
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesu, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat,
Thou art my way; my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,
O reach me out thy gracious hand,
Only on thee for help I call,
Only by faith in thee I stand.

- 8 Pierce, fill me with an humble fear,
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan, and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 9 O that to thee my constant mind,
Might with an even flame aspire!
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.
- 10 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhor'd approach of ill,
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.
- 11 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly, and confidently wait,
And long to see thy perfect day.
- 12 My whole regard still may I place
On the faint ray of opening light,
(The sure prophetick word of grace)
That glimmers thro' my nature's night.
- 13 Here let my soul's sure anchor be,
Here let me fix my wishful eyes,
And wait till I exult to see
The Day-Star in my heart arise.
- 14 My Lord, thou wilt not long delay,
This inward calm proclaims thee near,
Sorrow, and doubt are fled away,
My Lord shall in my heart appear.
- 15 Jesu, my Saviour, brother, friend,
As I believe, so let it be;
O make me patient to the end,
And then reveal thyself in me.

A Prayer for Holiness.⁸⁹

- 1 Ever fainting with desire
 For thee, O Christ, I call,
 Thee I restlessly require,
 I want my God, my all.
 Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.
- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
 Lamenting all my days?
 Shall I never, never know
 Thy sanctifying grace?
 Wilt thou not thy light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
 Help me, Saviour, [speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.]⁹⁰
- 3 Wretched, naked, poor, and blind,
 Afflicted, and distrest,
 Settled peace I cannot find,
 Uninterrupted rest,
 Till my spirit is restor'd,
And fixt my heart on things above:
 Help me, Saviour, [speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.]
- 4 Gifts, alas! Cannot suffice,
 And comforts all are vain,
 While one evil thought can rise,
 I am not born again:
 Still I am not as my Lord,
Thy holy will I do not prove:
 Help me, Saviour, [speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.]

⁸⁹John Wesley ascribes this hymn to Charles in *Some Remarks on Hill's "Review"* (1772).

⁹⁰Ori., ends this and next seven stanzas: "Help me, Saviour, &c."

5 Why hast thou on me bestow'd
 Thy free, preventing grace?
 Why beheld me in my blood,
 And call'd to seek thy face?
 Thou hast not my soul abhor'd,
But still with me thy Spirit strove:
 Help me, Saviour, [speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.]

6 Why didst thou my ransom pay,
 The work of faith begin?
 Surely thou hast purg'd away
 The guilt of all my sin:
 All the guilt's on thee transfer'd:
And wilt thou not the power remove?
 Help me, Saviour, [speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.]

7 Lord, if I on thee believe,
 The second gift impart,
 With th' indwelling Spirit give
 A new, a loving heart:
 If with love thy heart is stor'd,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
 Help me, Saviour, [speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.]

8 Let me gain my calling's hope,
 O make the sinner clean;
 Dry corruption's fountain up,
 Cut off th' intail of sin:
 Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove:
 Help me, Saviour, [speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.]

9 Thou, my life, my treasure be,
 My portion here below,
 Nothing would I seek but thee,
 Thee only would I know;
 My exceeding great reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above:
 Help me, Saviour, [speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.]

10 Grant me now the bliss to feel
 Of those that are in thee:
 Son of God, thyself reveal,
 O stamp⁹¹ thy name on me;
 As in heaven be here ador'd,
And let me now the promise prove:
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

**“Let this mind be in you,
which was also in Christ Jesus.”
[Philippians ii. 5.]**

1 Jesu, shall I never be
 Firmly grounded upon thee?
 Never by thy work abide,
 Never in thy wounds reside!

2 Oh! How wavering is my mind,
 Tost about with every wind!
 Oh! How quickly doth my heart
 From the living God depart!

3 Easily I fall away,
 Never am I at one stay;
 Strong in faith I seem this hour,
 Stript the next of all my power.

4 Faith is lost in unbelief,
 Joy is swallow'd up of grief:
 Hope, my latest hope expires,
 God, my angry God, retires.

5 Vanishing out of my sight,
 Jesus leaves me sunk in night;
 Where shall I my Jesus find,
 Helpless I, and dark, and blind?

⁹¹“O stamp” changed to “Engrave” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

6 Seek, O seek me, Lord, again,
 Let not all thy gifts be vain,
 Comfort to my soul restore,
 Come, and never leave me more.

7 Jesu, let my nature feel
 Thou art God unchangeable:
 JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
 Speak into my soul thy name.

8 Fruit that I may bear, ordain;
 That my fruit may still remain,
 Make my heart, and keep it true,
 After God my soul renew.

9 Grant, that every moment I
 May believe, and feel thee nigh,
 Stedfastly behold thy face,
 'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

10 Plant, and root, and fix in me
 All the mind that was in thee:
 Settled peace I then shall find;
 Jesu's is a quiet mind.

11 When it doth in me appear,
 I shall nothing covet here.
 I shall cast the world behind;
 Jesu's is an heavenly mind.

12 Then th' accursed lust of praise
 Shall in me no more have place;
 Pride no more my soul shall bind;
 Jesu's is an humble mind.

13 Anger I no more shall feel,
 Always quiet, always still;
 Meekly on my God reclin'd;
 Jesu's is a gentle mind.

- 14 I shall suffer, and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will,
Be in all alike resign'd;
Jesu's is a patient mind.
- 15 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesu's is a noble mind.
- 16 When I feel it fixt within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How should sin an entrance find?
Jesu's is a spotless mind.
- 17 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
I shall all to him be join'd;
Jesu's is a loving mind.
- 18 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore,
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesu's is a thankful mind.
- 19 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure
I shall to the end endure,
Be no more to sin inclin'd;
Jesu's is a constant mind.
- 20 I shall fully be restor'd
To the image of my Lord,
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a PERFECT mind.

“If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from ALL unrighteousness.”

1 John i. 9.

- 1 Father of my dying Lord,
To whom I sue for peace,
Trusting in thy faithful word,
Lo! I my sins confess.
For thy truth and mercy's⁹² sake,
Grant the blessing which I claim,
Cast my sins behind thy back;
I ask in Jesu's name.

- 2 Hast thou not revers'd my doom?
Thou hast; and I believe:
Yet I still a sinner come,
That thou mayst still forgive.
Wretched, miserable, blind,
Poor, and naked, and unclean,
Still, that I may mercy find,
I bring thee nought but sin.

- 3 I have always equal need
Of thy forgiving love,
Still do I the promise plead,
That I thy truth may prove.
Just, and faithful as thou art,
Hear me now my sins confess,
Hear, and purify my heart
From all unrighteousness.

- 4 Lord, I look to be made clean
From every sinful blot,
All unrighteousness, and sin
In deed, and word, and thought:

⁹²Ori., in all edns., “mercies.”

Evil shall not here abide,
Sin shall have no place in me,
From th' iniquity of pride
And self I shall be free.

- 5 I shall be redeem'd from all,
Unless thy word is vain,
Here recover from my fall,
My Eden *here* regain,
Jesus shall his image *here*
Perfectly in me restore,
God shall in my flesh appear,
And sin subsist no more.

**“They that wait on the Lord
shall renew their strength.”
[Isaiah xl. 31.]**

- 1 Lord, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true,
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
A while shew forth thy praise,
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to shew,
Which purges every stain,
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

- 5 My time and life are in thy hand,
No more for death I groan,
Still let the ruinous mansion stand
Till all thy will be done.
- 6 My life, I know, thou canst repair,
And give a stronger thread;
But Lord, of this I take no care;
For, O! My soul is dead.
- 7 Health I shall have, if that be best
But what is health to me?
Alas! My spirit cannot rest,
Till it is whole with thee.
- 8 The spirit of an healthful mind,
For this I wait in pain,
This pretious pearl I long to find,
And to be born again.
- 9 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve,
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.
- 10 Faith to be heal'd, thou know'st, I have
From sin to be made clean,
Able thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.
- 11 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt:
Thou wilt thyself impart,
The bondwoman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.
- 12 I shall my antient strength renew:
Thy excellence divine,
(If thou art good, if thou art true,)
Throughout my soul shall shine.

- 13 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Thro' Jesus strength'ning me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.
- 14 For this in stedfast hope I wait;
Now, Lord, my soul restore,
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

**“The things which are impossible
with man are possible to God.”
[Luke xviii. 27.]**

- 1 What a mystery am I,
A mystery of sin,
Full of all iniquity,
Unholy, and unclean!
Every thought of all our hearts
Only evil always is,
Now, I know, my inward parts
Are very wickedness.
- 2 Strip'd of every boasted grace,
Of every shew of good,
Still I am but what I was,
Unchang'd, and unrenew'd.
Dust and ashes is my name,
Sinful dust and ashes I,
Bearing all my sin and shame,
At Jesu's feet I lie.
- 3 From a thing like me unclean,
A clean and holy thing,
Who of all the sons of men
Can ever hope to bring?

All our strife at last must cease,
All our strength and wisdom fail,
Such a work we must confess
With man impossible.

4 But shall human weakness dare
To limit strength divine?
Teach almighty wisdom where
To lay the measuring line?
Yes; we give our God the lye,
Trample on the, all-cleansing blood,
From *all* sin to save, we cry,
This is too hard for God.

5 Still we listen to our foe,
His other gospel hear,
“No perfection is below:
No love that casts out fear,
Fear, and sin must still remain,
Still in you maintain their seat,
Sin *sometimes* will always reign,
And force you to submit.”

6 Soon as Satan gives the word,
His advocates for sin,
Witness with their lying lord,
“Ye never can be clean
From all sin, while here below;
Do not you the word receive,
God’s own word may tell you so,
But do not you believe.”

7 Flesh and blood cry out amain
It cannot, cannot be!
All my faith and hope is vain
From sin to be set free:
I with only evil fraught,
Full of desp’rate wickedness,
I who sin in every thought,
Can I from sinning cease?

8 World, and sin, and Satan go,
And ask my faithful Lord,
Surely I the truth shall know,
For he hath spoke the word:
Whether every perfect one
Shall not as his Master be,
Thou shalt shortly make it known,
Shalt answer, Lord, for me.

“Let God be true, and every man a liar.”
[Romans iii. 4.]

1 God of all power, and truth and love,
I act my faith on thee,
Expect thy promises to prove
Accomplish'd all in me.

2 In hope believing against hope
Thy faithfulness I plead,
Assur'd that thou shalt lift me up,
And make me free indeed.

3 Thou shalt on me thy Spirit pour,
And make the sinner clean,
In confidence I wait the hour
When I shall cease from sin.

4 I trust, that to the life divine
Thou wilt my soul restore,
And I shall in thine image shine,
And I shall sin no more.

5 Though Satan all thy truths deny,
He shall no more deceive,
I cannot give my God the lie,
For I shall surely live.

- 6 Though men blaspheme the liberty,
 The power they never knew,
Let every man a liar be,
 So God alone be true.
- 7 Though nature fail, and flesh and blood
 Would from the promise start,
God shall his word accomplish, God
 Is greater than my heart.
- 8 Thro' unbelief I stagger not,
 Though now my soul is dead,
Quicken'd in Christ, from every thought
 Of sin I shall be freed.
- 9 I shall be perfected in love
 For thou hast spoke the word,
The servant cannot be above,
 But shall be as his Lord.
- 10 The glory of thy truth and grace
 To thee, O God, I give,
The vilest of the sinful race
 I without sin shall live.

“Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.”
[Matthew vi. 10.]

- 1 Jesu, the life, the truth, the way,
 In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
 As by the quires above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
 And glory in thy love.

- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear;
My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer.
- 5 Thee I shall serve without constraint,
Shall every moment please:
Those blessed spirits never faint,
Nor from thy service cease.
- 6 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I shall be pure within,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
For angels never sin.
- 7 From thee no more shall I depart,
No more unfaithful prove,
But love thee with a constant heart;
For angels always love.
- 8 Tell me no more, it cannot be,
Ye sons of earth and hell:
The things impossible to me,
To God are possible.
- 9 The world of liars, and their god
In vain deny thee, Lord:
I listen not to flesh and blood,
I hearken to thy word.
- 10 The thing for which thou bidst me pray,
Thou promisest to give,
And I shall perfectly obey,
I without sin shall live.

- 11 I all thy holy will shall prove;
I a weak sinful worm,
When thee with all my heart I love,
Shall all thy law perform.
- 12 The graces of my second birth
To me shall all be given,
And I shall do thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

“The word of our God shall stand forever.”
[Isaiah xl. 8.]

- 1 Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear;
The Lord shall to his temple come:
Prepare your hearts to make him room!
- 2 We all shall find (whom in his word
Himself hath caus'd to put our trust)
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, and just to seal our peace,⁹³
And⁹⁴ cleanse from all unrighteousness.
- 3 Lord, we confess our sins to thee;
In sin we were conceiv'd and born:
Plung'd in the depth of misery,
We never can to thee return,
Till thou our fallen souls convert,
And give the new, believing heart.
- 4 Now, if thou canst, withhold the grace
From sinners hungry, mournful, poor,
Who ask thy love, who seek thy face,
Who ever knock at mercy's door,

⁹³Line changed to “Faithful, if we our sins confess,” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

⁹⁴“And” changed to “To” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

At Jesu's feet who humbly lie,
Resolv'd at Jesu's feet to die.

- 5 Yes, Lord; we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove:
Surely we shall thy mercy find,
Who ask shall all receive thy love,
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners I!
- 6 'Tis done: my prayer hath pierc'd the skies,
Hath reach'd my gracious Father's ear,
He hears, he answers to my cries;
My God shall in my heart appear;
He hath to me a token given,
This inward peace, this taste of heaven.
- 7 Wherefore of him I make my boast,
I triumph in his truth, and grace,
I in his faithful mercies trust,
I shall with joy behold his face,
I shall be soon his fixt abode,
A temple of the living God.
- 8 O ye of fearful heart,⁹⁵ be strong,
Your downcast hands and eyes lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope,
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love.
- 9 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold!
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear;
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold;
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer,
Tell him, We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know.

⁹⁵“Heart” changed to “hearts” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 10 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And rose, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou di'dst, and couldst not die in vain.
- 11 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings:
The Sp'rit of love, and health, and power
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
The servant shall be as his Lord.
- 12 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, and perfect, and divine,⁹⁶
In Spirit join'd to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.
- 13 Faithful, and true, we now receive
The promise, ratified by thee,
To thee the when and how we leave,
In time, and in eternity;
We only hang upon thy word,
The servant shall be as his Lord.

Zechariah iv. 7, &c.

- 1 O great mountain, who art thou
Immense, immoveable!
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell:
Thee, alas! I long have known,
Long have felt thee fixt within,
Still beneath thy weight I groan;
Thou art indwelling sin.

⁹⁶Line changed to "Holy, angelical, divine," in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 2 Thou art darkness in my mind,
 Perverseness in my will,
Love inordinate and blind,
 Which always cleaves to ill,
Every passion's wild excess,
 Anger, lust, and pride thou art,
Self, and sin, and sinfulness,
 And unbelief of heart.
- 3 Not by human might, or power
 Canst thou be mov'd from hence,
But thou shalt flow down before
 Divine omnipotence;
My Zerubbabel is near,
 I have not believ'd in vain,
Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
 Shalt sink into a plain.
- 4 Christ, the head, the corner-stone
 Shall be brought forth in me;
Glory be to Christ alone,
 His grace shall set me free:
I shall shout my Saviour's name,
 Him I evermore shall praise,
All the work of grace proclaim,
 Of sanctifying grace.
- 5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
 And Christ shall build me up,
Surely I shall soon be made
 Partaker of my hope:
Author of my faith he is,
 He its finisher shall be,
Perfect love shall seal me his
 To all eternity.

The Same [Zechariah iv. 7, &c.].

- 1 O great mountain, who art thou
That dares my God defy!
Thou shalt tremble, stoop, and bow,
When Jesus but draws nigh:
When he to my heart comes in,
Thou shalt there no longer be,
From that hour, indwelling sin,
Thou hast no place in me.

- 2 As a grain of mustard-seed,
If faith in Christ I have,
From all sin I shall be freed;
I know, my Lord will save
Me from all iniquity,
Faith shall move the mountain-load,
Cast it out into the sea
Of his all-cleansing blood.

- 3 Who hath slighted, or contemn'd
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeem'd,
'Tis grace salvation brings:
Ready now my Saviour stands,
Him I shall⁹⁷ rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands
To build and finish me.

- 4 I right early shall awake,
And see the perfect day,
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred sin away;
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin for ever shall depart:
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.

⁹⁷“Shall” changed to “now” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 5 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come,
Look, and with thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord,
Reign thou in my heart alone,
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own.

Waiting for the Promise.

- 1 Drooping soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul be strong, be bold,
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never, quit thy hold.
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong,
Wait the leisure of thy Lord,
Though it seem to tarry long,
True, and faithful is his word.
On his word my soul I cast;
(He cannot himself deny)
Surely it shall speak at last,
It shall speak, and shall not lye.
- 3 Every one that seeks shall find,
Every one that asks shall have
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to save:
I shall his salvation see,
I in faith on Jesus call,
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

- 4 Lord, my time is in thy⁹⁸ hand,
Weak, and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand,
I believe in Jesu's name:
Saviour, in temptation thou,
Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
Thou from sin dost save me now,
Thou shalt save me evermore.
- 5 Wherefore should I doubt the grace
Which I every moment prove,
Sin and Satan must give place,
Both must yield to stronger love.
Sin, and Satan rage their hour,
But thou all-sufficient art,
Thou art infinite in power,
Thou art greater than my heart.
- 6 Gladly therefore will I boast
Of my soul's infirmities,
I a sinner, helpless, lost,
I cannot from sinning cease.
Yet the power on me doth rest,
Now it doth from sin secure:
When it sinks into my breast,
Pure I am as God is pure.

The Same [Waiting for the Promise].

- 1 O Jesu, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy lovely face,
I seek redemption thro' thy blood.
- 2 In thee, who hast redeem'd of old
Mine, and the souls of all mankind,
Tho' once to sin and Satan sold,
Surely I shall redemption find.

⁹⁸“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 3 Hold of thy righteousness I take,
Thou hast exchange'd it for my sin,
Thy spotless soul as hell seem'd black,
That mine thro' thee might all be clean.
- 4 Thou, Lord, for me a sinner made,
Hast robb'd me of my curse and pain,
Hast died, and suffer'd in my stead,
That I thro' thee might live and reign.
- 5 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
My friend, and advocate with God,
Give me the sinless liberty,
Give me the purchase of thy blood.
- 6 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful saying I receive,
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I may live.
- 7 Live without sin! If God is true,
I thus shall serve him all my days,
Shall apprehend whom I pursue,
And justly triumph in his grace.
- 8 Satan with all his arts no more
Me from the gospel's hope can move,
I shall receive th' almighty power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.
- 9 Tho' all the advocates for sin
Assert their heath'nish liberty,
If Jesu's blood can wash me clean,
Sin shall not always dwell in me.
- 10 Though nature gives my God the lie,
I all his truth and grace shall know,
I shall, a sinless sinner, I
Shall perfect holiness below.

- 11 My flesh, which cries, It cannot be,
Shall silence keep before the Lord,
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesu's everlasting word.

The Same [Waiting for the Promise].

- 1 O the cruel power of sin,
How long shall it endure!
When, O when shall I be clean,
And pure as God is pure?
From the dead with Jesus rise,
Be in all his blessing blest,
Gain my calling's glorious prize,
And enter into rest!
- 2 O might I this moment cease
From every work of mine,
Find the perfect holiness,
The righteousness divine,
Righteousness which never ends;
In himself who feels it wrought,
He no more his God offends
In deed, or word, or thought.
- 3 Unto this thrice happy state,
O how shall I attain!
All my time for this I wait,
And cannot wait in vain;
I shall thy salvation see,
I shall do thy perfect will,
Live in glorious liberty,
And all thy fulness feel.
- 4 O cut short the work, and make
Me now a creature new,
For thy truth and mercy's sake,
The gracious wonder shew.

Call me forth thy witness, Lord,
Let my life declare thy power,
Born of God, renew'd, restor'd,
O let me sin no more.

5 Fain would I the truth proclaim
That makes me free indeed,
Glorify my Saviour's name,
And all its vertues spread:
Jesus all our wants relieves,
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Saves, and to the utmost saves
All those that come to him.

6 Jesu, lo! I come to thee,
And wait to be sent forth;
If thy Spirit send forth me,
A worm shall shake the earth;
I shall thy great name declare,
Spread thy victories abroad,
Be the weapons of thy war,
The battle-ax of God.

7 Perfect then thy mighty power
In a weak, sinful worm,
All my sins destroy, devour,
And all my soul transform;
Now apply thy Spirit's seal,
O come quickly from above,
Empty me of self, and fill
With all the life of love.

The Same [Waiting for the Promise].

1 Lord, I glorify thy grace,
Thy truth, and saving power,
Waiting to behold thy face,
And live—in sin no more,
I shall fully be renew'd,
All thy promises receive,
'Spight of hell, and flesh, and blood,
I dare at last believe.

- 2 Can the Ethiop change his skin,
His spots the leopard lose?
Then may I, enur'd to sin,
The path of virtue chuse.
Surely in thy strength I may:
At thy word it shall be so;
I shall from my heart obey,
I shall be white as snow.
- 3 I have not believ'd in vain,
The word of faith is sure:
How should sin in me remain,
When Jesus saith, "Be pure!
Perfect as your Father is."
Father, is there sin in thee?
Thou art mine, with all thy bliss,
When Jesus lives in me.
- 4 Mine is wisdom, power is mine,
When Christ is in my heart,
Thou, O Christ, art power divine,
Wisdom divine thou art:
Soon as thee my spirit feels,
Sin no more hath place in me,
Then in me all fulness dwells;
All fulness dwells in thee.

Desiring to Love.

[Part I.]

- 1 Thee, Jesu, thee the sinner's friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife,
Divinely confident, and bold
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.
- 2 Tell me, O Lord, if thine I am,
Tell me thy new, mysterious name,
Or thou shalt never move:
No, never will I let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know,
And feel that God is love.

- 3 I feel that I have power with God,
Thou only hast the power bestow'd,
And arm'd me for the fight:
A prince thro' thee invincible,
I pray, and wrestle, and prevail,
And conquer in thy might.
- 4 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent,
My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.
- 5 Give me the grace, the love I claim,
Thy Spirit now demands thy name,
Thou knowst the Spirit's will,
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly interceeds for me
With groans unspeakable.
- 6 Answer, dear Lord, thy Spirit's groan,
O make to me thy nature known,
Thy hidden name impart,
(Thy title is with thee the same)
Tell me thy nature, and thy name,
And write it on my heart.
- 7 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And calmly confident I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee:
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,
Thy mystick name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me.
- 8 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of hosts, thy glorious name,

The Lord, the gracious Lord,
Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word:

- 9 Plenteous he is in truth, and grace,
He wills, that all the fallen race,
Should turn, repent, and live,
His pard'ning grace for all is free,
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.
- 10 Mercy he doth for thousands keep,
He goes, and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings his wanderer home;
And every soul that sheep might be—
Come, then, dear Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come.
- 11 Take me into thy people's rest,
O come, and with my sole request
My one desire comply,
Make me partaker of my hope,
Then bid me get me quickly up,
And on thy bosom die.

Part II.

- 1 Come, Lord, and help me to rejoice
In hope that I shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see my God,
Shall cease from all my sin and strife,
Handle, and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 I shall not always make my moan,
Or worship thee a God unknown,
But I shall live to prove,
Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth and height
Of all-redeeming love.

- 3 I cannot love thee little, Lord,
Whenever by thy grace restor'd,
I taste how good thou art:
Much I shall love,⁹⁹ or not at all,
Forgiven much I surely shall
Love thee with all my heart.
- 4 O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings,
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.
- 5 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below,
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.
- 6 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
- 7 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess,
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts and fears,
An howling wilderness!
- 8 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out my foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove:
The purchase of thy death divide,
And O! With all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love.

⁹⁹Ori., "Much shall love"; corrected to "Much shall I love" in errata; and to above in subsequent edns.

**“Who gave himself for us, that he might
redeem us from *ALL* iniquity.”
Tit[us] ii. 14.**

- 1 Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,
How little art thou known
By sinners of a carnal mind,
Who claim thee for their own;
- 2 Who blasphemously call thee Lord
With lips, and hearts unclean,
But make thee, while they slight thy word,
The minister of sin:
- 3 Who madly plead for sin's remains;
While full of slavish fears,
They *fancy* thou hast purg'd their stains,
And falsely call thee theirs.
- 4 O wretched man, who dares divide
The pardon, and the peace!
In vain for thee the Saviour died,
Unless he seal thee his.
- 5 O wretched man, from guilt to dream
Thy harden'd conscience freed!
When Jesus doth a soul redeem,
He makes it free indeed.
- 6 The guilt and power with all thy art
Can never be disjoin'd,
Nor will God bid the guilt depart,
And leave the power behind.
- 7 Faith, when it comes, breaks every chain,
And makes us truly free,
But Christ hath died for thee in vain,
Unless he lives in thee.

- 8 What is redemption in his blood,
 But liberty within?
 A liberty to serve my God,
 And to eschew my sin.
- 9 What is our calling's glorious hope,
 But inward holiness?
 For this to Jesus I look up,
 I calmly wait for this.
- 10 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
 Shall life, and power impart,
 Give me a faith that roots out sin,
 And purifies my heart.
- 11 This is the dear redeeming grace,
 For every sinner free:
 Surely it shall on me take place,
 The chief of sinners me.
- 12 From all iniquity, from all
 He shall my soul redeem:
 In Jesus I believe, and shall
 Believe myself to him.
- 13 When Jesus makes my soul his home,
 My sin shall all depart:
 "And lo!" He saith, "I quickly come,
 To cleanse and fill thy heart."
- 14 Be it according to thy word,
 Redeem me from all sin,
 My heart would now receive thee, Lord:
 Come in, my Lord, come in!

Deuteronomy xxxiii. 26, &c.¹⁰⁰

- 1 None is like Jeshuron's God,
 So great, so strong, so high,
 Lo! He spreads his wings abroad,
 He rides upon the sky!
 Israel, his first-born son,
 God, th' eternal God is thine,
 See him in thy help come down,
 The excellence divine.
- 2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
 To succour and defend,
 Thee th' eternal God sustains
 Thy Maker, and thy friend;
 Sinner, what hast thou to dread?
 Safe from all impending harms,
 God hath underneath thee spread
 His everlasting arms.
- 3 God is thine: disdain to fear
 The enemy within,
 God shall in thy flesh appear,
 And make an end of sin;
 God the man of sin shall slay,
 Fill thee with triumphant joy,
 God shall thrust him out, and say
 "Destroy them all, destroy."
- 4 All the struggle then is o'er,
 And wars and fightings cease,
 Israel then shall sin no more,
 But dwell in perfect peace:
 All his enemies are gone,
 Sin shall have in him no part,
 Israel now shall dwell alone
 With Jesus in his heart.

¹⁰⁰John Wesley ascribes this hymn to Charles in *Some Remarks on Hill's "Review"* (1772).

- 5 In a land of corn, and wine
His lot shall be below,
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow;
Jacob's well is in his soul,
Gracious dew his heavens distill,
Fill his spirit already full,
And shall forever fill.
- 6 Blest, O Israel art thou,
What people is like thee?
Saved from sin by Jesus now
Thou art, and still shalt be;
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
Jesus is thy flaming sword,
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
To God's almighty word.
- 7 God's almighty word, shall stand,
Thine enemies shall fall,
Fade away at his command,
And sink, and perish all:
Lyars shall they all be found,
All who cried, "It cannot be!
Sin must always keep its ground,
Must always dwell in thee."¹⁰¹
- 8 Christ shall make thee free indeed,
When he appears within,
Thou on self and pride shalt tread,
On all the strength of sin,
Thou shalt more than conquer it,
Thou shalt see it all depart,
See it dead beneath thy feet,
No longer in thy heart.
- 9 God, the gracious God and true,
Hath spoke the faithful word;
He the mighty work shall do,
Our trust is in the Lord:

¹⁰¹Last two lines changed in 2nd edn. (1745) and following to read:
Sin should ever quit its ground
And have no place in thee.

He the mountain shall remove,
He the sinner shall restore,
He shall perfect me in love,
And I shall sin no more.

Mark xi. 22, 23, 24.

- 1 Jesu, my trust is in thy word,
Thy promise I receive,
It ever stands upon record,
And I in God believe.
- 2 Thy truth and faithfulness I own,
Which I shall fully prove,
Thy power shall all in me be shewn,
Thy¹⁰² utmost power of love.
- 3 Such faith in God, thro' thee I have,
I shall be thoroughly clean,
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
From all his inbred sin,
- 4 Wherefore thro' thee to sin I say,
This mountain in my heart,
"Be thou remov'd, far hence away,
Forever hence depart!"
- 5 "No more in me thy being last,
Have thou no place in me,
In Jesu's name I say, Be cast,
Be cast into the sea!"
- 6 It shall be so: I do not doubt,
The mountain shall depart,
Sin shall be shortly all cast out
Of my believing heart.

¹⁰²"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 7 Whate'er I ask, I shall receive:
 I ask the perfect power,
 That sin no more in me may live;
 And it shall live no more.
- 8 I have the things for which I pray,
 And fervently desire:
 Jesu, take all my sins away,
 Baptize me with thy fire.
- 9 I ask, that I may do thy will,
 As angels do above,
 I ask thee all my soul to fill
 With pure, seraphick love.
- 10 Whate'er I ask in faith I have,
 As sure as God is true:
 From all my sins thou soon shalt save,
 And all my soul renew.
- 11 Things most impossible shall be,
 As sure as God is power:
 And I shall quickly be in thee,
 And I shall sin no more.
- 12 Tho' heaven and earth away shall pass,
 Thy promise cannot move:
 And I shall taste the perfect grace,
 As sure as God is love!

Romans iv. 16, &c.

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ my Lord,
 My Saviour, and my head,
 I trust in thee, whose powerful word
 Hath rais'd him from the dead.

- 2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
 And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
 That I might live to thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
 Thou hast in Jesus given,
And all who seek, in him shall find
 The happiness of heaven.
- 4 All nations of the earth are blest
 In him, who would restore,
And take them all into his rest,
 And bid them sin no more.
- 5 O God, thy record I receive,
 In Abraham's footsteps tread,
And wait, expecting to receive
 The Christ, the promis'd seed.
- 6 The word is now gone forth from thee,
 It must, it must be done,
My Jesus shall be form'd in me,
 And I shall have a Son.
- 7 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
 For thou this faith hast wrought,
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
 And speakest worlds from nought.
- 8 Things that are not as tho' they were,
 Thou callest by their name,
Present with thee the future are,
 With thee the great I AM.
- 9 In hope against all human hope
 Self-desp'rate I believe,
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
 Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

- 10 According to thy faithful word
It shall to me be done,
And I shall soon receive my Lord,
And I shall have a Son.
- 11 Regardless now of flesh and blood,
Of my forlorn estate,
I own my soul is dead to God,
Yet for the word I wait.
- 12 I count not now the tedious years
I have been dead in sin,
But calmly wait till Christ appears,
Till Jesus lives within.
- 13 The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord,
Thro' unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 14 Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done.
- 15 To thee the glory of thy power,
And faithfulness I give,
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.
- 16 Before thee I my heart persuade,
I know that thou art true,
Fully assur'd what thou hast said,
Thou able art to do.
- 17 Thy truth, and power, and love I plead,
On this I rest secure,
To all of faithful Abraham's seed
The gracious word is sure.

- 18 Thy Son thou hast on all bestow'd,
That all who him receive
Might die to sin, and live to God,
To God alone might live.
- 19 I, even I believe in him,
Him with my mouth confess,
And faith I know in thy esteem
Is counted righteousness.
- 20 Obedient faith that waits on thee
Thou never wilt reprove,
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

“Fight the good fight of faith.”
[1 Timothy vi. 12.]

- 1 Jesu, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command,
Captain of my salvation thou
Shalt lead me to the promis'd land.
- 2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke,
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the Egyptian yoke.
- 3 Thy¹⁰³ outstretch'd arm was bar'd for me,
For me by earth and hell pursu'd,
Thy outstretch'd arm thro' the Red-Sea
Brought, and baptiz'd me in thy blood.
- 4 O'er the vast howling wilderness
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led,
Thou bidst me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.

¹⁰³“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 5 I see an open door of hope,
 (Legions of sins in vain oppose,)
 Bold I with thee, my head, march up,
 And triumph o'er a world of foes.
- 6 Gigantick lusts¹⁰⁴ come forth to fight,
 I mark, disdain, and all subdue,
 I tread them down in Jesu's might,
 Thro' Jesus I can all things do.
- 7 Lo! The tall sons of Anak rise!
 Who can the sons of Anak meet?
 Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
 And lo! They fall beneath my feet.
- 8 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
 (Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe)
 I see cast down on every side,
 And conquering I to conquer go.
- 9 My Lord, in my behalf appears:—
 Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
 Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
 And makes the host¹⁰⁵ of aliens fly.
- 10 Who can before my Captain stand?
 Who is so great a King as mine?
 High over all is thy right-hand,
 And might, and majesty are thine.
- 11 Jesu, my soul takes hold on thee,
 I arm me with thy Spirit's might,
 Humbly assur'd of victory,
 I underneath thy banner fight.
- 12 Thy Spirit lifts the standard up,
 When as a flood the foe pours in,
 I see the cross, hold fast my hope,
 Believe, and more than conquer sin.

¹⁰⁴Ori., “foes”; corrected in errata.

¹⁰⁵“Host” changed to “hosts” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 13 With holy indignation fill'd,
 When by the prince of hell withstood,
 Firm I resist; I grasp my shield,
 And quench his fiery darts with blood.
- 14 Single a thousand foes I chase,
 I turn, and blast them with my eyes:
 Trembles the world before my face,
 Their prince with all his legions flies.
- 15 Having done all, by faith I stand,
 And give the praise, O Lord, to thee,
 Thy¹⁰⁶ holy arm, thy¹⁰⁷ own right-hand
 Hath got thyself the victory.
- 16 Wherefore to thee my soul I raise,
 My soul in thee securely boasts,
 Exults, and glories in thy praise,
 And triumphs in the Lord of hosts.
- 17 Wisdom, and power, and strength and might
 Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive,
 Honour, and riches are thy right,
 And blessings more than earth can give.
- 18 Help us to praise our glorious King,
 Ye church of the first-born above,
 Let angels and archangels sing
 The triumphs of all-conquering love.
- 19 Let earth, and all her fullness still
 Rejoice, his greatness to proclaim,
 And everlasting praises fill
 The heaven of heavens with Jesu's name.

¹⁰⁶“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

¹⁰⁷“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

**“I am determined to know nothing save
Jesus Christ, and him crucified.”
[1 Corinthians ii. 2.]**

- 1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature-good!
 Only Jesus I pursue
 Who bought me with his blood;
 All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 ’Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God was slain,
 He tasted death for me:
 Me to save from endless woe
The all-atoning victim died;
 Only Jesus [will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.]¹⁰⁸
- 3 Turning to my rest again
 The Saviour I adore,
 He relieves my grief and pain,
 And bids me weep no more;
 Rivers of salvation flow
From out his head, his hands, his side;
 Only Jesus [will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.]
- 4 Here will I set up my rest,
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of thy breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
 Only Jesus [will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.]

¹⁰⁸Ori., ends this and next six stanzas: “Only Jesus, &c.”

- 5 What though all I am is sin,
 Sin cannot break my peace,
 Here is blood to wash me clean
 From all unrighteousness;
 This shall make me white as snow,
On this for all things I confide:
 Only Jesus [will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.]
- 6 What though earth and hell engage
 To shake my soul with fear,
 Calmly I defy the rage
 Of persecution near;
 Suffering faith shall brighter glow,
As gold when in the furnace tried:
 Only Jesus [will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.]
- 7 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end:
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend,
 Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus [will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.]
- 8 O that I could all invite
 This saving truth to prove,
 Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesu's love!
 Fain I would to sinners shew
The blood, which all may feel applied:
 Only Jesus [will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.]
- 9 Him in all my works I seek
 Who hung upon the tree,
 Only of his love I speak,
 Who freely died for me;
 While I sojourn here below,
Of nothing will I think beside;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

**The Same ["I am determined to know nothing
save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."
1 Corinthians ii. 2].**

- 1 Let the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness,
I a wretch undone, and lost,
 Am freely sav'd by grace:
 Other title I disclaim,
This, only this is all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me!
- 2 Let the stronger sons of God
 Their liberty assert,
 Justly glory in the blood
 That made them pure in heart;
I am full of guilt, and shame,
My heart as black as hell I see:
I the chief [of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me!]¹⁰⁹
- 3 Happy they, whose joys abound
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him;
 Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity:
I the chief [of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me!]
- 4 Blest are¹¹⁰ they, entirely blest,
 Who can in him rejoice,
 Lean on his beloved breast,
 And hear the Bridegroom's voice;
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see:
I the chief [of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me!]
- 5 Outward comforts have I none,
 Or sensible delight;
Joy is to my soul unknown,
 My day is turn'd to night;

¹⁰⁹Ori., ends this and next six stanzas: "I the chief, &c."

¹¹⁰"Are" omitted in original; added in all subsequent edns.

But my God is still the same;
No shade of¹¹¹ change in him can be:
I the chief [of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!]

6 I like Gideon's fleece am found
Unwater'd still, and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free:
I the chief [of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!]

7 Still I see his unfelt grace
Descending from above,
But can neither pray, nor praise,
Nor fear my God, nor love;
Yet he suffer'd to redeem
My soul from all iniquity:
I the chief [of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!]

8 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need;
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead:
To bring fire on earth he came;
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief [of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!]

9 Jesu, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live,
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive:
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!

¹¹¹Ori., "or"; corrected in errata.

Pleading the Promise of SANCTIFICATION.
Ezek[iel] xxxvi. 23, &c.¹¹²

- 1 God of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains, and stands for ever sure:
- 2 Calmly to thee my soul looks up,
And waits thy promises to prove,
The object of my stedfast hope,
The seal of thine eternal love.
- 3 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.
- 4 Chose from the world if now I stand
Adorn'd in righteousness divine;
If brought into the promis'd land
I justly call the Saviour mine:
- 5 Perform the work thou hast begun,
My inmost soul to thee convert;
Love me, for ever love thine own,
And sprinkle with thy blood my heart.
- 6 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour
To quench my thirst, and wash me clean:
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.
- 7 Purge me from every sinful blot,
My idols all be cast aside,
Cleans me from every evil thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

¹¹²First appeared (ascribed to Charles Wesley) as "The Promise of Sanctification," appended to John Wesley, *Christian Perfection, a Sermon* (London: Strahan, 1741), 44–48.

- 8 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free,
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.
- 9 O take this heart of stone away,
(Thy sway it doth not, cannot own)
In me no longer let it stay,
O take away this heart of stone.
- 10 The hatred of the carnal mind
Out of my flesh at once remove;
Give me a tender heart, resign'd
And pure, and full of faith and love.
- 11 Within me thy good Spirit place,
Spirit of health, and love, and power,
Plant in me thy victorious grace,
And sin shall never enter more.
- 12 Cause me to walk in Christ my way,
And I thy statutes shall fulfil;
In every point thy law obey,
And perfectly perform thy will.
- 13 Hast thou not said, who canst not lie,
That I thy law shall keep and do?
Lord, I believe; tho' men deny:
They all are false, but thou art true.
- 14 O that I now from sin releas'd
Thy word might to the utmost prove!
Enter into the promis'd rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.
- 15 There let me ever, ever dwell,
Be thou my God, and I will be
Thy servant; O set to thy seal,
Give me eternal life in thee.

- 16 From all remaining filth within,
Let me in thee salvation have,
From actual, and from inbred sin
My ransom'd soul persist to save.
- 17 Wash out my deep original stain,—
Tell me no more, It cannot be,
Demons, or men! The Lamb was slain,
His blood was all pour'd out for me.
- 18 Sprinkle it, Jesu, on my heart!
One drop of thy¹¹³ all-cleansing blood
Shall make my sinfulness depart,
And fill me with the life of God.
- 19 Father, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given:
Call for the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven.
- 20 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings unexhausted store
In me abundantly increase,
Nor let me ever hunger more.
- 21 Let me no more in deep complaint
“My leanness, O my leanness,” cry,
Alone consum'd with pining want
Of all my Father's children I!
- 22 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove,
While my full soul doth still require
Thy whole eternity of love.
- 23 Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will,
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

¹¹³“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 24 Thy faithful mercies let me find,
In which thou causest me to trust;
Give me the meek and lowly mind,
And lay my spirit in the dust.
- 25 Shew me how foul my heart hath been,
When all renew'd by grace I am,
When thou hast emptied me of sin,
Shew me the fulness of my shame.
- 26 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above,
And all I am shall sink, and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.
- 27 Confound, o'erpower me with thy grace!
I would be by myself abhor'd,
(All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!)
- 28 Now let me gain perfection's height!
Now let me into nothing fall!
Be less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

[John xix. 5.]
"Behold the man!"

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above
For me to interceed,
His all-redeeming love,
His pretious blood to plead;

His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed one,
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear,
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry!

Titus ii. 11, &c.

1 We magnify the gift of God,
 The common Saviour praise:
A talent is on all bestow'd,
A seed of saving-grace.

2 To every soul it comes unsought,
 To raise him from his fall;
To all it hath appear'd, and brought
Salvation unto all.

3 From all ungodliness and sin
 It teaches us to fly,
Forbids to touch the thing unclean,
Or but in thought comply.

- 4 From every earthly, low desire,
From every creature-love
It calls, and bids our hearts aspire
And seek the things above.
- 5 It teaches us, and not in vain,
All evil to eschew;
From every sin we now refrain,
And every good pursue.
- 6 Sober, and just, and godly here
Whoe'er the grace receive,
With sin, and Satan ever near,
A sinless life we live.
- 7 Our soul is chang'd, our heart is clean,
Our inward strife is o'er,
Here in this present world of sin,
We live, and sin no more.
- 8 The power of godliness we shew,
To carnal minds unknown,
And perfect holiness below,
And live to God alone.
- 9 Worthy we walk with him in white,
Holy, and perfect here,
Till Christ with all his saints in light
Shall gloriously appear.
- 10 We look for that thrice blessed hope,
When time and death shall end,
And Christ the judge, to take us up,
Shall with a shout descend.
- 11 Jesus, the great tremendous God,
Our Saviour shall come down;
To all who conquer'd thro' his blood
He gives the starry crown.

- 12 That blood which he for all did shed
To make us throughly clean,
To save, and make us free indeed
From every spot of sin.
- 13 For this he hung upon the tree,
For this his life he gave,
Our souls from all iniquity,
Our ransom'd souls to save.
- 14 A royal priesthood to ordain;
An holy, chosen seed,
And bring them to a perfect man,
And make them like their head.
- 15 He died, that we to sin might die,
And live to God alone;
He died, our hearts to purify,
And make them all his own.
- 16 This is the dear, peculiar race,
The people doubly bought,
Th' elect of God, who sought his face,
And found the God they sought.
- 17 Zealous of all good works they live,
And all good tempers shew,
And still to God the glory give,
And live his life below.
- 18 This is the fellowship of saints!
I see it, Lord, I see
The grace which answers all our wants,¹¹⁴
The grace which is for me.
- 19 The glorious prize I now pursue,
For full redemption wait,
And soon I shall attain unto
My primitive estate.

¹¹⁴Ori., "want"; corrected in errata.

20 Heaven I shall have within my breast,
Nor envy those above,
When taken into Jesu's rest,
And perfected in love.

**“It is time for thee, Lord, to lay to thine
hand; for they have destroy'd thy law.”
[Psalm cxix. 126. BCP]**

1 Jesu, the truth, the way,
The life, in us appear,
Thy glorious arm display,
And bring salvation near,
The great salvation thou hast wrought,
Above the reach of human thought.

2 Flesh, earth, and hell deny
The freedom of thy sons,
And scornfully they cry
“Where are the perfect ones?”
They dare thee all thy power to shew
“Thou canst not make us saints below.”

3 Answer their challenge, Lord,
Thy witnesses call forth,
Send out the quickning word,
Renew the face of earth;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
Restore us to our first estate.

4 Lay to thy mighty hand,
The work is worthy thee,
A world of foes withstand,
And say, It cannot be!
We cannot full redemption have,
Thou canst not to the utmost save.

- 5 Arise, O jealous God,
Come quickly from above,
Thy law they have destroy'd,
Thy¹¹⁵ holy law of love,
Thy¹¹⁶ perfect law of liberty,
The law of life which is in thee.
- 6 With thee the potsherds strive,
They give their God the lie;
They teach, We cannot live
And not with sin comply;
Thy word of none effect they make:
Come, for thy truth and mercy's sake.
- 7 Eternal God, come down
With thy victorious cross,
Thy genuine gospel own,
Maintain thy righteous cause,
No longer let thy foes blaspheme;
Come, Jesu, mighty to redeem!
- 8 Thy controversy, Lord,
Do thou thyself decide,
And let thy faithful word
Be to the utmost tried;
To thee we make our bold appeal,
Declare the counsel of thy will!
- 9 Is it¹¹⁷ thy will to save
Our souls from every sin?
Say, Jesu, wouldst thou have
Thy righteousness brought in?
Us wouldst thou wholly sanctify,
Or have we, Lord, believ'd a lie?
- 10 No, no, the witness cries!
"Ye shall as God be pure,
Whoever on Christ relies
To him the word is sure":

¹¹⁵"Thy" changed to "The" in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

¹¹⁶"Thy" changed to "The" in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

¹¹⁷Ori., "It is"; corrected in errata.

And I, ev'n I shall perfect be,
And Christ shall live his life in me.

- 11 Sin shall not always live,
Or in our flesh remain;
We did not, Lord, receive
The word of truth in vain:
The word of truth shall make us free:
The Spirit's cry is, "Liberty!"
- 12 The acceptable year
Of Jesus is at hand:
Prisoners of hope appear,
Go forth at his command,
And shew yourselves from sin set free:
The Spirit's cry is, "Liberty!"
- 13 We surely shall obtain
(When Jesus enters in)
A liberty from pain,
A liberty from sin:
We then shall more than conquerors be,
The Spirit's cry is, "Liberty!"
- 14 His call we now obey,
Our full consent we yield,
Man shall not tear away
Our anchor, or our shield;
Us from the gospel-hope cast down,
Subvert our faith, or take our crown.
- 15 The sin-atoning blood
Its full effect shall have,
Whom it hath brought to God
It inwardly shall save,
From all iniquity release,
And 'stablish us in perfect peace.

16 The holy one shall live,
 And in our hearts abide,
 To us a portion give
 Among the sanctified;
We all shall say, The work is done,
We all are perfected in one.

“He that believeth shall not make haste.”
[Isaiah xxviii. 16.]

[Part I.]

1 Witness divine, the just and true,
 Jesu, to us this promise seal,
Our haste of unbelief subdue,
 And bid our fluttering hearts¹¹⁸ be still!

2 That power which stop'd the mid-day sun,
 Turn'd back the tide, and chain'd the sea,
Be in our rapid spirits shewn,
 And make us truly wait on thee.

3 Arrest our nature's headlong course,
 (We would be poor, despis'd, forlorn)
Baffle our skill, unnerve our force,
 Our carnal confidence o'erturn.

4 Great helper of the friendless thou,
 Thou strength'ner of the feeble knees,
O let our souls before thee bow,
 And sink into a sweet distress.

5 We cannot see without thy light,
 Without thy light we *would* not see,
We have no wisdom, help, or might,
 But Lord, our eyes are unto thee.

6 O let us not presume to take
 The matter out of thy great hand:
Who can the Rock of Ages shake?
 The sure foundation still shall stand.

¹¹⁸Ori., “heart”; corrected in errata.

7 Let others rush with trembling haste,
With eager wrath thy cause defend,
Our soul is on thy promise cast,
And lo! We calmly wait the end.

8 Tho' we our hands do not lift up,
The tott'ring ark shall never fall,
It never shall to Dagon stoop:
Thy kingdom ruleth over all.

9 Stedfast our anchor is and sure;
It enters now within the veil,
Thy church immoveably secure,
Defies the powers of earth and hell.

Part II.

1 Come, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known,
The mind which was in thee impart,
Thy constant mind in us be shewn.

2 From anger set our spirits free,
It worketh not thy righteousness,
In patience let us wait on thee,
And quietly our souls possess.

3 Jesu, to whose supream command
All things in heaven, earth, hell submit,
Upon us lay thy mighty hand,
And self shall sink beneath thy feet.

4 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee resolve to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

- 5 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease,
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.
- 6 Lift up, and fix our stedfast eye,
On thee the Father's fav'rite Son,
Thee our great head, gone up on high,
Firm on thy¹¹⁹ everlasting throne.
- 7 Tho' earth and hell thy rule oppose,
The Lord is King, Messiah reigns!
Till Satan, sin, and all thy foes,
And death, the last of all, be slain.
- 8 Jesu, for this we calmly wait,
O let our eyes behold thee near,
Hasten to make our heaven compleat,
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

Part III.

- 1 Unchangeable Almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay,
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.
- 2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood,
Fast in one mind, and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God.
- 3 Thou only canst our wills controul,
Our wild unruly passions bind,
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

¹¹⁹“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside,
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.
- 5 Giver of peace, and unity,
Send down thy mild pacific Dove,
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the Spirit of thy love.
- 6 We all shall think, and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace,
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.
- 7 O let us take a softer mould:
Blended and gather'd into thee,
Under one shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.
- 8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
To us thy Father's name declare,
Unite, and perfect us in one.
- 9 So shall the world believe, and know,
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

Part IV.

- 1 The Lord is King, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient to his sway,
Between the cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.
- 2 All power is to our Jesus given,
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns,

He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the power¹²⁰ of hell in chains.

- 3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go,
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.
- 4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal,
Jesus, the woman's conquering seed,
(Tho' now the serpent bruise his heel)
Jesus shall bruise the serpent's head.
- 5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
But Christ shall shortly root them up,
Shall cast the dire accuser¹²¹ down,
And disappoint his children's hope;
- 6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
Baffle the sons of unbelief,
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.
- 7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn,
Scatter thy foes, victorious King,
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing,
- 8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace,
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And earth, and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

The Lord's Prayer Paraphras'd.¹²²

- 1 Father of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Thro' endless ages still the same;

¹²⁰“Power” changed to “powers” in 3rd edn. (1756) only.

¹²¹Ori., “accuser”; corrected in errata.

¹²²Cf. Matthew 6:9–13. This hymn was later printed at the end of John Wesley's “Sermon on the Mount, Discourse V” in *Sermons on Several Occasions* (London: W. Strahan, 1748), 2:222–25 (and subsequent editions of same). It is one of the hymns broadly attributed to John Wesley himself.

- Thou by thy word upholdest all;
 Thy bounteous love to all is shew'd,
 Thou hearst thy every creature's call,
 And fillest every mouth with good.
- 2 In heaven thou reign'st, enthron'd in light,
 Nature's expanse beneath thee spread,
 Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,
 And hell's deep gloom are open laid.
 Wisdom, and might, and love are thine
 Prostrate before thy face we fall,
 Confess thy¹²³ attributes divine,
 And hail the Sovereign Lord of all.
- 3 Thee, Sovereign Lord, let all confess,
 That moves in earth, or air, or sky,
 Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
 Tremble before thy piercing eye.
 All ye who owe to him your birth,
 In praise your every hour employ;
 Jehovah reigns! Be glad, O earth,
 And shout ye morning stars for joy.
- 4 Son of thy Sire's eternal love,
 Take to thyself thy mighty power;
 Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
 Let all thy bleeding grace adore.
 The triumphs of thy love display;
 In every heart reign thou alone,
 Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
 And glory ends what grace begun.
- 5 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
 Fountain of light, and love below,
 Abroad thy¹²⁴ healing influence shower,
 O'er all the nations let it flow.
 In flame our hearts with perfect love,
 In us the work of faith fulfil:
 So not heaven's hosts shall swifter move
 Than we on earth to do thy will.

¹²³“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

¹²⁴“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 6 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply,
Thou cloath'st the lillies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry:
On thee we cast our care; we live
Thro' thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread.
- 7 Eternal, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain,
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood,
O cleanse and keep us ever clean.
To every soul (all praise to thee)
Our bowels of compassion move,
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us; for God is love.
- 8 Giver, and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee in fierce temptation's hour
From sin and Satan let us flee.
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art;
In us be all thy goodness shew'd,
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart,
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.
- 9 Blessing, and honour, praise, and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee.
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine,
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Revel[ation] i. 4, 5, 6.

- 1 O that the life-infusing grace,
The pure and perfect peace of God,
Might now descend on Israel's race,
The church he purchas'd with his blood!
- 2 The souls peculiarly his own
On them the choicest gifts descend
From him that sitteth on the throne,
Antient of days which never end.
- 3 He was from all eternity,
Pure essence, life, and light, and power,
He is when time no more shall be;
He is, and shall be evermore.
- 4 From God to all his church below,
From the seven spirits before his throne,
From Jesus let the blessing flow,
Jesus is God's co-equal Son.
- 5 The true, and faithful witness he,
The first-begotten of the dead,
Prince of the kings of earth—to thee
Be everlasting homage paid.
- 6 Amazing height of love divine!
We praise with all thy hosts above
Th' unutterably great design,
The mystery of redeeming love.
- 7 From actual, and from inbred sin
Us thou hast wash'd in thine own blood,
Thy blood hath more than made us clean,
Hath made us kings and priests to God.

8 Wherefore to thee all honour, praise,
 Dominion, power, and thanks we give,
While to the glory of thy grace
 Through all eternity we live.

[Revelation i.] 7.

1 Behold he comes! And every eye
 Shall see him in the clouds draw near!
The judge, to those who made him die
 In vain, shall terribly appear:

2 Who pierc'd him by their sins beneath,
 Expos'd afresh, and crucified,
Renounc'd their interest in his death,
 And bought by him, their Lord denied.

3 Rebellious worms, they would not take
 The grace he waited long to give,
But cast his words behind their back,
 And *would* not come to him, and live.

4 Him shall they see with wrath return,
 'Gainst those who made his offers vain,
And all the tribes of earth shall mourn,
 Adjudg'd to everlasting pain.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 And gnaw their tongues, and gnash their teeth;
But we, who let his grace prevail,
 Shall never taste that second death.

6 We with our Lord shall always live,
 The God of our salvation praise,
To him alone rejoice to give
 The glory of his sovereign grace.

7 Come, gracious Lord, we wait thy day,
 We languish to be taken home;
No longer let thy chariot stay;
 Come, gracious Lord, to judgment come.

[Revelation i.] 10, 11, &c.

1 Say, which of you would see the Lord?
 Ye all may now obtain the grace,
Behold him in the written word,
 Where John unveils the Saviour's face.

2 Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks
 To every soul that turns his ear,
Amidst the golden candlesticks
 He walks: and lo! He now is here!

3 Present to all believing souls
 They see him with an eagle's eye:
Down to his feet a garment rolls,
 Stain'd with a glorious crimson dye.

4 A golden girdle binds his breast,
 (Whence streams of consolation flow,
Milk for his new-born babes, who rest
 In him, nor other comforts know.)

5 His form is as the Son of man,
 His eyes are as a flame of fire;
They dart a sin-consuming pain,
 And life, and joy divine inspire.

6 His spotless purity of soul
 We by a lovely emblem know,
His head, and hairs are white as wool,
 White are they as the driven snow.

7 Glitter his feet like polish'd brass,
 That long hath in the furnace shone,
Brighter than lightning is his face,
 Brighter than the meridian sun.

8 As many waters sounds his word,
Seven stars he holds in his right-hand,
Out of his mouth a two-edg'd sword
Goes forth: before it who can stand?

9 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,
Lay thy right-hand upon our soul,
Scatter our fears, thy Spirit shed,
And all our unbelief controul.

10 Tell us, "I am the first and last,
Who liv'd, and died for all, am I!
And lo! My bitter death is past,
And lo! I live no more to die.

11 "I have the keys of death and hell."
Amen! Thy record we receive,
And wait, till thou our spirits seal,
And all in all for ever live.

A Prayer for the Bishops.

1 Draw near, O Son of God, draw near,
Us with thy flaming eyes behold,
Still in thy falling church appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right-hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolick boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

- 4 The worthy successors of those
Who first adorn'd the sacred line;
Bold let them stand before their foes,
And dare assert their right divine.
- 5 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear,
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasure there.
- 6 Give them an ear to hear the word
Thou speakest to thy churches now;
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
And let all knees to Jesus bow.

A Prayer for Labourers.

- 1 Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view,
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure gospel-word,
The word of general grace,
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

- 5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.
- 6 On all mankind forgiven
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That thou hast died for all.

Another [A Prayer for Labourers].

- 1 Jesu, thy wand'ring sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see
Poor souls, that cannot find the fold,
Till sought, and gather'd in by thee.
- 2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want,
With no kind shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only thou the kind, and good,
And sheep-redeeming shepherd art,
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd,
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouth, and utterance give,
Give them a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live
Thro' faith in him that died for all.

- 6 In every messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free,
That each may by thy Spirit tell
“He died for all, who died for me.”
- 7 A double portion from above,
Of that all-quick’ning Spirit impart,
Shed forth thine universal love
In every faithful pastor’s heart.
- 8 Thy only glory let them seek,
O let their hearts with love o’erflow,
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy’s praise below.
- 9 Mercy for all, be all their song,
Mercy which every soul may claim,
Mercy which doth to all belong,
Mercy for all in Jesu’s name.
- 10 To thee for all men lifted up,
O let them still their witness bear,
And shouting from the mountain-top,
The Saviour of the world declare.
- 11 “He willeth not the sinner’s death,
He died for all, he none pass’d by,
Since we would now resign our breath,
For every soul of man would die.”

**“Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write.”
Revelation ii. 1, &c.**

- 1 O thou that dost the churches bear,
The stars in thy right-hand uphold,
Who walkest now with jealous care
Amidst the candlesticks of gold;

- 2 Poor, guilty, abject worms to thee
In our declining state we call,
See, thy degenerate people, see,
Nor let our tottering Sion fall.
- 3 Our works of faith thou once didst know,
Our patient hope, and labouring love:
We would not bear thy Romish foe,
We dared that Antichrist reprove.
- 4 We tried him by the written word,
Thro' all his snares and fetters broke,
As Satan's *successor* abhor'd
And cast away his iron yoke.
- 5 Him, and his god, and sin, and death
We more than conquer'd thro' thy name;
The witnesses resign'd their breath,
And clapt their hands amidst the flame.
- 6 For their dear suffering Saviour's sake,
Immoveable the champions stood,
Nor fainted at the rack, or stake,
But watred all the church with blood.
- 7 Yet O! How quickly, Lord, hast thou
Whereof thy people to reprove
Fallen alas! Thou seest us now,
We now have left our former love.
- 8 Our wine with water mixt, our gold
Is dim, our shipwreck'd faith is dead,
No more our tokens we behold,
Our martyrs all to heaven are fled.
- 9 O could we call to mind the grace,
The glorious grace from which we fell,
Live o'er again the antient days,
And do the works thou lov'st so well!

- 10 O that we might thro' thee repent,
And timely turn to thee, and live!
So should thy grace our doom prevent,
Thou wouldst abundantly forgive.
- 11 Before thou dost in vengeance come,
Our candlestick far off remove,
And fix th' unalterable doom;
O let us weep, believe, and love.
- 12 Call on us, by thy Spirit call,
Yet once again our church restore,
Shew us thy grace is over all,
And lift us up to fall no more.

[Revelation ii.] 7.

- 1 Hear all that will, the Spirit hear,
What he to all the churches saith,
“Fight the good fight, till Christ appear,
And give the prize to conquering faith.
- 2 “The tree of immortality,
Which in the midst of Eden stands,
The conqueror's due reward shall be,
Though guarded by cherubic bands.
- 3 “I will remove the sword of flame;
(It first shall the old Adam slay)
The tree of life myself I am,
And open to myself the way.”
- 4 To him that overcomes, at last
Surely I will my fulness give,
He of the tree of life shall taste,
And free from sin forever live.

**“Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna.”
[Revelation ii.] 8, 9, &c.**

- 1 Hear Jesu, hear, the first and last,
The Alpha and Omega thou,
Who once for every man didst taste
Of death, and ever livest now.
- 2 Still let thy gracious Spirit strive,
And conquer a rebellious race,
In us thine antient work revive,
Thy sanctifying work of grace.
- 3 O that to thee our deeds were known,
Acknowledg'd and approv'd by thee,
Such as thou didst in Symrna own,
Such as in us thou once didst see!
- 4 The patient, meek, and lowly mind,
True poverty of spirit bestow,
And rich in faith we'll cast behind
Whate'er of good appears below.
- 5 We then the power of faith shall prove
Nor shrink from persecution¹²⁵ near,
But more than conquer in thy love,
Thy perfect love which casts out fear.
- 6 Tho' earth and hell at once engage,
And fiends, and formal saints conspire,
The synagogue of Satan rage,
And threaten us with racks and fire;
- 7 Bold shall we stand in thy great might,
For Jesu's sake¹²⁶ count all things loss,
With beasts, and men, and devils fight
Beneath the banner of thy cross.

¹²⁵Ori., “preservation”; corrected in errata.

¹²⁶“Sake” omitted in original; corrected in errata.

8 Shall Satan into prison cast?
To prison we with Christ will go,
And gladly bear till all are past,
These light afflictions here below.

9 But make us faithful unto death:
But arm us in that fiery hour,
And we shall all obtain the wreath,
And die for God, to die no more.

“To the angel of the church in Pergamos.”
[Revelation ii.] 12, 13, &c.

1 O thou, that hast the two-edg'd sword,
Let us thy warning voice receive,
Give us an ear to hear thy word,
Give us to tremble, and believe.

2 We dwell where Satan keeps his seat:
Our fathers would not thee disclaim,
They would not to thy foes submit,
But kept the faith, and held thy name.

3 They held it fast in evil days;
Faithful to thee the martyrs stood,
And turn'd against the storm their face,
And strove, resisting unto blood.

4 But we alas! Deserve thy blame,
For tamely bearing with thy foes,
Who dare deny the Saviour's name,
And all thy gospel truths oppose.

5 The devil's factors still we hear,
The sinful advocates for sin,
Who cause the little ones to err,
And teach, they never can be clean.

- 6 We suffer them for sin to plead,
Still they promote the devil's cause,
Deny that thou for all hast bled,
And stain the glory of thy cross.
- 7 Before thy people's face they cast
The stumbling-block of creature-love,
"The power of sin must always last,
The power thou never canst remove."
- 8 They speak; and we to ill inclin'd
Have gladly drank the poison in,
And gratified the carnal mind,
The idol of indwelling sin.
- 9 But let us plead for sin no more,
But let the stumbling-block depart,
Our vile idolatries be o'er,
Thine, only thine be all our heart.
- 10 Lord, we renounce whoe'er oppose,
And fight against thy saving power;
Consume not us among thy foes,
Nor let thy two-edg'd sword devour.
- 11 O let us of thy strength take hold,
Thy¹²⁷ utmost promises embrace,
The finisher of faith behold,
The God of all-victorious grace.
- 12 To him, that conquers in thy might,
Thou wilt the hidden manna give,
Thou hast obtain'd it as thy right,
And he shall thy deserts receive.
- 13 Thou, Lord, wilt give him a white stone,
A new, mysterious name impart,
To none but the receiver known,
CHRIST IN A PURE AND SINLESS HEART.

¹²⁷"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

“Unto the angel of the church in Thyatira.”
[Revelation ii.] 18, 19, &c.

- 1 O Son of God, whose flaming eyes
A sin-consuming virtue dart,
To scatter all thy foes, arise
And search, and purify our heart.
- 2 Lift up thy feet of burnish'd brass,
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
Pity a froward, faithless race,
And call us yet again thine own.
- 3 The service which our fathers paid,
The faith thou didst in them approve,
Of this we now have shipwreck made,
And lost our hope, and left our love.
- 4 The prophets of smooth things we hear,
Who all thy promises deny,
Entrap thy servants in their snare,
And catch them with a soothing lie.
- 5 They teach them things unclean to eat,
To fold their arms, and take their ease,
Spiritual whoredom to commit,
Mammon and God at once to please.
- 6 Darkness they make with light agree,
And heaven with hell, and Christ with sin,
They say, the God of purity
Dwells in a cage of birds unclean.
- 7 Great searcher of the heart and reins,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see,
Who dost to all rewards and pains
According to their works decree;

- 8 Avert from us the heavy doom
Of such deniers of their Lord;
(Whose wrath shall to the utmost come
On all that dare corrupt his word.)
- 9 On us no other burthen lay,
On us, and all who have not known
What Satan, and his preachers¹²⁸ say,
But still for full redemption groan.
- 10 Our knees confirm, our hands lift up,
Our hearts from things of earth remove,
And guide into a patient hope,
And looking for thy perfect love.
- 11 Let us hold fast the pledge of good,
The grace thou hast already given,
Till all our hearts are thine abode,
And find in thee their present heaven.
- 12 O let us conquer all our foes,
And active to the end endure,
Maintain thy works whoe'er oppose;
To working faith the word is sure.
- 13 Power over hell, and earth, and sin,
The lawful conqueror shall receive,
An everlasting power brought in,
Power without fear, or sin to live.
- 14 Power to o'erturn, subdue, controul
The nations with an iron rod,
Implanted in the new-born soul
The wisdom, and the power of God.
- 15 Power over sins, to hew, and slay
Them all with a continued stroke,
And scatter as the potter's clay,
As vessels into shivers broke.

¹²⁸Ori., "patriarchs"; corrected in errata.

- 16 Power to maintain his victory,
The perfect life of faith to live,
Power as the Father gave to thee,
Thou to the conq'ring soul wilt give.
- 17 Wilt give him the bright Morning Star,
The Morning Star, O Christ, thou art,
And lo! We see thee gleam from far,
And wait thy rising in our heart!

“To the angel of the church in Sardis.”¹²⁹
[Revelation] iii. 1, 2, &c.

- 1 O thou, whose eyes run to¹³⁰ and fro,
Thro' earth, and every creature see,
What is it which thou dost not know?
All things are manifest to thee.
- 2 Thou hast the spirits, seven and one,
Thou hast the stars in thy right-hand,
And all our works to thee are known:
How shall we in thy judgment stand?
- 3 Thou knowst we take in vain thy name,
While dead in trespasses we live,
Thee for our Lord we falsely claim,
While to the world our hearts we give.
- 4 A powerless form, a lifeless sound,
Our works as vanity are light,
Wanting, alas! They all are found,
And worse than nothing in thy sight.
- 5 O that we now might turn again,
And cherish the last spark of grace,
Strengthen the things that yet remain,
And call to mind the antient days.

¹²⁹Ori., “Sardius”; corrected in errata.

¹³⁰Ori., “too”; corrected in 3rd edn. (1756).

- 6 Surely we did thy faith receive,
 We heard with joy the gospel-word;
 O let us now, repent and live,
 And watch to apprehend our Lord.
- 7 Stir ourselves up, renounce our ease,
 Before thy sudden judgments come,
 And watch, and pray, and never cease,
 Till thou repeal our threat'ning doom.
- 8 A few thou still hast left, who stand
 And deprecate th' impending blow,
 Protectors of a guilty land,
 And guardian angels here below.
- 9 They, by thy mercy reconcil'd,
 For our unhappy Sardis plead,
 Harmless, and pure, and undefil'd,
 They ever in thy footsteps tread.
- 10 Before they see the realms of light,
 Deserving here thro' thy desert,
 Worthy they walk with thee in white,
 In spotless purity of heart.
- 11 Partakers of the life divine,
 Who in the fight of faith o'ercome,
 They all shall in thy¹³¹ image shine,
 Made ready for their heavenly home.
- 12 They *here* shall be redeem'd from sin,
 Shall *here* put on their glorious dress,
 Fine linnen, pure, and white, and clean,
 The saints' inherent righteousness.
- 13 Love, perfect love expels all doubt,
 Love makes them to the end endure,
 Their names thou never wilt blot out,
 Their life is hid, their heart is pure.

¹³¹“Thy” changed to “thine” in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 14 Their names thou wilt vouchsafe to own
Before thy Father's majesty,
Pronounce them good, and say "Well done,
Enter, and ever reign with me!"

**"To the angel of the church in Philadelphia."
[Revelation iii.] 7, &c.**

- 1 Holy, and true, who hast the key,
Of David, full of grace and power,
None opens what is shut by thee,
And none can shut thy¹³² open door.
- 2 O help thy little church below,
Noted for their fraternal love,
Accept us in thyself, and know
Our souls, and all our works approve.
- 3 Open a door to preach thy word,
Which neither earth or hell can close;
Let all proclaim the common Lord,
Who died to save a world of foes.
- 4 A little strength thou seest we have,
We trust that thou art still the same,
Save, Jesu, to the utmost save
Thy people, who confess thy name.
- 5 We dare not give our God the lie,
Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
Though Satan's synagogue deny,
We *here* a sinless life shall live.
- 6 Who falsely call themselves thine own,
Shall then indignantly submit,
Thy mighty hand shall cast them down,
And make them bow before our feet.

¹³²"Thy" changed to "thine" in 2nd edn. (1745) only.

- 7 Then all the advocates for sin,
The carnal *self-elect* shall know,
Thy blood hath made us throughly clean,
And wash'd from all our sins below.
- 8 Thy cleansing blood by faith applied,
Gave us a love that cast out fear,
And lo! With all the sanctified
We plead for a perfection here!
- 9 But let us to the end endure,
Nor ever let thy promise go,
Till all our hearts and lives are pure,
And every soul is white as snow.
- 10 Let us thy word of patience keep,
Nor from the gospel-hope remove,
But sow in confidence, to reap
The harvest of thy perfect love.
- 11 So shall thy grace our souls preserve
From sore temptation's fiery hour,
When all who plead for sin shall swerve,
And fall, perhaps to rise no more.
- 12 We know thou wilt not long delay,
Let no seducer cast us down,
Or tear our confidence away,
Or spoil us of the promis'd crown.
- 13 That crown the conqueror *here* receives,
Who the good fight of faith hath won,
While without fear, or sin he lives,
He lives to God, and God alone.
- 14 Establish'd by almighty hands
He shews forth all thy grace and power,
In God's eternal temple stands
A pillar, and goes out no more.

- 15 The name and city of thy God
Thou didst to him on earth impart,
And shed'st thy perfect love abroad,
And wrote thy nature on his heart.
- 16 Thy Father *here* thou didst reveal,
To him thou here thyself hast given,
And mark'd him with the Spirit's seal,
A citizen and heir of heaven.
- 17 This is our glorious calling's prize,
Saviour, at this our wishes aim,
Restore us to our paradise,
Inscribe us, Lord, with thy new name.
- 18 To all whom thou hast given an ear,
The perfect grace make haste to give,
And sanctify us *wholly* here,
And to thy heaven of heavens receive.

“Unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans.”
[Revelation iii.] 14, &c.

[Part I.]

- 1 Amen to all that God hath said,
Witness divine, the just and true,
Who wast before the worlds were made,
Whose being no beginning knew;
- 2 With guilty self-condemning fear,
With humble self-abasing shame,
Thy Spirit's dreadful charge we hear,
Nor dare throw off th' imputed blame.
- 3 God of unspotted purity,
Us, and our works canst thou behold?
Justly we are abhor'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.

- 4 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey,
In soft Laodicean ease
We sleep our useless lives away.
- 5 We live in pleasures, and are dead,
In search of fame and wealth we live,
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We seek sometimes, but never strive.
- 6 A lifeless form we still retain,
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain:
The power of godliness is lost.
- 7 The power we daringly deny,
A fancied good, a madman's dream,
The truth itself we deem a lie,
The promis'd Holy Ghost blaspheme.
- 8 How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy sight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or seen the gospel-light.
- 9 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven thro' saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown
And slight, and mock thee to thy face.
- 10 Thou rather would'st that we were cold,
Than seem to serve thee without zeal,
Less guilty, if with those of old,
We worship'd Thor and Woden still.
- 11 Less grievous will the judgment-day
To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
Than us, who cast our faith away,
And trample on thy richer love.

Part II.

- 1 Yet still we glory in thy name,
O Christ, as though we knew¹³³ thy grace,
Thee with unhallow'd lips we claim,
A lukewarm, worse than heathen race.
- 2 We say, that we with goods abound,
Are rich, and full, and need no more,
Nor know that we are wretched found
With thee, and bare, and blind, and poor.
- 3 O let us our own works forsake,
Ourselves, and all we have, deny,
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee pure gold to buy.
- 4 Gold, that can bear the fiery test,
And make the buyer rich indeed;
Adorn us in the milk-white vest,
And over us thy mantle spread.
- 5 When this unspotted robe we wear,
Our sins are cover'd all by thee,
No longer doth our shame appear;
Salvation in thy light we see.
- 6 Touch'd by an unction from above,
Our eyes are open'd to perceive
The mystery of redeeming love,
The death by which alone we live.
- 7 Beholding as with open face
The glory of the Lord, we go
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
And perfect holiness below.

¹³³Ori., "know"; corrected in errata.

- 8 O might we thro' thy grace attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove,
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by LOVE.
- 9 O might we see in this our day
The things belonging to our peace,
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgments, and our sins confess:
- 10 Thy fatherly chastisements own,
With filial awe revere the rod,
And turn with zealous haste, and run
Into the out-stretch'd arms of God.
- 11 Behold thou standest at the door,
Thou knockest long at every heart,
Ready the sinner to restore,
And lift the fallen up thou art.
- 12 Thou callest all men to repent,
And all men may obey thy call,
They may—the stoniest *may* relent,
Thy death hath bought the grace for all.
- 13 What thou hast lent we all may use,
We all our talents may improve;
We need not, Lord, thy grace refuse,
Or stop our ears against thy love.
- 14 Thou hast obtain'd for us a power
Thy proffer'd mercy to embrace,
And all may know their gracious hour,
And all may close with SAVING GRACE.

Part III.

- 1 Saviour of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.
- 2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heav'n.
- 3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve,
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in thy redeeming love.
- 4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friend, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink, and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.
- 5 O let us on thy fulness feed,
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood,
Jesu, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesu, thy flesh is angel's food.
- 6 The heavenly manna faith imparts,
Faith makes thy fulness all our own,
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou art one.
- 7 An heaven begun on earth we feel,
Who conquer in the glorious strife,
And pass o'er sin, and earth, and hell
Triumphant to eternal life.

- 8 The fullness of eternal bliss,
We shall from thee receive above,
This the reward of conquests, this
The crown of all victorious love.
- 9 Conqueror of sin, and hell, and death,
As thou the dreadful fight hast won,
And wearest now th' immortal wreath,
And sittest on thy Father's throne;
- 10 So shalt thou grant to all that fight,
And conquer in thy mighty name,
To claim the kingdom as their right,
Their sufferings, and their crown the same.
- 11 Who bore thy cross shall wear thy crown,
Shall triumph in thy victory,
And in thy glorious throne sit down,
And reign in endless bliss with thee.

The Spirit, and the Bride Say, Come!
[Revelation xxii. 17.]

- 1 Lord, I believe, thy work of grace
Is perfect in the soul,
His heart is pure, who sees thy face,
His spirit is made whole.
- 2 From every sickness by thy word,
From every sore disease
Saved, and to perfect health restor'd,
To perfect holiness.
- 3 He walks in glorious liberty,
To sin entirely dead,
The truth, the Son hath made him free,
And he is free indeed.

- 4 He lives, when thou hast fully wrought
The work of faith with power,
Upright in deed, and word, and thought
He lives, and sins no more.
- 5 Throughout his soul thy glories shine,
His soul is all renew'd,
And deck'd in righteousness divine,
And cloath'd, and fill'd with God.
- 6 In spirit join'd, and one with thee,
And purg'd from all his stains,
No wrinkle of infirmity, *
No spot of sin remains.
- 7 He knows thee now, as he is known,
Thy fulness he receives,
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
In thee he ever lives.
- 8 This is the rest, the life, the peace,
Which all thy people prove,
Love is the bond of perfectness,
And all their soul is love.
- [9] Thy people are all sanctified,
And thou shalt say to me,
“Thou art all fair, my love, my bride,
There is no spot in thee.”
- 10 O joyful sound of gospel-grace!
Christ shall in me¹³⁴ appear,
I, even I shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.
- 11 I shall from every sin be free;
(The word of God is sure)
Walk before him, and perfect be,
And pure as God is pure.

* i.e. such infirmities as David speaks of, Ps. CIII. 3.

¹³⁴Ori., “in me shall”; changed in 2nd edn. (1745) and following.

- 12 This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry,
"Surely," he saith, "I quickly come,"
He saith, and cannot lie.
- 13 The God of truth himself hath sworn:
On him my soul relies,
My soul on wings of eagles borne,
Shall fly, and take the prize.
- 14 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view,
Conqueror thro' him I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
- 15 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see,
My hope is full (O blessed hope!)
Of immortality.
- 16 My flutt'ring spirit fatigues my breast,
And swells, and spreads abroad,
And pants for everlasting rest,
And struggles into God.
- 17 I feel, and know him now in part,
His love my heart constrains,
Its near approach expands my heart,
And fills with pleasing pains.
- 18 He visits now the house of clay,
He shakes his future home,
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come!
- 19 With me I know, I feel, thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

- 20 My earth thou water'st from on high,
But make it all a pool;
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.
- 21 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void,
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!
- 22 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity,
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!