

*Collection of Hymns (1742)*¹

[Baker list, #68]

Editorial Introduction:

On October 3, 1742, Charles Wesley wrote from Newcastle upon Tyne to his brother John in London stressing the need for them to produce a smaller hymn pamphlet for use in public and private worship that could be purchased by those with limited resources. Upon Charles's return to London the brothers quickly selected twenty-four hymns from the 3rd edition of *HSP* (1739) and had William Strahan publish them in November under the title *Collection of Hymns* (1742).

This collection proved very useful, especially among poorer Methodists. It was reprinted at least three times over the next decade (records are a bit spotty during this period).

Editions:

John and Charles Wesley. *Collection of Hymns*. London: Strahan, 1742.

London: Strahan, 1743.

Dublin: Powell, 1749.

Belfast: Magee, 1750.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS.

The 53^d Chapter of Isaiah.²

- 1 Who hath believ'd the tidings? Who?
Or felt the joy our words impart?
Gladly confess'd our record true,
And found the Saviour in his heart?
Planted in nature's barren ground,
And cherish'd by Jehovah's care,
There shall th' immortal seed be found,
The root divine shall flourish there!

- 2 See the desire of nations comes;
Nor outward pomp bespeaks him near,
A veil of flesh the God assumes,
A servant's form he stoops to wear;
He lays his every glory by;
Ignobly low, obscurely mean,
Of beauty void, in reason's eye,
The source of loveliness is seen.

²First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 87–90.

- 3 Rejected and despis'd of men,
A Man of Griefs, inur'd to woe;
His only intimate is pain,
And grief is all his life below.
We saw, and from the irksome sight
Disdainfully our faces turn'd;
Hell followed him with fierce despight,
And earth the humble abject scorn'd.
- 4 Surely for us he humbled was,
And griev'd with sorrows not his own:
Of all his woes were we the cause,
We fill'd his soul with pangs unknown.
Yet him th' offender we esteem'd,
Stricken by heav'n's vindictive rod,
Afflicted for himself we deem'd,
And punish'd by an angry God.
- 5 But O! With our transgressions stain'd,
For our offence he wounded was;
Ours were the sins that bruis'd, and pain'd,
And scourg'd, and nail'd him to the cross.
The chastisement that bought our peace,
To sinners due, on him was laid;
Conscience be still! Thy terrors cease!
The debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid.
- 6 What tho' we all as wand'ring sheep
Have left our God, and lov'd to stray,
Refus'd his mild commands to keep,
And madly urg'd the downward way;
Father, on him thy bolt did fall,
The mortal law thy Son fulfill'd,
Thou laid'st on him the guilt of all,
And by his stripes we all are heal'd.
- 7 Accus'd his mouth he open'd not,
He answer'd not by wrongs opprest;
Pure tho' he was from sinful spot
Our guilt he *silently* confest!

- Meek as a lamb to slaughter led,
 A sheep before his shearers dumb,
 To suffer in the sinner's stead
 Behold the spotless victim come!
- 8 Who could his heav'nly birth declare
 When bound by man he silent stood,
 When worms arraign'd him at their³ bar,
 And doom'd to death th' eternal God!
 Patient the suff'rings to sustain
 The vengeance to transgressors due,
 Guiltless he groan'd, and dy'd for man.
 Sinners rejoice, he dy'd for you!
- 9 For your *imputed* guilt he bled,
 Made sin a sinful world to save;
 Meekly he sunk among the dead:
 The rich supply'd an honour'd grave?
 For O! Devoid of sin, and free
 From actual or intail'd offence,
 No sinner in himself was he,
 But pure and perfect innocence.
- 10 Yet him th' Almighty Father's will
 With bruising chastisements pursu'd,
 Doom'd him the weight of sin to feel,
 And sternly just requir'd his blood.
 But lo! The mortal debt is paid,
 The costly sacrifice is o'er,
 His soul, for sin an off'ring made,
 Revives, and he shall die no more.
- 11 His num'rous seed he now shall see,
 Scatter'd thro' all the earth abroad,
 Blest with his immortality,
 Begot by him, and born of God.
 Head to his church o'er all below
 Long shall he here his sons sustain;
 Their bounding hearts his power shall know,
 And bless the lov'd Messiah's reign.

³Ori., "the"; a misprint, restored in 2nd edn. (1743) to "their" as found in *HSP* (1739).

- 12 'Twixt God and them he still shall stand,
The children whom his Sire hath given,
Their cause shall prosper in his hand,
While RIGHTEOUSNESS looks down from heav'n.
While pleas'd he counts the ransom'd race,
And calls, and draws them from above;
The travail of his soul surveys,
And rests in his redeeming love.
- 13 'Tis done! My justice asks no more,
The satisfaction's fully made:
Their sins he in his body bore;
Their surety all the debt has paid.
My righteous servant and my son
Shall each believing sinner clear,
And all, who stoop t' abjure their own,
Shall in his righteousness appear.
- 14 Them shall he claim his just desert,
Them his inheritance receive,
And many a contrite humble heart
Will I for his possession give.
Satan he thence shall chase away,
Assert his right, his foes o'ercome;
Stronger than hell, retrieve the prey,
And bear the spoil triumphant home.
- 15 For charg'd with all their guilt he stood,
Sinners from suff'ring to redeem,
For them he pour'd out all his blood,
Their substitute, he died for them.
He dy'd; and rose his death to plead,
To testify their sins forgiv'n—
And still I hear him interceed,
And still he makes their claim to heav'n!

**Divine Love.
From the German.⁴**

- 1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would: but tho' my will
 Be fixt, yet wide my passions rove,
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee!
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

- 5 O hide this SELF from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

⁴Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 483–84 (#542, by Gerhard Tersteegen). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 51–53. Taken here from *HSP* (1739), 78–80.

- 6 O LOVE, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care:
Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there.
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba Father cry.
- 7 Ah no! Ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he, who views with scorn
Earth's toys for thee his constant flame.
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love!
- 8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love is all my choice.

A Prayer Under Convictions.⁵

- 1 Father of light, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs,
Whose goodness providently nigh
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look; my heart prepare,
Suggest, and hearken to my pray'r.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants! For help they call,
And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

⁵First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 85–86.

- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind
 Wayward, and impotent and blind:
 Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
 Averse to good, and prone to ill:
 Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
 Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
 And feel the indigence I see;
 Fain would I all my vileness own,
 And deep beneath the burden groan;
 Abhor the pride that lurks within,
 Detest and loath myself and sin.
- 5 Ah give me, Lord, myself to feel,
 My total misery reveal:
 Ah give me, Lord, (I still would say)
 A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
 My business this, my only care,
 My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.
- 6 Scarce I begin my sad complaint,
 When all my warmest wishes faint;
 Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
 When all my kindling ardors die;
 Nor hopes nor fears my bosom move,
 For still I cannot, cannot love.
- 7 Father, I want a thankful heart!
 I want to taste how good thou art.
 To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
 And comprehend thy love to me;
 The breadth, and length, and depth, and height
 Of love divinely infinite.
- 8 Father, I long my soul to raise
 And dwell for ever on thy praise;
 Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,
 In extasy unspeakable;
 While the full pow'r of FAITH I know,
 And reign triumphant here below.

**“Try me, O God, and seek the
ground of my heart.”⁶**

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

- 2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature’s weight to feel,
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul.
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scatter’d o’er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.

- 3 Jesu! My heart’s desire obtain,
My earnest suit present and gain,
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displicence⁷ at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee.

- 4 For thee my spirit often pants,
Yet often in pursuing faints,
Drooping it soon neglects t’ aspire,
To fan the ever-dying fire:
No more thy glory’s skirts are seen,
The world, the creature steals between;

⁶First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 97–99 (under title: “Blessed are they that mourn”).

⁷A rare word meaning “dislike.”

Heavenward no more my wishes move,
And I forget that thou art love.

- 5 O sov'reign love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die.
Save me from death, from hell set free,
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quick'ned by thy imparted flame,
Sav'd, when possess of thee I am;
My life, my only heav'n thou art:
When shall I feel thee in my heart!

Heb[rews] xii. 2.

**“Looking unto Jesus, the author
and finisher of our faith.”⁸**

- 1 Weary of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.
- 2 From my own works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my peace;⁹
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
And all my fitness is despair.
- 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel:
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.
- 4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

⁸First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 91–92.

⁹Changed to “God must create and seal my peace” in 2nd edn. (1743) and 3rd edn. (1756) as in 4th edn. (1743) of *HSP* (1739).

- 5 With simple faith, to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

**The Change.
From the German.¹⁰**

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

¹⁰Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 250–51 (#256, by Wolfgang Dessler). First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 99–100.

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

Hymn for One Newly Justified.¹¹

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

¹¹First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 107–8 (under title: “Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Father”).

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

3 Thine eye observ'd from far,
Thy pity look'd me near:
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

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

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

Another [Hymn for One Newly Justified].¹²

1 O filial deity,
Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfy'd;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for *me*, for *me* hast dy'd!

2 Of life thou art the tree,
My immortality!

¹²First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 108–10 (under title: “Hymn to the Son”).

Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive,
Thou the true, the heav'nly vine,
Grafted into thee, I live.

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

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

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

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will.
Never mortal spake like thee,
Human prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small and still and inward thine!

7 On thee, my priest, I call,
Thy blood aton'd for all.
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever off'ring up my¹³ pray'rs,
These presenting with thy own.

¹³Ori., "thy"; a misprint, corrected in 2nd edn. (1743).

8 Jesu! Thou art my King,
 From thee my strength I bring!
Shadow'd by thy mighty hand,
 Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand
 Strong as thy omnipotence.

9 O filial deity,
 Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of thy soul,
 Saviour, and be satisfy'd;
Take me now, possess me whole,
 Who for *me*, for *me* hast dy'd!

Free Grace.¹⁴

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

2 'Tis myst'ry all! Th' immortal dies!
 Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
 Let angel minds enquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
 (So free, so infinite his grace!)
Empty'd himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free!
 For, O my God! It found out me!

¹⁴First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 117–19.

- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffus'd a quickning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.
- 5 Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiv'n;
Still the atoning blood is near,
That quench'd the wrath of hostile heav'n:
I feel the life his wounds impart;
I feel my Saviour in my heart.
- 6 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine:
Alive in him, my living head,
And cloath'd in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.

**Subjection to Christ.
From the German.¹⁵**

- 1 Jesu, to thee my heart I bow,
Strange flames far from my soul remove;
Fairest among ten thousand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my life, my love.
- 2 All heav'n thou fill'st with pure desire;
O shine upon my frozen breast;
With sacred warmth my heart inspire,
May I too thy hid sweetness taste.
- 3 I see thy garments roll'd in blood,
Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side:
All hail, thou suff'ring, conqu'ring God!
Now man shall live; for God hath dy'd.

¹⁵Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 215–16 (#225, stanzas 1, 10–12, 16–17; by Zinzendorf). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 26. Taken here from *HSP* (1739), 122–23.

- 4 O kill in me this rebel sin,
And triumph o'er my willing breast:
Restore thy image, Lord therein,
And lead me to my Father's rest.
- 5 Ye earthly loves, be far away!
Saviour, be thou my love alone;
No more may mine usurp the sway,
But in me thy great will be done!
- 6 Yea thou true witness, spotless Lamb,
All things for thee I count but loss;
My sole desire, my constant aim,
My only glory be thy cross!

**Trust in Providence.
From the German.¹⁶**

- 1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands;
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest pray'r.

¹⁶Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 36–37 (#34, by Paul Gerhardt). First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 141–44.

- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
- 6 And whatso'er¹⁷ thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What thy unerring wisdom chose
Thy pow'r to being brings.
- 7 Thou ev'ry where hast way,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy ev'ry act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsully'd light.
- 8 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
When all thy children want thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay thy hand?
- 9 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 10 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 11 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.
- 12 What tho' thou rulest not?
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

¹⁷Ori., "whatso'er"; a misprint, corrected in 2nd edn. (1743).

- 13 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To choose, and to command;
So shalt thou wondring own, his way
 How wise, how strong his hand.
- 14 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caus'd thy needless fear.
- 15 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee!
- 16 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy stedfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care!

Isaiah xliii. 1, 2, 3.¹⁸

- 1 Peace, doubting heart—my God's I am!
 Who form'd me man forbids my fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my name,
 The Lord protects for ever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.
- 2 When passing thro' the watry deep
 I ask in faith his promis'd aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare:
They cannot harm, for God is there!

¹⁸First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 153–54.

- 3 To him my eye of faith I turn,
And thro' the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its pow'r to burn,
The lambent flames around me play:
I own his pow'r, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
Shew forth in me thy saving pow'r.
Still be thy arm my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good, as thou art, and strong to save)
I'll walk o'er life's tempest'ous sea,
Upborn by the unyielding wave;
Dauntless, tho' rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll;
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper "Peace, be still."
- 7 Tho' in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares, and deaths I'll tread;
Tho' sin assail, and hell thrown wide
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsum'd in fire.

**Living by Christ.
From the German.¹⁹**

- 1 Jesu, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare:
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there.
Thine wholly, thine alone I am:
Be thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O grant, that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown.
Strange fires far from my soul remove,
My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how chearing is thy ray?
 All pain before thy presence flies!
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
 Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing hear, feel or think but thee!
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my breast renew
 This only²⁰ flame, this heav'nly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
 In want, in shame, in pain, hast show'd;
For me on the accursed tree
 Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood:
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor ought shall the lov'd stamp efface.

¹⁹Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 24–26 (#23, by Paul Gerhardt). First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 156–59.

²⁰*HSP* (1739) had “holy”, replaced here by “only.”

- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain:
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain.
Ah! Soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away.
- 7 O that my heart, which open stands,
May catch each drop, that tort'ring pain
Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy hands,
Thy feet, thy head, thy ev'ry vein:
That still my breast may heave with sighs,
Still tears of love o'erflow my eyes.
- 8 O that I as a little child
May follow thee, nor ever rest,
Till sweetly thou hast pour'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast:
Nor may we ever parted be
Till I become one sp'rit with thee.
- 9 O draw me, Saviour, after thee,
So shall I run, and never tire:
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire.
Free me from ev'ry weight: nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 10 My health, my light, my life, my crown,
My portion and my treasure thou!
O take me, seal me for thine own;
To thee alone my soul I bow.
Without thee all is pain; my mind
Repose in nought but thee can find.
- 11 Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
In thee alone is all my rest.
Be thou my flame; within me burn,
Jesu, and I in thee am blest.

Thou art the balm of life: my soul
Is faint; O save, O make it whole!

- 12 What in thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day;
My spring of life, when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God!
- 13 Ah love! Thy influence withdrawn,
What profits me that I am born?
All my delight, my joy is gone,
Nor know I peace, till thou return.
Thee may I seek till I attain;
And never may we part again.
- 14 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou hast me view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursu'd.
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on ev'ry side.
- 15 Still let thy love point out my way,
(How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!)
Still lead me lest I go astray,
Direct my work, inspire my thought:
And when I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 16 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my pow'r;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesu, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast dy'd!

Hymn to Christ the King.²¹

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

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

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

- 4 Triumph, and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and sin controul,
 Pride, and self, and ev'ry foe,
All subdue; thro' all my soul,
 Conqu'ring, and to conquer go.

²¹First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 174–75.

**A Morning Dedication of Ourselves to Christ.
From the German.²²**

- 1 Jesu, thy light again I view,
 Again thy mercy's beams I see,
And all within me wakes, anew
 To pant for thy immensity:
Again my thoughts to thee aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire.
- 2 But, O! What offering shall I give
 To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive
 A holy, living sacrifice.
Small as it is, 'tis all my store:
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.
- 3 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul;
 No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thy own; possess it whole,
 Chear it by hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory, to the perfect day.
- 4 Thou hast my flesh; thy hallow'd shrine,
 Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light for ever shine,
 This house still let thy presence fill:
O source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.
- 5 O never in these veils of shame,
 Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Cloath with salvation, thro' thy name,
 My soul, and may I put on thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe, thy righteousness!

²²Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 291–92 (#308, by Joachim Lange). First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 179–81.

- 6 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Cloath me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness, and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.
- 7 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am call'd by thy great name:
In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim.
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be²³ thy praise!

Grace Before Meat.²⁴

- 1 Fountain of being, source of good!
At whose almighty breath
The creature proves our bane or food,
Dispensing life or death:
- 2 Thee we address with humble fear,
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;
Father of all, thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.
- 3 O may our souls for ever pine
Thy grace to taste and see;
Athirst for righteousness divine,
And hungry after thee!
- 4 For this we lift our longing eyes,
We wait the gracious word;
Speak—and our hearts from earth shall rise,
And feed upon the Lord.

²³Ori., "by"; a misprint, restored in 2nd edn. (1743) to wording of *HSP* (1739).

²⁴First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 34.

Another [Grace Before Meat].²⁵

- 1 Parent of good, whose plenteous grace
O'er all thy creatures flows,
Humbly we ask thy pow'r to bless
The food thy love bestows.
- 2 Thy love provides the sober feast:
A second gift impart,
Give us with joy our food to taste,
And with a single heart.
- 3 Let it for thee new life afford,
For thee our strength repair,
Blest by thine all-sustaining word,
And sanctify'd by pray'r.
- 4 Thee let us taste; nor toil below
For perishable meat:
The manna of thy love bestow,
Give us thy flesh to eat.
- 5 Life of the world, our souls to feed
Thyself descend from high!
Grant us of thee the living bread
To eat, and never die!

Grace After Meat.²⁶

- 1 Being of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

²⁵First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 215–16.

²⁶First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 36–37.

- 2 Thine, wholly thine we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heav'nward our ev'ry wish aspires:
For all thy mercy's store
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill!
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

Another [Grace After Meat].²⁷

- 1 Blest be the God, whose tender care
Prevents his children's cry,
Whose pity providently near
Doth all our wants supply.
- 2 Blest be the God, whose bounty's store
These chearing gifts imparts;
Who veils in bread, the secret pow'r
That feeds and glads our hearts.
- 3 Fountain of blessing, source of good,
To thee this strength we owe,
Thou art the virtue of our food,
Life of our life below.

²⁷First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 217.

- 4 When shall our souls regain the skies?
 Thy heav'nly sweetness prove?
 Where joys in all their fulness rise,
 And all our food is love.²⁸

**Prayer to Christ Before the Sacrament.
From the German.²⁹**

- 1 O thou, whom sinners love, whose care
 Does all our sickness heal,
 Thee we approach with heart sincere,
 Thy pow'r we joy to feel.
 To thee our humblest thanks we pay,
 To thee our souls we bow;
 Of hell erewhile the helpless prey,
 Heirs of thy glory now.
- 2 As incense to thy throne above
 O let our pray'rs arise!
 O wing with flames of holy love
 Our living sacrifice.
 Stir up thy strength, O Lord of might,
 Our willing breasts inspire:
 Fill our whole souls with heav'nly light,
 Melt with seraphic fire.
- 3 From thy blest wounds our life we draw;
 Thy all-atoning blood
 Daily we drink with trembling awe;
 Thy flesh our daily food.
 Come, Lord, thy sov'reign aid impart,
 Here make thy likeness shine!
 Stamp thy whole image on our heart,
 And all our souls be thine!

²⁸The last two lines are as revised in the 3rd edn. of *HSP* (1739).

²⁹Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 969 (#1072, by Zinzendorf). First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 189–90.

Hymn After the Sacrament.³⁰

- 1 Sons of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice!
Shout your sins, in Christ forgiv'n,
Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n!
- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,
List'ning angels join the song:
Sing with us, ye heav'nly pow'rs,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done!
Greet we now th' accepted Son,
Heal'd and quick'ned by his blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.
- 4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal;
Peace divine in Christ we feel,
Pardon to our souls apply'd:
Dead for all, for *me* he dy'd!
- 5 Sin shall tyrannize no more,
Purg'd its guilt, dissolv'd its pow'r;
Jesus makes our hearts his throne,
There he lives, and reigns alone.
- 6 Grace our ev'ry thought controuls,
Heav'n is open'd in our souls,
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.
- 7 Christ in us; in him we see
Fulness of the deity.
Beam of the eternal beam;
Life divine we taste in him!

³⁰First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 190–92.

8 Him we only taste below;
Mightier joys ordain'd to know
Him when fully ours we prove,
Ours the heav'n of perfect love!

**Gratitude for Our Conversion.
From the German.³¹**

1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone!
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah! Why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! Why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:
For wide my wandring thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd.
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd:
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my free heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray:

³¹Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 540–41 (#610, by Johann Scheffler). First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 198–200.

Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way.
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light.

6 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires,
Give to my soul with filial fears
The love that all heav'n's host inspires:
"That all my pow'rs with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite."

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter, or thy rod.
What tho' my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

**Boldness in the Gospel.
From the Same [German].³²**

1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismay'd, in deed and word
Be a true witness to my Lord?

2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy anger bear?

3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my God, by thee?

³²Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 152–53 (#162, by Johann Joseph Winckler). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 65–66. Taken here from *HSP* (1739), 200–201.

- 4 What then is he, whose scorn I dread?
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
 A man! An heir of death, a slave
 To sin! A bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea let man rage! Since thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wing around my head:
 Since in all pain thy tender love
 Will still my sweet refreshment prove.
- 6 Saviour of men! Thy searching eye
 Does all my inmost thoughts descry:
 Doth ought on earth my wishes raise;
 Or the world's favour,³³ or its praise?
- 7 The love of Christ does me constrain
 To seek the wand'ring souls of men:
 With cries, intreaties, tears, to save,
 To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name,
 No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
 All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!
 Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9 My life, my blood, I here present;
 If for thy truth they may be spent,
 Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord!
 Thy will be done! Thy name ador'd!
- 10 Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r!
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 Thy faithful witness will I be —
 'Tis fix'd! I can do all thro' thee!

³³“Favour” changed to “pleasures” in 2nd edn. (1743) and 3rd edn. (1756), as in the 4th edn. (1743) of *HSP* (1739).

Isaiah li. 9, &c.³⁴

- 1 Arm of the Lord awake, awake!
 Thy own immortal strength put on.
 With terror cloath'd the nations shake,
 And cast thy foes, in fury, down.
 As in the ancient days appear!
 The sacred annals speak thy fame:
 Be now omnipotently near,
 Thro' endless ages still the same.
- 2 Thy tenfold vengeance knew to quell,
 And humble haughty Rahab's pride.
 Groan'd her pale sons thy stroke to feel,
 The first-born victims groan'd and dy'd!
 The wounded dragon rag'd in vain;
 While bold thine utmost plague to brave,
 Madly he dar'd the parted main,
 And sunk beneath th' o'erwhelming wave.
- 3 He sunk; while Israel's chosen race
 Triumphant urge their wondrous way.
 Divinely led the favourites pass,
 Th' unwatry deep, and emptied sea.
 At distance heap'd on either hand,
 Yielding a strange unbeaten road,
 In chrystal walls the waters stand,
 And own the arm of Israel's God!
- 4 That arm which is not short'ned now,
 Which wants not now the pow'r to save.
 Still present with thy people thou
 Bear'st them thro' life's disparted wave.

³⁴First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 222–23.

By earth and hell pursu'd in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting their heav'nly Sion gain,
And pass thro' death triumphant home.

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