

## *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742)<sup>1</sup>

(Baker list, #47)

### Editorial Introduction:

In February 1742 Anne Dutton published *A Letter to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley* seeking to vindicate absolute, unconditional election. Among the works that Dutton targeted in her attack was *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741). Charles's response to this attack was to publish a followup volume, with the same title, containing seventeen more satirical poems and a closing set of eleven brief songs of praise under the heading "Gloria Patri."

This second volume was also published anonymously, but was clearly the work of Charles and all of the verse in it should be credited to him. John Wesley thought highly enough of Charles's effort to include three selections from this second volume in the inaugural year of the *Arminian Magazine*. It may also have been John who chose to reprint three selections from this volume as a response to an attack by John Gill in *The Doctrine of the Saint's Final Perseverance Asserted* (1752)—cf. *Answer to Gill* (1754).

Like its predecessor, *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742) went over a decade without being reprinted. It was then combined with *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741) in 1756 and reprinted two more times before Charles Wesley's death.

### Editions:

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*. London: Strahan, [1742].

2<sup>nd</sup> London, 1756. [combined with *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741)]

3<sup>rd</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1770. [combined with *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741)]

4<sup>th</sup> London: Hawes, 1779. [combined with *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741)]

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox.  
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**HYMNS  
ON  
GOD'S EVERLASTING LOVE.**

**Hymn 1.**

- 1       Terrible God, severely just,  
          Inexorable judge of all,  
A sinner cleaving to the dust,  
          And looking for a deeper fall,  
Thy awful justice I confess,  
And glorify thy righteousness.
  
- 2       Righteous in all thy ways thou art;  
          Long didst thou strive my soul to win,  
Though hardened now I feel my heart  
          Through the deceitfulness of sin,  
I clear thee in my latest groan,  
O God, my death is all my own.
  
- 3       Ten thousand thousand times restored,  
          Still into fouler sins I fell,  
Trode under foot my bleeding Lord,  
          And laboured to ensure my hell;  
How could'st thou still defer my fate?  
How could'st thou give me up so late?

- 4           I might have seen in that my day  
              The things belonging to my peace,  
But would not let thy Spirit stay,  
              But forced his striving love to cease,  
I forced him to withdraw his light,  
And take his everlasting flight.
- 5           Most justly then my day is past,  
              Mercy no more remains for me,  
Thy Spirit grieved and quenched at last  
              With senseless unconcern I see,  
The measure of my sin filled up,  
Shipwrecked my faith, extinct my hope.
- 6           I see my doom, but I cannot feel,  
              Or wish to want this hell within,  
I cannot ask thee to repeal  
              My curse, or save me from my sin.  
I would not have my sin remove,  
My sin, my curse, my hell I love.<sup>2</sup>
- 7           No cloak for mine offence have I,  
              I calmly sin against the light,  
Deliberately resolve to die,  
              And sink into eternal night,  
The day is past, the strife is o'er,  
I will accept of grace no more.
- 8           My hands hang down, my feeble knees  
              Refuse to bear the sinful clay,  
My ineffectual strivings cease,  
              I fall a final castaway;  
I fall, and own my God is just,  
No longer mine; for all is lost!
- 9           Lost, and undone, and damned am I,—  
              But whence this unavailing tear?  
This struggling, faint, imperfect sigh?  
              Can ought of good be harboured here?

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<sup>2</sup>This entire stanza deleted from 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1770) and following.

O no! It cannot, cannot be;  
Mercy no more remains for me.

- 10        Away, ye dreams of future rest!  
            Why am I tempted to look up?  
What means this struggling in my breast?  
            My flinty breast must never hope;  
Yet kindled my relentings are,  
And checked I feel my just despair.
- 11        But is it possible that I  
            Remorse or hope again should know?  
If mercy's fountain is not dry  
            To me, its streams eternal flow;  
If grace to me doth still abound,  
Then Judas might have pardon found.
- 12        If yet again my Lord returns,  
            And will not with his purchase part,  
If over me his Spirit mourns,  
            And works upon my stony heart,  
None out of hell need now despair,  
A viler devil is not there!
- 13        If after all my waste of love,  
            (Enough ten thousand worlds to save)  
I still am called his grace to prove,  
            And may in him redemption have,  
Sinners, ye all with me must own,  
The day of grace and life is one.
- 14        God of unfathomable grace,  
            Vouchsafe thy benefits to crown,  
Most fallen of the fallen race  
            To me, of sinners chief, come down,  
A worse did ne'er thy Spirit grieve:  
A worse thou never canst forgive.
- 15        Since first with Adam's sons he strove  
            To bring th' apostates back to God,

The Spirit of thy grace and love  
Never, no never yet subdued  
A more rebellious worm than me,  
Or gained an harder victory.

16        Then save me for thy mercy's sake,  
            And give, O give me to thy Son,  
That I to all mankind may make  
            The riches of thy mercy known,  
Thy everlasting love proclaim,  
And grace for all in Jesu's name.

**Hymn 2.**

1        Jesus, *my* Jesus, hear,  
            And bid the sinner hope,  
Guilty and trembling I draw near,  
            But dare not give thee up:  
            For this alone I live,  
            A poor backslider I,  
Thy forfeit mercy to retrieve,  
            Or at thy feet to die.

2        O 'tis a bitter thing  
            From Jesus to depart,  
This is, O death, thy only sting,  
            I feel it in my heart;  
            I bear my guilty load,  
            My foolishness I mourn,  
I have forsook the living God;  
            O how shall I return!

3        O Jesu! Full of grace,  
            To thee I make my moan,  
Let me again behold thy face,  
            Call home thy banished one,  
            Again my pardon seal,  
            Again my soul restore,

And freely my backslidings heal,  
And bid me sin no more.

4       Wilt thou not bid me rise?  
          Speak; and my soul shall live;  
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,  
          Abundantly forgive:  
          Where sin hath most increased,  
          Let grace much more abound,  
Let me from all my bonds released  
          Again in thee be found.

5       What shall I say to move  
          The pity of my Lord?  
Dost thou not still delight to love  
          Me of thine own accord?  
          For thine own mercy's sake  
          Relieve my wretchedness,  
And O! My pardon give me back,  
          And give me back my peace.

6       Again thy love reveal,  
          Restore that inward heaven,  
O grant me once again to feel  
          Through faith my sins forgiven;  
          Thy utmost mercy show,  
          Say to my drooping soul,  
In peace, and full assurance go,  
          Thy faith hath made thee whole.

### Hymn 3.<sup>3</sup>

1       O take away the stone,  
          Jesu, the bar remove,  
Th' accursed thing to me unknown,  
          That stops thy streaming love:  
          Thy grace is always free,  
          Thou waitest to be good,

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<sup>3</sup>This hymn comprises stanzas 1–23 of *An Answer to all which the Revd. Dr. Gill has printed on the Final Perseverance of the Saints* (London: Foundery, 1754).

And still thy Spirit grieves for me,  
And speaks thy sprinkled blood.

2        Ah! Do not let me trust  
          In gifts and graces past,  
But lay my spirit in the dust,  
          And stop my mouth at last.  
          What thou for me hast done,  
          I can no longer plead;  
Thy truth and faithfulness I own,  
          If now thou strike me dead.

3        Surely I once believed,  
          And felt my sins forgiven,  
Thy faithful record I received,  
          That thou hast purchased heaven  
          For me, and all mankind,  
          Who from their sins would part;  
The peace of God I once could find,  
          The witness in my heart.

4        But soon the subtle fiend  
          Beguiled my simple mind,  
Darkness with light he knew to blend,  
          Falsehood and truth he joined;  
          Pride (he remembered well)  
          Had cast him from the skies:  
By pride the first transgressor fell,  
          And lost his paradise.

5        Armed with this fiery dart  
          The enemy drew nigh,  
And preached to my unsettled heart  
          His bold presumptuous lie;  
          “You are secure of heaven,”  
          (The tempter softly says)  
“*You are elect*, and once forgiven  
          Can never fall from grace.



6            “You never can receive  
              The grace of God in vain:  
The gift, be sure, he did not give  
              To take it back again;  
              He cannot take it back,  
              Whether you use, or no  
His grace; you cannot shipwreck make  
              Of faith, or let it go.

7            “You never can forget  
              Your God, or leave him now,  
Or once look back, if you have set  
              Your hand unto the plow:  
              You never can deny  
              The Lord who you hath bought,  
Nor can your God his own *pass by*,  
              Though you receive him not.

8            “God is unchangeable,  
              And therefore so are you;  
And therefore they can never fail  
              Who once his goodness knew;  
              In part perhaps you may,  
              You cannot wholly fall,  
Cannot become a castaway  
              Like *non-elected* Paul.

9            “Though you continue not,  
              Yet God remains the same,  
Out of his book he cannot blot  
              Your everlasting name:  
              Cut off you shall not be,  
              You never shall remove,  
Secure from all eternity  
              In his *electing love*.

10            “If God the seed did sow,  
              He sowed it not in vain,  
It cannot to perfection grow,  
              But it must still remain:

“Nor cares, nor sins can choke,  
Or make the grace depart,  
Nor can it be by Satan took  
Out of your careless heart.

11 “You must forever live,  
If of the chosen race;  
If God did but one talent give  
Of special, saving grace,  
You cannot bury it;  
He never can reprove,  
Or cast you out into the pit  
For trampling on his love.

12 “God sees in you no sin;  
On his decree depend;  
You who did in the Sp’rit begin,  
In flesh can never end:  
You never can reject  
His mercies, or abuse,  
His great salvation none neglect,  
And death and evil choose.

13 “If once the sp’rit unclean  
Out of his house is gone,  
He never more can enter in,  
Or seize you for his own;  
You need not dread the fate  
Of reprobates accurst,  
Or tremble lest your last estate  
Be wors<sup>4</sup>er than the first.

14 “Surely the righteous man  
Can never more draw back,  
He his own mercies never can  
With his good works forsake;  
That he should sink to hell  
In his iniquity,  
God *may suppose it possible,*  
*But it can never be.*

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<sup>4</sup>Change to “Be worse than was ...” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

- 15        “His threat’nings all are vain,  
              You fancy him sincere,  
But spare yourself the needless pain,  
              And cast away your fear.  
              He speaks with this intent  
              To frighten you from ill  
With sufferings, which he only meant  
              The reprobate should feel.
- 16        “He only meant to warn  
              The damned, devoted race,  
Back from his ways lest they should turn  
              Who never knew his ways;  
              He only cautions all  
              Who never came to God  
Not to depart from God, or fall  
              From grace, who never stood.
- 17        “His threat’nings are a jest,  
              Or not designed for you;  
He only means them for the rest,  
              And they shall find them true,  
              Who slight his mercy’s call,  
              Which they could ne’er embrace:  
He warns th’ apostates not to fall  
              From common (*damning*) grace.
- 18        “‘Gainst those that faithless prove  
              He shuts his mercy’s door,  
And whom he never once did love  
              Threatens to love no more;  
              From them he doth revoke  
              The grace they did not share,  
And blot the names out of his book  
              That ne’er were written there.
- 19        “But you may rest secure,  
              And safely take your ease,  
If you are once in grace, be sure  
              You always are in grace:

“Cast all your fears away,  
My son, be of good cheer,  
Nor mind what Paul or Peter say,  
For you *must* persevere.

20 “And did they fright the child,  
And tell it, it might fall?  
Might be of its reward beguiled,  
And sin, and forfeit all:  
Might to its vomit turn,  
And wallow in the mire,  
And perish in its sins, and burn  
In everlasting fire!

21 “What naughty men be they  
To take the children’s bread,  
Their carnal confidence to slay,  
And force them to<sup>5</sup> take heed!  
With humble useless doubt  
The fearful babes they fill,  
Compelled with trembling to work out  
Their own salvation still.

22 “Ah poor misguided soul!  
And did they make it weep!  
Come, let me in my bosom lull,  
Thy sorrows all to sleep:  
Thine eyes in safety close,  
Secure from all alarms,  
And take thine undisturbed repose,  
And rest within my arms.

23 “They shall not vex it so,  
By bidding it take heed;  
You need not as a bulrush go,  
Still bowing down your head:  
Your griefs and fears reject,  
My *other* gospel own,  
Only believe yourself elect,  
And all the work is done.”

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., “them them”; a misprint corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (1756) and following.

**Hymn 4.**<sup>6</sup>

- 1 'Twas thus the subtle foe  
Beguiled my foolish heart,  
While weak in faith I did not know  
His false ensnaring art:  
I listened to a lie  
Which nature liked so well,  
Believed the soothing fiend that I  
Could never fall—and fell.
- 2 The tempter now withdrew,  
And left me free from care,  
His own advantage well he knew;  
My soul was in his snare:  
Secure, and lulled in ease,  
Sin vexed me now no more,  
My sorrows end, my troubles<sup>7</sup> cease,  
And all my pangs are o'er.
- 3 Freed from the inward cross,  
Of all corruption full,  
A prophet of smooth things I was  
To my own wretched soul;  
Unchanged and unrenewed,  
Yet still I could not fall:  
Daubed with untempered mortar stood  
The tottering, whited wall.
- 4 My wound I slightly healed,  
And quieted my grief,  
With all the false assurance filled  
Of damning unbelief;  
One of the happy sect,  
Who scoff at mourners poor,  
That will not dream themselves elect,  
Till they have made it sure.

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<sup>6</sup>This hymn provides stanzas 24–35 of *An Answer to all which the Revd. Dr. Gill has printed on the Final Perseverance of the Saints* (London: Foundery, 1754).

<sup>7</sup>Ori., “trouble”; changed in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

5           How happier far was I,  
              From grief and scruple free,  
Who could from all conviction fly  
              To God's *suppos'd* decree!  
              O what a settled peace,  
              What comfort did I prove,  
And hug me in my sins, and bless  
              His sweet electing love!

6           What if I sinned *sometimes*  
              In this *imperfect* state,  
It was not like the damning crimes  
              Of a lost reprobate;  
              Sin was not sin in *me*,  
              God doth not blame his own,  
Doth not behold iniquity  
              In any chosen one.

7           What if I *fouly* fell,  
              I *finally* could not;  
His grace is irresistible,  
              And back I *must* be brought:  
              What if in sin I lived,  
              The firm decree is past,  
I *must* be at my death received,  
              I *must* be saved at last.

8           How could my folly dare  
              Satan and sin to slight?  
The judgments of my God were far  
              Above out of my sight:  
              His wrath was not for me,  
              And therefore I defied  
Mine enemies, from danger free,  
              In self-electing pride.

9           Not all his threatened woes  
              My stubborn heart could move;  
His threat'nings only were for those  
              Who never knew his love:

He cannot take away  
His covenanted grace,  
Though I rebel, and disobey,  
And mock him to his face.

10 He cannot me pass by,  
Or utterly reject,  
Or judge his people, or deny  
To save his own elect;  
He swore to bring me in  
To heaven; 'twere perjury  
For God to punish me for sin,  
For God to pass by me.

11 'Twas thus my wretched heart  
Abused his patient grace,  
Provoked his mercy to depart,  
His justice to take place:  
Unconscious of its state,  
In death my soul abode,  
Nor groaned beneath its guilty weight,  
Nor knew its fall from God.

12 I could not be restored,  
By pard'ning grace renewed,  
While trampling on his written word  
Self-confident I stood:  
He only saves the lost,  
Which I could never be,  
I never *could* be damned, but *must*  
Be saved by his decree.

**Hymn 5.<sup>8</sup>**

1 O my offended God,  
If now at last I see  
That I have trampled on thy blood,  
And done despite to thee,

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<sup>8</sup>Stanzas 1, 3 & 9 of this hymn constitute stanzas 36–38 of *An Answer to all which the Revd. Dr. Gill has printed on the Final Perseverance of the Saints* (London: Foundery, 1754).

If I begin to wake  
Out of my deadly sleep,  
Into thy arms of mercy take,  
And there forever keep.

2 I can no more rely  
On gifts and graces past,  
Lost, and undone, and damned am I,  
I give up all at last:  
With guilty shame I drop  
My bold presumptuous plea,  
Mercy itself may give me up,  
The vile apostate me.

3 I can no longer trust  
In my abuse of grace,  
I own thee merciful and just,  
If banished from thy face:  
Though once I surely knew,  
And felt my sins forgiven,  
Faithful I own thee, Lord, and true,  
If now shut out from heaven.

4 Through faith in Jesu's name  
I once was justified,  
Yet hence no benefit I claim,  
I lost it all by pride,  
More desp'rate is my state,  
Farther I am from God  
Than any hopeless reprobate,  
Who never felt thy blood.

5 Nothing have I to plead,  
Lord, at thy feet I fall,  
Pour all thy judgments on my head,  
I have deserved them all:  
Justice my life demands;  
Thou art unchangeable,  
Thy covenant unshaken stands,  
Though I am doomed to hell.



- 6           Nothing for me remains  
              But horror and despair,  
A fearful looking for of pains  
              Too exquisite to bear,  
              Judgment, and fiery wrath;  
              For I have wilfully  
(Since I received thy saving faith)  
              Apostatized from thee.
- 7           Enlightened once I was,  
              And saw my sins forgiv'n,  
And tasted of thy pard'ning grace,  
              The happiness of heav'n:  
              I tasted the good word,  
              And, sanctified in part,  
Received the promise of my Lord,  
              The Sp'rit into my heart.
- 8           Now I am fall'n away:  
              And thou may'st let me fall,  
Till ended is my gracious day,  
              And I am stripped of all;  
              Till I am void of God,  
              Till all the strife is o'er,  
And I can never be renewed,  
              Can never see thee more.
- 9           But O forbid it, Lord,  
              Nor drive me from thy face,  
While self-condemned, and self-aborred,  
              I humbly sue for grace:  
              For thy own mercy's sake  
              My guilty soul release,  
And now my pardon give me back,  
              And give me back my peace.
- 10          No other right have I  
              Than what the world may claim,  
All, all may to their God draw nigh,  
              Thro' faith in Jesu's name:

Thou all the debt hast paid,  
This is my only plea,  
The cov'nant God in thee hath made  
With all mankind, and me.

11       Thou hast obtained the grace  
          That all may turn and live,  
And lo! Thy offer I embrace,  
          Thy mercy I receive.  
          Whene'er the wicked man  
          Turns from his sin to thee,  
His late repentance is not vain,  
          He shall accepted be.

12       Thy death hath bought the power  
          For every sinful soul,  
That all *might* know their gracious hour,  
          And be by faith made whole,  
          Thou hast for sinners died,  
          That all *might* come to God,  
The cov'nant thou hast ratified,  
          And sealed it with thy blood.

13       He that believes in thee,  
          And doth to death endure,  
He shall be saved eternally,  
          The covenant is sure;  
          The mountains shall give place,  
          Thy cov'nant cannot move,  
The cov'nant of thy gen'ral grace,  
          Thy all-redeeming love.

14       He that in thee believes,  
          And to the end remains,  
He everlasting life receives,  
          For so thy will ordains;  
          This is the firm decree,  
          The word of thy command,  
Fast as the sun and moon with thee  
          It doth forever stand.

- 15        God of all-pard'ning grace,  
            The cov'nant now I plead,  
The cov'nant made with all our race  
            In Jesus Christ our head:  
            Canst thou the grace deny,  
            The pardon which I claim?  
O why did the Redeemer die?  
            I ask in Jesu's name.
- 16        Hast thou not sent us forth  
            His pris'ners from the pit?  
And do I not to Jesu's worth  
            And righteousness submit?  
            Father behold thy Son,  
            As in my place he stood,  
And hear his dying word, "'Tis done,"  
            And hear his speaking blood.
- 17        It speaks me justified,  
            My Father must forgive:  
He *doth*; I feel it now applied,  
            My pardon I receive;  
            My peace he gives me back,  
            My antepast of heav'n,  
And God again for Jesu's sake  
            Hath me, ev'n me forgiven.

**Hymn 6.<sup>9</sup>**

- 1        Jesu, my hope, my help, my power,  
            On thee I ever call,  
O save me from temptation's hour,  
            Or into hell I fall.
- 2        If by thy light I now perceive  
            My utter helplessness,  
O do not for one moment leave  
            The sinner in distress.

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<sup>9</sup>Reprinted in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 137–38, under title “The Loss of Eternal Life not Owing to any Absolute Decree.”

- 3 I cannot trust my treacherous heart,  
I shall myself betray,  
I must be lost, if thou depart,  
A final castaway.
- 4 I feel within me unsubdued  
A cursed, carnal will,  
It hates, and starts from all that's good,  
And cleaves to all that's ill.
- 5 My soul *could* yield to every vice,  
And passion in excess,  
My soul to all the height *could* rise  
Of daring wickedness.
- 6 The blackest crime upon record  
I freely *could* commit,  
The sins by nature most abhorred  
My nature *could* repeat.
- 7 I *could* the devil's law receive,  
Unless restrained by thee;  
I *could* (good God!) I *could* believe  
The HORRIBLE DECREE.
- 8 I *could* believe that God is hate,  
The God of love and grace  
Did damn, pass by, and reprobate  
The most of human race.
- 9 Farther than this I cannot go,  
Till Tophet take me in:  
But O! Forbid that I should know  
This mystery of sin.
- 10 Jesu, to thee for help I fly,  
Support my soul, and guide,  
Keep as the apple of an eye,  
Under thy shadow hide.

- 11 Withhold my foot from every snare,  
From every sin defend,  
Throughout the way my spirit bear,  
And bring me to the end.
- 12 Wisdom and strength to thee belong;  
Folly and sin are<sup>10</sup> mine;  
But out of weakness make me strong,  
But in my darkness shine.
- 13 My strength will I ascribe to thee,  
My wisdom from above,  
And praise to all eternity  
Thine all-redeeming love.

**Hymn 7.**

- 1 Ah! When shall I awake  
From sin's soft soothing power,  
This slumber from my spirit shake,  
And rise to fall no more!  
Awake, no more to sleep,  
But stand with constant care,  
Looking for God my soul to keep,  
And watching unto prayer?
- 2 O! Could I always pray,  
And never, never faint,  
But simply to my God display  
My every care and want!  
I know that thou wouldst give  
More than I can request,  
Thou still art ready to receive  
My soul to perfect rest.

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<sup>10</sup>Ori., "is"; changed in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1770); but reverts to "is" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1779).

3           Gracious thou art to all,  
          Such faith in thee I have,  
If all the world on thee would call,  
          Thou all the world wouldst save.  
          To every one that prays  
          The gift is freely given,  
Who seek shall every one find grace,  
          Who knock shall enter in.<sup>11</sup>

4           Yet still I cannot ask,  
          From thee I turn away,  
My heart abhors the irksome task,  
          And knows not how to pray;  
          If dragged to sue for grace,  
          I soon my suit forbear,  
Break off, as in a moment's space,  
          Th' intolerable prayer.

5           O wretched man of sin,  
          Wretched I still remain,  
A perfect happiness within  
          My reach I see in vain:  
          I see, but cannot take,  
          But *will* not it receive:  
Still my own mercies I forsake,  
          I will not yet believe.

6           Thou dost not mock me, Lord,  
          The work of thine own hands,  
Or call me to believe thy word,  
          While thy decree withstands:  
          Thy grace for all is free,  
          Though all accept it not,  
To every sinner, and to me  
          It hath salvation brought.

7           To me this token give  
          Of all-redeeming grace;  
O let me now the gift receive,  
          Thy proffered life embrace!

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<sup>11</sup>“In” changed to “heaven” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1770), but not 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1779).

I do embrace it now  
Descending from above,  
Low at thy throne of love I bow,  
Of universal love.

8 I feel thee willing, Lord,  
A sinful world to save;  
All may obey the gospel-word,  
May peace and pardon have:  
Not one of all the race  
But may return to thee,  
But at the throne of sovereign grace  
May fall, and weep with me.

9 Here let me ever lie,  
And tell thee all my care,  
And, Father, Abba Father, cry,  
And pour a ceaseless prayer;  
'Till thou my sins subdue,  
'Till thou my sins destroy,  
My spirit after God renew,  
And fill with peace and joy.

10 Messiah, Prince of Peace,  
Into my soul bring in  
Thine everlasting righteousness,  
And make an end of sin:  
Into all those that seek  
Redemption in thy blood,  
The sanctifying Spirit speak,  
The plenitude of God.

11 Let us in silence wait,  
Till faith shall make us whole,  
Till thou shalt all things new create  
In each believing soul.  
Who can resist thy will?  
Speak, and it shall be done;  
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfill,  
And perfect us in one.

**Hymn 8.**

- 1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,  
Our common Saviour praise,  
To him with joyful voices give  
The glory of his grace.
- 2 His grace would every soul restore  
That fell in Adam's fall,  
His Father's justice asks no more,  
Since he hath died for all.
- 3 He died for all, he none *passed by*  
In their forlorn estate,  
He left not in his sin to die  
One hopeless reprobate.
- 4 We stake our interest in thy blood,  
On this, on this alone,  
That it for all mankind hath flowed,  
And did for all atone.
- 5 Unless to all thy bowels move,  
Unless thy grace is free,  
O bleeding Lamb, take back thy love,  
O Saviour, pass by *me*.
- 6 But can I fear thy justice nigh,  
When love is on my side?  
Thou canst not, Lord, thyself deny,  
For wherefore hast thou died?
- 7 For me, for us, for all mankind  
The ransom-price was given,  
That all *might* here their Eden find,  
And then remove to heaven.



- 8 If any fail of promised rest,  
Their death is all their own,  
All nations now in Christ are blest,  
His love excepted none.
- 9 All our salvation is of God,  
Whose arms would all embrace:  
Who perish, perish self-destroyed  
For not accepting grace.
- 10 Surely the grace doth once appear  
To every soul of man,<sup>12</sup>  
Jesus hath brought salvation near,  
He did not die in vain.
- 11 He made it possible for all  
To turn again and live,  
And therefore doth his gospel call,  
And his good Spirit strive.
- 12 He now stands knocking at the door  
Of every sinner's heart,  
The worst *need* keep him out no more,  
Or force him to depart.
- 13 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,  
Yield to be saved from sin,  
In sure and certain hope rejoice  
That thou wilt enter in.
- 14 Come quickly in, thou heav'nly guest,  
Nor ever hence remove,  
But sup with us, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love.

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<sup>12</sup>Ori., "men"; changed in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

**Hymn 9.**

- 1 Holy, and just, and gracious God,  
Still wilt thou let thy foes blaspheme  
Their Saviour's all-atoning blood,  
And say, "'Twas only shed for them.
- 2 "For them, and not for all mankind,  
The Saviour of the world was given,  
Millions of souls he cast behind,  
And only mocked with hopes of heaven.
- 3 "To damn the world, and not to save  
The Father sent his only Son,  
That none but they might pardon have,  
They,—the *whole world* of them alone.
- 4 "He willeth *not* that all should come  
To faith, and heaven through saving grace,  
He reprobated from the womb  
The *most* of Adam's helpless race.
- 5 "He willeth" (so they judge their God)  
"That most should perish in their fall,  
He left them welt'ring in their blood,  
And mocks them with a fruitless call.
- 6 "Bids all men everywhere repent,  
And he to all his life will give;"  
He *bids* them all; but never *meant*  
That any reprobate should live.
- 7 "No: to be saved he made them not,"—  
Them to be damned he therefore made.<sup>13</sup>  
No medium here can human thought  
Find out, though helped with Satan's aid.

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<sup>13</sup>An initial draft of the first two lines of this stanza appears in shorthand on the backside of a letter to CW from Rebecca Wrench, dated May 8, 1741 (MARC, MA 1977/501/140): "[[No, to be saved he made them not, them therefore to be damned he made]]."

- 8 “God, ever merciful and just,  
With newborn babes did Tophet fill,  
Down into endless torments thrust,  
Merely to show his sovereign will.”
- 9 This is that HORRIBLE DECREE!  
This is that wisdom from beneath!  
God (O detest the blasphemy!)  
Hath pleasure in the sinner’s death.
- 10 Horror of horrors! Spawn of hell!  
It issues from the burning pit!  
Come, see the fiend ye love so well,  
Who blindly to his sway submit.
- 11 See him dragged out to open light,  
And judge him by the written word,  
Then let him sink to endless night,  
Slain by the Spirit’s two-edg’d sword.
- 12 If reason can arrest his doom,  
Make haste, produce your strongest plea,  
Ye potsherds of the earth, presume  
To disunite the Trinity,
- 13 “Since God might justly let *all* die,  
And leave *all* to eternal woe,  
Might he not justly *some* pass by?”  
The wounds of Jesus answer NO!
- 14 His wrath he might on all have shown,  
Had not his law been satisfied;  
But now he *cannot* pass by one,  
He *cannot*—for his Son hath died.
- 15 The Mediator stands between  
An angry God, and guilty race,  
The blood of sprinkling speaks for men,  
Justice appeased gives way to grace.

- 16 God was in Christ, and all mankind  
Now to himself hath reconciled,  
The Lamb his precious life resigned,  
He died; and rigid justice smiled.
- 17 'Tis finished! Thou hast bought our peace!  
Jesus, the sound of Jesu's name,  
Makes all our guilty terrors cease,  
For God and Jesus are the same.
- 18 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
The world's offence thy body bore,  
Thou all the mighty debt hast paid,  
And God the just can ask no more.
- 19 Before thou hadst the debt laid down,  
He might have left us all to hell,  
But now he cannot pass by one,  
Since thou hast died for all that fell.
- 20 Lord, we forget thou once didst take  
Our sin, and all our curse remove,  
O'erlook thy passion, when we make  
Thy justice swallow up thy love.
- 21 Lord, we forget thy dying groans,  
That thou for all hast tasted death,  
For all th' unjust hast suffered once:  
"Forgive them," gasped thy parting breath.
- 22 Surely thy dying prayer is heard,  
God for thy sake hath all forgiven,  
Grace hath to all mankind appeared,  
And all *may* follow it to heaven.

**Hymn 10.**

- 1 Jesu, thy word is past! The grace  
    Unspeakable is come to all:  
Restored by thee the fallen race  
    May all recover from their fall;  
From earth thou hast been lifted up,  
That all the ends of earth might hope.
- 2 The sure, irrevocable word  
    Hath no one soul of man passed by,  
We all may claim the common Lord,  
    Not one is forced, or left to die:  
Say thou, if all may come to thee?  
“I will draw all men unto me!”
- 3 But hath thy love excepted none?  
    But wouldst thou draw us all to God?  
Didst thou for the whole world atone?  
    Have all an int’rest in thy blood?  
Say, if thy grace for all is free?  
“I will draw all men unto me.”
- 4 But dost thou give thy *special* grace,  
    *Sufficient* all the world to save?  
Dost thou not hide from half the race  
    What none but the elect can have?  
“The grace that brings salvation near,  
Doth once to all mankind appear.”
- 5 And canst thou, Lord, incline our heart,  
    And draw us to thyself in vain,  
And then compel us to depart,  
    And thrust us into endless pain?  
“I am not willing one should die,  
Why, sinners, *will* ye perish, why?”

- 6 But if thy written word be true,  
And thou art willing to save all,  
Why do not all the track pursue,  
And listen to th' effectual call?  
Why do not all thy grace receive?  
"They *will not* come to me, and live."
- 7 All MIGHT be saved, but all *are* not,  
For all *will not* thy call obey,  
The grace that once salvation brought,  
Self-hardened sinners cast away,  
They would not see the way of peace,  
But forced the Spirit's strife to cease.
- 8 They would not the pure truth receive,  
Saved, when they might, they would not be,  
God therefore left them to believe  
The devil's Horrible Decree:  
And lo! They still believe a lie,  
That God did *nine in ten* pass by.
- 9 In them the strong delusion reigns,  
That none but they in Christ have hope,  
The poison spreads throughout their veins,  
And drinks their angry spirits up;  
"Let all but us in Tophet dwell,  
Away with reprobates to hell."
- 10 The spirit of their father speaks;  
The lion roaring for his prey,  
The reprobating lion seeks  
Unstable souls to tear and slay.  
Fly, sinners, fly the fowler's snare,  
Satan and all his depths, are there.
- 11 Hear the old hellish murderer roar,  
"For all the Saviour did not die,  
For only you, and not one more,  
My children, who believe my lie."

His children answer to his call,  
And shout, "Christ did not die for all."

- 12 O God of love, lay to thine hand,  
And bruise him underneath our feet,  
No longer let his doctrine stand,  
But chase it to its native pit;  
There only let the fiend declare,  
And preach his *other* gospel there.

**Hymn 11.**<sup>14</sup>

- 1 Let earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be joined  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind,  
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven!  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given  
By which we can salvation have:  
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name!  
It charms the hosts above;  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love?  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life, and victory;

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<sup>14</sup>Reprinted in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 191–92, with title "The Universal Love of Christ."

New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5           Stung by the scorpion sin  
              My poor expiring soul  
              The balmy sound drinks in,  
              And is at once made whole,  
See there my Lord upon the tree!  
I hear, I feel he died for me.

6           For me, and all mankind,  
              The Lamb of God was slain,  
              My Lamb his life resigned  
              For every soul of man:  
Loving to all, he none passed by,  
He would not have one sinner die.

7           O unexampled love,  
              O all-redeeming grace!  
              How freely didst thou move  
              To save a fallen race!  
What shall I do to make it known  
What thou for all mankind hast done!

8           For this alone I breathe  
              To spread the gospel sound,  
              Glad tidings of thy death  
              To all the nations round;  
Who all *may* feel thy blood applied,  
Since all are freely justified.

9           O for a trumpet-voice  
              On all the world to call,  
              To bid their hearts rejoice  
              In him, who died for all!  
For all my Lord was crucified,  
For all, for all my Saviour died.

10          To serve thy blessed will,  
              Thy dying love to praise,



Thy counsel to fulfil,  
And minister thy grace,  
Freely what I receive to give,  
The life of heaven on earth I live.

**Hymn 12.**<sup>15</sup>

- 1 O God of all grace, all truth, and all power,  
On Adam's lost race thy benefits shower,  
Thy boundless compassion to sinners make known,  
And bring us salvation, and seal us thine own.
- 2 Come down from above, whose mercies abound,  
Whose bowels of love continually sound,  
To every creature all-gracious thou art,  
All mercy thy nature, all pity thy heart.
- 3 O Saviour of all, who didst not pass by,  
Or leave in his fall one sinner to die,  
'Gainst Satan's delusion we cry unto thee,  
O bring to confusion the *Hellish Decree*.
- 4 The stoical fiend root out of our heart,  
And bring to an end his magical art,  
Wherewith he bewitches, by forging thy seal,  
And horribly preaches poor sinners to hell.
- 5 The simple and weak pluck out of his net,  
His covenant break, bruise under our feet  
Th' *electing* deceiver; destroy all his power,  
And O! That he never might trouble us more.

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<sup>15</sup>Omitted from 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

**Hymn 13.**  
**The Lord's Controversy.<sup>16</sup>**

- 1    Where is Elijah's jealous God?  
       O God, arise, maintain thy cause,  
       'Gainst all who trample on thy blood,  
       And stain the glory of thy cross;  
       'Gainst all who give our God the lie,  
       The God of truth and grace miscall,  
       The Saviour of the world deny,  
       And teach *he did not die for all*.
- 2    How long, ye wav'ring souls, how long  
       Halt ye between two different ways?  
       Recant, or justify the wrong,  
       Renounce, or own the Saviour's grace.  
       If Molock be your horrid god,  
       Pursue, and cleave to him alone,  
       If Christ hath bought you with his blood,  
       The universal blessing own.
- 3    Though twice four hundred prophets swear  
       That God delights in human pain,  
       I, even I their fury dare,  
       His all-redeeming grace maintain;  
       Against them all I stand alone,  
       And challenge them their cause to prove,  
       The God of truth shall make it known,  
       Shall answer by the fire of love.
- 4    Call on your reprobating god,  
       To him, ye priests of Molock, cry,  
       "Didst thou for all pour out thy blood?  
       Didst thou not half the world pass by?  
       The most hast thou not doomed to hell?  
       Is grace for every sinner free?  
       Hear, Molock, hear; set to thy seal.  
       Confirm thy HORRIBLE DECREE!"

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<sup>16</sup>Omitted from 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following; but reprinted in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 333–36.

- 5     Where is the answer to your prayer?  
       (Aloud, ye priests of Molock, cry)  
       The voice, the seal, the witness where?  
       What, doth your god *his own pass by*?  
       Perhaps he hunts his routed foe,  
       Who preaches grace is free for all:  
       Perhaps he talks with fiends below;  
       Or sleeps, and needs a louder call.
- 6     No answer yet? What, no reply?  
       *After your manner* seek your god;  
       Your rage, your knives and lancets try,  
       (He much delights in human blood)  
       By furious wrath your spirits wound,  
       Exert your mad satanic zeal,  
       Start up, and with a frantic bound  
       Awaken all your inbred hell.
- 7     Come near, ye people of my Lord,  
       With me the common Saviour share,  
       Come near, and let the gospel-word  
       The altar of your hearts repair,  
       By sin and Satan broken down,  
       That altar now in ruins lies,  
       But God his glorious cause shall own,  
       And bare his arm in all your eyes.
- 8     There let the untamed bullock lay,  
       A whole burnt-offering to the Lord,  
       His Spirit shall th' old Adam slay,  
       And hew in pieces by the word.  
       Now let the fuel be applied:  
       Streams of ungodliness pour in,  
       O'erwhelm it with corruption's tide,  
       Fill all your hearts and lives with sin.
- 9     'Tis done: your hearts with sin o'erflow,  
       This is the hour of sacrifice:  
       Lo! To the living God I go,  
       The living God of earth and skies.

O thou Almighty Lord and God,  
By Abraham, and his sons confessed,  
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,  
And answer by the fiery test.

- 10 To thee I make my bold appeal,  
Let it be known in this our day,  
That thou art God in Israel,  
And I am sent to teach thy way:  
A faithful servant of my Lord,  
That I thy gospel truths proclaim,  
That I have published at thy word  
The UNIVERSAL SAVIOUR'S name.
- 11 O hear, and show thou hear'st my call,  
That this thy people now may know  
Thou art the common Lord of all,  
Thy blood for all mankind did flow.  
O let them feel the grace, the power,  
The life thy healing blood imparts,  
The Saviour of the world adore,  
And own, that thou hast turned their hearts.
- 12 The God that answereth by fire,  
Jehovah to our help is come!  
In flames of love our hearts aspire,  
His love doth all our sins consume:  
It now consumes the sacrifice,  
The burning Spirit makes us clean,  
The wood, and stone, and dust destroys,  
And licks up all the streams of sin.
- 13 The sin of all the world he bears  
Away: upon our face we fall:  
His fire of love confirms our prayers,  
Attesting that *he died for all*.  
He died for all the fallen race,  
We all may his salvation prove:  
The Lord—he is the God of grace,  
The Lord—he is the God of love!

**[Hymn 14.]<sup>17</sup>**

**Another.**

- 1 O all-atoning Lamb,  
O Saviour of mankind,  
If ev'ry soul may in thy name  
With me salvation find;  
If thou hast chosen me,  
To testify thy grace  
(That vast unfathomable sea  
Which covers all our race:)
- 2 Equip me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight,  
My simple upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright!  
Control my every thought,  
My whole of self remove;  
Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind:  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee,  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
To fervent charity:  
With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce thy call,  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.
- 4 O! Do not let me trust  
In any arm but thine,  
Humble, O humble to the dust  
This stubborn soul of mine;  
Cast all my reeds aside,  
Captivate every thought,  
And drain me of my strength and pride,  
And bring me down to nought.
- 5 Thou dost not stand in need  
Of me to prop thy cause,

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<sup>17</sup>The printer failed to number this hymn in first edition.

T' assert thy general grace, or spread  
The vict'ry of thy cross;  
A feeble thing of nought  
With humble shame I own,  
The help which upon earth is wrought  
Thou dost it all alone.

6 Little, and base, and mean,  
And vile in mine own eyes,  
A lump of misery and sin  
At thy command I rise;  
I rise at thy command,  
I answer to thy call,  
A witness of thy grace I stand,  
Thy grace which is for all.

7 O may I love like thee,  
And in thy footsteps tread!  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing thou hast made;  
O may I learn thy art  
With meekness to reprove,  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

8 Increase (if that can be)  
The perfect hate I feel  
To Satan's HORRIBLE DECREE,  
That genuine child of hell;  
Which feigns thee to *pass by*  
The most of Adam's race,  
And leave them in their blood to die,  
Shut out from saving grace.

9 To most, as devils teach,  
(Get thee behind me, fiend!)  
To most thy mercies never reach,  
Whose mercies never end:  
"Millions of souls thy will  
Delighted to ordain

“Inevitable death to feel,  
And everlasting pain.”

10        In vain thy written word  
            The hellish tale gainsays,  
Bids all receive their common Lord,  
            And offers all thy grace:  
            Prophets, apostles join,  
            And saints and angels call;  
And Christ attests the love divine,  
            That sent him down for all.

11        Yet still, alas! There are  
            Who give their God the lie,  
The Saviour of the world they dare  
            With all his truths deny;  
            A monstrous two-fold will  
            To God the just they give,  
“His *secret* one ordained to kill,  
            Whom his *declared* bids live.

12        “The God of truth commands  
            All sinners to repent,  
And mocks the work of his own hands,  
            By what he never meant:  
            Commands them to believe  
            An unavailing lie,  
Him for *their* Saviour to receive,  
            For them who did *not* die.”

13        Loving to every man,  
            Of tend’rest pity full,  
Did God the good, the just, ordain  
            To damn one helpless soul?  
            “He did! The just, the good,”  
            (Hell answers from beneath)  
“Spite of his word, his oath, he would,  
            He wills the sinner’s death.”

- 14        Like as a father feels  
            His suffering children's care,  
In God such kind compassion dwells,  
            For all his offspring are:  
            “He loves his little ones,”  
            (As Satan speaks) “so well,  
To dash their brains against the stones,  
            And shut them up in hell.”
- 15        “He gives them *damning* grace  
            To raise their torments higher,  
And makes his shrieking children pass  
            To Molock through the fire;  
            He doomed their souls to death  
            From all eternity.”  
This is that wisdom from beneath,  
            That HORRIBLE DECREE!
- 16        My soul it harrows up,  
            It freezes all my blood,  
My tingling ears I fain would stop  
            Against their hellish god,  
            Constrained, alas! To hear  
            His reprobating roar,  
And see him horribly appear  
            All stained with human gore.
- 17        'Tis thus, thou loving Lamb,  
            Thy creatures picture thee,  
I blush to own my nature's shame,  
            That nature is in me:  
            But let it not remain,  
            The dire reproach efface;  
Arise, O God, thy truth maintain,  
            Thy all-redeeming grace.
- 18        Defend thy mercy's cause:  
            Men have blasphemed their God,  
Thrown down the altar of thy cross,  
            And trampled on thy blood;



Thy truth and righteousness  
Their impious schemes disprove  
And rob thee of thy fav'rite grace,  
Thine universal love.

- 19 Ah! Foolish souls, and blind!  
If your report be true,  
If mercy is not unconfined,  
What mercy were for you!  
Who all his truth blaspheme,  
Who all his grace deny;  
Fury, ye worms, is not in him,  
Or he would *you* pass by.
- 20 Jesus, forgive the wrong,  
But O! Thy foes restrain,  
Silence the lewd, opprobrious tongue,  
That scourges thee again:  
They put thee, Lord, to shame,  
Again to death pursue;  
Yet O forgive them, gentle Lamb,  
They know not what they do.
- 21 Some men of simple heart  
The devil's tale believe,  
Beguiled by the old serpent's art,  
His saying they receive:  
For fear of robbing thee  
They rob thee of thy grace,  
And (O good God) to prove it free,  
Damn almost all the race.
- 22 Pity their simpleness,  
O Saviour of mankind,  
Scatter the clouds of smoke that press  
Their weak, bewildered mind;  
The *other* gospel chase  
To hell from whence it came;  
And let them taste thy gen'ral grace,  
And let them know thy name.

- 23        O all-redeeming Lord,  
            Our common friend and head,  
Thine everlasting gospel-word  
            In their behalf we plead!  
            If they have drank their bane,  
            Do thou the death remove,  
The ven'mous thing drive out again  
            By universal love.
- 24        Let it not plunge their soul  
            In all th' extremes of ill,  
The fatal mischief, Lord, control,  
            Nor suffer it to kill;  
            Thou wouldst that none should die,  
            O bring them back to God,  
Thy sov'reign antidote apply,  
            Thine all-atoning blood.
- 25        Avenge us of our foe,  
            And crush the serpent's head,  
Nor longer suffer him to sow  
            On earth the deadly seed;  
            The trampler on thy grace  
            Bruise him beneath our feet,  
To hell the old deceiver chase,  
            And seal the burning pit.
- 26        Then shall thy saints rejoice,  
            The song of Moses sing,  
With angel-choirs lift up their voice,  
            And praise their heav'nly King.  
            "Th' accuser is subdued,  
            And put to endless shame,  
Cast down by the all-cleansing blood  
            Of the victorious Lamb."

**Hymn 15.**<sup>18</sup>  
**“Why will ye die, O house of Israel.”**  
**Ezek[iel] 18:31.**

- 1 Sinners turn, why will you die?  
God your Maker asks you why?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live;  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands,  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 2 Sinners turn, why will you die?  
God your Saviour asks you why?  
God, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself that you might live:  
Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will you slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners turn, why will you die?  
God the Spirit asks you why?  
God, who all your lives hath strove,  
Wooed you to embrace his love:  
Will you not the grace receive?  
Will you still refuse to live?  
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
Will ye grieve your God, and die?
- 4 Dead, already dead within,  
Spiritually dead in sin,  
Dead to God, while here you breathe,  
Pant ye after second death?  
Will ye still in sin remain,  
Greedy of eternal pain?

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., “14”; since failed to number prior hymn.

O ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will you forever die?

- 5 Let the beasts their breath resign,  
Strangers to the life divine,  
Who their God can never know,  
Let their spirit downward go:  
Ye for higher ends were born,  
Ye may all to God return,  
Live with him above the sky;  
Why will you forever die?
- 6 You, on whom he favours showers,  
You, possessed of nobler powers,  
You, of reason's powers possessed,  
You, with will, and mem'ry blest,  
You, with finer sense endued,  
Creatures capable of God,  
Noblest of his creatures, why,  
Why will you forever die?
- 7 You, whom he ordained to be  
Transcript of the Trinity,  
You, whom he in life doth hold,  
You, for whom himself was sold,  
You, on whom he still doth wait,  
Whom he would again create,  
Made by him, and purchased, why,  
Why will you forever die?
- 8 You, who own his record true,  
You, his chosen people you,  
You, who call the Saviour Lord,  
You, who read his written word,  
You, who see the gospel-light,  
Claim a crown in Jesu's right,  
Why will you, ye Christians, why  
Will the house of Isr'el die?

- 9 You, his own peculiar race,  
Sharers of his special grace,  
All his grace to you is given,  
You, the favourites of heaven;  
And will you unfaithful prove,  
Trample on his richest love,  
Jesus asks the reason, why,  
Why will you resolve to die?
- 10 What could your Redeemer do,  
More than he hath done for you?  
To procure your peace with God,  
Could he more than shed his blood?  
After all his waste of love,  
All his drawings from above,  
Why will you your Lord deny?  
Why will you resolve to die?
- 11 Will you die, because his grace  
Cannot reach to all the race?  
Life because you cannot have,  
You because he will not save?  
Dare you say he doth not call,  
Doth not offer life to all,  
Doth not ask his creatures, why,  
Why will you resolve to die?
- 12 Saith he what he never meant,  
Calls on all men to repent,  
Calls, while his decree withstands,  
Mocks the work of his own hands!  
Will you die because you must?  
Dare you make your God unjust?  
He would have you live; O why,  
Why will you resolve to die?
- 13 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn,  
By his life your God hath sworn  
He would have you turn, and live,  
He would all the world receive;

He hath brought to all the race  
Full salvation by his grace,  
He hath no one soul passed by;  
Why will you resolve to die?

- 14 Hath he pleasure in your pain?  
Did he you to death ordain,  
Vow you never should return,  
Damn, or ever you were born?  
If your death were his delight,  
Would he you to life invite,  
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,  
Why will you resolve to die?
- 15 Sinners turn, while God is near,  
Dare not think him insincere:  
Now, ev'n now your Saviour stands,  
All day long he spreads his hands,  
Cries, "Ye will not happy be,  
No, ye will not come to me,  
Me, who life to none deny;  
Why will you resolve to die?"
- 16 Can ye doubt, if God is love?  
If to all his bowels move?  
Will ye not his word receive?  
Will ye not his oath believe?  
See, the suffering God appears!  
Jesus weeps! Believe his tears;  
Mingled with his blood they cry  
Why will you resolve to die?

**Hymn 16.<sup>19</sup>**

**"God will have ALL men to be saved."  
1 Tim[othy] 2:4.**

- 1 Ah! Whither should I go  
Burdened, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
Or pour out my complaint?

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<sup>19</sup>Ori., "15"; reflecting earlier omitted number.

The Saviour bids me come;  
Ah! Why do I delay!  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stay.

2       What is it keeps me back,  
          From which I cannot part,  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
          Possession of my heart?  
          Some cursed thing unknown  
          Must surely lurk within,  
Some idol which I will not own,  
          Some secret bosom sin.

3       Jesu, the hindrance show,  
          Which I have feared to see,  
Yet let me now consent to know  
          What keeps me out of thee.  
          Searcher of hearts, in mine  
          Thy trying power display,  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
          And take the veil away.

4       I would not still deceive  
          My soul, and blind my sight,  
I would not still thy Spirit grieve  
          By shutting out thy light.  
          Late in thy light I see,  
          And thank thee for the grace,  
Thou *wouldst* have all men come to thee,  
          Saviour of human race.

5       Not one of all that fell  
          But *may* thy favour find,  
With thee the friend of sinners dwell,  
          The friend of humankind.  
          Thee every soul may see,  
          Thy saving grace may prove,  
Confirm the MERCIFUL DECREE  
          Of *universal* love.

- 6           Thou oft hast called in vain,  
               Thou oft hast come unsought,  
 Would'st gather every soul of man,  
               But we, alas! *Would not*.  
               Thou offerest all to fill  
               For thy own mercy's<sup>20</sup> sake,  
 "Come, freely come, whoever will,  
               And living water take."
- 7           Thou standest at the door,  
               And wilt not thence depart,  
 But entrance ever dost implore  
               Into the sinner's heart.  
               Thy knock if any hear,  
               And open to his guest,  
 Thou enterest in that soul to cheer,  
               And art thyself its feast.
- 8           The vilest need not doubt,  
               Thy grace for all is free,  
 Thou wilt in no wise cast him out,  
               Who feebly comes to thee.  
               Thou dost of us complain,  
               "To me *ye will not* come,  
 That ye eternal life may gain,  
               And then be taken home."
- 9           That *all may* turn and live,  
               Thou by thy life hast sworn,  
 "Why *will* ye die, when I *would* give  
               Pardon to *all* that turn."  
               Lord, I believe at last  
               Thy promise and thy vow,  
 Thy word and solemn oath are<sup>21</sup> past,  
               And thou *wilt* save me now.
- 10          At last I yield, I yield,  
               Renounce my faithless fear,  
 By all thy attributes compelled,  
               I give up my despair.

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<sup>20</sup>Ori., "mercies"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) only.

<sup>21</sup>Ori., "is"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1770), but reverts to "is" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1779).



O! How have I belied  
My God, and wildly raved?  
Thou wilt not save I falsely cried,  
When I would not be saved.

11 Thy goodness I accused,  
(Pardon the blasphemy)  
Of life thy proffer I refused,  
And charged my death on thee.  
How long have I, how long  
Of God a devil made?  
Forgive me, gracious Lord, the wrong;  
I knew not what I said.

12 I now believe, in thee  
Compassion reigns alone;  
According to my faith to me  
O let it, Lord, be done.  
In me is all the bar  
Which thou would'st fain remove;  
Remove it, and I shall declare  
That God is only love.

13 Thy mercy then takes place,  
We find that love thou art,  
When we no more resist thy grace,  
And harden not our heart.  
Answer, if this be true,  
Thy counsel now fulfil,  
On me for good some token show,  
O! Work in me to will.

14 Lo! In thy hand I lay,  
And wait thy will to prove:  
My Potter, stamp on me thy clay,  
Thy only stamp of love.  
Be this my whole desire,  
(I know that it is thine:)  
Then kindle in my soul a fire,  
Which shall forever shine.

15 Thy gracious readiness  
To save mankind assert,  
Thine image, love, thy name impress,  
Thy nature on my heart.  
Bowels of mercy, hear,  
Into my soul come down,  
Let it throughout my life appear  
That I have Christ put on.

16 O! Plant in me thy mind,  
O! Fix in me<sup>22</sup> thy home,  
So shall I cry to all mankind,  
Come to the waters, come.  
Jesus is full of grace,  
To all, his bowels move!  
Behold in me, ye fallen race,  
That God is only *love*!

**Hymn 17.**<sup>23</sup>  
**Free-Grace.**

1 Come, let us join our friends above,  
The God of our salvation praise,  
The God of everlasting love,  
The God of universal grace.

2 'Tis not by works that we have done,  
'Twas grace alone his heart inclined,  
'Twas grace that gave his only Son  
To taste of death for all mankind.

3 For every man he tasted death;  
And hence we in his sight appear,  
Not lifting up our eyes beneath,  
But publishing his mercy here.

4 This is the ground of all our hope,  
The fountain this of all our good,

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<sup>22</sup>Ori., “me in”; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

<sup>23</sup>Ori., “16”; reflecting earlier omitted numbering.

- Jesus for all was lifted up,  
And shed for all his precious blood.
- 5 His blood for all a ransom given,  
Has washed away the general sin,  
He closed his eyes to open heaven,  
And all, who will, may enter in.
- 6 He worketh once to will in all,  
Or mercy we could ne'er embrace,  
He calls with an effectual call,  
And bids us all receive his grace.
- 7 Thou drawest all men unto thee,  
Grace doth to ev'ry soul appear,  
Preventing grace for all is free,  
And brings to all salvation near.
- 8 Had not thy grace salvation brought,  
Thyself we never could desire;  
Thy grace suggests our first good thought,  
Thy only grace doth all inspire.
- 9 By nature only free to ill,  
We never had one motion known  
Of good, hadst thou not given the will,  
And wrought it by thy grace alone.
- 10 'Twas grace, when we in sin were dead,  
Us from the death of sin did raise,  
Grace only hath the difference made,  
Whate'er we are, we are by grace.
- 11 When on thy love we turned our back,  
Thou wouldst not shut thy mercy's door,  
The forfeiture thou wouldst not take,  
Thy grace did still our souls restore.
- 12 When twice ten thousand times we fell,  
Thou gav'st us still a longer space,

- Didst freely our backslidings heal,  
And show'dst thy more abundant grace.
- 13 'Twas grace from hell that brought us up,  
Lo! To thy sovereign grace we bow,  
Through sovereign grace we still have hope,  
Thy sovereign grace supports us now.
- 14 Grace only doth from sin restrain,  
From which our nature cannot cease,  
By grace we still thy grace retain,  
And wait to feel thy perfect peace.
- 15 Kept by the mercy of our God,  
Through faith to full salvation's hour,  
Jesu, we spread thy name abroad,  
And glorify thy gracious power.
- 16 The constant miracle we own  
By which we ev'ry moment live,  
To grace, to thy free-grace alone  
The whole of our salvation give.
- 17 Strongly upheld by thy right hand  
Thy all-redeeming love we praise,  
The monuments of thy grace we stand,  
Thy free, thine universal grace.
- 18 By grace we draw our ev'ry breath,  
By grace we live, and move, and are,  
By grace we 'scape the second death,  
By grace we now thy grace declare.
- 19 From the first feeble thought of good  
To when the perfect grace is given,  
'Tis all of grace; by grace renewed  
From hell we pass through earth to heaven.
- 20 We need no reprobates to prove  
That grace, free-grace is truly free,

- Who cannot see that God is love,  
Open your eyes, and look on me,
- 21 On us, whom Jesus hath called forth,  
T' assert that all his grace may have,  
To vindicate his passion's worth  
Enough ten thousand worlds to save.
- 22 He made it possible for all  
His gift of righteousness t' embrace,  
We all may answer to his call,  
May all be freely saved by grace.
- 23 He promised all mankind to draw;  
We feel him draw us from above;  
And preach with him the gracious law,  
And publish the DECREE OF LOVE.
- 24 Behold the all-atoning Lamb,  
Come, sinners, at the gospel-call,  
Look, and be saved through Jesu's name,  
We witness he hath died for all.
- 25 We join with all our friends above,  
The God of our salvation praise,  
The God of everlasting love,  
The God of universal grace.

**Gloria Patri.**

**1.**

- 1 Father, whose everlasting love  
Draws every sinner from above,  
And points him to th' atoning blood;  
Thou all the world wouldst freely save,  
If all thy record *would* believe  
That thou hast Christ on ALL bestowed,  
Saviour of all, to thee we bow,  
The universal Saviour thou  
Thy gift of life to all wouldst give:  
'Tis we that make thine offers vain,  
We force thy pity to complain,  
"Ye will not come to me, and live."

- 2 Thee, Spirit of love, we gladly praise,  
 Who strivest long with all the race:  
     We own thine universal lure:  
 Had he accepted of thine aid,  
 The blackest soul in hell had made  
     His calling, and election sure.  
 Joint causes of our glorious hope,  
 To thee our thanks we offer up,  
     Of thy FREE-GRACE we make our boast;  
 On angels, and archangels call,  
 Praise ye the Lamb that died for ALL,  
     Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2.<sup>24</sup>

- 1 O fountain of love, O God of all grace,  
 Whose bowels did move t'ward Adam's lost race,  
 Accept our thanksgiving for sending our Lord,  
 That all men believing *might* all be restored.
- 2 Great friend of mankind, we trust in thy blood,  
 Thy passion, we find, hath brought us to God:  
 We thank and we bless thee, who sav'st us from thrall,  
 And gladly confess thee, the Saviour of all.
- 3 O Spirit of love, whom all men *may* feel,  
 Whose pity has strove, and strives with us still;  
 We bless thee for giving to all thy free-grace,  
 Thy prevalent striving *would* save the whole race.

3.

- 1           Father of our dear Lord,  
             Thy mercy we record,  
 Over all thy works it shone,  
             Mercy freely thee inclined,  
 Mercy gave thine only Son  
             Death to taste for all mankind.
- 2           O Lamb, for sinners slain,  
             For every soul of man,

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<sup>24</sup>This hymn omitted from 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (1756) and following.

Thou for all men lifted up,  
Drawest all men unto thee:  
Glory be to Christ our hope!  
All the world *may* hope in thee.

3           Thee, Holy Ghost, we praise,  
          Giver of general grace,  
Preacher thou to spirits bound,  
          Dost for hardened sinners grieve,  
Those who while he may be found,  
          *Will* not come to God and live.

4           Blessing, and praise to thee,  
          All-glorious Trinity!  
Live by all thy works adored,  
          All below and all above,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
          God of grace, and God of love.

**4.**

1    Father of mankind, whose love  
          In Christ for all is free,  
Thou hast sent him from above  
          To bring us all to thee:  
Thou hast every heart inclined,  
          Christ the Saviour to embrace,  
All those heavenly drawings find,  
          All *may* be saved by grace.

2    Christ, the true and living light,  
          Thou shinest into all,  
Lightest every son of night  
          That fell in Adam's fall:  
Bear we witness unto thee,  
          Thou thy light to all dost give,  
That the world through it *might* see  
          Their Saviour, and believe.

3    Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,  
          Thou givest each his day,  
Dost one spark of life inspire  
          In every castaway;

Not to aggravate his sin,  
Not his sorer doom to seal,  
But that he *might* let thee in,  
And all thy fulness feel.

- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
All glory be to thee,  
The whole world of sinners lost  
To save thou dost agree:  
Thee triumphantly we praise,  
Vie with all thy hosts above,  
Shout thine universal grace,  
Thine everlasting love.

**5.**

Praise God from whom pure blessings flow,  
Whose bowels yearn on all below,  
Who would not have one sinner lost:  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

**6.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

**7.<sup>25</sup>**

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Giver of covenanted grace,  
Forever be thy love adored,  
Which sent thy Son to save our race,  
To save the world, and not condemn,  
That all the world *might* live through him.
- 2 Thee, Saviour of mankind, we bless,  
Who didst th' offending nature take,  
The world's desire, and hope, and peace  
Thou didst for all atonement make,

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<sup>25</sup>This hymn omitted from 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.



For men, and not for angels given,  
Or hell might all be turned to heaven.

- 3 Spirit of power, and health, and love,  
Who broodest over every soul,  
Dost once in every bosom move,  
And offer once to make all whole,  
Let all thy general grace adore,  
And lie against thy truth no more.

8.<sup>26</sup>

- 1 God of infinite compassion,  
Thou hast gave Christ to save  
All in every nation.
- 2 Thou hast all in Christ elected,  
Not a soul of the whole  
Was by thee rejected.
- 3 Father of our common Saviour,  
All thy grace *might* embrace,  
*Might* have once found favour.
- 4 Give we to our Lord the glory;  
Lord, thy love, all may prove,  
May with us adore thee.
- 5 For us all thy great salvation,  
Thou hast wrought, all hast bought  
By thy bloody passion.
- 6 Partner of the sinful nature,  
Lord, thine eye, none *passed by*,  
No one fallen creature.
- 7 Hail, thou all-alluring Spirit,  
All, would we follow thee,  
Might thy heaven inherit.
- 8 To all flesh thy grace is given,  
All beneath feel thy breath  
Drawing them toward heaven.
- 9 Thy long-suffering is salvation,  
Not to seal souls for hell,  
Not for man's damnation.
- 10 God the Father through the Spirit  
Shows his Son, makes him known,  
And applies his merit.

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<sup>26</sup>This hymn omitted from 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

- 11 Father, Son, and Spirit bless us,  
 One and Three all agree,  
 Three are One in Jesus.
- 12 God is both the gift and giver,  
 Let us praise his free-grace  
 Now, henceforth, forever.

9.<sup>27</sup>

- 1 Paternal deity,  
 Pure universal love,  
 All praise we render thee  
 For sending from above  
 The glorious partner of thy throne,  
 Thine only coeternal Son.
- 2 Jesus, the woman's seed,  
 The covenant of peace,  
 To bruise the serpent's head,  
 To ransom us, and bless  
 Thou to the Gentile world hast gave,  
 Not to condemn the world, but save.
- 3 The Lamb of God who takes  
 The general sin away,  
 Who no exception makes,  
 But gives to each his day,  
 On thee our common Lord we call,  
 And bless thee, who hast died for all.
- 4 Thou all the debt hast paid,  
 For all a ransom given,  
 For all atonement made,  
 For all hast purchased heaven,  
 And now thou art before the throne  
 To plead what thou for all hast done.
- 5 We glorify the Dove,  
 Who peaceful tidings brings,  
 And whispers God is love,  
 And spreads for all his wings,  
 And strives, since first the world began,  
 With every fallen soul of man.
- 6 Thee, Holy Ghost, we praise,  
 Thy sweet attracting power

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<sup>27</sup>This hymn omitted from 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

*Would quicken all the race,  
Would all mankind restore,  
Salvation thy long-suffering is,  
And leads to everlasting bliss.*

**10.**<sup>28</sup>

- 1 Publish we our Father's praise,  
Saved by his unbounded grace,  
Christ he gave for all that breathe,  
Christ for all hath tasted death.
- 2 Christ we praise our God above,  
He is pure unspotted love,  
Hateth nothing he hath made,  
Died in every sinner's stead.
- 3 Let us the good Spirit bless,  
Him the gift of Christ confess,  
Listen to his general call,  
Yield, and he will save us all.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Thee with all the heavenly host,  
We poor ransomed worms adore,  
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

**11.**<sup>29</sup>

- 1 Father of earth and heaven,  
All glory be to thee,  
Who self-inclined hast freely given  
Thy Son to die for me:  
For me, and all that breathe,  
For all of Adam's race  
The second Adam tasted death,  
By thy all-pard'ning grace.
- 2 We bless the saving name,  
Jesus, the sinner's peace,  
The Saviour of mankind proclaim,  
The Lord our righteousness,  
Whose gift is come to all:  
For all the Lamb hath died;  
The world *may* listen to his call,  
The world is justified.
- 3 We glorify the Dove  
Who strives with every soul,

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<sup>28</sup>This hymn omitted from 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

<sup>29</sup>This hymn omitted from 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) and following.

And witnesses, that God is love,  
When he hath made us whole;  
Witnesses with the blood  
That it for all did stream,  
That all through Christ may come to God,  
May all be saved through him.

4 We magnify the grace,  
The universal love  
Of Father, Son, and Spirit praise  
With all the hosts above:  
Till Christ on earth appears,  
Angels, on you we call,  
Come praise with us, ye morning-stars,  
The Lamb that died for all.

5 With us together sing,  
Your tongues, and harps employ,  
To sound the glories of our King;  
Ye angels shout for joy!  
For joy that God hath died  
That we might be forgiven,  
And find with all the sanctified  
Our names enrolled in heaven.

6 Worthy, O Lamb, art thou  
That all thy name should bless,  
That every knee to thee should bow,  
And every tongue confess:  
Thee, Jesus, thee we own  
For every sinner slain,  
With him that sitteth on the throne,  
Worthy art thou to reign.

7 *Hosanna* to the Son!  
*Hosanna* cry aloud,  
Then cast your crowns before the throne,  
Ye first-born sons of God!  
With you we now adore,  
Low at his footstool fall,  
And praise, and worship evermore  
The Lamb that died for all!