

## *Hymns and Spiritual Songs (1753)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #199]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

By 1753 John Wesley had been publishing collections of hymns for fifteen years. His earliest venture, *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1737), initiated a series of volumes designed to supplement broadly Anglican patterns of worship. The culminating volume in this string was *CPH* (1784), intended as a resource for The Methodist Episcopal Church in North America.

In 1739 Wesley issued the first volume in a second series of collected verse, titled *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. The switch from “psalms” to “poems” in the title reflects that this collection was intended less for formal Anglican worship and more for devotional use. This new collection was also the first to contain contributions by participants in the early Methodist revival (particularly Charles Wesley), which made it more representative of the distinctive emphases of the Methodist movement. This characteristic grew over the next three years, as two additional volumes were added to the series—*HSP* (1740) and *HSP* (1742). This three-volume series was soon more central to early Methodist worship in their homes and various group meetings than the *CPH* series.

While the *CPH* and *HSP* series added rich resources for Methodist worship, the number and size of the volumes, and their resulting combined cost, posed a challenge. The hymns that were becoming most beloved and used in Methodist circles were scattered among the volumes, and few could afford them all. Charles Wesley sensed this problem in the fall of 1742, while ministering in Newcastle upon Tyne, and wrote to John urging that they publish a small collection of hymns for use in public and private worship. Upon Charles’s return to London the brothers quickly selected twenty-four hymns from the 3<sup>rd</sup> edition of *HSP* (1739) and published them as *Collection of Hymns* (1742). While it was a rushed project, this collection proved useful enough to be reprinted at least three times over the next decade (records are a bit spotty during this period).

The second attempt to address the need for a single collection of hymns that had become central to Methodist worship was in 1747, in Ireland, likely under the direction of Charles Wesley. The Methodist work in Ireland was just beginning and there was no time to wait for materials to be sent from England. Within weeks of Charles’s arrival in Dublin, a volume titled *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1747) was issued. This was not a Dublin printing of the combined form of *HSP* (1739) and *HSP* (1740) currently circulating in England. It was a much shorter selection of thirty-seven hymns, mostly drawn from *HSP* (1739). This effort was apparently judged an emergency measure, because it was never republished. Instead, in 1749 the *Collection of Hymns* (1742) was printed in Dublin.

This brings us to 1753. In what had become his standard pattern, John Wesley spent the winter of Nov. 1752 through Feb. 1753 in London. Much of his time was devoted to publications. One project on which he worked was his *Christian Library*. But another project was a larger and more carefully selected single volume of hymns for worship. While no specific advertisements have been found, this collection was likely published in April 1753, with the title *Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Intended for the Use of Real Christians of all Denominations*. It contained 84 hymns, drawn from both early volumes of the *CPH* series and all three volumes of the *HSP* series.<sup>2</sup>

The subtitle of this new volume is significant. Wesley noted in the preface that it was not solely

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: June 8, 2017.

<sup>2</sup>See Wesley’s only recorded comment on this collection, in his Preface to the 1780 *Collection*, §3, that it was “extracted several years ago, from a variety of hymn-books” (*Works*, 7:73).

for his Wesleyan Methodist followers, but for all “real Christians.” The hymns included emphasize the themes of repentance and assurance common to the evangelical revival. By contrast, Wesley’s distinctive emphases on God’s universal offer of grace and the possibility of perfection, as well as his high sacramental views, are quite muted. Several of the favorite hymns among his followers where these themes are prominent were omitted. This characteristic can be best seen by comparing the hymns in this collection with those in *Select Hymns* (1761), which Wesley characterized as more specifically for “the people called Methodists.”<sup>3</sup>

This irenic approach toward themes that divided Calvinist and Wesleyan Methodists reflects that the Wesley brothers were on more conciliatory terms with George Whitefield in early 1753. For example, in March Whitefield began a major remodel of the Tabernacle, his preaching center in London; while this was underway the Wesleys allowed Whitefield to use their London chapels for his services. This closer cooperation was strained as the year wore on.<sup>4</sup> These shifting dynamics raise an interesting question: Whitefield also published the first edition of his *Collection of Hymns for Social Worship* in 1753. In the preface Whitefield stressed (similar to Wesley) that he selected and altered hymns so that “all may safely concur in using them.”<sup>5</sup> In Whitefield’s case as well, no clear evidence has been located of the exact date the volume was published. One can only wonder how the appearance of one of these collections may have contributed to the production of the other.

As noted earlier, all 84 hymns in *Hymns and Sacred Songs* (1753) were drawn from earlier collections by Wesley. The location of their earlier appearance is noted for each hymn, and appears in the Table of Contents, where it is typically shown in blue font. Many of these hymns were abridged by Wesley, in comparison with their original setting. In six cases this abridgment resulted in the hymn beginning with a new first line. The prior location for these six items appears in red font in the Table of Contents, indicating that this is the first setting where a hymn with this first line appears in the Wesley corpus.

*Hymns and Sacred Songs* (1753) was widely used, going through twenty-four editions during Wesley’s life. In general, only minor changes were made through these various editions and those of substance have been annotated. The one exception is an edition published in Edinburgh in 1763 that is designated as the “10<sup>th</sup>” edition. This is not simply a reprint of the 10<sup>th</sup> edition published that year in Bristol; it adds 24 hymns at the end. On balance, this must be judged an unauthorized edition. While most of the added hymns come from other collections by John or Charles Wesley, one hymn (by John Cennick) appears nowhere else in the Wesley corpus and seems quite unlikely to have been amenable to Wesley. The added hymns never reappear in future editions of *Hymns and Sacred Songs*. While Wesley passed through Edinburgh twice in May 1763, on a trip to and from Aberdeen, there would have been little time for him to arrange an edition (particularly one with additions).<sup>6</sup> And the publisher of this edition, John Traill, published several items for Whitefield, but no other item by Wesley.<sup>7</sup> For purpose of completeness we have included the 24 hymns added in the Edinburgh edition in this file; but their status should be judged in light of the previous considerations.

While *Hymns and Sacred Songs* (1753) stayed in print through Wesley’s life, and was broadly used in Methodist circles, its frequency of republication slowed dramatically after 1780, when

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<sup>3</sup>See *Select Hymns* (1761), Preface, §2. Only one-fourth (22 of 84) of the hymns in *Hymns and Sacred Songs* are brought over into *Select Hymns* (1761), with 111 new hymns added (for a total of 133).

<sup>4</sup>See JW to George Whitefield, May 28, 1753, *Works*, 26:507–8.

<sup>5</sup>George Whitefield, *A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship* (London: William Strahan, 1753), [p. i].

<sup>6</sup>See JW, *Journal*, May 2–29, 1763, *Works*, 21:411–13.

<sup>7</sup>John Traill, was a bookseller in Edinburgh active from 1729–64. It seems unlikely that he is the “Mr. Traill” who was hoping to become a Methodist itinerant, whom Wesley mentions in letters to Christopher Hopper (Nov. 2, 1763, *Works*, 27:345) and Charles Wesley (Jan. 11, 1765, *ibid.*, 413).

Wesley published his definitive *Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People Called Methodists*. Nearly three-fourths (58 of 84) of the hymns in *HSS* (1753) were incorporated into this definitive *Collection*, rendering it largely obsolete—which helps explain why 1650 copies of the 24<sup>th</sup> edition (1786) remained in stock at Wesley’s death.

**Editions:**

[John Wesley.] *Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Intended for the Use of Real Christians of all Denominations*. London: Strahan, 1753.

- 2<sup>nd</sup> London: Cock, 1754.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> London: Cock, 1754.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Dublin: Powell, 1755.
- 4<sup>th</sup> London: Cock, 1756.
- 4<sup>th</sup> London: n.p., 1756.
- 5<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Farley, 1758.
- 6<sup>th</sup> [no known details or copies; likely a skipped edition number]
- 7<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Grabham, 1759.
- 8<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1761.
- 9<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1762.
- 10<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1763.
- 10<sup>th</sup> Edinburgh: Donaldson & Reid, 1763.
- 11<sup>th</sup> [no known details or copies; likely a skipped edition number]
- 12<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1765.
- 13<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1767.
- 14<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1768.
- 14<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1770.
- 15<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1771.
- 16<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1772.
- 17<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1773.
- 18<sup>th</sup> London: Hawes, [1774?].
- 19<sup>th</sup> London: Hawes, 1775.
- 20<sup>th</sup> London: Hawes, 1776.
- 21<sup>st</sup> London: Hawes, 1777.
- 22<sup>nd</sup> Dublin: Whitestone, 1779.
- 22<sup>nd</sup> London: Paramore, 1781.
- 23<sup>rd</sup> London: Paramore, 1782.
- 24<sup>th</sup> London: Paramore, 1786.

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[remainder only in 1763 Edinburgh edition]

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**The  
Preface.**

1. The innumerable mischiefs which have arisen from bigotry, an immoderate attachment to particular opinions or modes of worship, have been observed and lamented in all ages, by men of a calm and loving spirit. O when will it be banish'd from the face of the earth! When will all who sincerely fear God, employ their zeal, not upon ceremonies and notions, but upon justice, mercy, and the love of God!

2. The ease and happiness that attend, the unspeakable advantages that flow from a truly catholic spirit, a spirit of universal love, (which is the very reverse of bigotry) one would imagine, might recommend this amiable temper, to every person of cool reflection. And who that has tasted of this happiness, can refrain from wishing it to all mankind? Who that has experienced the real comfort, the solid satisfaction, of an heart enlarged in love toward all men, and in a peculiar manner to all that love God and the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, can avoid earnestly desiring, that all men may be partakers of the same comfort?

3. It is with unspeakable joy, that these observe, the spirit of bigotry greatly declining, (at least in every Protestant nation of Europe) and the spirit of love proportionably increasing. Men of every opinion and denomination, now begin to bear with each other. They seem weary of tearing each other in<sup>8</sup> pieces, on account of small and unessential differences; and rather desire to build up each other, in the great point wherein they all agree, the faith which worketh by love, and produces in them the mind which was in Christ Jesus.

4. It is hoped, the ensuing collection of hymns, may in some measure contribute, thro' the blessing of God, to advance this glorious end, to promote this spirit of free love, not consined to any one opinion or party. There is not an<sup>9</sup> hymn, not one verse inserted here, but what relates to the common salvation; and what every serious and unprejudiced Christian, of whatever denomination, may join in. It is true, none but those who either already experience the kingdom of God within them, or at least earnestly desire so to do, will either relish or understand them. But all these may find herein either such prayers, as speak the language of their souls when they are in heaviness: or such thanksgivings, as express, in a low degree, what they feel, when rejoicing with joy unspeakable. Come then, all ye children of the Most High, and let us magnify his name together: and let us with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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<sup>8</sup>“In” changed to “to” in 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767) and following.

<sup>9</sup>“An” changed to “a” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.



**HYMNS  
and  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.**

**Hymn I.<sup>10</sup>  
Isai. LV. v. 1, &c.**

- 1 Ho! Every one that thirsts, draw nigh,  
(’Tis God invites the fallen race)  
Mercy, and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come,  
Sinners, obey your Maker’s call,  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And find my grace reach’d out to all.
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls:  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab’ring, burthen’d, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give:  
Leave all you have, and are, behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon, and peace, in Jesus find.

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<sup>10</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 1–2; stanzas 1–9.

- 5     Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
       Nor can your hungry souls sustain?  
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,  
       Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6     In search of empty joys below,  
       Ye toil with unavailing strife:  
Whither, ah! Whither would you go?  
       I have the words of endless life.
- 7     Hearken to me with earnest care,  
       And freely eat substantial food,  
The sweetness of my mercy share,  
       And taste that I alone am good.
- 8     I bid you all my goodness prove,  
       My promises for sinners free;  
Come, taste the manna of my love,  
       And let your soul delight in me.
- 9     Your willing ear, and heart incline,  
       My words believingly receive,  
Quicken'd your soul,<sup>11</sup> by faith divine,  
       An everlasting life shall live.

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

**A Prayer for One Convinced of Sin.**

- 1     Father of lights, 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 prayer.
- 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<sup>13</sup> I speak, thou know'st them all.

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<sup>11</sup>“Soul” changed to “souls” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>12</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 85–86.

<sup>13</sup>Orig, “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

- 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 burthen 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)  
An heart to mourn, an heart to pray;  
My business this, my total<sup>14</sup> care,  
My life, my every breath be prayer.
- 6 Scarce I begin my sad complaint,  
When all my warmest wishes faint;  
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,  
When all my kindling ardours 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 length, and breadth, 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 power of faith I know,  
And reign triumphant here below.

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<sup>14</sup>Originally "only" in *HSP* (1739). "Total" changed to "chiefest" in 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767) through 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775); and to "only" in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

**Hymn III.<sup>15</sup>**  
**Divine Love.**

- 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 finds 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  
      Seem 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 every motion there:  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it has<sup>16</sup> 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.

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<sup>15</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Gerhard Tersteegen; first appeared in *CPH* (1738), 51–53; but text used here is a revised translation in *HSP* (1739), 78–80.

<sup>16</sup>“Has” changed to “hath” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

- 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 power, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

**Hymn IV.**<sup>17</sup>  
**The Means of Grace.**

- 1 Suffice for me, that thou, my Lord,  
Hast bid me fast, and pray:  
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd,  
'Tis only mine t' obey.
- 2 Thou bidst me search the sacred leaves,  
And taste the hallow'd bread:  
The kind commands<sup>18</sup> my soul receives,  
And longs on thee to feed.
- 3 Still for thy loving kindness, Lord,  
I in thy temple wait:  
I long to find thee in thy word,  
Or at thy table meet.
- 4 Here in thine own *appointed ways*  
I wait to learn thy will;

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<sup>17</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 37–39; stanzas 11–20.

<sup>18</sup>“Commands” changed to “command” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

Silent I stand before thy face,  
And hear thee say, *Be still!*

5 Be still, and know that I am God!  
'Tis all I live to know,  
To feel the virtue of thy blood,  
And spread it's praise below.

6 I wait my vigour to renew,  
Thine image to retrieve,  
The veil of outward things pass thro',  
And gasp in thee to live.

7 I work, and own the labour vain;  
And thus from works I cease:  
I strive, and see my fruitless pain;  
Till God create my peace.

8 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,  
Must all my efforts prove;  
They cannot change a sinful heart,  
They cannot purchase love.

9 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,  
And *then* the strife give o'er,  
To thee I *then* the whole resign,  
I trust in means no more.

10 I trust in him, who stands between  
The Father's wrath, and me:  
Jesu, thou great eternal mean,  
I look for all from thee.

**Hymn V.<sup>19</sup>**  
**A Passion-Hymn.**

**[Part I.]**

1 Ye that pass by, behold the man!  
The Man of Griefs condemn'd for you!  
The Lamb of God for sinners slain  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

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<sup>19</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 22–24; stanzas 1–2, 5, 7–18.

- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,  
While to the bloody pillar bound!  
The ploughers make long furrows there,  
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage:  
His innocence to death pursu'd,  
Must fully glut their utmost rage;  
Hark, how they clamour for his blood!
- 4 Against his God the creature calls:  
Accus'd, and sentenc'd by the breath  
Himself inspir'd, their Maker falls:  
The Lord of life is doom'd to death.
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,  
With nails they fasten to the wood  
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,  
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 6 See there! His temples crown'd with thorn!  
His bleeding hands extended wide!  
His streaming<sup>20</sup> feet, transfixt and torn!  
The fountain gushing from his side!
- 7 Where is the King of Glory now?  
The everlasting Son of God?  
Th' immortal hangs his languid brow,  
Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!
- 8 Beneath my load he faints, and<sup>21</sup> dies!  
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown,  
I caus'd those mortal groans, and cries,  
I kill'd the Father's only Son.

**Part II.**

- 9 O thou dear suffering Son of God,  
How doth thy heart to sinners move!  
Help me to catch thy precious blood,  
Help me to taste thy dying love.
- 10 Give me to feel thine<sup>22</sup> agonies,  
One drop of thy sad cup afford:

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<sup>20</sup>“Streaming” changed to “bleeding” in 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1777) and following.

<sup>21</sup>“And” changed to “he” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>22</sup>Originally “thy” in *HSP* (1742). “Thine” changed back to “thy” in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758) and following.

I fain with thee would sympathize,  
And share the sufferings of my Lord.

11 The earth could to her centre quake,  
Convuls'd, while her Creator died;  
O let mine inmost nature shake,  
And die with Jesus crucified.

12 At thy last gasp the graves display'd  
Their horrors to the upper skies;  
O that my soul might burst the shade,  
And quicken'd by thy death arise.

13 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,  
And tremble, and asunder part:  
O rend with thine<sup>23</sup> expiring breath  
The harder marble of my heart.

14 My stony heart thy voice shall rent,  
Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove,  
Mine<sup>24</sup> inmost bowels shall resent  
The yearnings of thy dying love.

15 The<sup>25</sup> grace I surely shall receive,  
Thy death hath bought the grace for me:  
This is my whole desire to live,  
To live, and then to die in thee.

**Hymn VI.<sup>26</sup>**  
**Looking unto Jesus.**

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

2 What is a worthless worm to thee?  
What is in man thy grace to move?  
That still thou seekest those who flee  
The arms of thy pursuing love,

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<sup>23</sup>Originally "thy" in *HSP* (1742). "Thine" changed back to "thy" in 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775) and following.

<sup>24</sup>Originally "My" in *HSP* (1742). "Mine" changed back to "My" in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758) and following.

<sup>25</sup>"The" changed to "Thy" in 9<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762) and following.

<sup>26</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Maria Böhmer; first appeared in *HSP* (1740), 21–22.



That still thine<sup>27</sup> inmost bowels cry,  
Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why?

- 3 Ah! Shew me, Lord, my depth of sin,  
Ah! Lord, thy depth of mercy shew!  
End, Jesus, end this war, within:  
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,  
Till thou thy quick'ning influence give:  
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.
- 4 There, there, before the throne thou art,  
The Lamb ere<sup>28</sup> earth's foundations<sup>29</sup> slain!  
Take thou, O take this guilty heart;  
Thy blood will wash out every stain:  
No cross, no suffering I decline;  
Only let all my heart be thine.

**Hymn VII.**<sup>30</sup>

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

- 1 Jesus, in whom the weary find  
Their late, but permanent repose,  
Physician of the sin-sick mind,  
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes,  
And let my soul on thee be cast,  
Till life's fierce tyranny is past.
- 2 Loos'd from my God, and far remov'd,  
Long have I wandred to and fro,  
O'er earth in endless circles rov'd,  
Nor found whereon to rest below:  
Back to my God at last I fly,  
For O! The waters still are high.
- 3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,  
The things of earth for thee I leave,  
Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace,  
Into the ark of love receive;  
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,  
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.

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<sup>27</sup>Originally "thy" in *HSP* (1740). "Thine" changed back to "thy" in 17<sup>th</sup> edn. (1773) and following.

<sup>28</sup>Orig., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>29</sup>"Foundations" changed to "foundation" in 16<sup>th</sup> edn. (1772) and following.

<sup>30</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 54; [Part] V, stanzas 1–4.

- 4 Fill with inviolable peace,  
Stablish, and keep my settled heart;  
In thee may all my wandrings cease,  
From thee no more may I depart,  
Thine utmost goodness call'd to prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

**Hymn VIII.**<sup>31</sup>

**“Wretched, and miserable, and poor, and  
blind, and naked.” [Rev. iii. 17.]**<sup>32</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Wretched, helpless, and distress,  
Ah! Whither shall I fly!  
Ever gasping after rest,  
I cannot find it nigh:  
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,  
Fast bound in sin, and misery,  
Friend of sinners, let me find  
My help, my all in thee.
- 2 Who my misery can relate  
My depth of woe reveal?  
I have left my first estate,  
In hapless<sup>33</sup> Adam fell:  
Driven out of mine<sup>34</sup> abode  
I now have lost my perfect bliss,  
Fallen, fallen, out of God,  
And banish'd paradise.
- 3 I am all unclean, unclean,  
Thy purity I want,  
My whole heart is sick of sin,  
And my whole head is faint:  
Full of putrifying sores,  
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul  
Looks to Jesus, help<sup>35</sup> implores,  
And gasps to be made whole.
- 4 In the wilderness I stray,  
My foolish heart is blind,

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<sup>31</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 43–45.

<sup>32</sup>Added “Rev. iii. 17” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>33</sup>“Hapless” changed to “helpless” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>34</sup>Originally “my” in *HSP* (1742). “Mine” changed back to “my” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>35</sup>Orig., “helps”; a misprint; corrected in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

Nothing do I know; the way  
Of peace I cannot find:  
Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,  
And take, O take the<sup>36</sup> veil away,  
Turn my darkness into light,  
My midnight into day.

**Part II.**

- 5        Naked of thine image, Lord,  
          Forsaken, and alone,  
          Unrenew'd, and unrestor'd,  
          I have not thee put on:  
          Over me thy mantle spread,  
Send down thy likeness from above,  
          Let thy goodness be display'd,  
          And wrap me in thy love.
- 6        Poor alas! Thou know'st, I am,  
          And would be poorer still,  
          See my nakedness, and shame,  
          And all my vileness feel:  
          No good thing in me resides,  
My soul is all an aching void,  
          Till thy Spirit here abides,  
          And I am fill'd with God.
- 7        Jesu, full of truth and grace,  
          In thee is all I want;  
          Be the wanderer's resting-place,  
          A cordial to the faint;  
          Make me rich, for I am poor,  
In thee may I mine<sup>37</sup> Eden find;  
          To the dying health restore,  
          And eye-sight to the blind.
- 8        Cloath me with thy holiness,  
          Thy meek humility;  
          Put me on<sup>38</sup> my glorious dress,  
          Endue my soul with thee;

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<sup>36</sup>“The” changed to “this” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>37</sup>Originally “my” in *HSP* (1742). “Mine” changed back to “my” in 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775) and following.

<sup>38</sup>“Me on” changed to “on me” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

Let thine image be restor'd,  
Thy name and nature let me prove,  
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,  
And perfect me in love.

**Hymn IX.**<sup>39</sup>  
**A Prayer to Christ.**

- 1 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
To thee I feebly pray,  
Heal me of my grief and pain,  
O take my sins away;  
From this bondage, Lord, release,  
No longer let me be opprest:  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.
- 2 Hast thou not invited all  
Who groan beneath their sin?  
Weary I obey thy call,  
And come to be made clean:  
Give my burthen'd conscience ease,  
O grant me now the promis'd rest:  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.
- 3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,  
Who humbly comes to thee?  
No, my God; I cannot doubt,  
Thy mercy is for me;  
Let me then obtain the grace,  
And be of paradise possest:  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.
- 4 Worldly good I do not want,  
Be that to others given,  
Only for thy love I pant,  
My all in earth and<sup>40</sup> heaven;

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<sup>39</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 49–50; stanzas 1–3, 5–6.

<sup>40</sup>“And” changed to “or” in 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1777) and following.

This the crown I fain would seize,  
The good wherewith I would be blest:  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.

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

**Hymn X.**<sup>41</sup>

**“Fear not; only believe!” [Luke viii. 50.]**<sup>42</sup>

1 Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads,  
The day of liberty draws near,  
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,  
Shall soon in your behalf appear;  
The Lord shall to his temple come,  
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Lord, we confess our sins to thee,  
In sin we were conceiv'd and born;  
Plung'd in the depth of misery,  
We never can to thee return,  
Till thou our fallen souls convert,  
And give the new believing heart.

3 Now, if thou canst, with-hold the<sup>43</sup> grace  
From sinners hungry, mournful, poor,  
Who ask thy love, who seek thy face,  
Who ever knock at mercy's door:  
At Jesus' feet who humbly lie,  
Resolv'd at Jesus' feet to die.

4 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,  
Thou never canst unfaithful prove:  
Surely we shall thy mercy find,  
Who ask shall all receive thy love;

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<sup>41</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 232–33; stanzas 1, 3–5, 8–9.

<sup>42</sup>Added “Luke viii. 50” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>43</sup>“The” changed to “thy” in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758) and following.

Nor canst thou it to me deny,  
I ask, the chief of sinners I.

5 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong,  
Your down-cast hands and eyes lift up,  
Ye shall not be forgotten long,  
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope;  
Tell him, ye wait his grace to move,<sup>44</sup>  
And cannot fail, if God is love.

6 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold,  
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear,  
Dare to believe, on Christ lay hold,  
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer:  
Tell him, We will not let thee go,  
Till we thy name, thy nature know.

**Hymn XI.**<sup>45</sup>

**Matt. v. 3, &c. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," &c.**

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

2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourner blest;  
And, lo! For thee I ever mourn:  
I cannot; no,<sup>46</sup> I will not rest,  
Till thou, mine only rest, return;  
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,  
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd  
On all that hunger after thee?  
I hunger now, I thirst for God!  
See the poor fainting sinner, see,  
And satisfy with endless peace,  
And fill me with thy righteousness.

4 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,  
Light in thy light I then shall see:

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<sup>44</sup>Originally "prove" in *HSP* (1742). "Move" changed back to "prove" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>45</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 65–66; stanzas 1–3, 5–6.

<sup>46</sup>"No" changed to "nay" in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,  
"Glory divine is ris'n on thee:  
"Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er,  
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more.<sup>[5]</sup>

- 5 Lord, I believe the promise sure,  
And trust thou wilt not long delay,  
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
Upon thy word myself I stay;  
Into thine<sup>47</sup> hands mine<sup>48</sup> all resign,  
And wait till all thou art is mine.

**Hymn XII.<sup>49</sup>**  
**In Temptation.**

- 1 Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah! Leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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<sup>47</sup>Originally "thy" in *HSP* (1740). "Thine" changed back to "thy" in 15<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

<sup>48</sup>Originally "my" in *HSP* (1740). "Mine" changed back to "my" in 7<sup>th</sup> edn. (1759) and following.

<sup>49</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 67–68; stanzas 1–2, 4–5.

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

**Hymn XIII.**<sup>50</sup>

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

**[Matt. i. 21.]**<sup>51</sup>

- 1 Jesus, in whom the Godhead’s rays  
Beam forth with milder majesty;  
I see thee full of truth and grace,  
And come for all I want to thee.
- 2 Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,  
Nor constancy, nor strength I have:  
But thou, O Lord, art still the same,  
And hast not lost thy power to save.
- 3 Save me from pride, the plague expel,  
Jesu, thine humble self impart;  
O let thy mind within me dwell,  
O give me lowliness of heart.
- 4 Enter thyself, and cast out sin,  
Thy spotless purity bestow;  
Touch me, and make the leper clean,  
Wash me, and I am white as snow.
- 5 Fury is not in thee, my God;  
O why should it be found in thine?  
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,  
And all thy gentleness is mine.
- 6 Pour but thy blood upon the flame,  
Meek, and dispassionate, and mild,  
The leopard sinks into a lamb,  
And I become a little child.

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<sup>50</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 68–69.

<sup>51</sup>Added “Matt. i. 21” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.



**Hymn XIV.**<sup>52</sup>  
**A Prayer to Christ.**

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,  
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take this poor heart, and let it be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee!  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close-shelter'd in thy bleeding side!  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works, but sin and death,  
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;  
O wond'rous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou should'st us to glory bring;  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost; nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of ought, beside  
"My Lord, my love is crucify'd!"
- 7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought!  
Unloose our stammering tongue,<sup>53</sup> to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren, thou!  
To thee, lo! All our souls we bow,  
To thee our hearts and hands<sup>54</sup> we give:  
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

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<sup>52</sup>JW's translation of excerpts from four German hymns by Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf (stanzas 1–2, 7), Johann Nitschmann (stanzas 3–6), and Anna Nitschmann (stanza 8). First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 74–76.

<sup>53</sup>"Tongue" changed to "tongues" in 12<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

<sup>54</sup>"Hearts and hands" changed to "hands and hearts" in 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775) and following.

**Hymn XV.**<sup>55</sup>  
**“These things were written for our instruction.”**  
**[1 Cor. x. 11.]**<sup>56</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Jesu, if still thou art to day  
As yesterday the same,  
Present to heal, in me display,  
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 If still thou go'st about to do  
Thy needy creatures good,  
On me, that I thy praise may shew,  
Be all thy wonders shew'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat;  
With pitying eyes behold me fall,  
A leper, at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhor'd,  
I sink, beneath my sin;  
But if thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,  
Open, O Lord, mine ear;  
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,  
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent (alas, thou know'st how long!)  
My voice, I cannot raise;  
But O! When thou shall<sup>57</sup> loose my tongue,  
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lamé at the pool, I still am found:  
Give; and my strength employ;  
Light as an hart I then shall bound,  
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt, and thee,  
And dark I am within:  
The love of God I cannot see,  
The sinfulness of sin.

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<sup>55</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 71–74.

<sup>56</sup>Added “1 Cor. x. 11” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>57</sup>Originally “shalt” in *HSP* (1740). “Shall” changed back to “shalt” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by;  
O let me find thee near!  
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Long have I waited in the way,  
For thee, the heavenly light:  
Command me to be brought; and say,  
“Sinner, receive thy sight!”

**Part II.**

11 While dead in trespasses I lie,  
Thy quickning Spirit give;  
Call me, thou Son of God, that I  
May hear thy voice, and live.

12 While full of anguish, and disease  
My weak distemper'd soul,  
Thy love compassionately sees,  
O let it make me whole.

13 While torn by hellish pride I cry,  
By legion lust possest,  
Son of the living God, draw nigh,  
And speak me into rest.

14 Cast out thy foes, and let them still  
To Jesus' name submit;  
Cloath with thy righteousness, and heal,  
And place me at thy feet.

15 To Jesus' name if all things now  
A trembling homage pay,  
O let my stubborn spirit bow,  
My stiffneck'd will obey.

16 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,  
And sick, and poor I am;  
But sure a remedy to find  
For all in Jesus' name.

- 17 I know, in thee all fulness dwells,  
And all for wretched man;  
Fill every want my spirit feels,  
And break off every chain.
- 18 If thou impart thyself to me,  
No other good I need;  
If thou the Son shall<sup>58</sup> make me free,  
I shall be free indeed.
- 19 I cannot rest, till in thy blood  
I full redemption have;  
But thou, thro' whom I come to God,  
Canst to the utmost save.
- 20 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,  
Thou wilt redeem my soul:  
Lord, I believe; and not in vain:  
My faith shall make me whole.
- 21 I too with thee shall walk in white,  
With all thy saints shall prove,  
What is the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth of Jesus' love.

**Hymn XVI.**<sup>59</sup>  
**A Sinner's Prayer.**

- 1 God of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe;  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive:  
Full of guilt, alas! I am,  
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Standing now as newly slain,  
To thee I lift mine eye,  
Balm of all my grief and pain  
Thy blood is always nigh:

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<sup>58</sup>Originally "shalt" in *HSP* (1740). "Shall" changed back to "shalt" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>59</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 139–40; stanzas 1–2, 4, 6, 8.

Now as yesterday the same  
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

3        Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
          Nor can thy grace procure,  
          Empty send me not away,  
          For I, thou know'st, am poor:  
          Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery:  
          Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
          Thy blood was shed for me.

4        No good word, or work, or thought  
          Bring I, to buy thy grace,  
          Pardon I accept unbought,  
          Thy proffer I embrace;  
          Coming as at first I came,  
To take, and not bestow on thee:  
          Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
          Thy blood was shed for me.

5        Saviour from thy wounded side  
          I never will depart,  
          Here will I my spirit hide  
          When I am pure in heart,  
          Till my place above I claim,  
This only shall be all my plea,  
          Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
          Thy blood was shed for me.

**Hymn XVII.<sup>60</sup>**  
**Another [A Sinner's Prayer].**

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

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<sup>60</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 204–6; stanzas 1–3, 9–13.

- 2 A poor blind child I wander here,  
If haply I may feel thee near;  
O dark, dark, dark (I still must say)  
Amidst the blaze of gospel-day!
- 3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,  
I<sup>61</sup> cast the world, and flesh behind:  
Thou, only thou to me be given,  
Of all thou hast in earth or<sup>62</sup> heaven.
- 4 When from the arm of flesh set free,  
Jesu, my soul shall fly to thee:  
Jesu, when I have lost my all,  
My soul shall on thy bosom fall.
- 5 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,  
Ready the outcasts to receive,  
Tho' all my simpleness I own;  
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 6 Ah! Wherefore did I ever doubt?  
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,  
An helpless soul, that comes to thee  
With only sin and misery.
- 7 Lord, I am sick; my sickness cure:  
I want; do thou enrich the poor:  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 8 Lord, I am blind; be thou my sight:  
Lord, I am weak; be thou my might:  
An helper of the helpless be,  
And let me find my all in thee.

**Hymn XVIII.**<sup>63</sup>  
**Another [A Sinner's Prayer].**

- 1 O my Lord, what must I do?  
Only thou the way canst shew,  
Thou canst save me in this hour,  
I have neither will nor power;

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<sup>61</sup>“I” changed to “And” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>62</sup>“Or” changed to “and” in 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775) and following.

<sup>63</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 41; stanzas 9–12.

God if over all thou art,  
Greater than the sinful heart,  
Let it now on me be shewn,  
Take away the heart of stone.

- 2 Take away my darling sin,  
Make me willing to be clean,  
Make me willing to receive  
What thy goodness waits to give,  
Force me, Lord, with all to part,  
Tear these idols from my heart,  
All thy power on me be shewn,  
Take away the heart of stone.
  
- 3 Jesu, mighty to renew  
Work in me to will, and do,  
Turn my nature's rapid tide,  
Stem the torrent of my pride,  
Stop the whirlwind of my will,  
Speak, and bid the sun stand still,  
Now thy love almighty shew,  
Make ev'n me a creature new.
  
- 4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,  
Bow the heavens, and come down;<sup>64</sup>  
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,  
Lay th' aspiring mountain low.  
Conquer thy worst foe in me,  
Get thyself the victory,  
Save the vilest of the race,  
Force me to be sav'd by grace.

**Hymn XIX.**<sup>65</sup>

**"Make me a clean heart, O God." Psal. li. 10.**<sup>66</sup>

- 1 O for an heart to praise my God!  
An heart from sin set free,  
An heart that always feels thy blood  
So freely spilt for me!

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<sup>64</sup>Orig., "done"; a misprint; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (1754) and following.

<sup>65</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 30–31.

<sup>66</sup>Orig., "li. 5"; a misprint; corrected in 16<sup>th</sup> edn. (1772) and following.

- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly,<sup>67</sup> contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life, nor death, can part  
From him that dwells within.
- 4 An heart in every thought renew'd,  
And fill'd with love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human woe:  
Jesu, for thee distrest I am,  
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou knowst, can never rest,  
Till thou create my peace,  
Till of mine Eden repossess  
From self, and<sup>68</sup> sin, I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me  
Bestow the<sup>69</sup> peace unknown,  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above,  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best, name of love.

**Hymn XX.**<sup>70</sup>  
**Longing for Christ.**

- 1 O thou, whom fain my soul would love,  
Whom I would gladly die to know;  
This veil of unbelief remove,  
And shew me, all thy goodness shew:

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<sup>67</sup>“Lowly” changed to “broken” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>68</sup>“Self, and” changed to “every” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>69</sup>Originally “that” in *HSP* (1742). “The” changed back to “that” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1779) and following.

<sup>70</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 110; stanzas 1–3.



Jesu, thyself in me reveal,  
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,  
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?  
I claim thee with a fault'ring tongue,  
I pray thee in<sup>71</sup> a feeble groan;  
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,  
And speak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkest by the way,  
With such an abject worm as me,  
Thy mysteries of grace display,  
Open mine eyes, that I may see;  
That I may understand thy word,  
And now cry out, *It is the Lord!*

**Hymn XXI.**<sup>72</sup>  
**The Resignation.**

**[Part I.]**

1 And wilt thou yet be found?  
And may I still draw near?  
Then listen to the plaintive sound  
Of a poor sinner's prayer.  
Jesu, thine aid afford,  
If still the same thou art;  
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,  
Lift up an helpless heart.

2 When shall thy love constrain,  
And force me to thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?  
Ah! What avails my strife,  
My wandring to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life,  
Ah! Whither should I go?

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

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<sup>71</sup>“In” changed to “with” in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

<sup>72</sup>First appeared in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. of *HSP* (1739), 37–40; but was then moved to *HSP* (1740), 76–79. This is an extract, comprising stanzas 1, 5–11.

Lord, at thy feet I fall,  
I groan to be set free,  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all to<sup>73</sup> thee.

- 4 To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst with all things part,  
Didst lead a suff'ring life below,  
To gain my worthless heart:  
My worthless heart to gain,  
The God of all that breathe,  
Was found in fashion as a man,  
And died a cursed death.

**Part II.**

- 5 And can I yet delay,  
My little all to give,  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?  
Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
And own thee Conqueror.
- 6 Though late I all forsake,  
My friends, my all resign:  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine:  
Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle, and fix my wav'ring soul  
With all thy weight of love.
- 7 My one desire be this,  
Thy only love to know;  
To seek, and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.  
My life, my portion thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art;  
My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart.

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<sup>73</sup>Originally “for” in *HSP* (1740). “To” changed back to “for” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

8        Rather than let it burn  
          For earth, O quench its heat,  
Then, when it would to earth return,  
          O let it cease to beat:  
          Snatch me from ill to come,  
          When I from thee would fly,  
O take my wandring spirit home,  
          And grant me then to die!

**Hymn XXII.**<sup>74</sup>  
**The Same [The Resignation].**

1        O that my load of sin were gone!  
          O that I could at last submit,  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
          To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2        When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,  
          The God of my salvation see!  
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,  
          Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3        Rest for<sup>75</sup> my soul I long to find;  
          Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
          And stamp thine<sup>76</sup> image on my heart.

4        Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
          Thy light and easy burthen prove,  
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
          The labour of thy dying love.

5        This moment would I take it up,  
          And after my dear Master bear,  
With thee ascend to Calv'ry's top,  
          And bow my head, and suffer there.

6        I would; but thou must give the power,  
          My heart from ev'ry sin release:  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
          And fill me with thy perfect peace.

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<sup>74</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 91–92; stanzas 1–2, 4, 6–9.

<sup>75</sup>“For” changed to “to” in 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775) and following.

<sup>76</sup>“Thine” changed to “thy” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

- 7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay,  
Appear in my poor heart, appear,  
My God, my Saviour, come away!

**Hymn XXIII.<sup>77</sup>**

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

**[Part I.]**

- 1 O that thou wouldst the heavens rent,  
In majesty come down,  
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,  
And seize me for thine own!
- 2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn  
The stubble of thy foe:  
My sins o’erturn, o’erturn, o’erturn,  
And make the mountains flow.
- 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,  
And curb my headstrong will;  
Thou only canst drive back the tide,  
And bid the sun stand still.
- 4 What tho’ I cannot break my chain,  
Or e’er throw off my load,  
The things impossible to men,  
Are possible to God.
- 5 Is any thing too hard for thee,  
Almighty Lord of all;  
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,  
And make the mountains fall?
- 6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,  
And match omnipotence?  
Ungrasp the hold of thy right-hand,  
Or pluck the sinner thence?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail,  
Nearer to save thou art;  
Stronger than all the powers of hell,  
And greater than my heart.

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<sup>77</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 79–82.

- 8 Lo! To the hills I lift mine eyes,<sup>78</sup>  
Thy promis'd help I claim;  
Father of mercies, glorify  
Thy fav'rite Jesus' name!
- 9 Salvation in that name is found,  
Balm of my grief and care;  
A medicine for my ev'ry wound,  
All, all I want is there!

**Part II.**

- 10 Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's friend,  
Come to my help, pronounce the word,  
And bid my troubles end.
- 11 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,  
And life, and liberty,  
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,  
And Jesus prove to me.
- 12 Faith to be heal'd, thou know'st I have,  
For thou that faith hast given:  
Thou canst, thou canst<sup>79</sup> the sinner save,  
And make me meet for heaven.
- 13 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;  
Thou wilt victorious prove,  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love.
- 14 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue  
Unconquerable sin,  
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,  
And write thy law within.
- 15 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
Yet let me hear thy call;  
My soul in confidence shall rise,  
Shall rise, and break thro' all.

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<sup>78</sup>Originally "eye" in *HSP* (1740). "Eyes" changed back to "eye" in 10<sup>th</sup> edn. (Edinburgh, 1763), and 14<sup>th</sup> edn. (1768) through 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776).

<sup>79</sup>"Canst" changed to "wilt" in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

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

**Hymn XXIV.  
Desiring to Love.**

**[Part I.]<sup>80</sup>**

- 1 O love, I languish at thy stay,  
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart,  
Wearied, and faint, thro' long delay,  
When wilt thou come into my heart;  
From sin and sorrow set me free,  
And swallow up my soul in thee?
- 2 Come, O thou universal good,  
Balm of the wounded conscience, come,  
The hungry, dying spirit's food,  
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home,  
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,  
My everlasting rest from sin.
- 3 Be thou, O love, whate'er I want,  
Support my feebleness of mind,  
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint  
Revive, illuminate the blind;  
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,  
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 4 Come, O my comfort and delight,  
My strength and health, my shield and sun,  
My boast, and confidence, and might,  
My joy, my glory, and my crown,  
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,  
My tree of life, my paradise.

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<sup>80</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 25–26.

- 5 The secret of the Lord thou art,  
The mystery so long unknown,  
Christ in a pure believing heart,  
The name inscrib'd in<sup>81</sup> the white stone,  
The life divine, the little leaven,  
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

**Part II.**<sup>82</sup>

- 6 O love divine, what hast thou done!  
Th' immortal God hath died for me;  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree,  
Th' immortal God for me hath died,  
My Lord, my love, is crucified!
- 7 Behold him all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!  
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
And say, was ever grief like his!  
Come, feel with me his blood applied!  
My Lord, my love, is crucified!
- 8 Is crucified for me, and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God:  
Believe, believe the record true,  
We all are bought with Jesus' blood,  
Pardon and life flow from his side:  
My Lord, my love, is crucified!
- 9 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream,  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him,  
Of nothing speak, or think beside  
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

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<sup>81</sup>“In” changed to “on” in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

<sup>82</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 26–27.

**Hymn XXV.**<sup>83</sup>  
**Groaning for the Spirit of Adoption.**

- 1     Father, if thou my Father art,  
          Send forth the Spirit of thy Son,  
          Breathe him into my panting heart,  
          And make me know as I am known,  
          Make me thy conscious child that I,  
          May “Father, Abba Father,” cry!
  
- 2     I want the Spirit of power within,  
          Of love, and of an healthful mind:  
          Of power to conquer in-bred sin,  
          Of love to thee, and all mankind,  
          Of health that pain and death defies,  
          Most vig’rous when the body dies.
  
- 3     When shall I hear the inward voice,  
          Which only faithful souls can hear!  
          Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,  
          Attend the promis’d Comforter;  
          He comes, and righteousness divine,  
          And Christ, and all with Christ is mine.
  
- 4     O that the Comforter would come,  
          Nor visit as a transient guest,  
          But fix in me his constant home,  
          And take possession of my breast,  
          And make my soul his lov’d abode,  
          The temple of indwelling God!
  
- 5     Come Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,  
          Attest that I am born again,  
          Come, and baptise me now with fire,  
          Or all<sup>84</sup> thy former gifts are<sup>85</sup> vain:  
          Where is the sense of sin forgiven?  
          Where is the earnest of my heaven?
  
- 6     Where thy<sup>86</sup> indubitable seal,  
          That ascertains the kingdom mine?

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<sup>83</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 131–32.

<sup>84</sup>“Or all” changed to “Nor let” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>85</sup>“Are” changed to “be” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>86</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.



The powerful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine:  
O shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God.

**Hymn XXVI.**<sup>87</sup>  
**Micah vi. 6, &c.**

- 1    Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,  
      And bow myself before thy face?  
How in thy purer eyes appear?  
      What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2    Will gifts delight the Lord most high?  
      Will multiplied oblations please?  
Thousands of rams his favour buy,  
      Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?
- 3    Can these assuage the wrath of God?  
      Can these wash out my guilty stain?  
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,  
      Alas, they all must flow in vain!
- 4    What have I then wherein to trust?  
      I nothing have, I nothing am:  
Excluded is my every boast,  
      My glory swallow'd up in shame.
- 5    Guilty I stand before thy face;  
      I feel on me thy wrath abide:  
'Tis just the sentence should take place:  
      'Tis just—but O! Thy Son hath died!
- 6    Jesus, the Lamb of God hath bled,  
      He bore our sins upon the tree,  
Beneath our curse, he bow'd his head,  
      'Tis finish'd! He hath died for me!
- 7    For me I now believe he died:  
      He made my every crime his own,

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<sup>87</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 88–90; stanzas 1–3, 8–13.

Fully for me he satisfied:  
Father, well pleas'd behold thy Son!

8 See, where before thy throne he stands,  
And pours the all-prevailing prayer,  
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,  
And shews that I am graven there.

9 He ever lives for me to pray,  
He prays that I with him may<sup>88</sup> reign:  
Amen to what my Lord doth say!  
Jesu, thou canst not pray in vain!

**Hymn XXVII.<sup>89</sup>**  
**Redemption Found.**

1 Now I have found the ground, wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain!  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
Before the world's foundation slain:  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far:  
Thine heart still melts with tenderness,  
Thine arms of love still open are;  
Returning sinners to receive,  
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee:  
Cover'd is mine<sup>90</sup> unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesus' blood, thro' earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea:  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!  
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
I look into my Saviour's breast:

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<sup>88</sup>“May” changed to “might” in 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767) and following.

<sup>89</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Andreas Rothe; first appeared in *HSP* (1740), 91–92.

<sup>90</sup>Originally “my” in *HSP* (1740). “Mine” changed back to “my” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

Away sad doubt, and anxious fear!  
Mercy is all that's written there.

- 5<sup>91</sup> Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,  
    Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,  
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,  
    Tho' every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my stedfast soul relies,  
Father, thy mercy never dies!
- 6 Fixt on this ground will I remain,  
    Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay:  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
    When earth's foundations melt away;  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

**Hymn XXVIII.**<sup>92</sup>  
**The Same [Redemption Found].**

- 1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,  
    Who in thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be!
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast,  
    See, I pant in thee to rest!  
Gladly would I now be clean.  
    Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind,  
    To thy cross my spirit bind,  
Earthly passions far remove,  
Swallow up our souls<sup>93</sup> in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes tho' we be,  
    Full of guilt<sup>94</sup> and misery,  
Thine we are, thou Son of God;  
    Take the purchase of thy blood.

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<sup>91</sup>Orig., "3"; a misprint.

<sup>92</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Anna Dober; first appeared in *HSP* (1740), 93–94.

<sup>93</sup>"Our souls" changed to "my soul" in 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767) and following.

<sup>94</sup>"Guilt" changed to "sin" in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,  
He th' atonement now receives,  
He with joy beholds thy face,  
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame,  
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,  
Marks the new, the living way,  
Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesu, when this light we see,  
All our soul's on fire for thee,  
When thy soft'ning power we prove,  
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine:  
Praise by all to thee be giv'n  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

**Hymn XXIX.<sup>95</sup>**  
**Christ our Righteousness.**

- 1 Jesu, thou art my righteousness,  
For all my sins were thine:  
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,  
Thy life hath made him mine.
- 2 Spotless, and just in thee I am;  
I feel my sins forgiven:  
I taste salvation in thy name,  
And antedate my heaven.
- 3 Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For *me* the Saviour died.
- 4 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt, and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

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<sup>95</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 95–96.

- 5 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own,  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve,  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul is love.

**Hymn XXX.**<sup>96</sup>  
**Christ our Sanctification.**

- 1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply,  
Thine hallowing Spirit breathe;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with thy rebel strive,  
Enter my soul, and work within,  
And kill, and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,  
As the old Adam dies:  
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,  
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes controul,  
Who would not own thy sway:  
Diffuse thine image thro' my soul,  
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
And seal me thine abode,  
O make me glorious all within,  
A temple built by<sup>97</sup> God.
- 6 Mine inward holiness thou art,  
For faith hath made thee mine:  
With all thy fulness fill my heart,  
Till all I am is thine.

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<sup>96</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 97–98.

<sup>97</sup>“By” changed to “of” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

**Hymn XXXI.**<sup>98</sup>  
**Gratitude for our Conversion.**

- 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<sup>99</sup> 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 enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
  
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray:  
Strengthen my feet with steady pace  
Still to press forward in thy way:  
My soul, and flesh, O Lord of might,  
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.
  
- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
Give to mine<sup>100</sup> heart chaste hallow'd fires,

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<sup>98</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Scheffler; first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 198–200.

<sup>99</sup>“For” changed to “Far” in 9<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762) and following.

<sup>100</sup>Originally “my” in *HSP* (1739). “Mine” changed back to “my” in 15<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

Give to my soul with filial fears  
The love that all heaven's host inspires,  
That all my powers 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.

**Hymn XXXII.**<sup>101</sup>  
**Christ the Friend of Sinners.**

- 1 Where shall my wondring soul begin?  
How shall I all to heaven aspire?  
A slave redeem'd from death, and sin,  
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,  
How shall I equal triumphs raise,  
And sing my great Deliverer's praise!
- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,  
Father, which thou to me hast shew'd,  
That I, a child of wrath, and hell,  
I should be call'd a child of God!  
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,  
Blest with this antepast of heaven.
- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love,  
Or basely fear his gifts to own?  
Unmindful of his favours prove?  
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,  
Refuse his righteousness t' impart,  
By hiding it within my heart?
- 4 No: tho' the antient dragon rage,  
And call forth all his host to war,  
Tho' earth's self-righteous sons ingage,  
Them, and their god alike I dare;

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<sup>101</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 101–3.

Jesus, the sinner's friend, proclaim,  
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

- 5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,  
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,  
He spreads his arms t' embrace you all;  
Sinners alone his grace receives:  
No need of him the righteous have,  
He came the lost to seek and save.
- 6 Come, all ye Magdalens in lust,  
Ye ruffians fell in murders old,  
Repent, and live; despair, and trust!  
Jesus for you to death was sold:  
Tho' hell<sup>102</sup> protest, and earth repine,  
He died for crimes like yours, and mine.
- 7 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,  
Groaning beneath your load of sin!  
His bleeding heart shall make you room,  
His open side shall take you in:  
He calls you now, invites you home:  
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.
- 8 For you the purple current flow'd,  
In pardons from his wounded side:  
Languish'd for you th' eternal God,  
For you the Prince of Glory dy'd:  
Believe; and all your sin's forgiven,  
*Only believe*, and yours is heaven.

**Hymn XXXIII.**<sup>103</sup>  
**Subjection to Christ.**

- 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 heaven thou fill'st with pure desire:  
O shine upon my frozen breast,

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<sup>102</sup>“Hell” changed to “earth” in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786); likely a misprint.

<sup>103</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf; first appeared in *CPH* (1737),



With sacred warmth<sup>104</sup> 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 suffering conquering God!  
Now man shall live, for God hath died.
- 4 O kill in me this rebel, sin,  
And triumph o'er my willing breast,  
Restore thine image, Lord, therein,  
And lead me to thy 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!

**Hymn XXXIV.**<sup>105</sup>  
**On the Crucifixion.**

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

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<sup>104</sup>“Warmth” changed to “love” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>105</sup>A hymn by Samuel Wesley Sr.; first appeared in *CPH* (1737), 46–47.

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

**Hymn XXXV.**<sup>106</sup>  
**Living by Christ.**

**[Part I.]**

- 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 sins<sup>107</sup> far from my soul remove;  
My every 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 streams<sup>108</sup> arise.  
O Jesu, nothing may I see,  
Nothing hear, feel, or think, but thee.
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire:  
Hourly within my breast renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly 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 pain, in shame, hast shew'd:  
For me on the accursed tree  
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood:

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<sup>106</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Paul Gerhardt; first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 156–59.

<sup>107</sup>Originally “fires” in *HSP* (1739). “Sins” changed back to “fires” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>108</sup>Originally “beams” in *HSP* (1739). “Streams” changed back to “beams” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

Thy wounds upon my heart impress,  
Nor ought shall the lov'd stamp efface.

- 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,  
Might catch each drop, that torturing 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<sup>109</sup> thy mild  
And lowly mind into my breast!  
Nor ever may we parted be,  
Till I become one spirit with thee!

## Part II.

- 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 every weight; nor fear,  
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 10 My health, my light, my life, my crown,  
My portion, and my treasure thou!  
O take me, seal me for thine own;  
To thee alone my soul I bow:  
Without thee all is pain; my mind  
Repose in nought but thee can find.
- 11 Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,  
In thee alone is all my rest:

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<sup>109</sup>“Pour'd” changed to “breath'd” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

Be thou my theme, within me burn,  
Jesus, 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! Thine influence withdrawn,  
What profits me that I was 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<sup>110</sup> 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 wond'rous things thy love hath wrought!)  
Still lead me, lest I go astray,  
Direct my work, inspire my thought,  
And when<sup>111</sup> 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 power;  
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.

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<sup>110</sup>Orig., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>111</sup>"When" changed to "if" in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

**Hymn XXXVI.**<sup>112</sup>  
**God's Love to Mankind.**

- 1 O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea,  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Who would not his whole soul and mind,  
With all his strength to thee unite?
- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;  
Before th' insufferable blaze  
Angels with both wings veil their eyes:  
Yet free as air thy bounty streams  
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams  
Diffusive, as thy<sup>113</sup> sun's, arise.
- 3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,  
Earth, hell, and heav'n's strong pillars bow,  
Terrible majesty is thine!  
Who then can that vast love express,  
Which bows thee down to me, who less  
Than nothing am, till thou art mine?
- 4 High-thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,  
In number, weight, and measure, still  
Thou sweetly order'st all that is:  
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
And guide my steps, that I with thee  
Inthron'd, may reign in endless bliss.
- 5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows  
From thee; no want thy fulness knows;  
What but thyself canst thou desire?  
Yes; self sufficient as thou art,  
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;  
This, only this thou dost<sup>114</sup> require.
- 6 Primeval beauty! In thy sight  
The first-born fairest sons of light

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<sup>112</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 159–61.

<sup>113</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1777) and following.

<sup>114</sup>“Thou dost” changed to “dost thou” in 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775) and following.

See all their brightest glories fade:  
What then to me thine eyes could turn,  
In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,  
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade!

- 7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,  
And trembling own th' Almighty God,  
Sov'reign of earth, air, hell,<sup>115</sup> and sky.  
But who is this that comes from far,  
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?  
'Tis God made man, for man to die!
- 8 O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea,  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Who would not his whole soul and mind,  
With all his strength to thee unite?

**Hymn XXXVII.**<sup>116</sup>  
**Trust in Providence.**

**[Part I.]**

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

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<sup>115</sup>“Air, hell,” changed to “hell, air,” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>116</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 141–44.

3       Thine everlasting truth,  
          Father, thy ceaseless love  
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows  
          What best for each will prove.  
          And whatsoe'er thou will'st,  
          Thou dost, O King of kings;  
What thine unerring wisdom chose,  
          Thy power to being brings.

4       Thou every where hast way,  
          And all things serve thy might;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
          Thy path unsully'd light.  
          When thou arisest, Lord,  
          What shall thy work withstand?  
When all thy children want, thou giv'st,  
          Who, who shall stay thy<sup>117</sup> hand?

## Part II.

5       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.  
          Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,  
          He gently clears thy<sup>118</sup> way;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
          Soon end in joyous day.

6       Still heavy is thy heart?  
          Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
          And ev'ry care be gone:  
          What tho' thou rulest not,  
          Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
          And ruleth all things well.

7       Leave to his sov'reign sway,  
          To choose, and to command,

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<sup>117</sup>“Thy” changed to “thine” in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

<sup>118</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 12<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

So shalt thou wond'ring own, his way  
How wise, how strong his hand:  
Far, far above thy thought,  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought,  
That caus'd thy needless fear.

- 8        Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
          Our hearts are known to thee,  
O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
          Confirm the feeble knee!  
          Let us in life, in death,  
          Thy stedfast truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath,  
          Thy love, and guardian care.

**Hymn XXXVIII.**<sup>119</sup>  
**Isaiah XLIII. 1, 2.**

- 1        Peace, doubting<sup>120</sup> 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!
- 3        To him my eye of faith I turn,  
          And thro' the fire pursue my way:  
The fire forgets its<sup>121</sup> power to burn,  
          The lambent flames around me play:  
I own his power, accept the sign,  
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

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<sup>119</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 153–54.

<sup>120</sup>“Doubting” changed to “doubtful” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>121</sup>“Its” changed to “his” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.



- 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 power:  
Still be thy arms my sure defence;  
Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,  
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)  
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,  
Up borne 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 power<sup>122</sup> shall feel,  
And hear a whisper, Peace, be still!
- 7 Tho' in affliction's furnace try'd,  
Unhurt, on snares and deaths<sup>123</sup> 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.

**Hymn XXXIX.**<sup>124</sup>  
**Wrestling Jacob.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Come, O thou traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee:  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,  
My misery, or sin declare:

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<sup>122</sup>Originally "calm" in *HSP* (1739). "Power" changed back to "calm" in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>123</sup>"Deaths" changed to "death" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>124</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 115–18.

Thyself hast call'd me by my name;  
Look on thy hands, and read it there!  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold.  
Art thou the man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still<sup>125</sup> beseech thee, tell;  
To know it now, resolv'd I am:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,  
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;  
Tho' ev'ry sinew were unstrung,  
Out of my arms<sup>126</sup> thou shouldst<sup>127</sup> not fly:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 6 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long;  
I rise superior to my pain,  
When I am weak, then I am strong:  
And when my all of strength doth fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,  
I sink beneath thy weighty hand,  
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;  
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:  
I stand, and will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

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<sup>125</sup>“Tell me, I still” changed to “Tell me, I” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) through 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756); and to “O tell me, I” in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758) and following.

<sup>126</sup>“Arms” changed to “arm” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>127</sup>Originally “shalt” in *HSP* (1742). “Shouldst” changed back to “shalt” in 9<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762) and following.

**Part II.**

- 8 Yield to me now—for I am weak;  
But confident in self-despair!  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r:  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt<sup>128</sup> move,  
And tell me, if thy name is love.
- 9 'Tis love! 'Tis love! Thou dy'd'st for me!  
I hear thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
Pure universal love thou art:  
To me, to all thy bowels move,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 10 My prayer hath power with God; the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive;  
Thro' faith I see thee face to face,  
I see thee face to face, and live:  
In vain I have not wept, and<sup>129</sup> strove,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 11 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;  
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
But stay, and love me to the end:  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 12 The Sun of righteousness on me  
Hath rose, with healing in his wings;  
Wither'd my nature's strength; from thee  
My soul its life and succour brings:  
My help is all laid up above,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 13 Contented now, upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end;  
All helplessness, all weakness I  
On thee alone for strength depend;

---

<sup>128</sup>“Shalt” changed to “shall” in 7<sup>th</sup> edn (1759) and following, with exceptions of 10<sup>th</sup> edn. (Edinburgh, 1763), 16<sup>th</sup> edn. (1772)), and 17<sup>th</sup> edn. (1773).

<sup>129</sup>“And” changed to “nor” in 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775); and to “or” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

Nor have I power from thee to move;  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

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

**Hymn XL.**<sup>130</sup>  
**To Christ.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1           Arise, my soul, arise,  
          Thy Saviour's sacrifice!  
All the names that love could find,  
          All the forms that love could take,  
Jesus in himself hath join'd,  
          Thee, my soul, his own to make.
- 2           Equal with God most high,  
          He laid his glory by;  
He, th' eternal God, was born,  
          Man with men he deign'd t' appear,  
Object of his creature's scorn,  
          Pleas'd a *Servant's* form to wear.
- 3           Hail everlasting Lord,  
          Divine, incarnate *Word!*  
Thee let all my powers confess,  
          Thee my latest breath proclaim!  
Help, ye angel choirs to bless,  
          Shout the lov'd *Immanuel's* name.
- 4           Fruit of a virgin's womb  
          The promis'd blessing's come:  
Christ, the fathers'<sup>131</sup> hope of old,  
          Christ, the *Woman's* conqu'ring *Seed*,  
Christ, the Saviour! Long foretold,  
          Born to bruise the serpent's head.

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<sup>130</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 165–68; stanzas 1–5, 7–12, 14–15.

<sup>131</sup>Orig. “Father’s”; restored to “fathers”, as in *HSP* (1739), in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

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

6           He shines on earth ador'd  
          The *Presence of the Lord:*  
God, the mighty God, and true,  
          God by highest heaven confest,  
Stands display'd to mortal view,  
          God supreme, forever blest.

**Part II.**

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

8           High above every name  
          Jesus, the great I AM!  
Bows<sup>132</sup> to Jesus every knee,  
          Things in heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Saints adore him, demons flee,  
          Fiends, and men, and angels feel.

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

10          His own on earth, he sought,  
          His own receiv'd him not:  
Him a sign by all blasphem'd,  
          Out-cast, and despis'd of men;

---

<sup>132</sup>“Bows” changed to “Bow” in 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1777) and following.

Him they all a madman deem'd,  
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

11           Hail *Galilean* King!  
          Thy humble state I sing;  
Never shall my triumphs<sup>133</sup> end;  
          Hail derided majesty!  
Jesus, hail! The sinner's friend!  
          *Friend of Publicans*—and me.

12           Hail the life-giving Lord,  
          Divine, ingrafted word!  
Thee, *the Life*, our souls have found,  
          Thee *the Resurrection* prov'd:  
Dead, we heard the quick'ning sound,  
          Own'd thy voice; believ'd, and lov'd.

13           With thee gone up on high,  
          We live, no more to die:  
*First and Last*, we feel thee now,  
          Witnessing thy empty tomb,  
*Alpha*, and *Omega* thou  
          Wast, and art, and art to come.

**Hymn XLI.**<sup>134</sup>  
**To Christ.**

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

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

---

<sup>133</sup>“Triumphs” changed to “triumph” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>134</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 168–69.

- 3           When, O my God, shall I  
              For thee submit to die?  
How the mighty debt repay,  
              Rival of thy passion prove?  
Lead me in thyself the way,  
              Melt my hardness unto<sup>135</sup> love.
- 4           To love is all my wish,  
              I only live for this:  
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,  
              There by faith for ever dwell:  
This I always will require,  
              Thee, and only thee, to feel.
- 5           Thy power I pant to prove,  
              Rooted, and fixt in love,  
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,  
              Wise to fathom things divine,  
What the length, and breadth, and height,  
              What the depth of love like thine.
- 6           Ah! Give me this to know  
              With all thy saints below!  
Swells my soul to compass thee,  
              Gasps in thee to live, and move,  
Fill'd with all the deity  
              All immerst, and lost in love.

**Hymn XLII.**<sup>136</sup>  
**To Christ.**

- 1           Still, O my soul, prolong  
              The never ceasing song!  
Christ my theme, my hope, my joy;  
              His be all my happy days,  
Praise my every hour employ,  
              Every breath be spent in praise.
- 2           His would I wholly be,  
              Who liv'd and died for me:

---

<sup>135</sup>Originally "into" in *HSP* (1739). "Unto" changed back to "into" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>136</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 170–71; stanzas 1–4, 6–7.

Grief was all his life below,  
Pain, and poverty, and loss:  
Mine the sins that bruise'd him so,  
Scourg'd, and nail'd him to the cross.

3           He bore the curse of all,  
          A spotless criminal:  
Burthen'd with a world of guilt,  
          Blacken'd with imputed sin,  
Man to save, his blood he spilt,  
          Died to make the sinner clean.

4           Join earth and heaven to bless,  
          The *Lord our Righteousness*?  
Mystery of redemption, this,  
          This the Saviour's strange design;  
Man's offence was counted his,  
          Ours is righteousness divine.

5           In him compleat we shine,  
          His death, his life<sup>137</sup> is mine:  
Fully am I justified,  
          Free from sin, and more than free;  
Guiltless, since for me he died,  
          Righteous, since he liv'd<sup>138</sup> for me.

6           Jesu, to thee I bow,  
          Sav'd to the utmost now:  
O the depth of love divine!  
          Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?  
Knowledge infinite is thine,  
          All thy ways unsearchable!

**Hymn XLIII.**<sup>139</sup>  
**To Christ the King.**

1           Jesu, thou art our King,  
          To me thy succour bring:  
Christ the mighty one art thou;  
          Help for all on thee is laid:

---

<sup>137</sup>“Death, his life” changed to “death and life” in 7<sup>th</sup> edn. (1759) through 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767); and to “life and death” in 14<sup>th</sup> edn. (1768) and following.

<sup>138</sup>“Liv'd” changed to “died” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>139</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 174–75.



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 prayer,  
Make, O make, my heart thy seat,<sup>140</sup>  
O set up thy kingdom there.

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

**Hymn XLIV.**<sup>141</sup>  
**Invitation of Sinners to Christ.**

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing,  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread thro' all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis musick in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

---

<sup>140</sup>Orig., "seal"; a misprint; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>141</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 121–23; stanzas 7–13, 15–18.

- 4 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,  
He sets the prisoner free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks; and listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him ye deaf, his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ,  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 7 Look unto him, ye nations, own  
Your God, ye fallen race!  
Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.
- 8 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,  
In holy triumph join!  
Sav'd is the sinner that believes  
From crimes as great as mine.
- 9 Murtherers and all ye hellish crew,  
Blacken'd with<sup>142</sup> lust, and pride,  
Believe the Saviour died for you;  
For you the Saviour died.
- 10 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,  
And Christ shall give you light,  
Cast all your sins into the deep,  
And wash the Ethiop white.
- 11 With me your chief ye then shall *know*,  
Shall *feel* your sins forgiven,  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

---

<sup>142</sup>Originally "Ye sons of" in *HSP* (1740). "Blacken'd with" changed back to "Ye sons of" in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

**Hymn XLV.**<sup>143</sup>  
**The Saviour Glorified by All.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1           Thou, Jesu, art our King,  
          Thy ceaseless praise we sing:  
Praise shall our glad tongue employ,  
          Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,  
While we vital breath enjoy,  
          While eternal ages roll.
  
- 2           Thou art th' eternal light,  
          That shin'st in deepest night.  
Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic train,  
          While thou bowd'st the heavens beneath,  
God with God wert man with man,  
          Man to save from endless death.
  
- 3           Thou for our pain didst mourn,  
          Thou hast our sickness borne;  
All our sins on thee were laid;  
          Thou with unexampled grace,  
All the mighty debt hast paid,  
          Due from Adam's helpless race.
  
- 4           Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,  
          God's kingdom fix'd below.  
Conqueror of all adverse power,  
          Thou heav'n's gates hast open'd wide,  
Thou thine own dost lead secure,  
          In thy cross, and by thy side.
  
- 5           Inthron'd above yon sky  
          Thou reign'st with God most high.  
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:  
          Power supreme to thee is given;  
Thee the righteous Lord of all,  
          Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
  
- 6           Cherubs, and seraphs join,  
          And in thy praise combine:

---

<sup>143</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Scheffler; first appeared in *CPH* (1738), 36–38.

All their choirs thy glories sing:  
Who shall dare with thee to vie?  
Mighty Lord, eternal King  
Sovereign both of earth and sky.

**Part II.**

- 7           Hail, venerable train,  
              Patriarchs, first-born of men!  
Hail apostles of the Lamb,  
              By whose strength ye faithful prov'd;  
Join t' extol his sacred name,  
              Whom in life and death ye lov'd.
- 8           The church, thro' all her bounds,  
              With thy high praise resounds:  
Confessors undaunted here,  
              Unasham'd proclaim<sup>144</sup> their King,  
Children's feebl' voices there,  
              To thy name hosannas sing.
- 9           'Midst danger's blackest frown  
              Thee hosts of martyrs own:  
Pain and shame alike they dare,  
              Firmly, singularly good,  
Glorying thy cross to bear,  
              Till they seal their faith with blood.
- 10          Ev'n heathens feel thy power,  
              Thou suffering Conqueror!  
Thousand virgins, chaste and clean,  
              From love's pleasing witchcraft free,  
Fairer than the sons of men,  
              Consecrate their hearts to thee.
- 11          Wide earth's remotest bound  
              Full of thy praise is found:  
And all heaven's eternal day,  
              With thy streaming glory flames:  
All thy foes shall melt away  
              From th' insufferable beams.

---

<sup>144</sup>“Proclaim” changed to “proclaim'd” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

12           O Lord, O God of love,  
              Let us thy mercy prove!  
King of all, with pitying eye,  
              Mark the toil, the pains<sup>145</sup> we feel;  
'Midst the snares of death we lie,  
              'Midst the banded powers of hell.

13           Arise, stir up thy power,  
              Thou deathless Conqueror!  
Help us to obtain the prize,  
              Help us well to close our race,  
That with thee above the skies,  
              Endless joys we may possess.

**Hymn XLVI.**<sup>146</sup>

**“I am determined to know nothing save Jesus  
Christ, and him crucified.” [1 Cor. ii. 2.]**<sup>147</sup>

**[Part I.]**

1           Vain delusive world, adieu,  
              With all of creature-good!  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
              Who bought me with<sup>148</sup> his blood:  
All thy pleasures I forego,  
I trample on thy wealth and pride,  
Only Jesus will I know,  
              And Jesus crucified.

2           Other knowledge I disdain,  
              'Tis all but vanity:  
Christ the Lamb of God was slain,  
              He tasted death for me;  
Me to save from endless woe,  
The sin-atoning victim died:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
              And Jesus crucified.

3           Turning to my rest again,  
              The Saviour I adore,  
He relieves my grief and pain,  
              And bids me weep no more:

---

<sup>145</sup>“Pains” changed to “pangs” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>146</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 257–58.

<sup>147</sup>Added “1 Cor. ii. 2” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>148</sup>Misprint as “bought with me with” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

Rivers of salvation flow  
From out his head, his hands, his side:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

4 Here will I set up my rest,  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast,  
Shall never more depart:  
Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

**Part II.**

5 What tho' all I am is sin,  
Sin cannot break<sup>149</sup> my peace,  
Here is blood to wash me clean  
From all unrighteousness:  
This shall wash me white as snow;  
On this for all things I confide:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

6 What tho' earth and hell engage  
To shake my soul with fear,  
Calmly I defy the rage  
Of persecution near;  
Suff'ring faith shall brighter glow,  
As gold, when in the furnace tried:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

7 Him to know, is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end:  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend,  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his faith abide:

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<sup>149</sup>“Sin cannot break” changed to “This cannot break” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) through 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1779); and to “Can this prevent” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

8 O that I could all invite,  
This saving truth to prove!  
Shew the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners shew  
The blood by faith alone applied:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

9 Him in all my works I seek,  
Who hung upon the tree,  
Only of his love I speak,  
Who freely died for me,  
While I sojourn here below,  
Of nothing will I think beside:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

**Hymn XLVII.**<sup>150</sup>

**The Same**

**["I am determined to know nothing save Jesus  
Christ, and him crucified." 1 Cor. ii. 2.].**

1 Let the world their virtue boast,  
Their works of righteousness,  
I a wretch undone and lost  
Am freely sav'd by grace:  
Other title I disclaim,  
This, only this is all my plea;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

2 Let the stronger sons of God,  
Their liberty assert,  
Justly glory in the blood  
That made them pure in heart:  
I am full of guilt and shame,  
My heart as black as hell I see;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

---

<sup>150</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 259–60; stanzas 1–4, 8–9.

3       Happy they, whose joys abound,  
          Like Jordan's swelling stream,  
          Who their heaven in Christ have found,  
          And give the praise to him:  
          Let them triumph in his name,  
Enjoy their full felicity:  
          I the chief of sinners am,  
          But Jesus died for me.

4       Blest are they, entirely blest,  
          Who can in him rejoice,  
          Lean on his beloved breast,  
          And hear the Bridegroom's voice:  
          Meanest follower of the Lamb,  
His steps I at a distance see,  
          I the chief of sinners am,  
          But Jesus died for me.

5       Surely he will lift me up,  
          For I of him have need:  
          I cannot give up my hope,  
          Tho' I am cold and dead:  
          To bring fire on earth he came;  
O that it now might kindled be!  
          I the chief of sinners am,  
          But Jesus died for me.

6       Jesu, thou for me hast died,  
          And thou in me wilt live,  
          I shall feel thy death applied,  
          I shall thy life receive:  
          Yet when melted in the flame  
Of love, this shall be all my plea;  
          I the chief of sinners am,  
          But Jesus died for me.



**Hymn XLVIII.**<sup>151</sup>  
**To Christ the Prophet.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1           Prophet on earth bestow'd,  
          A Teacher sent from God,  
Thee we welcome from above,  
          Sent the Father to reveal,  
Sent to manifest his love,  
          Sent to teach his perfect will.
- 2           Ah! Give us, Lord, to know  
          Thine office here below;  
Preach deliverance to the poor;  
          Sent for this, O Christ, thou art:  
Jesu, all our sickness cure,  
          Bind thou up the broken heart.
- 3           Publish the joyful year,  
          Of God's acceptance here,<sup>152</sup>  
Preach glad tidings to the meek,  
          Liberty to spirits bound,  
Gracious free redemption speak,  
          Spread thro' earth the gospel-sound.
- 4           Humbly behold we sit,  
          And listen at thy feet;  
Never will we hence remove;  
          Lo! To thee our souls we bow:  
Tell us of thy<sup>153</sup> Father's love;  
          Speak; for Lord, we hear thee now.
- 5           Master, to us reveal,  
          His acceptable will:  
Ever for thy law we wait;  
          Unite<sup>154</sup> it in our inward parts,  
Our dark minds illuminate,  
          Grave thy kindness on our hearts.
- 6           Thou art the truth, the way,  
          O teach us how to pray:

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<sup>151</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 142, 144–46; stanzas 1, 10–13, 16–17, 19–22.

<sup>152</sup>Originally “near” in *HSP* (1740). “Here” changed back to “near” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>153</sup>Originally “the” in *HSP* (1740). “Thy” changed back to “the” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>154</sup>Originally “Write” in *HSP* (1740). “Unite” changed back to “Write” in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758) and following.

Worship spiritual and true  
Still instruct us how to give:  
Let us pay the service due,  
Let us to God's glory live.

**Part II.**

- 7           Holy, and true, the key  
              Of David rests on thee.  
Come, Messiah, all things tell,  
              Make us to salvation wise,  
Shut the gates of death and hell,  
              Open, open paradise.
- 8           Witness, within us place  
              The Spirit of his grace;  
Teach us inwardly, and guide,  
              By an unction from above,  
Let it in our hearts abide,  
              Source of light, and life, and love.
- 9           Pronounce our happy doom,  
              And shew us things to come:  
All the depths of love display,  
              All the mystery unfold,  
Speak us seal'd to thy great day,  
              In thy book of life inroll'd!
- 10          Shepherd, securely keep  
              Thy little flock of sheep;  
Call'd and gather'd into one,  
              Feed us, in green pastures feed,  
Make us quietly lie down,  
              By the streams of comfort lead.
- 11          Thou, even thou art he,  
              Whom pain and sorrow flee:  
Comforter of all that mourn,  
              Let us by thy guidance come,  
Crown'd with endless joy return,  
              To our everlasting home.

**Hymn XLIX.**<sup>155</sup>  
**Christ Protecting, and Sanctifying.**

- 1 O Jesu, source of calm repose,  
Thy like nor man, nor angel knows,  
    Fairest among ten thousand fair!  
Ev'n those whom death's sad fetters bound,  
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,  
    Find light and life, if thou appear.
  
- 2 Effulgence of the light divine,  
Ere<sup>156</sup> rolling planets knew to shine,  
    Ere<sup>157</sup> time it's ceaseless course began;  
Thou, when th' appointed time was come,  
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,  
    But God with God wert man with man.
  
- 3 The world, sin, death oppose in vain,  
Thou by thy dying death hast slain,  
    My great Deliverer, and my God!  
In vain does the old dragon rage,  
In vain all hell its powers engage:  
    None can withstand thy conquering blood.
  
- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil  
Thy gracious Father's sov'reign will,  
    To thy dread sceptre will<sup>158</sup> I bow:  
With duteous reverence at thy feet,  
Like humble<sup>159</sup> Mary, lo, I sit!  
    Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.
  
- 5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,  
Lowly, and gentle may I be;  
    No charms but these to thee are dear:  
No anger, mayst thou ever find,  
No pride in my unruffled mind,  
    But faith, and heaven-born peace be there.
  
- 6 A patient, a victorious mind,  
Which life, and all things cast behind,

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<sup>155</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Freylinghausen; first appeared in *CPH* (1737), 38–39.

<sup>156</sup>Orig., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>157</sup>Orig., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>158</sup>"Will" changed to "lo" in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781); to "will" in 23<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1782); and to "lo" in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>159</sup>Orig., "humbly"; a misprint; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

Springs forth obedient to thy call;  
An heart, which no desire can move,  
But still t'adore, believe, and love,  
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

**Hymn L.**<sup>160</sup>  
**A Thanksgiving.**

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

**Hymn LI.**<sup>161</sup>  
**Another [A Thanksgiving].**

- 1 O what shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace!  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer, that hangs upon him!

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<sup>160</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 119.

<sup>161</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 118–19.

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

**Hymn LII.**<sup>162</sup>  
**Another [A Thanksgiving].**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 O God of my salvation, hear,  
And help a sinner to draw near,  
With boldness to the throne of grace:  
Help me thy benefits to sing,  
And smile to see me feebly bring  
My humble sacrifice of praise.
- 2 I cannot praise thee as I would,  
But thou art merciful and good:  
I know thou never wilt despise  
The day of small and feeble things,

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<sup>162</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 168–71; stanzas 1–2, 10–11, 13–18.

But bear me 'till on eagle's<sup>163</sup> wings  
To all the heights of love I rise.

3 A vile backsliding<sup>164</sup> sinner I  
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die,  
Yet still by sovereign grace I live:  
Saviour, to thee I still look up,  
I see an open door of hope,  
And wait thy fulness to receive.

4 How shall I thank thee for the grace,  
The trust I have to see thy face,  
When sin shall all be purg'd away!  
The night of doubts and fears<sup>165</sup> is past,  
The Morning-Star appears at last,  
And I shall see thy<sup>166</sup> perfect day.

5 Already, Lord, I feel thy pow'r,  
Preserv'd from evil every hour,  
My great preserver I proclaim;  
Safety and strength in thee I have,  
I find, I find thee strong to save,  
And know that Jesus is thy name.

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

## Part II.

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

8 I sin in every breath I draw,  
Nor do thy will, nor keep thy law

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<sup>163</sup>“Eagle's” changed to “eagles” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>164</sup>Misprint as “backsliding” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>165</sup>“Doubts and fears” changed to “fears and doubts” in 15<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

<sup>166</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

On earth, as angels do above:  
But still the fountain open stands,  
Washes my feet, and head, and<sup>167</sup> hands,  
Till I am perfected in love.

- 9 Come then, and loose my stamm'ring tongue,  
Teach me the new, the gospel-song,  
And perfect in a babe thy praise:  
I want a thousand lives t' employ  
In publishing the sounds of joy,  
The gospel of thy pard'ning grace.
- 10 Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come,  
Give me thyself, and take me home,  
Be now the glorious earnest given:  
The counsel of thy grace fulfil,  
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will  
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

**Hymn LIII.**<sup>168</sup>  
**To the Trinity.**

- 1 God of unexhausted grace,  
Of everlasting love,  
Overpower'd before thy face  
I fall, and dare not move:  
What hast thou for sinners done,  
For so poor a worm as me?  
Thou hast giv'n thine only Son,  
To bring us back to thee.
- 2 Suffering sin atoning God,  
Thy hallow'd name I bless,  
Jesus, lavish of thy blood,  
To buy the sinner's peace!  
Gushing from thy sacred veins,  
Let it now my soul o'erflow,  
Purge out all my sinful stains,  
And wash me white as snow.

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<sup>167</sup>“And head, and” changed to “my head, and” in 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1772) through 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1779); and to “my head, my” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>168</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 121.

- 3 Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,  
The life of Jesus breathe,  
The deep things of God reveal,  
Apply *my* Saviour's death:  
With the Father and the Son  
Soon as one in thee I am,  
All my nature shall make known  
The glories of the Lamb.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Thy Godhead we adore,  
Join with the triumphant host  
Who praise thee evermore:  
Live by heaven and earth ador'd,  
Three in One, and One in Three,  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,  
All glory be to thee.

**Hymn LIV.<sup>169</sup>**  
**The Good Fight.**  
**[1 Tim. vi. 12.]**

- 1 Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King,  
Thy succour afford, thy righteousness bring;  
Thy promises bind thee compassion to have,  
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to save.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,  
To thee I look up for certain relief:  
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,  
Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.
- 3 I every hour in jeopardy stand;  
But thou art my pow'r, and holdest my hand:  
While yet I am calling, thy succour I feel,  
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.
- 4 O who can explain, this struggle for life,  
This travail<sup>170</sup> and pain, this trembling and strife?  
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult and war,  
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare.

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<sup>169</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 137–38.

<sup>170</sup>Orig., “travel” as in *HSP* (1742); corrected in 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1777) and following.



- 5 For every fight is dreadful and loud,  
The warrior's delight is slaughter and blood;  
His foes overturning, till all shall expire:  
But this is with burning, and fewel of fire.
- 6 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin,  
My Jesus's love the battle shall win;  
So terribly glorious his coming shall be,  
His love all victorious shall conquer for me.
- 7 He all shall break thro', his truth and his grace  
Shall bring me into the plentiful place;  
Thro' much tribulation, thro' water and fire,  
Thro' floods of temptation, and flames of desire.
- 8 On Jesus my power till then I rely,  
All evil before his presence shall fly,  
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,  
And Jesus forever shall reign in my heart.

**Hymn LV.**<sup>171</sup>

**Recovering after a Relapse.**

- 1 My God, my God, on<sup>172</sup> thee I call,<sup>173</sup>  
Thee only would I know:  
One drop of blood on me let fall,<sup>174</sup>  
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,  
Purge mine iniquity:  
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
I have no part with thee.
- 3 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,  
His wounds are open'd wide;  
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
And speaks me justify'd.
- 4 Thy wrath is in a moment o'er,  
And pard'ning love takes place:  
Assist me, Saviour, to adore  
The riches of thy grace.

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<sup>171</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 154–56; stanzas 1–2, 6, 9–12.

<sup>172</sup>“On” changed to “to” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>173</sup>“Call” changed to “cry” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

<sup>174</sup>Line changed to “Thy purifying blood apply” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

- 5 O could I lose myself in thee,  
Thy depth of mercy prove,  
Thou vast unfathomable sea  
Of unexhausted love!
- 6 My humbled soul, when thou art near,  
In dust and ashes lies:  
How shall a sinful worm appear,  
Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 7 I loath myself, when God I see,  
And into nothing fall,  
Content, if thou exalted be,  
And Christ is all in all.

**Hymn LVI.**<sup>175</sup>  
**In Doubt.**

- 1 My God! I humbly call thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim,  
Till all I have be lost in thine,  
And all renew'd I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
But will not let thee go,  
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour  
That plants my God in me,  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty!
- 4 Jesu, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted, and fixt in God.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,  
The strength of sin subdue;  
(Mine own unconquerable sin)  
And form my soul anew.

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<sup>175</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 156–58.

- 6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,  
The stone to flesh convert,  
Soften and melt, and pierce, and break  
An adamantine heart.
- 7 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!
- 8 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,  
Spirit of burning, come!
- 9 Refining fire, go thro' my heart,  
Illuminate my soul,  
Scatter thy life thro' every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 10 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,  
While entred into rest,  
I only live my God t' admire,  
My God forever blest.
- 11 No longer then my heart shall mourn,  
While purify'd by grace,  
I only for his glory burn,  
And always see his face.
- 12 My stedfast soul from falling free,  
Can now no longer move,<sup>176</sup>  
While Christ is all the world to me,  
And all my heart is love.

**Hymn LVII.**<sup>177</sup>  
**A Prayer for Restoring Grace.**

- 1 Jesu, friend of sinners, hear,  
Yet once again I pray,  
From my debt of sin set clear,  
For I have nought to pay:

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<sup>176</sup>“Move” changed to “rove” in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) through 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781); to “move” in 23<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1782); and to “rove” in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>177</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 67–68; stanzas 1, 3–6.

Speak, O speak the kind release,  
A poor backsliding soul restore;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

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

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

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

5        For this only thing I pray,  
          And this will I<sup>178</sup> require,  
          Take the power of sin away,  
          Fill me with chaste desire:  
          Perfect me in holiness,  
Thine image to my soul restore,  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

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<sup>178</sup>“Will I” changed to “I will” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

**Hymn LVIII.**<sup>179</sup>  
**After a Recovery.**

- 1        Son of God, if thy free grace  
          Again hath rais'd me up,  
          Call'd me still to seek thy face,  
          And gave me back<sup>180</sup> my hope;  
          Still thy timely help afford,  
And all thy loving-kindness shew:  
          Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
          And never let me go.
- 2        By me, O my Saviour, stand,  
          In sore temptation's hour,  
          Save me with thine out stretch'd hand,  
          And shew forth all thy pow'r:  
          O be mindful of thy word,  
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow:  
          Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
          And never let me go.
- 3        Give me, Lord, an holy fear,  
          And fix it in my heart,  
          That I may from evil near  
          With speedy care depart:  
          Sin be more than hell abhor'd,  
Till thou destroy the tyrant-foe:  
          Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
          And never let me go.
- 4        Never let me leave thy breast,  
          From thee my Saviour stray;  
          Thou art my support and rest,  
          My true and living way,  
          My exceeding great reward,  
In heaven above, and earth below:  
          Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
          And never let me go.

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<sup>179</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 73–74; stanzas 1, 3–6.

<sup>180</sup>“Gave me back” changed to “give me back” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754); to “giv'n me back” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) through 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775); to “given back” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) through 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1779); and to “giv'n me back” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

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

**Hymn LIX.**<sup>181</sup>  
**In Danger.**

1        O Almighty God of love,  
          Thine holy arm display,  
Send me succour from above  
          In this my evil day;  
Arm my weakness with thy pow'r,  
          Woman's seed, appear within,  
Be my safeguard, and my tow'r,  
          Against the face of sin.

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

3        Rock of my salvation, haste,  
          Extend thy ample shade,  
Let it over me be cast,  
          And skreen my naked head:  
Save me from<sup>182</sup> the trying hour,  
          Thou my sure protection be;  
Shelter me from Satan's pow'r,  
          Till I am fixt on thee.

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<sup>181</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 54–55; stanzas 3–6.

<sup>182</sup>“From” changed to “in” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

- 4 Set upon thyself my feet,  
And make me surely stand,  
From temptation's rage and heat  
Cover me with thine hand:  
Let me in the cleft<sup>183</sup> be plac'd,  
Never from my fence remove,  
In thine arms of love embrac'd,  
Of everlasting love.

**Hymn LX.**<sup>184</sup>

**A Prayer for Confirming Grace.**

- 1 If now I have acceptance found  
With thee, or favour in thy sight,  
With thy<sup>185</sup> omnipotence surround,  
And arm me with thy Spirit's might.
- 2 O may I hear his warning voice,  
And timely fly from danger near,  
With reverence unto thee rejoice,  
And love thee with a filial fear.
- 3 Still hold my soul in second life,  
And suffer not my feet to slide;  
Support me in the glorious strife,  
And comfort me on every side.
- 4 O give me faith, and faith's increase,  
Finish the work begun in me,  
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,  
That stays, and waits, and hangs on thee.
- 5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide,  
And bring me to the promis'd land;  
Where righteousness and peace reside,  
And all submit to love's command.
- 6 A land where milk and honey flow,  
And springs of pure delights<sup>186</sup> arise;  
Delights, which I shall shortly know,  
I shall regain my paradise.

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<sup>183</sup>Orig., "clift"; changed to "cleft" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>184</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 193; stanzas 7–14.

<sup>185</sup>"Thy" changed to "thine" in 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767) and following.

<sup>186</sup>"Delights" changed to "delight" in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1779) and 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

- 7 I see it now from Pisgah's top,  
Pleasant, and beautiful, and good,  
In all the confidence of hope  
I claim the purchase of thy blood.
- 8 Of righteousness divine possess,  
O let me grasp the prize so nigh;  
Enter into the promis'd rest,  
Enjoy thy perfect love, and die.

**Hymn LXI.**<sup>187</sup>  
**“Watch in all things.” [2 Tim. iv. 5.]**<sup>188</sup>

**[Part I.]**

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

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<sup>187</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 217–18; stanzas 1–13, 15.

<sup>188</sup>Added “2 Tim. iv. 5” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.



- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,  
O reach me out thy gracious hand,  
Only on thee for help I call,  
Only by faith in thee I stand.

**Part II.**

- 8 Pierce, fill me with an humble fear,  
My utter helplessness reveal;  
Satan and sin are always near,  
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 9 O that to thee my constant mind,  
Might with an even flame aspire!  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And mark the risings of desire.
- 10 O that my tender soul might fly  
The first abhorr'd approach of ill;  
Quick, as the apple of an eye,  
The slightest touch of sin to feel.
- 11 Till thou anew my soul create,  
Still may I strive, and watch,<sup>189</sup> and pray,  
Humbly, and confidently wait,  
And long to see thy<sup>190</sup> perfect day.
- 12 My whole regard still may I place  
On the faint ray of op'ning light,  
(The sure prophetic word of grace)  
That glimmers thro' my nature's night.
- 13 Here let my soul's sure anchor be,  
Here let me fix my wishful eyes,  
And wait, till I exult to see  
The Day-Star in my heart arise.
- 14 Jesu, my Saviour, brother, friend,  
As I believe, so let it be,  
O make me patient to the end,  
And then reveal thyself in me.

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<sup>189</sup>Misprint as "wach" only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>190</sup>"Thy" changed to "the" in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

**Hymn LXII.**<sup>191</sup>  
**“And a man shall be as an**<sup>192</sup> **hiding-place,” &c.**  
**Isa. XXXII. 2.**

- 1           To the haven of thy breast,  
              O Son of man, I fly;  
              Be my refuge, and my rest,  
              For Oh! The storm is high:  
              Save me from the furious blast,  
A covert from the tempest be;  
              Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast  
              The storm of sin I see.
- 2           Welcome as the water-spring  
              To a dry, barren place,  
              O descend on me, and bring  
              Thy sweet-refreshing grace;  
              O'er a parch'd and weary land,  
As a great rock extends its shade,  
              Hide me, Saviour, with thy<sup>193</sup> hand,  
              And skreen my naked head.
- 3           In the time of my distress,  
              Thou hast my succour been,  
              In my utter helplessness,  
              Restraining me from sin:  
              O how swiftly did<sup>194</sup> thou move,  
To save me in the trying hour!  
              Still protect me with thy love,  
              And shield me with thy power.
- 4           First, and last, in me perform  
              The work thou hast begun,  
              Be my shelter from the storm,  
              My shadow from the sun,  
              Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,  
And bring thy Father's anger down,  
              Skreen me, Jesu, from the heat  
              And terror of his frown.

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<sup>191</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 145–46.

<sup>192</sup>“An” changed to “a” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>193</sup>“Thy” changed to “thine” in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

<sup>194</sup>Originally “didst” in *HSP* (1742). “Did” changed back to “didst” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

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

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

**Hymn LXIII.**<sup>195</sup>

**A Poor Sinner.**

**[Part I.]**

1 Jesu, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care;  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my pray'r.  
Give me on thee to wait,  
'Till I can all things do;  
On thee, Almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee:  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
'Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

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<sup>195</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 146–48.

3 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill:  
A soul inur'd to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to thee, when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepar'd,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto pray'r.

## Part II.

5 I want an heart to pray,  
To pray, and never cease;  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my suff'rings less:  
This blessing above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And<sup>196</sup> never, never faint.

6 I want a true regard,  
A single steady aim,  
(Unmov'd by threatening or reward)  
To thee, and thy great name;  
A jealous just concern  
For thine immortal praise,  
A pure desire, that all may learn,  
And glorify thy grace.

7 I want, with all my heart,  
Thy pleasure to fulfil;

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<sup>196</sup>“And” changed to “But” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) through 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781); to “And” in 23<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1782); and to “But” in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

To know myself, and what thou art,  
And what thy perfect will:  
I want I know not what,  
I want my wants to see;  
I want—alas! What want I not,  
When thou art not in me!

**Hymn LXIV.**<sup>197</sup>  
**Thanksgiving for Preserving Grace.**

- 1 Lord, and am I yet alive,  
Not in torments, not in hell!  
Still doth thy good Spirit strive,  
With the chief of sinners dwell!  
Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,  
Will not of thy love despair,  
Still in spite of sin I rise,  
Still to call thee mine I dare.
  
- 2 O the length and breadth of love!  
Jesu, Saviour, can it be?  
All thy mercy's height I<sup>198</sup> prove,  
All its<sup>199</sup> depth is seen in me.  
O the miracle of grace!  
Tell it out, to sinners tell!  
Men, and fiends, and angels gaze,  
I am, I am out of hell!
  
- 3 Turn aside, a sight t' admire,  
I the living wonder am!  
See a bush that burns with fire,  
Unconsum'd amidst the flame!  
See a stone that hangs in air!  
See a spark in oceans dwell!  
Kept alive with death so near,  
I am, I am out of hell!

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<sup>197</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 150–51.

<sup>198</sup>“I” changed to “to” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>199</sup>“Its” changed to “the” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) through 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781); to “its” in 23<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1782); and to “the” in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

**Hymn LXV.<sup>200</sup>**  
**Desiring to Love.**

- 1 Come, Lord, and help me to rejoice,  
In hope that I shall hear thy voice,  
    Shall one day see my God,  
Shall cease from all my sin and strife,  
Handle, and taste the word of life,  
    And feel the sprinkled blood.
  
- 2 I shall not always make my moan,  
Or<sup>201</sup> worship thee a God unknown,  
    But I shall live to prove  
Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,  
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height,  
    Of thy redeeming<sup>202</sup> love.
  
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
    See all the land below:  
Rivers of milk, and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise,  
    In endless plenty grow.
  
- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
    With every blessing blest:  
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
    And everlasting rest.
  
- 5 O that I might at once go up,  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
    But now the land possess,  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
    An howling wilderness!
  
- 6 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,  
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,

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<sup>200</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 244–45; stanzas 1–2, 5–8.

<sup>201</sup>“Or” changed to “Nor” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>202</sup>Originally “all-redeeming” in *HSP* (1742). “Thy redeeming” changed back to “all-redeeming” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

The carnal mind remove,  
The purchase of thy death divide,  
And O! With all the sanctified,  
Give me a lot of love.

**Hymn LXVI.**<sup>203</sup>  
**“Fight the good fight of faith.”**  
**[1 Tim. vi. 12.]**<sup>204</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Jesu, my King, to thee I bow,  
Inlisted under thy command,  
Captain of my salvation, thou  
Shalt lead me to the promis'd land.
- 2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,  
The staff from off my shoulder broke,  
Out of the house of bondage brought,  
And freed me from th' Egyptian yoke.
- 3 Thine outstretch'd arm was bar'd for me,  
For me by earth and hell pursu'd:  
Thine outstretch'd arm thro' the Red Sea  
Brought, and baptis'd me in thy blood.
- 4 O'er the vast howling wilderness,  
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led,  
Thou bid'st me now the land possess,  
And on thy milk, and honey feed.
- 5 I see an open door of hope,  
(Legions of sins in vain oppose)  
Bold I with thee, my head, march up,  
And triumph o'er a world of foes.
- 6 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,  
I mark, disdain, and all subdue,<sup>205</sup>  
I tread them down in Jesus' might,  
Thro' Jesus I can all things do.
- 7 Lo! The tall sons of Anak rise!  
Who can the sons of Anak meet?

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<sup>203</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 254–56.

<sup>204</sup>Added “1 Tim. vi. 12” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>205</sup>“Subdue” changed to “break thro'” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
And lo! They fall beneath my feet!

8 Passion, and appetite, and pride  
(Pride, my old, dreadful tyrant-foe)  
I see cast down on every side,  
And conqu'ring them to conquer go.

9 My Lord in my behalf appears,  
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye  
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,  
And makes the hosts of aliens fly.

10 Who can before my Captain stand?  
Who is so great a King as mine?  
High over all is thy right-hand,  
And might, and majesty are thine.

### Part II.

11 Jesu, my soul takes hold on thee,  
I arm me with thy Spirit's might,  
Humbly assur'd of victory,  
I underneath thy banner fight.

12 Thy Spirit lifts the standard up,  
When as a flood the foe pours in,  
I see the cross, hold fast my hope,  
Believe, and more than conquer sin.

13 With holy indignation fill'd,  
When by the prince of hell withstood,  
Firm I resist, I grasp my shield,  
And quench his fiery darts with blood.

14 Single a thousand foes I chase,  
I turn, and blast them with my<sup>206</sup> eyes:  
Trembles the world before my face,  
Their god with all his legions flies.

15 Having done all, by faith I stand,  
And give the praise, O Lord, to thee,

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<sup>206</sup>“My” changed to “mine” in 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767) and following.



Thine holy arm, thine own right-hand,  
Hath got thyself the victory.

- 16 Wherefore to thee my soul I raise,  
My soul in thee securely boasts,  
Exults, and glories in thy praise,  
And triumphs in the Lord of hosts.
- 17 Wisdom, and power, and strength, and might,  
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive,  
Honour, and riches are thy right,  
And blessings more than earth can give.
- 18 Help us to praise our glorious King,  
Ye church of the first-born above,  
Let angels, and archangels sing  
The triumphs of all conquering love.
- 19 Let earth, and all her fulness still  
Rejoice his greatness to proclaim;  
And everlasting praises fill  
The heaven of heavens with Jesus' name.

**Hymn LXVII.**<sup>207</sup>

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

**Isa. xlv. 22.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Sinners, your Saviour see,  
O look ye unto me!  
Lift your eyes, ye fallen race,  
I the gracious God and true,  
I am full of truth and grace,  
Full of truth and grace for you.
- 2 Look, and be sav'd from sin,  
Believe, and be ye clean!  
Guilty, lab'ring souls draw nigh,  
See the fountain open'd wide,  
To the wounds of Jesus fly,  
Bath ye in my bleeding side.

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<sup>207</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 165–67.

- 3            Ah! Dear redeeming Lord,  
              We take thee at thy word:  
Lo! To thee we ever look,  
              Freely sav'd by grace alone:  
Thou our sins and curse hast took,  
              Thou for us didst once atone.
- 4            We now the writing see,  
              Nail'd to thy<sup>208</sup> cross with thee:  
With thy mangled body torn,  
              Blotted out by blood divine,  
Far away the bond is borne,  
              Thou art ours, and we are thine.
- 5            On thee we fix our eyes,  
              And wait for fresh supplies:  
Justified, we ask for more,  
              Give, th' abiding witness give;  
Lord, thine image here restore,  
              Fully in thy members live.

**Part II.**

- 6            Author of faith, appear,  
              Be thou its finisher:  
Upward still for this we gaze,  
              Till we feel the stamp divine;  
Thee behold with open face,  
              Bright in all thy glory shine.
- 7            Leave not thy work undone,  
              But ever love thine own:  
Let us all thy goodness prove,  
              Let us to the end believe,  
Shew thine everlasting love,  
              Save us, to the utmost save.
- 8            O that our life might be  
              One looking up to thee!  
Ever hastning to the day,  
              When our eyes shall see thee near:

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<sup>208</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758) and following.

Come, Redeemer, come away,  
Glorious in thy saints appear!

9           Jesu, the heavens bow,  
              We long to meet thee now!  
Now in majesty come down,  
Pity thine elect, and come;  
Hear in us<sup>209</sup> thy Spirit groan,  
Take the weary exiles home.

10           Now let thy face be seen  
              Without a veil between:  
Come, and change our faith to sight,  
Swallow up mortality,  
Plunge us in a sea of light:  
Christ, be all in all to me!

**Hymn LXVIII.**<sup>210</sup>  
**The Believer's Triumph.**

**[Part I.]**

1    Jesu, thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2    Bold shall I stand<sup>211</sup> in thy great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolv'd thro' these I am,  
From sin, and fear, from guilt, and shame.

3    The deadly writing now I see,  
Nail'd with thy body to the tree;  
Torn with the nails that pierc'd thy hands  
Th' old covenant no longer stands.

4    Tho' sign'd, and written with my blood,  
As hell's foundations sure it stood,  
Thine hath wash'd out the crimson stains,  
And white as snow my soul remains.

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<sup>209</sup>“In us” changed to “us in” in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

<sup>210</sup>This is an extract from JW's translation of a German hymn by Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, which first appeared in *HSP* (1740), 177–81; stanzas 1–7, 11–14, 19, 21–24.

<sup>211</sup>Orig., “shall stand”; a misprint; corrected to “shall I stand” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

5 Satan, thy due reward survey,  
The Lord of life, why didst thou slay?  
To tear the prey out of thy teeth,  
To spoil the realms of hell, and death.

6 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, ev'n me t' atone,  
Now for my Lord, and God I own.

7 Lord, I believe, thy precious blood,  
Which at the mercy-seat of God,  
Forever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

8 Yet nought whereof to boast I have,  
All, all thy mercy freely gave:  
No works, no righteousness, are mine,  
All is thy work, and only thine.

### Part II.

9 When, from the dust, of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Ev'n then this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me.

10 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

11 Naked from Satan did I flee,  
To thee, my Lord, and put on thee:  
And thus adorn'd I wait the word,  
"He comes! Arise, and meet thy Lord!"

12 Then shall heaven's hosts<sup>212</sup> with loud acclaim,  
Give praise, and glory to the Lamb,  
Who bore our sins, and by his blood  
Hath made us kings and priests to God.

---

<sup>212</sup>"Hosts" changed to "host" in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

- 13 Jesu, be endless praise to thee,  
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,  
For me a full atonement made,  
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 14 Ah! Give to all thy servants, Lord,  
With power to speak thy quick'ning word,  
That all, who to thy wounds will<sup>213</sup> flee,  
May find eternal life in thee.
- 15 Thou God of might, thou God of love,  
Let the whole world thy mercy prove,  
Now let thy word o'er all prevail,  
Now take the spoils of death and hell.
- 16 O let<sup>214</sup> the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesu, thy blood, and righteousness!

**Hymn LXIX.**<sup>215</sup>

**A Dialogue of Angels and Men.**

- 1 A: Ye worms of earth, our God admire,  
The God of angels praise:  
M: Praise him for us, ye heavenly choir,  
His earth-born sons of grace.
- 2 A: His image view in us display'd,  
His nobler creatures view:  
M: Lower than you our souls he made,  
But he redeem'd us too.
- 3 A: As gods we did in glory shine,  
Before your world began:  
M: Our nature too becomes divine,  
And God himself is man.
- 4 A: He cloath'd us in these robes of light,  
The shadow of his Son:

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<sup>213</sup>“Will” changed to “shall” in 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1777) and following.

<sup>214</sup>“Let” changed to “bid” in 14<sup>th</sup> edn. (1770) and following.

<sup>215</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 172–73. This hymn was replaced with a substitute beginning with the 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758), which can be found at the end of this transcription, pp. [152–53].

- M: We with transcendant glory bright,  
Have Christ himself put on.
- 5 A: Spirits like him he made us be,  
A pure ethereal flame:  
M: Join'd to the Lord, one spirit, we  
With Jesus are the same.
- 6 A: We see him on his dazzling throne,  
Crowns he to us imparts:  
M: To us the King of kings comes down,  
And reigns within our hearts.
- 7 A: Pure as he did at first create,  
We angels never fell:  
M: He saves us in our lost estate,  
He rescues man from hell.
- 8 A: When others fell, we faithful prov'd,  
His love preserv'd us true:  
M: Yet own, that man is more belov'd,  
He never died for you.
- 9 A: Worms of the earth, to you, we own,  
The nobler grace is given:  
M: Then praise with us, the great Three-One,  
Till we all meet in heaven.

**Hymn LXX.**<sup>216</sup>

**“Rejoicing in hope.” [Rom. xii. 12.]**<sup>217</sup>

- 1 Ye happy sinners, hear  
The prisoner of the Lord,  
And wait, till Christ appear,  
According to his word;  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 The Lord our righteousness,  
We have long since receiv'd,

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<sup>216</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 183–84; stanzas 1–2, 4–6, 8.

<sup>217</sup>Added “Rom. xii. 12” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

Salvation nearer is,  
Than when we first believ'd:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;  
If we our sins confess,  
Faithful he is, and just  
From all unrighteousness  
To cleanse us all, both you, and me:  
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope  
Of glory shall appear;  
Sinners, your heads lift up,  
And see redemption near:  
Again, I say, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesus' sufferings share,  
My fellow-prisoners now,  
Ye soon the wreath shall wear,  
On your triumphal brow:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Then let us gladly bring  
Our sacrifice of praise,  
Let us give thanks, and sing,  
And glory in his grace;  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

**Hymn LXXI.**<sup>218</sup>  
**The Twelfth Chapter of Isaiah.**

1 Happy soul, who sees the day,  
The glad day of gospel-grace!  
Thee, my Lord, (thou then shalt say,)  
Thee will I for ever praise.

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<sup>218</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 189–90; stanzas 1–5, 7–12.

- 2    Tho' thy wrath against me burn'd,  
      Thou dost comfort me again;  
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,  
      Thou hast blotted out my sin!
- 3    Me behold! Thy mercy spares!  
      Jesus my salvation is:  
Hence my doubts, away my fears!  
      Jesus is become my peace.
- 4    Jah, Jehovah is my Lord,  
      Ever merciful and just;  
I will lean upon his word,  
      I will on his promise trust.
- 5    Strong I am, for he is strong,  
      Just in<sup>219</sup> righteousness divine:  
He is my triumphal song,  
      All he has, and is, is mine.
- 6    Therefore shall ye draw with joy,  
      Water from salvation's well,  
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,  
      While his streaming grace ye feel.
- 7    Each to each, ye then shall say,  
      Sinners, call upon his name,  
O rejoice to see his day,  
      See it, and his praise proclaim.
- 8    Glory to his name belongs,  
      Great, and wonderful, and high:  
Sing unto the Lord your songs,  
      Cry, to every nation cry.
- 9    Wondrous things the Lord hath done,  
      Excellent his name we find;  
This to all mankind is known:  
      Be it known to all mankind.
- 10   Sion, shout thy Lord and King,  
      Israel's holy one is he!  
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,  
      Great he is, and dwells in thee.

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<sup>219</sup>“In” changed to “thro” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1781).



- 11 O the grace unsearchable!  
While eternal ages roll,  
God delights in man to dwell,  
Soul of each believing soul!

**Hymn LXXII.**<sup>220</sup>

**“He that believeth shall not make haste.”**

**[Isa. xxviii. 16.]**<sup>221</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Witness divine, the just and true,  
Jesus, to us this<sup>222</sup> promise seal,  
Our haste of unbelief subdue,  
And bid our flutt’ring heart<sup>223</sup> be still.
- 2 That power which stopp’d the mid-day sun,  
Turn’d back the tide, and chain’d the sea,  
Be in our rapid spirits shewn,  
And make us truly wait on thee.
- 3 Arrest our nature’s headlong<sup>224</sup> course,  
(We would be poor, despis’d, forlorn)  
Baffle our skill, un-nerve our force,  
Our carnal confidence o’return.
- 4 Great helper of the friendless thou,  
Thou strength’ner of the feeble knees,  
O let our souls before thee bow,  
And sink into a sweet distress.
- 5 We cannot see without thy light,  
Without thy light we *would* not see:  
We have no wisdom, help, or might,  
But, Lord, our eyes are unto thee.
- 6 O let us not presume to take  
The matter out of thy great hand:  
Who can the Rock of Ages shake?  
The sure foundation still shall stand.
- 7 Let others rush with trembling haste,  
With eager wrath thy cause defend,

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<sup>220</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 271–75.

<sup>221</sup>Added “Isa. xxviii. 16” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>222</sup>“This” changed to “the” in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

<sup>223</sup>“Heart” changed to “hearts” in 12<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765) and following.

<sup>224</sup>“Headlong” changed to “headstrong” in 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767) through 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1777), and 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

Our soul is on thy promise cast,  
And lo! We calmly wait the end.

8 Tho' we our hands do not lift up,  
The tott'ring ark shall never fall,  
It never shall to Dagon stoop:  
Thy kingdom ruleth over all.

9 Stedfast our anchor is, and sure,  
It enters now within the veil;  
Thy church, immoveably secure,  
Defies the powers of earth and hell.

### Part II.

10 Come, O thou greater than our heart,  
And make thy faithful mercies known;  
The mind which was in thee, impart,  
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

11 From anger set our spirits free;  
It worketh not thy righteousness:  
In patience let us wait on thee,  
And quietly our souls possess.

12 Jesu, to whose supream command,  
All things in heaven, earth, hell, submit;  
Upon us lay thy mighty hand,  
And self<sup>225</sup> shall sink beneath thy feet.

13 O let us by thy cross abide,  
Thee, only thee, resolve<sup>226</sup> to know,  
The Lamb for sinners crucified,  
A world to save from endless woe.

14 Take us into thy people's rest,  
And we from our own works shall cease;  
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,  
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

15 Lift up, and fix our stedfast eye  
On thee the Father's fav'rite Son,

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<sup>225</sup>“Self” changed to “sin” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) through 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781), and 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>226</sup>“Resolve” changed to “resolv'd” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

Thee our great King, gone up on high,  
Firm on thine everlasting throne.

16 Tho' earth and hell thy rule oppose,  
The Lord is King, Messiah reigns!  
Till Satan, sin, and all thy foes,  
And death, the last of all, be slain.

17 Jesu, for this we calmly wait,  
O let our eyes behold thee near;  
Hasten to make our heaven compleat,  
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

**Part III.**

18 Unchangeable, Almighty Lord,  
Our souls upon thy truth we stay,  
Accomplish now thy faithful word,  
And give, O give us all one way.

19 O let us all join hand in hand,  
Who seek redemption in thy blood,  
Fast in one mind, and spirit stand,  
And build the temple of our God.

20 Thou only canst our wills controul,  
Our wild unruly passions bind,  
Tame the old Adam in our soul,  
And make us of one heart and mind.

21 Speak but the reconciling word,  
The winds shall cease, the waves subside,  
We all shall praise our common Lord,  
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

22 Giver of peace and unity,  
Send down thy mild pacific Dove;  
We all shall then in one agree,  
And breathe the Spirit of thy love.

23 We all shall think, and speak the same  
Delightful lesson of thy grace;

One undivided Christ proclaim,  
And jointly glory in thy praise.

- 24 O let us take a softer mould,  
Blended and gather'd into thee,  
Under one shepherd make one fold,  
Where all is love and harmony.
- 25 Regard thine own eternal pray'r,  
And send a peaceful answer down;  
To us thy Father's name declare,  
Unite, and perfect us in one.
- 26 So shall the world believe, and know  
That God hath sent thee from above,  
When thou art seen in us below,  
And ev'ry soul displays thy love.

**Part IV.**

- 27 The Lord is King, and earth submits,  
Howe'er impatient, to his sway;  
Between the cherubim he sits,  
And makes his restless foes obey.
- 28 All power is to our Jesus given,  
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;  
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,  
And<sup>227</sup> holds<sup>228</sup> the powers of hell in chains.
- 29 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,  
Beyond his chain he cannot go;  
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,  
And soon avenge us of our foe.
- 30 Jesus shall his great arm reveal,  
Jesus, the woman's conquering seed;  
Tho' now the serpent bruise his heel,  
Jesus shall bruise the serpent's head.
- 31 The enemy his tares hath sown,  
But Christ shall shortly root them up,

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<sup>227</sup>“And” changed to “He” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) through 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781), and 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>228</sup>“Holds” changed to “hold” only in 19<sup>th</sup> edn. (1775).

Shall cast the dire accuser down,  
And disappoint his children's hope;

32 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,  
Baffle<sup>229</sup> the sons of unbelief,  
Nor long permit them to rejoice,  
But turn their triumph<sup>230</sup> into grief.

33 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn,  
Scatter thy foes, victorious King,  
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,  
And all the sons of God shall sing,

34 Shall magnify the sovereign grace  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And earth and heaven conspire to praise  
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

**Hymn LXXIII.**<sup>231</sup>

**Rev. II. 1, &c.**

**“Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus.”**

- 1 O thou who dost the churches bear,  
The stars in thy right hand uphold,  
Who walkest now with jealous care  
Amidst the candlesticks of gold:
- 2 Poor guilty abject worms, to thee  
In our declining state we call,  
See thy degenerate people, see,  
Nor let our tott'ring Sion fall.
- 3 Our works of faith thou once didst know,  
Our patient hope, and lab'ring love;  
We would not bear thy<sup>232</sup> Romish foe,  
We dar'd that Antichrist reprove.
- 4 We tried him by the written word,  
Thro' all his snares and fetters broke,  
As Satan's *successor* abhorr'd,  
And cast away his iron yoke.

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<sup>229</sup>Orig., “Battle”; likely a misprint. *HSP* (1742) had “Baffle”; a reading that is finally changed back in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>230</sup>“Triumph” changed to “triumphs” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>231</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 284–86.

<sup>232</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

- 5 Him, and his god, and sin, and death,  
We more than conquer'd thro' thy name:  
The witnesses resign'd their breath,  
And clapt their hands amidst the flame.
- 6 For their dear suffering Saviour's sake,  
Immoveable the champions stood,  
Nor fainted at the rack, or stake,  
But water'd all the church with blood.
- 7 Yet, O! How quickly, Lord, hast thou,  
Whereof thy people to reprove!  
Fallen, alas! Thou seest us now,  
We now have left our former love.
- 8 Our wine with water mixt, our gold  
Is dim, our shipwreck'd faith is dead;  
No more our tokens we behold,  
Our martyrs all to heaven are fled.
- 9 O could we call to mind the grace,  
The glorious grace from which we fell;  
Live o'er again the ancient days,  
And do the works<sup>233</sup> thou lov'st so well!
- 10 O that we might thro' thee repent,  
And timely turn to thee, and live!  
So should<sup>234</sup> thy grace our doom prevent,  
Thou wouldst abundantly forgive.
- 11 Before thou dost in vengeance come,  
Our candlestick far off remove,  
And fix th' unalterable doom,  
O let us weep, believe, and love.
- 12 Call on us, by thy Spirit call,  
Yet once again our church restore,  
Shew us thy grace is over all,  
And lift us up to fall no more.

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<sup>233</sup>“Works” changed to “work” in 15<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

<sup>234</sup>“Should” changed to “shall” in 15<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

**Hymn LXXIV.**<sup>235</sup>  
**Rev. III. 1, 2, &c.**  
**“To the angel of the church in<sup>236</sup> Sardis.”**

- 1 O thou whose eyes run to and fro,  
Thro' earth, and every creature see,  
What is it which thou dost not know?  
All things are manifest to thee.
- 2 Thou hast the spirits, seven and one,  
Thou hast the stars in thy right hand,  
And all our works to thee are known:  
How shall we in thy judgment stand?
- 3 Thou knowest we take in vain thy name,<sup>237</sup>  
While dead in trespasses we live,  
Thee for our Lord we falsely claim,  
While to the world our hearts we give.
- 4 A powerless form, a lifeless sound,  
Our works as vanity are light;  
Wanting alas! They all are found,  
And worse than nothing in thy sight.
- 5 O that we now might turn again,  
And cherish the last spark of grace,  
Strengthen the things that yet remain,  
And call to mind the antient days.
- 6 Surely we did thy faith receive,  
We heard with joy the gospel-word:  
O let us now repent, and live,  
And watch to apprehend our Lord:
- 7 Stir ourselves up, renounce our ease,  
Before thy sudden judgments<sup>238</sup> come,  
And watch, and pray, and never cease,  
Till thou repeal our threatenng doom.

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<sup>235</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 292–93; stanzas 1–7.

<sup>236</sup>“In” changed to “of” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>237</sup>“In vain thy name” changed to “thy name in vain” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>238</sup>“Judgments” changed to “judgment” in 12<sup>th</sup> edn. (1765), and in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

**Hymn LXXV.**<sup>239</sup>  
**Rev. III. 14, &c.**

**“Unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans.”**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Amen to all that God hath said,  
Witness divine, the just and true,  
Who wast before the worlds were made,  
Whose being no beginning knew;
- 2 With guilty self-condemning fear,  
With humble self-abasing shame,  
Thy Spirit’s dreadful charge we hear,  
Nor dare throw off th’ imputed blame.
- 3 God of unspotted purity,  
Us, and our works canst thou behold?  
Justly we are abhorr’d by thee,  
For we are neither hot, nor cold.
- 4 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,  
But do not from our hearts obey,  
In soft Laodicean rest,<sup>240</sup>  
We sleep our useless lives away.
- 5 We live in pleasures,<sup>241</sup> and are dead,  
In search of fame and wealth we live,  
Commanded in thy steps to tread,  
We sometimes seek, but never strive.
- 6 A lifeless form we still retain,  
Of this we make our empty boast,  
Nor know the name we take in vain;  
The power of godliness is lost.
- 7 The power we daringly deny,  
A fancied good, a madman’s dream,  
The truth itself we deem a lie,  
The promis’d Holy Ghost blaspheme.
- 8 How long, great God, have we appear’d  
Abominable in thy sight!

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<sup>239</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 296–301, comprised by [Part I], stanzas 1–11; Part II, stanzas 1–6, 8–10; and Part III, stanzas 1–11. The stanzas are numbered consecutively in this new setting.

<sup>240</sup>Originally “ease” in *HSP* (1742). “Rest” changed back to “ease” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>241</sup>“Pleasures” changed to “pleasure” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.



Better, that we had never heard  
Thy word, or seen the gospel-light.

9 Better, that we had never known  
The way to heaven, thro' saving grace,  
Than basely in our lives disown,  
And slight, and mock thee to thy face.

10 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,  
Than seem to serve thee without zeal,  
Less guilty, if with those of old  
We worshipp'd Thor and Woden still.

11 Less grievous will the judgment-day  
To Sodom and Gomorrha prove,  
Than us, who cast our shield away,  
And trample on thy richer love.

**Part II.**

12 Yet still we glory in thy name,  
O Christ, as tho' we knew thy grace,  
Thee with unhallow'd lips we claim,  
A lukewarm, worse than heathen race.

13 We say, that we with goods abound,  
Are rich, and full, and need no more,  
Nor know, that we are wretched found,  
With thee, and bare, and blind, and poor.

14 O let us our own works forsake,  
Ourselves, and all we have deny,  
Thy condescending counsel take,  
And come to thee pure gold to buy.

15 Gold, that can bear the fiery test,  
And make the buyer rich indeed:  
Adorn us in the milk-white vest  
And over us thy mantle spread.

16 When this unspotted robe we wear,  
Our sins are cover'd all by thee,

No longer doth our shame appear:  
Salvation in thy light we see.

- 17 Touch'd by an unction from above,  
Our eyes are open'd to perceive  
The mystery of redeeming love,  
The death by which alone we live.
- 18 O might we thro' thy grace attain  
The faith thou never wilt reprove,  
The faith that purges every stain,  
The faith that always works by love.
- 19 O might we see in this our day  
The things belonging to our peace,  
And timely meet thee in thy way  
Of judgments, and our sins confess:
- 20 Thy fatherly chastisements own,  
With filial awe revere the rod,  
And turn with zealous haste, and run  
Into the outstretch'd arms of God!

### Part III.

- 21 Saviour of all, to thee we bow,  
And own thee faithful to thy word;  
We hear thy voice, and open now  
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.
- 22 Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,  
Delight in what thyself hast given,  
On thy<sup>242</sup> own gifts and graces feast,  
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.
- 23 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,  
Our sacrifice of praise approve,  
And treasure up our gracious tears,  
And<sup>243</sup> rest in thy redeeming love.
- 24 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,  
Call us thy friend,<sup>244</sup> and love, and bride,

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<sup>242</sup>“Thy” changed to “thine” in 14<sup>th</sup> edn. (1770) and following.

<sup>243</sup>“And” changed to “That” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>244</sup>“Friend” changed to “friends” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

And bid us freely drink, and eat  
Thy dainties, and be satisfy'd.

- 25 O let us on thy fulness feed,  
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood:  
Jesu, thy blood is drink indeed,  
Jesu, thy flesh is angel's food.
- 26 The heavenly manna faith imparts,  
Faith makes thy fulness all our own,  
We feed upon thee in our hearts,  
And find that heaven and thou art one.
- 27 An heaven begun on earth we feel,  
Who conquer in the glorious strife,  
And pass o'er sin, and earth, and hell,  
Triumphant, to eternal life.
- 28 The fulness of eternal bliss  
We shall from thee receive above,  
This the reward of conquest, this  
The crown of all-victorious love.
- 29 Conqueror of sin, and hell, and death,  
As thou the dreadful fight hast won,  
And wearest now th' immortal wreath,  
And sittest on thy Father's throne;
- 30 So shalt thou grant to all that fight,  
And conquer in thy mighty name,  
To claim the kingdom as their right,  
Their sufferings, and their crown the same.
- 31 Who bore<sup>245</sup> thy cross shalt wear thy crown,  
Shall triumph in thy victory,  
And in<sup>246</sup> thy glorious throne sit down,  
And reign in endless bliss with thee.

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<sup>245</sup>“Bore” changed to “bear” in 14<sup>th</sup> edn. (1768) and following.

<sup>246</sup>“In” changed to “on” in 15<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

**Hymn LXXVI.**<sup>247</sup>  
**“The Spirit, and the bride say, Come!”**  
**[Rev. xxii. 17.]**<sup>248</sup>

- 1 O joyful sound of gospel-grace!  
Christ shall in me appear,  
I, even I, shall see his face,  
I shall be holy here.  
This heart shall be his constant home,  
I hear his Spirit’s cry,  
“Surely,” he saith, “I quickly come,”  
He saith, who cannot lie.
- 2 The God of truth himself hath sworn,  
On him my soul relies,  
My soul on wings of eagles borne  
Shall fly, and take the prize.  
The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reach’d out I view,  
Conqueror thro’ him I soon shall seize,  
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis’d land from Pisgah’s top  
I now exult to see,  
My hope is full (O blessed hope!)  
Of immortality:  
My fluttering spirit fatigues my breast,  
And swells, and spreads abroad,  
And pants for everlasting rest,  
And struggles into God.
- 4 I feel, and know him now in part;  
His love my heart constrains,  
Its near approach expands my heart,  
And fills with pleasing pains.  
He visits now the house of clay,<sup>249</sup>  
He shakes his future home:  
O would’st thou, Lord, on this glad day  
Into thy temple come!

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<sup>247</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 302–4; stanzas 10, 12–22.

<sup>248</sup>Added “Rev. xxii. 17” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>249</sup>Orig., “day”; a misprint; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) and following.

- 5 With me, I know, I feel thou art,  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.  
My earth<sup>250</sup> thou wat' rest from on high,  
But make it all a pool:  
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,  
Spring up within my soul.
- 6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void,  
Thou only canst my spirit fill:  
Come, O my God, my God!  
Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,  
Large as infinity;  
Give, give me all my soul requires,  
All, all that is in thee!

**Hymn LXXVII.**<sup>251</sup>

**A Prayer for Persons Joined in Fellowship.**

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart,  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless,  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly help<sup>252</sup> afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve,  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

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<sup>250</sup>“Earth” changed to “heart” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>251</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 83; [Part I], stanzas 1–6.

<sup>252</sup>Originally “aid” in *HSP* (1742). “Help” changed back to “aid” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

5 Up into thee our living head  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready bride,  
Give us in heaven an<sup>253</sup> happy lot  
With all the sanctify'd.

**Hymn LXXVIII.**<sup>254</sup>

**The Same**

**[A Prayer for Persons Joined in Fellowship].**

1 Jesu, united by thy grace,  
And each to each endear'd,  
With confidence we seek thy face,  
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear thine easy yoke,  
A band of love, a threefold cord  
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink,  
Baptise into thy name,  
And let us always kindly think,  
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love  
Let all our hearts agree,  
And ever toward each other move,  
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,  
Let all our spirits cleave,  
O may we all the loving mind  
Which was in thee receive.

6 This is the bond of perfectness,  
Thy<sup>255</sup> spotless charity:  
O let us, still we pray, possess  
The mind that was in thee.

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<sup>253</sup>Originally "a" in *HSP* (1742). "An" changed back to "a" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>254</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 86–87; Part IV, stanzas 1–9.

<sup>255</sup>"Thy" changed to "The" in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

- 7 Grant this, and then from all below  
Insensibly remove;  
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,  
Made perfect first in love.
- 8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide  
Into their paradise,  
And thence on wings of angels ride  
Triumphant thro' the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,  
The same delight we prove,  
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,  
Our all in all is love.

**Hymn LXXIX.**<sup>256</sup>  
**Ent[e]ring into the Congregation.**

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

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<sup>256</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 163.

**Hymn LXXX.**<sup>257</sup>

**Waiting for the Promise. [John xiv. 16, 17.]**<sup>258</sup>

- 1     Father of our dying Lord,  
        Remember us for good,  
O fulfil his faithful word,  
        And hear his speaking blood:  
Give us that for which he prays:  
        Father, glorify thy Son,  
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,  
        And send THE PROMISE down!
  
- 2     True, and faithful witness thou,  
        O Christ, thy<sup>259</sup> Spirit give:  
Hast thou not receiv'd him now,  
        That we might now receive?  
Art thou not our living head?  
        Life to all thy limbs impart,  
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed  
        In every waiting heart.
  
- 3     Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
        The gift of Jesus, come!  
Glow's our heart to find thee near,  
        And swells to make thee room:  
Present *with* us thee we feel:  
        Come, O come, and *in* us be,  
With us, in us live, and dwell  
        To all eternity!

**Hymn LXXXI.**<sup>260</sup>

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

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

- 1     Giver of concord, Prince of Peace,  
        Meek, lamb-like Son of God,  
Bid our unruly passions cease,  
        Extinguish'd with thy blood.

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<sup>257</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 166–67.

<sup>258</sup>Added “John xiv. 16, 17” in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>259</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 7<sup>th</sup> edn. (1759) and following.

<sup>260</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 118–19.



- 2 Rebuke the seas, the tempest chide,  
Our stubborn will<sup>261</sup> controul,  
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,  
And calm our troubled soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,  
Its enmity destroy,  
With cords of love th' old Adam bind,  
And melt him into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,  
And in our inward parts  
Let kindness sweetly write her law,  
Let love command our hearts.
- 5 O let thy love our hearts constrain!  
Jesus the crucify'd,  
What hast thou done our hearts to gain?  
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd.
- 6 Who would not now pursue the way,<sup>262</sup>  
Where Jesus' footsteps shine?  
Who would not own the pleasing sway<sup>263</sup>  
Of charity divine?
- 7 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,  
Our jarring wills controul,  
Let cordial kind affections rise,  
And harmonize the soul.
- 8 Thee let us feel benignly near  
In all thy softning powers,  
The sounding of thy bowels hear,  
And answer thee with ours.
- 9 O let us find the antient way  
Our wondring foes to move,  
And force the heathen world to say,  
"See how these Christians love!"

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<sup>261</sup>Originally "wills" in *HSP* (1740). "Will" changed back to "wills" in 9<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762) through 14<sup>th</sup> edn. (1768), and in 18<sup>th</sup> edn. (1774?) and following.

<sup>262</sup>"Way" changed to "sway" only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

<sup>263</sup>"Sway" changed to "way" only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

**Hymn LXXXII.**<sup>264</sup>  
**At the Parting of Christian Friends.**

- 1    Blest be the dear uniting love,  
      Which would<sup>265</sup> not let us part:  
      Our bodies may far off remove,  
      We still are join'd in heart.
- 2    Join'd in one Spirit to our head,  
      Where he appoints we go,  
      And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
      And do his work<sup>266</sup> below.
- 3    O let us ever walk in him,  
      And nothing know beside,  
      Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
      But Jesus crucify'd.
- 4    Closer, and closer let us cleave  
      To his belov'd embrace,  
      Expect his fulness to receive,  
      And grace to answer grace.
- 5    While thus we walk with Christ in light,  
      Who<sup>267</sup> shall our souls disjoin?  
      Souls which himself vouchsafe<sup>268</sup> t' unite  
      In fellowship divine.
- 6    We all are one who him receive,  
      And each with each agree,  
      In him, the one, the truth we live,  
      Blest point of unity!
- 7    Partakers of the Saviour's grace  
      The same in mind and heart,  
      Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
      Nor life, nor death can part!
- 8    But let us hasten to the day  
      Which shall our flesh restore,  
      When death shall all be done away,  
      And bodies part no more.

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<sup>264</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 159–60.

<sup>265</sup>“Would” changed to “will” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

<sup>266</sup>“Work” changed to “works” in 7<sup>th</sup> edn. (1759) and following.

<sup>267</sup>“Who” changed to “What” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

<sup>268</sup>Originally “vouchsafes” in *HSP* (1742). Changed back to that in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

**Hymn LXXXIII.**<sup>269</sup>  
**The Love-Feast.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1    Come, and let us sweetly join,  
      Christ to praise in hymns divine,  
      Give we all with one accord,  
      Glory to our common Lord,  
      Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
      Sing as in the antient days,  
      Antedate the joys above,  
      Celebrate the feast of love.
  
- 2    Strive, we in affection strive,  
      Let the purer flame revive,  
      Such as in the martyrs glow'd,  
      Dying champions for their God.  
      We like them may live and love,  
      Call'd we are their joys to prove,  
      Sav'd with them, from future wrath,  
      Partners of like precious faith.
  
- 3    Sing we then in Jesus' name,  
      Now, as yesterday the same,  
      One in every age and place,  
      Full for all of truth and grace.  
      We for Christ our Master stand,  
      Lights in a benighted land,  
      We our dying Lord confess,  
      We are Jesu's witnesses.
  
- 4    Witnesses that Christ hath died;  
      We with him are crucified:  
      Christ hath burst the bands of death,  
      We his quickning Spirit breathe.  
      Christ is now gone up on high;  
      (Thither all our wishes fly:)  
      Sits at God's right-hand above,  
      There with him we reign<sup>270</sup> in love.

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<sup>269</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 181–85, comprised by Part I, stanzas 1–4; Part II, stanzas 1–4; Part III, stanzas 1–4; and Part IV, stanzas 1–4. The stanzas are numbered consecutively in this new setting.

<sup>270</sup>“With him we reign” changed to “we reign with him” only in 24<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).

**Part II.**

- 5    Come, thou high and lofty Lord,  
      Lowly, meek, incarnate Word,  
      Humbly stoop to earth again,  
      Come, and visit abject man.  
      Jesu, dear expected guest,  
      Thou art bidden to the feast,  
      For thyself our hearts prepare,  
      Come, and sit, and banquet there.
- 6    Jesu, we the promise claim,  
      We are met in thy great name:  
      In the midst do thou appear,  
      Manifest thy presence here:  
      Sanctify us, Lord, and bless  
      Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace,  
      Thou thyself within us move;  
      Make our feast a feast of love.
- 7    Let the fruits of grace abound,  
      Let us in thy bowels sound;  
      Faith, and love, and joy increase,  
      Temperance, and gentleness:  
      Plant in us thine<sup>271</sup> humble mind;  
      Patient, pitiful, and kind,  
      Meek, and lowly let us be,  
      Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 8    Make us all in thee compleat,  
      Make us all for glory meet,  
      Meet t' appear before thy sight,  
      Partners with the saints in light:  
      Call, O call us each by name,  
      To the marriage of the Lamb,  
      Let us lean upon thy breast,  
      Love be there our endless feast.

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<sup>271</sup>Originally “thy” in *HSP* (1740). “Thine” changed back to “thy” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (n.p., 1756) and following.

**Part III.**

- 9 Let us join: ('tis God commands,)  
Let us join our hearts, and hands,  
Help to gain our calling's hope,  
Build we each the other up.  
God his blessing<sup>272</sup> shall dispense,  
God shall crown his ordinance,  
Meet in his appointed ways,  
Nourish us with social grace.
- 10 Let us then as brethren love,  
Faithfully his gifts improve,  
Carry on the earnest strife,  
Walk in holiness of life,  
Still forget the things behind,  
Follow Christ in heart, and mind,  
Toward<sup>273</sup> the mark unwearied press,  
Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 11 Plead we thus for *faith alone*,  
Faith which by our works is shewn,  
God it is who justifies,  
Only faith his blood applies;  
Active faith, that lives within,  
Conquers hell, and death, and sin,  
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,  
Forms the Saviour in the soul.
- 12 Let us for this faith contend,  
Sure salvation is its end,  
Heaven already is begun,  
Everlasting life is won:  
Only let us persevere,  
Till we see our Lord appear,  
Never from the Rock remove,  
Sav'd by faith which works by love.

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<sup>272</sup>“Blessing” changed to “blessings” in 7<sup>th</sup> edn. (1759) and following.

<sup>273</sup>“Toward” changed to “Towards” in 20<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

**Part IV.**

- 13 Partners of a glorious hope,  
Lift your hearts, and voices up,  
Jointly let us rise, and sing,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.  
Monuments of Jesus' grace,  
Speak we by our lives his praise,  
Walk in him we have receiv'd,  
Shew we not in vain believ'd.
- 14 While we walk with God in light,  
God our hearts doth still unite,  
Dearest fellowship we prove,  
Fellowship of Jesus' love;  
Sweetly each with each combin'd,  
In the bonds of duty join'd,  
Feels the cleansing blood applied,  
Daily feels that Christ hath died.
- 15 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,  
Cleans from all unrighteousness:  
Thee th' unholy cannot see;  
Make, O make us meet for thee:  
Every vile affection kill,  
Root out every seed of ill,  
Utterly abolish sin,  
Write thy law of love within.
- 16 Hence may all our actions flow,  
Love the proof that Christ we know,  
Mutual love the token be,  
Lord, that we belong to thee:  
Love, thine image love, impart,  
Stamp it on our face and heart;  
Only love to us be given,  
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

**Hymn LXXXIV.**<sup>274</sup>  
**The Communion of Saints.**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Father, Son and Spirit, hear  
Faith's effectual fervent prayer,  
Hear, and our petitions seal,  
Let us now the answer feel.  
Mystically one with thee;  
Transcript of the Trinity,  
Thee let all our nature own,  
One in Three, and Three in One.
  
- 2 If we now begin to be  
Partners with thy saints, and thee,  
If we have our sins forgiven,  
Fellow-citizens of heaven;  
Still the fellowship increase,  
Knit us in the bond of peace,  
Join our new born spirits, join,  
Each to each, and all to thine.
  
- 3 Build us in one body up,  
Call'd in one high calling's hope;  
One the Spirit whom we claim,  
One the pure baptismal flame,  
One the faith, and common Lord,  
One the Father lives, ador'd  
Over, thro', and in us all,  
God incomprehensible.
  
- 4 One with God, the source of bliss,  
Ground of our communion this,  
Life of all that live below,  
Let thine emanations flow,  
Rise eternal in our heart:  
Thou our long-sought Eden art;  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be to us what Adam lost.

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<sup>274</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 188–89, 191–195, 197–200, comprised by Part I, stanzas 1–4; Part II, stanzas 4–6; Part III, stanzas 1–2, 5–7; Part IV, stanzas 1–5; and Part VI, stanzas 1–9. The stanzas are numbered consecutively in this new setting.

**Part II.**

- 5 Other ground can no man lay,  
Jesus takes our sins away!  
Jesus the foundation is,  
This shall stand, and only this:  
Fityly framed in him we are,  
All the building rises fair:  
Let it to a temple rise,  
Worthy him who fills the skies.
- 6 Husband of thy church below,  
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,  
Unto thee betroth'd in love,  
Always let us faithful prove,  
Never rob thee of our heart,  
Never give the creature part,  
Only thou possess the whole,  
Take our body, spirit, soul.
- 7 Stedfast let us cleave to thee,  
Love the mystic union be,  
Union to the world unknown!  
Join'd to God, in spirit one,  
Wait we, till the Spouse shall come  
Till the Lamb shall take us home,  
For his heaven the bride prepare,  
Solemnize our nuptials there.

**Part III.**

**John xvii. 20, &c.**

- 8 Christ our head, gone up on high,  
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh,  
Advocate with God, give ear  
To thine own effectual prayer:  
Hear the sounds thou once didst breathe,  
In thy days of flesh beneath,



Now, O Jesu, let them be  
Strongly eccho'd back to thee.

- 9 We, O Christ, have thee receiv'd,  
Have the gospel-word believ'd,  
Justly then we claim a share  
In thine everlasting pray'r.  
One the Father is with thee,  
Knit us in like unity;  
Make us, O uniting Son,  
One, as thou and he are one.
- 10 Thee he lov'd ere<sup>275</sup> time begun,  
Thee the co-eternal Son:  
He hath to thy merit given  
Us, th' adopted heirs of heaven.  
Thou hast will'd that we should rise,  
See thy glory in the skies,  
See thee by all heaven ador'd,  
Be for ever with our Lord.
- 11 Thou the Father seest alone,  
Thou to us hast made him known:  
Sent from him we know thou art,  
We have found thee in our heart:  
Thou the Father hast declar'd;  
He is here our great reward,  
Ours his nature, and his name;  
Thou art ours, with him the same.
- 12 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are)  
Still to us his name declare;  
Thy revealing Spirit give,  
Whom the world cannot receive:  
Fill us with the Father's love,  
Never from our souls remove,  
Dwell in us, and we shall be  
Thine to all eternity.

#### **Part IV.**

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

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<sup>275</sup>Orig., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

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

- 14 Closer knit to thee our head,  
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;  
Let us daily growth receive,  
More and more in Jesus live:  
Jesus, we thy members are,  
Cherish us with kindest care;  
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone;  
Love for ever, love thine own.
- 15 Move, and actuate, and guide,  
Diverse gifts to each divide;  
Plac'd according to thy will,  
Let us all our work<sup>276</sup> fulfil;  
Never from our office move,  
Needful to the others prove;  
Use the grace on each bestow'd,  
Temper'd by the art of God.
- 16 Sweetly now we all agree,  
Touch'd with softest sympathy,  
Kindly for each other care:  
Every member feels its share:  
Wounded by the grief of one,  
All the suff'ring members groan;  
Honour'd if one member is,  
All partake the common bliss.
- 17 Many are we now, and one,  
We who Jesus have put on:  
There is neither bond, nor free,  
Male, nor female, Lord, in thee.  
Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,  
Render'd all distinctions void:  
Names, and sects, and parties fall;  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

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<sup>276</sup>“Work” changed to “works” in 7<sup>th</sup> edn. (1759) and following.

**Part V.**

- 18 Come, ye kindred souls above,  
Man provokes you unto love;  
Saints and angels hear the call,  
Praise the common Lord of all:  
Him let earth and heaven proclaim,  
Earth and heaven record his name;  
Let us both in this agree,  
Both his one great family.
- 19 Hosts of heaven, begin the song,  
Praise him with a tuneful tongue:  
(Sounds like yours we cannot raise,  
We can only lisp his praise)  
Us repenting sinners see,  
Jesus died to set us free;  
Sing ye over us forgiven,  
Shout for joy, ye hosts of heaven.
- 20 Be it unto angels known,  
By the church what God hath done:  
Depths of love and wisdom see  
In a dying deity!  
Gaze, ye first-born seraphs, gaze,  
Never can ye sound his grace:  
Lost in wonder, look no more;  
Fall, and silently adore.
- 21 Ministerial spirits, know,  
Execute your charge below:  
You our Father hath prepar'd,  
Fenc'd us with a flaming guard:  
Bid<sup>277</sup> you all our ways attend,  
Safe convoy us to the end;  
On your wings our souls remove,  
Waft us to the realms of love.<sup>278</sup>

**Part VI.**

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

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<sup>277</sup>“Bid” changed to “Bids” in 13<sup>th</sup> edn. (1767) and following.

<sup>278</sup>“Of love” changed to “above” in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758) and following.

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

23 No: for us you ever wait,  
Till we make your bliss compleat,  
Till your fellow-servants come,  
Till your brethren hasten home:  
You in paradise remain,  
For your testimony slain;  
Nobly who for Jesus stood,  
Bold to seal the truth with blood.

24 Ever now your speaking cries,  
From beneath the altar rise,  
Loudly call for vengeance due:  
“Come, thou holy God, and true!  
Lord, how long dost thou delay?  
Come to judgment, come away!  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,  
Come away, to judgment come!”

25 Wait, ye righteous spirits, wait,  
Soon arrives your glorious state;  
Rob'd in white, a season rest,  
Blest, if not supremely blest.  
When the number is fulfill'd,  
When the witnesses are kill'd,  
When we all from earth are driven,  
Then with us ye mount to heaven.

26 Jesu hear, and bow the skies,  
Hark, we all unite our cries!  
Take us to our<sup>279</sup> heavenly home,  
Quickly let thy kingdom come!  
Jesu come, the Spirit cries!  
Jesu come, the bride replies!  
One triumphant church above  
Join us all in perfect love.

FINIS.<sup>280</sup>

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<sup>279</sup>“Our” changed to “thy” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1754) through 21<sup>st</sup> edn. (1777), and in 22<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1781) and following.

<sup>280</sup>All but the 10<sup>th</sup> edn. (Edinburgh, 1763) of *HSS* (1753) end here. The 10<sup>th</sup> edn. (Edinburgh, 1763) continues with Hymns LXXXV–CVIII. In the 10<sup>th</sup> edn. (Edinburgh, 1763) this is page 132, so the next page will be numbered 133.

[All editions except the one published in Edinburgh in 1763 end with Hymn 84. The Edinburgh edition adds 24 hymns, which we reproduce below for purpose of completeness. However, it seems likely that this was an unauthorized edition, and that the selection of the additional hymns should not be attributed to John Wesley. To begin with, while most of the added hymns come from other collections by John or Charles Wesley, one hymn (by John Cennick) appears nowhere else in the Wesley corpus and seems quite unamenable to Wesley. Further, these added hymns do not reappear in future editions of *Hymns and Sacred Songs*. Moreover, while Wesley passed through Edinburgh twice in May 1763, on a trip to and from Aberdeen, there would have been little time for him to arrange an edition (particularly one with additions).<sup>281</sup> And the publisher of this edition, John Traill, published several items for Whitefield, but no other item by Wesley.<sup>282</sup>]

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<sup>281</sup>See JW, *Journal*, May 2–29, 1763, *Works*, 21:411–13.

<sup>282</sup>John Traill, was a bookseller in Edinburgh active from 1729–64. It seems unlikely that he is the “Mr. Trail” who was hoping to become a Methodist itinerant, whom Wesley mentions in letters to Christopher Hopper (Nov. 2, 1763, *Works*, 27:345) and Charles Wesley (Jan. 11, 1765, *ibid.*, 413).

**Hymn LXXXV.**<sup>283</sup>  
**“Looking unto Jesus, the author  
and finisher of our faith.”**  
**Heb. xii. 2.**

- 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 must create and seal my peace;  
      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.
  
- 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.

**Hymn LXXXVI.**<sup>284</sup>  
**On Free Grace.**

- 1    And can it be, that I should gain  
      An int’reast in the Saviour’s blood!  
      Dy’d he for me?—Who caus’d his pain!  
      For me?—Who him to death pursu’d!

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<sup>283</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 91–92; possibly taken here from *HSP* (1747), 11–12.

<sup>284</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 117–19; possibly taken here from *HSP* (1747), 59–60.

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 this 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 inquire 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.
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:  
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning 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 cloth'd in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.

**Hymn LXXXVII.**<sup>285</sup>  
**On Our Lord's Resurrection.**

- 1        Rejoice, the Lord is King!  
          Your Lord and King adore,  
          Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
          And triumph evermore:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
  
- 2        Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
          The God of truth and love,  
          When he had purg'd our stains,  
          He took his seat above:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
  
- 3        His kingdom cannot fail,  
          He rules o'er earth and heav'n,  
          The keys of death and hell  
          Are to our Jesus giv'n:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
  
- 4        He sits at God's right hand,  
          Till all his foes submit,  
          And bow to his command,  
          And fall beneath his feet.  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
  
- 5        He all his foes shall quell,  
          Shall all our sins destroy,  
          And every bosom swell  
          With pure seraphic joy.  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
  
- 6        Rejoice in glorious hope,  
          Jesus the judge shall come,  
          And take his servants up  
          To their eternal home:

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<sup>285</sup>First appeared in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 12–13; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 97–98.



We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

**Hymn LXXXVIII.**<sup>286</sup>

- 1 Sinners, lift up your hearts,  
The promise to receive!  
Jesus himself imparts,  
He comes in man to live:  
The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heav'n.
- 2 Jesus is glorify'd,  
And gives the Comforter,  
His Spirit, to reside  
In all his members here:  
The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heav'n.
- 3 To make an end of sin,  
And Satan's works destroy,  
He brings his kingdom in,  
Peace, righteousness, and joy.  
The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heav'n.
- 4 The cleansing blood t' apply,  
The heavenly life display,  
And wholly sanctify,  
And seal us to that day.  
The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heav'n.
- 5 Sent down to make us meet  
To see his glorious face,  
And grant us each a seat  
In that thrice happy place.  
The Holy Ghost to man is giv'n;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heav'n.

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<sup>286</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 6–7.

6 From heaven he shall once more  
Triumphantly descend,  
And all his saints restore  
To joys that never end.  
Then, then, when all our joys are giv'n,  
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heav'n.

**Hymn LXXXIX.**<sup>287</sup>

1 O Jesus, my hope,  
For me offer'd up,  
Who with clamour pursu'd thee to Calvary's top;  
The blood thou hast shed,  
For me let it plead,  
And declare thou hast dy'd in thy murderer's stead.

2 Thy blood which alone  
For sin could atone,  
For the infinite evil I madly have done;  
That only can seal  
My pardon, and fill  
My heart with a power of obeying thy will.

3 Now, now let me know  
Its virtue below;  
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,  
Let it hallow my heart,  
And throughly convert,  
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

4 Each moment apply'd,  
My weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:  
My Advocate prove  
With the Father above,  
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

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<sup>287</sup>An extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:81–82; stanzas 1–2, 5–6; as appears in *Select Hymns* (1761), 7–8.

**Hymn XC.**<sup>288</sup>

1        Come let us anew  
          Our journey pursue,  
          Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still, till the Master appear:  
          His adorable will  
          Let us gladly fulfil,  
          And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2        Our life is a dream,  
          Our time as<sup>289</sup> a stream  
          Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:  
          The arrow is flown,  
          The moment is gone;  
          The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

3        O that each in the day  
          Of his coming may say,  
          I have fought my way through,  
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.  
          O that each from his Lord  
          May receive the glad word,  
          "Well and faithfully done!"  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

**Hymn XCI.**<sup>290</sup>

1        Jesu, come, my hope of glory!  
          Purify me, that I  
          May with saints adore thee.

2        Big with earnest expectation,  
          Still I sit at thy feet,  
          Longing for salvation.

3        My poor heart vouchsafe to dwell in:  
          Make me thine, love divine,  
          By thy Spirit sealing.

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<sup>288</sup>First appeared in *New Year's Hymns* (1749), 9; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 10–11.

<sup>289</sup>Orig., "is"; a misprint.

<sup>290</sup>An extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:155–56; stanzas 1–3, 5–8; as appears in *Select Hymns* (1761), 12–13.

- 4    Thou hast laid the sure foundation  
      Of my hope, build me up;  
      Finish thy creation.
- 5    From this inbred sin deliver,  
      Let the yoke now be broke,  
      Make me thine for ever.
- 6    Partner of thy perfect nature,  
      Let me be now in thee  
      A new, sinless creature.
- 7    Perfect when I walk before thee,  
      Soon or late, then translate  
      To the realms of glory.

**Hymn XCII.**<sup>291</sup>

- 1       Come, ye that love the Lord,  
          And let your joys be known:  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
          While ye surround his throne.
- 2       Let those refuse to sing,  
          Who never knew our God:  
But servants of the heav'nly King  
          May speak their joys abroad.
- 3       The God that rules on high,  
          And all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
          And calms the roaring seas.
- 4       This awful God is ours;  
          Our Father and our love;  
Thou shalt send down thy heav'nly powers  
          To carry us above.
- 5       There we shall see his face,  
          And never, never sin:  
And from the rivers of his grace  
          Drink endless pleasures in.

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<sup>291</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 28–29; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 14.

- 6        Yea, and before we rise  
            To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
            Should constant joys create.
- 7        The men of grace have found  
            Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
            From faith and hope may grow.
- 8        Then let our songs abound,  
            And every tear be dry:  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
            To fairer worlds on high.

**Hymn XCIII.**<sup>292</sup>

- 1        Son of God, thy blessing grant:  
            Still supply my every want:  
Tree of life, thine influence shed,  
            With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2        Tender'st branch, alas! am I,  
            Wither without thee and die,  
Weak as helpless infancy;  
            O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3        Unsustain'd by thee I fall;  
            Send the help for which I call:  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
            Help I every moment need.
- 4        All my hopes on thee depend;  
            Love me, save me to the end;  
Give me the continuing grace,  
            Take the everlasting praise.

**Hymn XCIV.**<sup>293</sup>

- 1        Lord, all I am is known to thee;  
            In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, or to flee  
            The notice of thine eye.<sup>294</sup>

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<sup>292</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 36; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 19.

<sup>293</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 48–49; as extracted in *Select Hymns* (1761), 39.

<sup>294</sup>Orig., “eyes”; a misprint.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou knowst the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

**Hymn XCV.**<sup>295</sup>

- 1 When all the mercies of my God  
My rising soul surveys,  
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost  
In wonder, love, and praise?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
While in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

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<sup>295</sup>By Joseph Addison; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 26–28; as extracted in *Select Hymns* (1761), 47–48.

- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way;  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Thro' every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Thro' all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise,  
But O eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

**Hymn XCVI.**<sup>296</sup>

- 1 Come let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus;  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine:  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

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<sup>296</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 34; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 48.

**Hymn XCVII.**<sup>297</sup>  
**For New-Year's Day.**

- 1       The Lord of earth and sky,  
          The God of ages praise,  
          Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
          Ancient of endless days;  
Who lengthens out our trials here,  
And spares us yet another year.
  
- 2       Barren and wither'd trees,  
          We cumb'red long the ground,  
          No fruits of holiness  
          On our dead souls were found;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare  
Another and another year.
  
- 3       When justice bar'd the sword,  
          To cut the fig-tree down,  
          The pity of our Lord,  
          Cry'd, Let it still alone;  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.
  
- 4       Jesus, thy speaking blood  
          From God obtain'd the grace,  
          Who therefore hath bestow'd  
          On us a longer space;  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo we see another year.
  
- 5       Then dig about our root;  
          Break up our fallow ground,  
          And let our gracious fruit  
          To thy great praise abound:  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

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<sup>297</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:250–51.



**Hymn XCVIII.**<sup>298</sup>

- 1 Sinners, obey the gospel-word,  
Haste to the supper of my Lord,  
Be wise to know your gracious day:  
All things are ready; come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kiss his late returning son;  
Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love  
Just now the stony to remove,  
T' apply, and witness with the blood,  
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait  
To triumph in your bless'd estate;  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Are ready with their shining host;  
All heaven is ready to resound,  
"The dead's alive, the lost is found!"
- 6 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,  
In Christ to paradise restor'd;  
His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel-grace.
- 7 A pardon written with his blood,  
The favour and the peace of God,  
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joys of penitence.
- 8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,  
The meltings of a broken heart,  
The tears that tell your sins forgiv'n,  
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n.

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<sup>298</sup>First appeared in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 44–46; revised in *HSP* (1749), 1:259–60; and that revised version appears here via *Select Hymns* (1761), 63–64.

- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
Th' unutterable tenderness,  
The genuine meek humility,  
The wonder, "Why such love to me!"
- 10 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
The sight that veils the seraph's face,  
The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heav'n of love.

**Hymn XCIX.**<sup>299</sup>

- 1 He comes, he comes, the judge severe,  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near,  
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,  
See th' Almighty Jesus crown'd,  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own,  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High,  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
For ever, and for ever reigns.

**Hymn C.**<sup>300</sup>

- 1 Ah lovely appearance of death,  
No sight upon earth is so fair;  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,  
Can with a dead body compare:  
With solemn delight I survey  
The corpse when the spirit is fled;  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to be in its stead.

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<sup>299</sup>First appeared in *Intercession Hymns* (1758), 30–31; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 81–82.

<sup>300</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 7–8; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 87–88.

- 2     How bless'd is our brother, bereft  
          Of all that could burthen his mind!  
How easy the soul that hath left  
          This wearisome body behind!  
Of evils incapable thou,  
          Whose relics with envy I see,  
No longer in misery now,  
          No longer a sinner like me.
- 3     This earth is affected no more  
          With sickness, or shaken with pain,  
The war in the members is o'er,  
          And never shall vex him again:  
No anger henceforward, or shame,  
          Shall redden this innocent clay,  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
          And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4     The languishing head is at rest,  
          His thinking and aching are o'er,  
The quiet immoveable breast  
          Is heav'd by affliction no more:  
The heart is no longer the seat  
          Of trouble, and torturing pain;  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
          It never shall flutter again.
- 5     The lids he so seldom could close,  
          By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
          Have strangely forgotten to weep:  
The fountains can yield no supplies,  
          These hollows from water are free;  
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
          And evil they never shall see.
- 6     To mourn, and to suffer, is mine,  
          While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
          And press to the issues of death:

What now with my tears I bedew,  
O might I this moment become,  
My spirit created anew,  
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

**Hymn CI.**<sup>301</sup>

- 1 Thou God of glorious majesty,  
To thee against myself, to thee  
A worm of earth I cry,  
An half-awaken'd child of man,  
An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! On a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand  
Secure, insensible:  
A point of life, a moment's space  
Removes me to that heav'nly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar:  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
My future bliss t' ensure,  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

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<sup>301</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:34–35; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 103–4.

- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive  
Transported from this vale, to live,  
And reign with thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

**Hymn CII.**<sup>302</sup>

- 1 Jesus drinks the bitter cup,  
The wine-press treads alone,  
Tears the graves and mountains up  
By his expiring groan:  
Lo! The powers of heaven he shakes,  
Nature in convulsions lies,  
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,  
The great Jehovah dies!
- 2 Dies the glorious cause of all,  
The true eternal Pan,  
Falls to raise us from our fall;  
To ransom sinful man:  
Well may Sol withdraw his light,  
With the sufferer sympathize,  
Leave the world in sudden night,  
While his Creator dies.
- 3 Well may heav'n be cloth'd with black,  
And solemn sackcloth wear,  
Jesu's agony partake,  
The hour of darkness share;  
Mourn th' astonish'd hosts above,  
Silence saddens all the skies,  
Kindler of seraphic love,  
The God of angels dies.
- 4 O, my God, he dies for me,  
I feel the mortal smart!  
See him hanging on the tree—  
A sight that breaks my heart!

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<sup>302</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 16–18; as extracted in *Select Hymns* (1761), 124–25.

O that all to thee might turn!  
Sinners, ye may love him too,  
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn  
For one who bled for you.

5 Weep o'er your desire and hope  
With tears of humblest love;  
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,  
And reigns enthron'd above!  
Lives our head, to die no more:  
Power is all to Jesus given,  
Worshipp'd as he was before,  
Th' immortal King of heaven.

6 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace,  
And truth which never fails,  
Hast'ning to behold thy face  
Without a dimming veil:  
We shall see our heav'nly King,  
All thy glorious love proclaim,  
Help the angels' quires to sing  
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

**Hymn CIII.**<sup>303</sup>

1 Away, my unbelieving fear!  
Fear shall in me no more have place;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of his face:  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!  
I never will give up my shield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,  
Altho' the olive yield no oil,  
The withering fig-tree droop<sup>304</sup> and die,  
The field elude the tiller's toil,

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<sup>303</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 138–39; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 138–39.

<sup>304</sup>Orig., “drop”; restored to spelling in *HSP* (1742).

The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race;  
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren altho' my soul remain,  
And no one bud of grace appear,  
No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
But sin, and only sin is here;  
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see;  
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
And glory that he dy'd for me.

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

**Hymn CIV.**<sup>305</sup>

No further go to-night, but stay,  
Dear Saviour, till the break of day,  
Turn in, my Lord, with me:  
And in the morning when I wake,  
Me in thy hands, O Jesus, take,  
And I'll go on with thee.

**Hymn CV.**<sup>306</sup>  
**Gloria Patri, &c.**

Shout to the great Jehovah's praise,  
Ye sons of glory and of grace!  
One God in Persons Three adore,  
The same in majesty and power.

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<sup>305</sup>John Cennick, "Evening Hymn," stanza 3, *Sacred Hymns for the Use of Religious Societies, Part II* (Bristol: Felix Farley, 1743), 40. Never appears in other hymnals edited by John or Charles Wesley.

<sup>306</sup>First appeared in *Gloria Patri* (1746), 10.

Ye suffering, and triumphant host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**Hymn CVI.**<sup>307</sup>

Praise God, from whom pure blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below,  
Praise him above ye heav'nly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**Hymn CVII.**<sup>308</sup>

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

**Hymn CVIII.**<sup>309</sup>

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Thy Godhead we adore,  
Join with the celestial host,  
Who praise thee evermore:  
Live, by earth and heav'n ador'd,  
Three in One, and One in Three;  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
All glory be to thee.

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<sup>307</sup>Compare the first line of *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 56; reproduced in *Gloria Patri* (1746), 11. The editor uses this line, then resorts to the traditional text of the Gloria Patri.

<sup>308</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 56.

<sup>309</sup>First appeared in *Gloria Patri* (1746), 11.



[substitute Hymn LXIX, beginning with 5<sup>th</sup> edition (1758)]

Hymn LXIX.<sup>310</sup>

“Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem  
us from *ALL* iniquity.” Tit[us] ii. 14.

- 1 Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,  
How little art thou known  
By sinners of a carnal mind,  
Who claim thee for their own;
- 2 Who blasphemously call thee Lord  
With lips and hearts unclean,  
But make thee, while they slight thy word,  
The minister of sin:
- 3 Who madly plead for sin’s remains;  
While full of slavish fears,  
They *fancy* thou hast purg’d their stains,  
And falsly call’d<sup>311</sup> thee theirs.
- 4 O wretched man, who dares divide  
The pardon, and the peace!  
In vain for thee the Saviour died,  
Unless he seal<sup>312</sup> thee his.
- 5 O wretched man, from guilt to dream  
Thy harden’d conscience freed!  
When Jesu doth a soul redeem,  
He makes it free indeed.
- 6 The guilt and power with all thy art  
Can never be disjoin’d,  
Nor will God bid the guilt depart,  
And leave the power behind.
- 7 Faith, when it comes, breaks every chain,  
And makes us truly free,  
But Christ hath died for thee in vain,  
Unless he lives in thee.

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<sup>310</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 246–47; stanzas 1–9, 14. Substituted for original Hymn LXIX beginning in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1758), where the first stanza appeared on p. 99 and the remaining nine stanzas on p. 100.

<sup>311</sup>Originally “call” in *HSP* (1742). “Call’d” changed back to “call” in 9<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762) and following.

<sup>312</sup>“Seal” changed to “seals” in 14<sup>th</sup> edn. (1768) and following.

- 8    What is redemption in his blood,  
      But liberty within?  
      A liberty to serve my God,  
      And to eschew my sin.
- 9    What is our calling's glorious hope,  
      But inward holiness?  
      For this to Jesus I look up,  
      I calmly wait for this.
- 10   Be it according to thy word,  
      Redeem me from all sin,  
      My heart would now receive thee, Lord:  
      Come in, my Lord, come in!