

*Select Hymns (1761)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker List, #244]

**Editorial Introduction:**

By 1761 John Wesley had been publishing hymn collections for nearly a quarter of a century. His earliest effort, a series titled *Collection of Psalms and Hymns (CPH)* launched in 1737, was designed to supplement broadly Anglican patterns of worship. This was joined, starting in 1739, by a second series bearing the title *Hymns and Sacred Poems (HSP)*, which focused on Methodist sources and was designed more for devotional use. While these two 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 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, leading to the rushed publication of a selection of twenty-four hymns from the 3rd edition of *HSP* (1739), titled *Collection of Hymns* (1742). This collection proved useful enough to be reprinted at least three times over the next decade. A second attempt to address the need for a single collection of hymns that had become central to Methodist worship was made in 1747, in Ireland. Within weeks of Charles Wesley'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 an emergency measure, because it was never republished.

In the winter of 1752–53 John Wesley took time to prepare a larger and more carefully selected single volume of hymns for worship, which he titled *Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Intended for the Use of Real Christians of all Denominations (HSS)*. It included 84 hymns, drawn from the early volumes of the *CPH* series and all three volumes of the *HSP* series. Wesley noted in the preface that this collection was not solely for his followers, but all “real Christians.” The hymns 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 limitation of *HSS* (1753) is part of what led John Wesley to return to the task of compiling a single-volume collection of hymns in early 1761. As he notes in the preface, one of the main goals in the resulting volume, titled *Select Hymns* (1761), was to gather the “best hymns” sung by “the people called Methodists.” His other major goal was to bind at the end of the volume, after the texts of the hymns, a set of *tunes* in “common use” among the Methodists that he wanted to endorse. In keeping with the purposes of the present web-collection, the transcription below will focus only on the text of the hymns included.

*Select Hymns* (1761) was a larger collection than *HSS* (1753), containing 133 hymns. All but one of these were drawn from earlier collections published by Wesley.<sup>2</sup> In several instances the hymn had appeared in more than one previous Wesley collection, sometimes with revisions. The

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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: September 31, 2018.

<sup>2</sup>The one hymn that finds its first appearance among JW's collections in *Select Hymns* (1761) is #90 (pp. 83–84), a hymn by Isaac Watts, from his collection *Horae Lyricae*.

most immediate source is identified in notes for each hymn, and appears in the Table of Contents, where it is typically shown in **blue font**. In two instances, Wesley's abridgement of the source resulted in the hymn beginning with a new first line. The prior location for these two 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.

Possibly reflecting its narrower focus on a Methodist audience, but mainly reflecting its greater cost (due to the inclusion of the tunes), *Select Hymns* sold more slowly than *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*—the latter being reprinted on a yearly basis while the first printing of *Select Hymns* lasted four years. When Wesley did reprint *Select Hymns* in 1765 he replaced two of the hymns and added sixteen more. For this reason we have opted to provide a separate transcription of *Select Hymns* (1765), which remained standard through subsequent reprints through Wesley's life.

Finally, we would note that *Select Hymns* (1761) was marred by a higher than usual number of small printer errors in spelling. We have silently corrected most of these, when the error was clearly unintentional (creating a nonsense word). In cases where a misprint is likely (compared to the original source), but the alternative spelling is itself a word, we have indicated this in a note.

### **Editions:**

John Wesley. *Select Hymns, with Tunes Annext*. London: np, 1761.

2<sup>nd</sup> edn. London: np, 1765 (enlarged, so treated separately in this web collection).

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**Preface.**

1. Some years ago a collection of tunes was published, under the title of *Harmonia Sacra*.<sup>3</sup> I believe all unprejudiced persons who understand music allow, that it exceeds beyond all degrees of comparison, anything of the kind which has appeared in England before—the tunes being admirably well chosen, and accurately engraven, not only for the voice but likewise for the organ or harpsichord.

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<sup>3</sup>Thomas Butts, *Harmonia Sacra; or, a choice collection of Psalm and Hymn tunes* (London: for the author, 1759).

2. But this, though it is excellent in its kind, is not the thing which I want. I want the people called Methodists to sing true the tunes which are in *common use* among them. At the same time I want them to have in one volume the *best hymns* which we have printed, and that in a *small* and *portable* volume, and one of an *easy price*.

3. I have been endeavouring for more than twenty years to procure such a book as this, but in vain. Masters of music were above following any direction but their own. And I was determined whoever compiled this should follow *my* direction: not *mending* our tunes but setting them down, neither better nor worse than they were. At length I have prevailed. The following collection contains all the tunes which are in *common use* among us. They are pricked<sup>4</sup> *true*, exactly as I desire all our congregations may sing them. And here is prefixed to them a collection of those hymns which are (I think) some of *the best* we have published. The *volume* likewise is *small*, as well as the *price*. This therefore I recommend, preferably to all others.

John Wesley

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<sup>4</sup>I.e., “written” or “inscribed”; see *OED*.

**SELECT HYMNS.**

**Hymn 1.<sup>5</sup>**

- 1 All glory and praise,  
To the ancient of days,  
Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost race.
- 2 Salvation to God,  
Who carried our load,  
And purchased our lives with the price of his blood.
- 3 And shall he not have  
The lives which he gave  
Such an infinite ransom forever to save?
- 4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,  
And gladly resign  
Our souls to be filled with the fullness divine?
- 5 How, when it shall be,  
We cannot foresee:  
But, O let us live, let us die unto thee?

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<sup>5</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 130–31; stanzas 1–4, 6.

**Hymn 2.<sup>6</sup>**

- 1        My God, I am thine:  
          What a comfort divine,  
          What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine?
- 2        In the heavenly Lamb  
          Thrice happy I am,  
          And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.
- 3        True pleasures abound  
          In the rapturous sound,  
          And whoever hath found it hath paradise found.
- 4        My Jesus to know  
          And feel his blood flow,  
          'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 5        Yet onward I haste  
          To the heavenly feast:  
          That, that is the fulness: but this is the taste.
- 6        And this I shall prove,  
          Till with joy I remove  
          To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

**Hymn 3.<sup>7</sup>**

- 1        O Jesus, my rest,  
          How unspeakably blest?  
          Is the sinner that comes to be hid in thy breast!
- 2        I come at thy call:  
          At thy feet do I fall,  
          And believe and confess thee my God and my all.
- 3        Thou art Mary's good part,  
          The thing needful thou art,  
          The desire of my eyes, and the joy of my heart:

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<sup>6</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:219–20.

<sup>7</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:220.

- 4        My comfort and stay,  
          My life and my way:  
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.
- 5        Health, pardon and peace  
          In thee I possess:  
I can have nothing more; I will have nothing less.
- 6        I stand in thy might,  
          I walk in thy light;  
And all heaven I claim in thy God-giving right.

**Hymn 4.**<sup>8</sup>

- 1        O Jesus my hope,  
          For me offered up  
Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's top.  
          The blood thou hast shed,  
          For me let it plead,  
And declare thou hast died 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 applied,  
          My weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:

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<sup>8</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:81–82; stanzas 1–2, 5–6.

My Advocate prove  
With the Father above,  
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

**Hymn 5.**<sup>9</sup>

- 1 All ye that pass by  
To Jesus draw nigh:  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety he is:  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his!
- 2 For what you have done  
His blood must atone:  
The Father hath punished for you his dear Son:  
The Lord in the day  
Of his anger did lay  
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 3<sup>10</sup> He answered for all,  
O come at his call:  
And lo at his feet with astonishment fall!  
Ye all may receive  
The peace he did leave,  
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive."
- 4 For you and for me  
He prayed on the tree:  
The prayer is accepted: the sinner is free.  
The sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 5 My pardon I claim;  
For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing on Jesus's name.  
He purchased the grace,  
Which now I embrace:  
O Father, thou know'st, he hath died in my place.

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<sup>9</sup>First appeared in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 8–10. Appears here as revised in *HSP* (1749), 1:87–88.

<sup>10</sup>This stanza composed of 3a and 4b of the original.

6 His death is my plea,  
My Advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me.  
Acquitted I was  
When he hung on the cross,  
And by losing his life he hath carried my cause.

**Hymn 6.**<sup>11</sup>

1 Ah tell us no more,  
The Spirit and power  
Of Jesus our God  
Is not to be found in the life-giving food!

2 Did Jesus ordain  
His Supper in vain?  
And furnish a feast,  
For none but his earliest servants to taste?

3 Nay, but this is his will  
(We know it and feel)  
That *we* should partake  
The banquet for all he so freely did make.

4 Tis God we believe,  
Who cannot deceive:  
The witness of God  
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

5 Receiving the bread  
On Jesus we feed:  
It doth not appear  
His manner of working: but Jesus is here!

6 O that all men would haste  
To this spiritual feast;  
At Jesus's word  
Do this, and be fed with the love of their Lord!

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<sup>11</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 78–80; stanzas 1–3, 5–6, 8–12.

- 7 True light of mankind,  
Shine into their mind,  
And clearly reveal  
Thy perfect, and good, and acceptable will.
- 8 Bring near the glad day,  
When all shall obey  
Thy dying request,  
And eat of thy Supper, and lean on thy breast.
- 9 To all men impart  
One way and one heart:  
Thy people be shown  
All righteous, and spotless, and perfect in one.
- 10 Then, then let us see  
Thy glory, and be  
Caught up in the air,  
This heavenly Supper in heaven to share.

**Hymn 7.**<sup>12</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 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!

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<sup>12</sup>First appeared in *New Year's Hymns* (1749), 9.

3        O that each in the day  
          Of his coming may say  
          I have fought my way through,  
I have finished 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 8.**<sup>13</sup>

1        Away with our fears,  
          Our troubles and tears!  
          The Spirit is come,  
The witness of Jesus returned to his home.  
          The pledge of our Lord  
          To his heaven restored  
          Is sent from the sky,  
And tells us our head is exalted on high.

2        Our Advocate there  
          By his blood and his prayer,  
          The gift hath obtained,  
For us he hath prayed and the Comforter gained  
          Our glorified head  
          His Spirit hath shed  
          With his people to stay;  
And never again will he take him away.

3        Our heavenly guide  
          With us shall abide.  
          His comfort impart,  
And set up his kingdom of love in our heart.  
          The heart that believes,  
          His kingdom receives,  
          His power and his peace,  
His life and his joy’s everlasting increase.

4        Then let us rejoice  
          In heart and in voice,

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<sup>13</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 36; stanzas 1–3, 5.

Our leader pursue,  
And shout<sup>14</sup> as we travel the wilderness through  
With the Spirit remove  
To the Sion above;  
Triumphant arise,  
And walk with our God, till we fly to the skies.

**Hymn 9.**<sup>15</sup>

- 1 Praise be to the Father given,  
Christ he gave, us to save,  
Now the heirs of heaven.
- 2 Pay we equal adoration  
To the Son: he alone  
Wrought out our salvation.
- 3 Glory to th' eternal Spirit!  
Us he seals, Christ reveals,  
And applies his merit.
- 4 Worship, honour, thanks and blessing,  
One and Three, give we thee,  
Never, never ceasing.

**Hymn 10.**<sup>16</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's sealing.

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<sup>14</sup>Orig., "out"; a misprint.

<sup>15</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 101–2.

<sup>16</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:155–56; stanzas 1–3, 5–8.

- 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 forever.
- 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 11.**<sup>17</sup>

- 1        Thou very Paschal Lamb,  
          Whose blood for us was shed,  
      Through whom we out of Egypt came,  
          Thy ransomed people lead,
- 2        Angel of gospel-grace,  
          Fulfil thy character;  
      To guard and feed the chosen race  
          In Israel's camp appear.
- 3        Throughout the desert way  
          Conduct us by thy light:  
      Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
          A cheering fire by night,
- 4        Our fainting souls sustain  
          With blessings from above,  
      And ever on thy people rain<sup>18</sup>  
          The manna of thy love.

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<sup>17</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 37.

<sup>18</sup>Orig., "reign"; a misprint.

**Hymn 12.**<sup>19</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 heavenly 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 heavenly pow'rs  
          To carry us above.
- 5       There we shall see his face,  
          And never, never sin:  
There from the rivers of his grace  
          Drink endless pleasures in.
- 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 through Immanuel's ground  
          To fairer worlds on high.

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<sup>19</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 28–29; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 135–36.

**Hymn 13.**<sup>20</sup>

- 1    Father, our hearts we lift,  
      Up to thy gracious throne,  
And bless thee for the precious gift  
      Of thine incarnate Son:  
The gift unspeakable  
      We thankfully receive,  
And to the world thy goodness tell,  
      And to thy glory live.
  
- 2    A peace on earth he brings  
      That never more shall end:  
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,  
      Proclaims himself our friend:  
Assumes our flesh and blood,  
      That we his Spirit may gain,  
The eternal Son of God,  
      The mortal Son of man.
  
- 3    His kingdom from above  
      He doth to us impart,  
And pure benevolence and love  
      O'erflow the faithful heart.  
Changed in a moment we  
      The sweet attraction find,  
With open arms of charity  
      Embracing all mankind.
  
- 4    O might they all receive  
      The newborn Prince of Peace,  
And meekly in his Spirit live,  
      And in his love increase.  
Till he convey us home  
      Cry every soul aloud,  
Come, thou desire of nations, come,  
      And take us all to God!

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<sup>20</sup>This is an extract from *Nativity Hymns* (1745), 12–13; stanzas 1, 3–5.

**Hymn 14.**<sup>21</sup>

- 1 Jesu, my Lord attend  
Thy feeble creature's cry;  
And show thyself the sinner's friend,  
And set me up on high.  
From hell's oppressive power  
My struggling soul release;  
And to thy Father's grace restore,  
And to thy perfect peace.
  
- 2 Thy blood and righteousness  
I make my only plea:  
My present and eternal peace  
Are both derived from thee.  
Rivers of life divine  
From thee, their fountain flow,  
And all who know that love of thine  
The joy of angels know.
  
- 3 Come then, impute, impart  
To me thy righteousness,  
And let me taste how good thou art,  
How full of truth and grace:  
That thou canst here forgive  
Grant me to testify,  
And justified by faith to live,  
And in thy faith to die.

**Hymn 15.**<sup>22</sup>

- 1 Who in the Lord confide  
And feel his sprinkled blood,  
In storms and hurricanes abide  
Firm as the mount of God,  
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,  
His Sion cannot move:

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<sup>21</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 1–2; stanzas 1, 3–4.

<sup>22</sup>This is an extract from *CPH* (1743), 90–91; stanzas 1–2.

His faithful people stand secure  
In Jesu's guardian love.

- 2 As round Jerusalem  
The hilly bulwarks rise,  
So God protects and covers them  
From all their enemies.  
On every side he stands,  
And for his Israel cares;  
And safe in his almighty hands  
Their souls forever bears.

**Hymn 16.**<sup>23</sup>

- 1 God of almighty love,  
By whose sufficient grace  
I lift my heart to things above,  
And humbly seek thy face:  
Through Jesus Christ the just  
My faint desires receive:  
And bid me in thy goodness trust,  
And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I think or do,  
Thy glory be my aim;  
My offerings all be offered through  
The ever-blessed name:  
Jesu, my single eye  
Be fixed on thee alone:  
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,  
Thy will by all be done.

**Hymn 17.**<sup>24</sup>

- 1 Ye simple souls that stray,  
Far from the path of peace,  
(That unfrequented way  
To life and happiness:)

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<sup>23</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:251–52; stanzas 1–2.

<sup>24</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 21–22.

How long will ye your folly love  
And throng the downward road,  
And hate the wisdom from above,  
And mock the sons of God?

2       Madness and misery  
      Ye count our life beneath,  
      And nothing great can see  
      Or glorious in our death:  
As born to suffer and to grieve,  
      Beneath your feet we lie,  
And utterly condemned we live,  
      And unlamented die.

3       Poor pensive sojourners,  
      O'erwhelmed with grief and woes,  
      Perplexed with needless fears,  
      And pleasure's mortal foes;  
More irksome than a gaping tomb,  
      Our sight ye cannot bear,  
Wrapped in the melancholy gloom  
      Of fanciful despair.

4       So wretched, and obscure  
      The men whom ye despise,  
      So foolish, weak and poor,  
      Above your scorn we rise;  
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost  
      Can witness better things;  
For he whose blood is all our boast,  
      Hath made us priests and kings.

5       Riches unsearchable  
      In Jesu's love we know,  
      And pleasures, from the well  
      Of life, our souls o'erflow;  
From him the Spirit we receive  
      Of wisdom, grace, and pow'r,  
And always sorrowful we live  
      Rejoicing evermore.

6        Angels our servants are,  
          And keep in all our ways,  
          And in their hands they bear  
          The sacred sons of grace;  
Our guardians to that heav'nly bliss  
          They all our steps attend;  
And God himself our Father is,  
          And Jesus is our friend.

7        With him we walk in white,  
          We in his image shine,  
          Our robes are robes of light,  
          Our righteousness divine:  
On all the grov'ling kings of earth  
          With pity we look down,  
And claim in virtue of our birth,  
          A never-fading crown.

**Hymn 18.**<sup>25</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        Tenderest branch alas! am I,  
          Wither without thee and die,  
          Weak as helpless infancy;  
          O confirm my soul in thee.

3        Unsustained 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.

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<sup>25</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 36.

**Hymn 19.**<sup>26</sup>

- 1 O thou holy Lamb divine,  
How canst thou and sinners join?  
God of spotless purity,  
How shall man concur with thee?
- 2 Offer up one sacrifice  
Acceptable to the skies?  
What shall wretched mortals bring  
Pleasing to the glorious King.
- 3 Only sin we call our own:  
But thou art the darling Son;  
Thine it is our God t' appease:  
Him thou dost forever please.
- 4 We on thee alone depend,  
With thy sacrifice ascend,  
Render what thy grace hath given:  
Lift our souls with thee to heaven.

**Hymn 20.**<sup>27</sup>

- 1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,  
Who in thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast,  
See I pant in thee to rest:  
Gladly would I now be clean:  
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;  
To thy cross my spirit bind:  
Earthly passions far remove;  
Swallow up my soul in love.

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<sup>26</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 116.

<sup>27</sup>This is an extract from JW's translation of a German hymn by Anna Dober, which first appeared in *HSP* (1740), 93–94; stanzas 1–4, 8.

- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of sin and misery,  
Thine we are, thou Son of God:  
Take the purchase of thy blood!
- 5 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine:  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

**Hymn 21.**<sup>28</sup>

- 1 Lord, if thou the grace impart,  
Poor in spirit meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be,  
Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that thee I know  
Nothing shall I seek below;  
Aim at nothing, great or high,  
Lowly both my heart and eye:
- 3 Simple, teachable and mild,  
Awed into a little child:  
Quiet now without my food,  
Weaned from every creature-good.
- 4 Hangs my newborn soul on thee,  
Kept from all idolatry;  
Nothing wants, beneath, above,  
Happy, happy in thy love.
- 5 O that all may seek and find  
Every good in Jesus joined!  
Him let Israel still adore:  
Trust him, praise him evermore!

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<sup>28</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 95.

**Hymn 22.**<sup>29</sup>

- 1 Lord and God of heavenly pow'rs,  
Theirs, yet O! Benignly ours;  
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,  
Worms attempt to chant thy name.
- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine,  
Angels and archangels join;  
We with them our voices raise,  
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Live by heaven and earth adored;  
Full of thee they ever cry,  
Glory be to God most high!

**Hymn 23.**<sup>30</sup>

- 1 Come, desire of nations, come,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,  
Hear the Spirit and the bride,  
Come, and take us to thy side.
- 2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,  
Make us meet for our reward,  
Then with all thy saints descend,  
Then our earthly trials end.
- 3 Mindful of thy chosen race,  
Shorten these vindictive days,  
Who for full redemption groan,  
Hear us now, and save thine own.
- 4 Now destroy the man of sin,  
Now thine ancient flock bring in,  
Filled with righteousness divine,  
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

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<sup>29</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 128.

<sup>30</sup>First appeared in *Earthquake Hymns* (1750), 2:23.

- 5 Plant the heavenly kingdom here,  
Glorious in thy saints appear,  
Speak the sacred number sealed,  
Speak the mystery fulfilled.
- 6 Take to thee thy royal power,  
Reign when sin shall be no more,  
Reign when death no more shall be,  
Reign to all eternity.

**Hymn 24.**<sup>31</sup>

- 1 Glory be to God on high,  
God whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,  
Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heavenly King,  
Thee we now presume to sing,  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail by all thy works adored,  
Hail the everlasting Lord!  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove  
Lord of pow'r, and God of love!
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own;  
Christ the Father's only Son:  
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear the world's atonement thou:  
Jesu, in thy name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away!
- 6 Pow'rful advocate with God,  
Justify us by thy blood!  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's atonement thou!

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<sup>31</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 128–29.

- 7 Hear; for thou, O Christ alone,  
With thy glorious Sire art one;  
One the Holy Ghost with thee,  
One supreme, eternal Three!

**Hymn 25.**<sup>32</sup>

- 1 Hark, dull soul, how every thing  
Strives t' adore our bounteous King!  
Earth a double tribute pays;  
Sings its part, and then obeys.
- 2 Nature's sprightliest sweetest choir,  
Him with cheerful notes admire;  
Every day they chant their lauds,  
While the grove their songs applauds.
- 3 Though their voices lower be,  
Streams too, have their melody;  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still run on.
- 4 All ye flow'rs that paint the spring,  
Hither their still music bring;  
If heaven bless them, thankful they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 5 Wake for shame, my sluggish heart,  
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;  
Learn of birds, and springs and flowers,  
How t' employ thy nobler powers.
- 6 Call whole nature to thy aid,  
Since 'twas he whole nature made;  
Join in one eternal song,  
Who to one God all belong.
- 7 Live forever, glorious Lord,  
Live, by all thy works adored,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
All things bow to thee alone.

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<sup>32</sup>By John Austin; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 69–70; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 128.

**Hymn 26.**<sup>33</sup>

- 1 Clap your hands, ye people all,  
Praise the God on whom ye call;  
Lift your voice, and shout his praise,  
Triumph in his sovereign grace.
- 2 Glorious is the Lord most high,  
Terrible in majesty;  
He his sovereign sway maintains,  
King o'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 He the people shall subdue,  
Make us kings and conqu'rors too;  
Force the nations to submit,  
Bruise our sins beneath our feet.
- 4 He shall bless his ransomed ones,  
Number us with Israel's sons;  
God our heritage shall prove,  
Give us all a lot of love.
- 5 Jesus is gone up on high,  
Takes his seat above the sky:  
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,  
Echoing to the trump of God!
- 6 Sons of earth the triumph join,  
Praise him with the host divine,  
Emulate the heavenly powers,  
Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 7 Shout the God enthroned above,  
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring love,  
Praises to our Jesus sing,  
Praises to our glorious King!
- 8 Power is all to Jesus given,  
Power o'er hell and earth and heaven!  
Power he now to us imparts:  
Praise him with believing hearts.

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<sup>33</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 77–78.

- 9 Heathens he compels t' obey,  
Saints he rules with mildest sway  
Pure and holy hearts alone  
Chooses for his quiet throne.
- 10 Peace to them and power he brings,  
Makes his subjects priests and kings,  
Guards, while in his worship joined,  
Bids them cast the world behind.
- 11 On himself he takes their care,  
Saves them not by sword or spear:  
Safely to his house they go,  
Fearless of th' invading foe.
- 12 God keeps off the hostile bands,  
God protects their happy lands,  
Stands as keeper of their fields,  
Stands as twice ten thousand shields.
- 13 Wonderful in saving power,  
Him let all our hearts adore,  
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,  
Glory be to God most high!

**Hymn 27.**<sup>34</sup>

- 1 Ye who dwell above the skies,  
Free from human miseries,  
Ye whom highest heaven embow'rs,  
Praise the Lord with all your pow'rs.
- 2 Angels, your clear voices raise;  
Him ye heavenly armies praise;  
Sun and moon with borrowed light;  
All ye sparkling eyes of night.
- 3 Waters hanging in the air,  
Heaven of heavens his praise declare;  
His deserved praise record;  
His, who made you by his word.

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<sup>34</sup>By George Sandys; appeared in *CPH* (1741), 93–94; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 119–20.

- 4 Let the earth his praise resound:  
Monstrous whales, and seas profound:  
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,  
Storms which, where he bids you, blow:
- 5 Flow'ry hills and mountains high;  
Cedars, neighbours to the sky;  
Trees and cattle, creeping things,  
All that cut the air with wings.
- 6 You, who awful scepters sway,  
You, accustomed to obey,  
Princes, judges of the earth,  
All of high and humble birth:
- 7 Youths and virgins flourishing,  
In the beauty of your spring;  
Ye who were but born of late,  
Ye who bow with age's weight:
- 8 Praise his name with one consent:  
O how great! How excellent!  
Than the earth profounder far;  
Higher than the highest star.
- 9 He will his to glory raise;  
Ye, his saints, resound his praise:  
Ye, his sons, his chosen race,  
Bless his love, and sov'reign grace.

**Hymn 28.**<sup>35</sup>

- 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 ancient days;  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the feast of love.

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<sup>35</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 181–82.

- 2 Strive we, in affection strive,  
Let the purer flame revive,  
Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
Dying champions for their God.  
We like them may live and love;  
Called we are their joys to prove,  
Saved with them from future wrath,  
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,  
Now as yesterday the same,  
One in every age and place,  
Full for all of truth and grace.  
We for Christ our Master stand,  
Lights in a benighted land,  
We our dying Lord confess;  
We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,  
We with him are crucified:  
Christ hath burst the bonds of death,  
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe.  
Christ is now gone up on high;  
(Thither all our wishes fly:)  
Sits at God's right hand above,  
There with him we reign in love!

**Hymn 29.**<sup>36</sup>

- 1 Come, thou high and lofty Lord,  
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word,  
Humbly stoop to earth again,  
Come and visit abject man,  
Jesu, dear expected guest,  
Thou art bidden to the feast;  
For thyself our hearts prepare,  
Come, and sit, and banquet there.
- 2 Jesu, we thy promise claim,  
We are met in thy great name;

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<sup>36</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 182–83.

In the midst do thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here:  
Sanctify us Lord and bless;  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;  
Thou thyself within us move:  
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound,  
Let us in thy bowels sound;  
Faith, and love, and joy increase,  
Temperance and gentleness.  
Plant in us thy humble mind;  
Patient, pitiful and kind;  
Meek and lowly let us be,  
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete,  
Make us all for glory meet,  
Meet t' appear before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light:  
Call, O call us all by name,  
To the marriage of the Lamb,  
Let us lean upon thy breast;  
Love be there our endless feast.

**Hymn 30.**<sup>37</sup>

1 Hail that day that sees him rise,  
Ravished from our wishful eyes!  
Christ a while to mortals given,  
Re-ascends his native heaven:  
There the pompous triumph waits:  
Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of Glory in!

2 Circled round with angel-pow'rs,  
Their triumphant Lord and ours;  
Conqu'ror o'er death, hell, and sin,  
Take the King of Glory in.

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<sup>37</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 211–13. Appears here as revised in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 26–28.

Him, though highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves,  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.

- 3 See, he lifts his hands above;  
See, he shows the prints of love;  
Hark! his gracious lips bestow,  
Blessings on his church below!  
Still for us he intercedes,  
Prevalent his death he pleads;  
Next himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.
- 4 Master (will we ever say)  
Taken from our head today,  
See, thy faithful servants, see,  
Ever gazing up to thee!  
Grant, though parted from our sight,  
High above yon azure height,  
Grant, our hearts may thither rise,  
Following thee beyond the skies.
- 5 Ever upward let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love;  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Longing, gasping after home!  
There we shall with thee remain,  
Partners of thine endless reign;  
There thy face unclouded see,  
Find our heaven of heavens in thee!

**Hymn 31.**<sup>38</sup>

- 1 Happy Magdalene, to whom  
Christ the Lord vouchsafed t' appear,  
Newly risen from the tomb:  
Would he first be seen by her!  
Her by seven devils possessed,  
Till his word the fiends expelled,

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<sup>38</sup>First appeared in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 4–5. Appears here as revised in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 23–26.

Quenched the hell within her breast,  
All her sins and sickness healed.

2 Yes, to her the Master came,  
First his welcome voice she hears;  
Jesus calls her by her name;  
He the weeping sinner cheers;  
Lets her the dear task repeat,  
While her eyes again run o'er,  
Lets her hold his bleeding feet,  
Kiss them, and with joy adore.

3 Highly-favoured soul! To her  
Further still his grace extends,  
Raises the glad messenger,  
Sends her to his drooping friends:  
Tidings of their living Lord  
First in her report they find:  
She must spread the gospel-word,  
Teach the teachers of mankind!

4 Who can now presume to fear?  
Who despair his Lord to see?  
Jesus wilt thou not appear,  
Show thyself alive to me?  
Yes, my God I dare not doubt;  
Thou shalt all my sins remove:  
Thou hast cast a legion out;  
Thou wilt perfect me in love.

5 Surely thou hast called me now!  
Now I hear the voice divine!  
At thy wounded feet I bow,  
Wounded for whose sins but mine!  
I have nailed him to the tree;  
I have sent him to the grave:  
But the Lord is risen for me;  
Hold of him by faith I have.

6 Here forever would I lie,  
Didst thou not thy servant raise,

Send me forth to testify,  
All the wonders of thy grace!  
Lo! I at thy bidding go,  
Gladly to thy followers tell,  
They their rising God may know,  
They the life of Christ may feel.

- 7 Hear ye brethren of the Lord,  
(Such he you vouchsafes to call)  
O believe the gospel-word,  
Christ hath died, and rose for all:  
Turn ye from your sins to God!  
Haste to Galilee, and see,  
Him, who bought thee with his blood,  
Him, who rose to live in thee!

**Hymn 32.**<sup>39</sup>

- 1 God of all-redeeming grace,  
By thy pard'ning love compelled,  
Up to thee our souls we raise,  
Up to thee our bodies yield.  
Thou our sacrifice receive,  
Acceptable through thy Son;  
While to thee alone we live,  
While we die to thee alone.
- 2 Just it is, and good, and right,  
That we should be wholly thine;  
In thy only will delight,  
In thy blessed service join.  
O that every thought and word  
Might proclaim how good thou art!  
Holiness unto the Lord  
Still be written on our heart.

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<sup>39</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 117–18.

**Hymn 33.**<sup>40</sup>

- 1 Happy soul, that safe from harms,  
Rests within his shepherd's arms?  
Who his quiet shall molest?  
Who shall violate his rest?  
Jesus doth his spirit bear,  
Jesus makes his every care;  
He who found the wand'ring sheep,  
Jesus still delights to keep.
  
- 2 O that I might so believe,  
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,  
On his only love rely,  
Smile at the destroyer nigh!  
Free from sin and servile fear,  
Have my Jesus ever near;  
All his care rejoice to prove,  
All his paradise of love.
  
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,  
Bring me back, and lead, and keep,  
Take on thee my every care,  
Bear me, on thy bosom, bear.  
Let me know my shepherd's voice,  
More and more in thee rejoice;  
More and more of thee receive,  
Ever in thy Spirit live:
  
- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,  
Perfect as my Lord below,  
Gladly then from earth remove,  
Gathered to the fold above,  
O that I at last may stand  
With the sheep at thy right hand,  
Take the crown so freely given,  
Enter in by thee to heaven.

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<sup>40</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:151–52; stanzas 1–2, 5–10.

**Hymn 34.**<sup>41</sup>

- 1    Thee we adore, eternal name,  
      And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
      What dying worms we be.
  
- 2    Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
      As days and months increase;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
      Leaves but the number less.
  
- 3    The year rolls round, and steals away  
      The breath that first it gave:  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
      We're travelling to the grave.
  
- 4    Dangers stand thick through all the ground  
      To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
      To hurry mortals home.
  
- 5    Great God on what a slender thread  
      Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
      Upon life's feeble strings!
  
- 6    Infinite joy and endless woe  
      Attend on every breath:  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
      Upon the brink of death!
  
- 7    Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
      To walk this dangerous road:  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
      May they be found in God.

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<sup>41</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 53–54.

**Hymn 35.**<sup>42</sup>

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away:  
They fly forgotten, as a dream,  
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home.

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<sup>42</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 47–48.

**Hymn 36.**<sup>43</sup>

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's<sup>44</sup> a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word:  
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,  
And trust upon the Lord!
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise Lord!  
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From sins of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thy arm, victorious King,  
My reigning sins subdue;  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With his infernal crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
Into thy arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all.

**Hymn 37.**<sup>45</sup>

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I view my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!

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<sup>43</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 52.

<sup>44</sup>Orig., "their's"; a misprint.

<sup>45</sup>By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 47–48.

- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My soul with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought!
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear?
- 4 O may my broken contrite heart,  
Firmly my sins lament,  
And early with repentant tears,  
Eternal woe prevent!
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair,  
Her pardon to secure;  
Who knows thy only Son hath died,  
To make that pardon sure.

**Hymn 38.**<sup>46</sup>

- 1 O Sun of righteousness arise,  
With healing in thy wings!  
To my diseased, my fainting soul,  
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel  
By thy all-piercing beam;  
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart  
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind by thy all-quick'ning power,  
From low desires set free;  
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix  
My love entire on thee.

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<sup>46</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 32–33.

- 4 Father, thy long-lost son receive,  
Saviour, thy purchase own;  
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy  
Thy new-made creature crown.
- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,  
Coequal One and Three,  
On thee all faith, and hope be placed,  
All love be paid to thee!

**Hymn 39.**<sup>47</sup>

- 1 Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,  
Fond of created good;  
Father, our helplessness we own,  
And trembling taste our food.
- 2 Trembling we taste: for ah! No more  
To thee the creatures lead;  
Changed they exert a baleful pow'r,  
And poison while they feed.
- 3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,  
They now engross him whole,  
With pleasing force on earth detain,  
And sensualize his soul.
- 4 Grov'ling on earth, we still must lie,  
Till Christ the curse repeal,  
Till Christ descending from on high  
Infected nature heal.
- 5 Come then, our heav'nly Adam, come,  
Thine healing influence give;  
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,  
And bid us eat and live.
- 6 The bondage of corruption break!  
For this our spirits groan;  
Thy only will we fain would seek;  
O save us from our own.

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<sup>47</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 35–36.

- 7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide:  
Let all our actions tend  
To thee their source; thy love the guide,  
Thy glory be the end.
- 8 Earth then a scale to heav'n shall be,  
Sense shall point out the road;  
The creatures all shall lead to thee,  
And all we taste be God!

**Hymn 40.**<sup>48</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.
- 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 formed within;  
And ere<sup>49</sup> my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st 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 every ill,  
Secured by sov'reign love.

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<sup>48</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 48–49.

<sup>49</sup>Orig., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

**Hymn 41.**<sup>50</sup>

- 1 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown?  
In hell they meet thy vengeful ire,  
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath  
T' escape the wrath divine,  
Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If winged with beams of morning light,  
I fly beyond the west,  
Thy hand, which must supply my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I seek to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,  
Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee:  
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,  
From which I cannot flee!

**Hymn 42.**<sup>51</sup>

- 1 O thou who when I did complain,  
Didst all my griefs remove;  
O Saviour, do not now disdain,  
My humble praise and love.
- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,  
And heard me when I prayed,  
I'll call upon thee while I live,  
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death with all its ghastly train,  
My soul encompassed round:  
Anguish, and sin, and dread, and pain,  
On every side I found.

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<sup>50</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 49–50.

<sup>51</sup>By Samuel Wesley Sr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 8.

- 4 To thee, O Lord of life I prayed,  
And did for succour flee:  
O save (in my distress I said)  
The soul that trusts in thee!
- 5 How good thou art! How large thy grace!  
How easy to forgive!  
The helpless thou delight'st to raise:  
And by thy love I live.
- 6 Then, O my soul, be never more  
With anxious thoughts distressed,  
God's bounteous love doth thee restore  
To ease, and joy, and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drowned in tears,  
My feet from falling free,  
Redeemed from death, and guilty fears,  
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

**Hymn 43.**<sup>52</sup>

- 1 Let him to whom we now belong  
His sovereign right assert,  
And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own  
Who bought us with a price:  
The Christian lives to Christ alone;  
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesu, thine own at last receive,  
Fulfil our heart's desire,  
And let us to thy glory live,  
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign,  
With joy we render thee  
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,  
Through all eternity!

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<sup>52</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 131.

**Hymn 44.**<sup>53</sup>

- 1 Infinite power, eternal Lord,  
How sovereign is thy hand!  
All nature rose t' obey thy word,  
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course the shining sun  
Keeps his appointed way;  
And all the hours obedient run  
The circle of the day.
- 3 But ah! How wide my spirit flies,  
And wanders from her God!  
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,  
And treads the downward road.
- 4 The raging fire and stormy sea  
Perform thy awful will,  
And every beast and every tree  
Thy great design fulfil.
- 5 While my wild passions rage within,  
Nor thy commands obey;  
But flesh and sense, enslaved to sin,  
Draw my best thoughts away.
- 6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame  
Pay all their dues to thee?  
Creatures that never knew thy name,  
That ne'er were lov'd like me?
- 7 Great God, create my soul anew,  
Conform my heart to thine,  
Melt down my will and let it flow,  
And take the mould divine.
- 8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,  
Here all my powers I bring;  
Manage the wheels by thy command,  
And govern every spring.

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<sup>53</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 74–75; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 42–43.

- 9 Then shall my feet no more depart,  
Nor my affections rove;  
Devotion shall be all my heart,  
And all my passions love.

**Hymn 45.**<sup>54</sup>

- 1 From whence these dire portents around,  
That earth and heav'n amaze?  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?  
Why hides the sun his rays?
- 2 Nor thus did Sinai's trembling head  
With sacred horror nod,  
Beneath the dark pavilion spread  
Of legislative God.
- 3 Thou, earth, thy lowest centre shake;  
With Jesus sympathize!  
Thou, sun, as hell's deep gloom be black:  
'Tis thy Creator dies!
- 4 See streaming from th' accursed tree,  
His all-atoning blood!  
Is this the infinite? 'Tis he.  
My Saviour and my God!
- 5 For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me the death is borne;  
My sin gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.
- 6 Let sin no more my soul enslave!  
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;  
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save;  
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

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<sup>54</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 44–45.

**Hymn 46.**<sup>55</sup>

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,  
And saved by grace alone;  
Walking in all thy ways we find  
Our heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love  
Their mighty joys to know;  
They sing the Lord in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before thy throne:  
We in the kingdom of thy grace;  
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;  
From thence our spirits rise,  
And he that in thy statutes treads  
Shall meet thee in the skies.

**Hymn 47.**<sup>56</sup>

- 1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King:  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies:  
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.

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<sup>55</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 83–84.

<sup>56</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16.

- 4    How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
      How slow thine anger moves!  
      But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
      To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5    Creatures with all their endless race,  
      Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:  
      But we who taste thy richer grace,  
      Delight to bless thy name.

**Hymn 48.**<sup>57</sup>

- 1    Let every tongue thy goodness speak,  
      Thou sov'reign Lord of all!  
      Thy strength'ning hands upholds the weak,  
      And raise the poor that fall.
- 2    When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
      Or virtue lies distressed  
      Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
      Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3    The Lord supports our infant days,  
      And guides our giddy youth;  
      Holy and just are all thy ways,  
      And all thy works are truth.
- 4    Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel;  
      Thou hear'st thy children's cry,  
      And their best wishes to fulfil  
      Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5    Thy mercy never shall remove  
      From men of heart sincere;  
      Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
      Is joined with holy fear.
- 6    My lips shall dwell upon thy praise  
      And spread thy fame abroad:  
      Let all the sons of Adam raise  
      The honours of their God.

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<sup>57</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16–17.

**Hymn 49.**<sup>58</sup>

- 1 Being of beings, God of love,  
To thee our hearts we raise:  
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Made and preserved, and saved by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heav'nward our every wish aspires;  
For all thy mercy's store  
The sole return thy love requires,  
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask, we open then  
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:  
Turn and beget us, Lord, again,  
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love!  
Shed in our hearts abroad!  
So shall we ever live and move  
And be with Christ in God.

**Hymn 50.**<sup>59</sup>

- 1 The Lord! How fearful is his name!  
How wide is his command!  
Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Adoring angels round him fall,  
In all their shining forms;  
His sov'reign eye looks through them all,  
And pities mortal worms.

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<sup>58</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 36–37.

<sup>59</sup>By Isaac Watts; this is an extract from *CPH* (1738), 29; stanzas 1, 4–7.

- 3 His bowels to our worthless race  
In sweet compassion move;  
He clothes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title love.
- 4 Now let the Lord forever reign,  
And sway us as he will;  
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,  
We are his children still.
- 5 No more shall peevish passions rise,  
Our tongues no more complain:  
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,  
And love resumes again.

**Hymn 51.**<sup>60</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 sustained,  
And all my wants redressed,  
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<sup>61</sup> yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

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<sup>60</sup>By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; this is an extract from *CPH* (1737), 26–28; stanzas 1–6, 8–9.

<sup>61</sup>Orig., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,  
It gently cleared my way:  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.
- 7 Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

**Hymn 52.**<sup>62</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 died 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 pow'r divine:  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, forever 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>62</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 34.

**Hymn 53.**<sup>63</sup>

- 1 My God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights;
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun:  
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,  
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death  
I'd break through every foe:  
The wings of love and arms of faith,  
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

**Hymn 54.**<sup>64</sup>

- 1 God of all grace and majesty,  
Supremely great and good,  
If I have mercy found with thee,  
Through the atoning blood:  
The guard of all thy mercies give,  
And to my pardon join  
A fear lest I should ever grieve  
The gracious Spirit divine.

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<sup>63</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 35–36.

<sup>64</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:229–30.

- 2     If mercy is indeed with thee,  
          May I obedient prove,  
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,  
          Or sin against thy love:  
This choicest fruit of faith bestow  
          On a poor sojourner,  
And let me pass my days below  
          In humbleness and fear.
- 3     Rather I would in darkness mourn  
          The absence of thy peace,  
Than e'er by light irreverence turn  
          Thy grace to wantonness:  
Rather I would in painful awe  
          Beneath thine anger move,  
Than e'er reject the gospel-law  
          Of liberty and love.
- 4     But O thou wouldst not have me live  
          In bondage, grief and pain:  
Thou dost not take delight to grieve  
          The helpless sons of men:  
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;  
          And let it now take place,  
And let me tremble at thy word  
          Of reconciling grace.
- 5     Still may I walk as in thy sight,  
          My strict observer see;  
And thou by reverent love unite  
          My childlike heart to thee.  
Still let me, till my days are past,  
          At Jesu's feet abide;  
So shall he lift me up at last,  
          And seat me by his side.

**Hymn 55.**<sup>65</sup>

- 1 Almighty God of truth and love,  
In me thy power exert,  
The mountain from my soul remove,  
The hardness from my heart:  
My most obdurate heart subdue,  
In honour of thy Son,  
And now thy gracious wonder show,  
And take away the stone.
- 2 I want a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near:  
I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire,  
To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make,  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right, or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove,  
And let me weep my life away  
For having grieved thy love:  
Give me to feel an idle thought  
As actual wickedness,  
And mourn for the minutest fault  
In exquisite distress.
- 5 O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,

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<sup>65</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:230–31.

And drive me to the blood again  
Which made the wounded whole:  
More of this tender spirit, more  
Of this affliction send,  
And spread the *moral sense* all o'er,  
'Till pain with life shall end.

**Hymn 56.**<sup>66</sup>

- 1 Hail, Father, whose creating call  
Unnumbered worlds attend,  
Jehovah, comprehending all,  
Whom none can comprehend:  
In light unsearchable enthroned,  
Which angels dimly see,  
The fountain of the Godhead owned,  
And foremost of the Three.
- 2 From thee through an eternal now,  
The Son thine offspring flowed;  
An everlasting Father thou,  
As everlasting God.  
Nor quite displayed to worlds above,  
Nor quite on earth concealed;  
By wondrous, unexhausted love,  
To mortal man revealed.
- 3 Supreme and all-sufficient God,  
When nature shall expire,  
And worlds created by thy nod,  
Shall perish by thy fire.  
Thy name, Jehovah, be adored,  
By creatures without end,  
Whom none but thy essential Word  
And Spirit comprehend.

**Hymn 57.**<sup>67</sup>

- 1 Hail God the Son, in glory crowned,  
Ere<sup>68</sup> time began to be,  
Throned with the Sire through half the round  
Of wide eternity!

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<sup>66</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 11–12.

<sup>67</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 12–13.

<sup>68</sup>Orig., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame  
Display their author's power,  
And each exalted seraph flame,  
Creator, thee adore.

2 Thy wondrous love the Godhead showed  
Contracted to a span,  
The coeternal Son of God,  
The mortal Son of man.  
To save mankind from lost estate,  
Behold his life-blood stream!  
Hail, Lord! Almighty to create!  
Almighty to redeem!

3 The Mediator's Godlike sway  
His church beneath sustains;  
'Till nature shall her judge survey,  
The King Messiah reigns.  
Hail with essential glory crowned,  
When time shall cease to be,  
Throned with the Father through the round  
Of whole eternity!

**Hymn 58.**<sup>69</sup>

1 Father, how wide thy glories shine,  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands through the skies.  
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r:  
Their motions speak thy skill:  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands  
On all thy creatures writ,  
They show the labour of thy hands  
Or impress of thy feet.

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<sup>69</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 28; but JW concludes stanza 4 by adding a four-line doxology taken from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Series (1742), 56.

But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms;  
Where, vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms.

3 Here the whole deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess,  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice, or the grace.  
Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heav'nly plains,  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

4 O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.  
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree,  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

**Hymn 59.**<sup>70</sup>

1 And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die,  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high:  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
That only bliss for which it pants  
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain.  
I suffer on my threescore years  
Till my Deliverer come,

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<sup>70</sup>This is an extract from *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 4–6; stanzas 1–2, 5a, 6a, 9.

And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me  
Before my ravished eyes  
Rivers of life divine, I see,  
And trees of paradise!  
I see a world of spirits bright  
Who taste the pleasures there!  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If Lord thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host t' appear  
And worship at thy feet.  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life and friends away;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

**Hymn 60.**<sup>71</sup>

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.  
My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:  
Wash me, and mine thou art:  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.  
Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
'Till faith to sight improve:  
'Till hope shall in fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

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<sup>71</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 95–96; stanzas 1, 4–6.

**Hymn 61.**<sup>72</sup>

- 1 Jesu, my life, thyself apply,  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,  
My vile affections crucify,  
Conform me to thy death.  
Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with thy rebel strive;  
Enter my soul, and work within,  
And kill, and make alive.
  
- 2 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.  
Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,  
Who would not own thy sway;  
Diffuse thine image through my soul,  
Shine to the perfect day.
  
- 3 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
And seal me thine abode;  
O make me glorious all within,  
A temple built by God.  
My inward holiness thou art,  
For faith hath made thee mine:  
With all thy fulness fill my heart,  
'Till all I am is thine!

**Hymn 62.**<sup>73</sup>

- 1 Ah woe is me constrained to dwell  
Among the sons of night;  
Poor sinners dropping into hell,  
Who hate the gospel-light.  
Wild as the untamed Arab's race,  
Who from their Saviour fly;

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<sup>72</sup>Orig., "XLI"; a misprint. First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 97–98.

<sup>73</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 24–25; stanzas 1–10.

And trample on his pard'ning grace,  
And all his threats defy.

- 2 Yet here, alas! In pain I live,  
Where Satan keeps his seat;  
And day and night for those I grieve,  
Who will to sin submit:  
With gushing eyes their deeds I see,  
Shut up in Sodom I,  
And ask with him who ransomed me,  
Why will ye sin and die?
- 3 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,  
Display thy saving power,  
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,  
And know their gracious hour.  
Ah! Give them, Lord, a longer space  
Nor suddenly consume,  
But let them take the proffered grace,  
And flee the wrath to come.
- 4 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look  
(All goodness as thou art)  
Like that which faithless Peter's broke  
Or my obdurate heart.  
Who thee beneath their feet have trod,  
And crucified afresh,  
Touch with thine all-victorious blood  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Open their eyes and ears to see  
Thy cross, to hear thy cries.  
Sinner thy Saviour weeps for thee,  
For thee he weeps and dies.  
All the day long he meekly stands  
His rebels to receive;  
And shows his wounds and spreads his hands,  
And bids you turn and live.

**Hymn 63.**<sup>74</sup>

- 1 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third,  
In order of the Three;  
Sprung from the Father and the Word,  
From all eternity:  
The Spirit brooding o'er th' abyss  
Of formless waters lay:  
Spoke into order all that is,  
And darkness into day.
  
- 2 In deepest hell, or heaven's height,  
Thy presence who can fly?  
Known is the Father to thy sight,  
Th' abyss of deity.  
Thy power through Jesu's life displayed,  
Quite from the virgin's womb,  
Dying, his soul an offering made,  
And raised him from the tomb.
  
- 3 God's image which our sins destroy,  
Thy grace restores below;  
And truth and holiness and joy,  
From thee, their fountain flow.  
Hail Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third  
In order of the Three,  
Sprung from the Father, and the Word  
From all eternity.

**Hymn 64.**<sup>75</sup>

- 1 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee!  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In coeternal Three.  
Enthroned in everlasting state  
Ere<sup>76</sup> time its round began,  
Who joined in council to create  
The dignity of man.

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<sup>74</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 13.

<sup>75</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 14.

<sup>76</sup>Orig., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 2 To whom Isaiah's vision showed  
The seraphs veil their wings,  
While thee Jehovah, Lord and God,  
The angelic army sings.  
To thee by mystic powers on high,  
Were humble praises given,  
When John beheld, with favoured eye,  
Th' inhabitants of heaven.
- 3 All that the name of creature owns  
To thee in hymns aspire;  
May we as angels on our thrones  
Forever join the choir!  
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In coeternal Three.

**Hymn 65.<sup>77</sup>**

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs,  
That fill the realms above,  
Praise him who formed you of his fire,  
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Sing to his praise ye crystal skies,  
The floor of his abode:  
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,  
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,  
Whose beams create our days,  
Join with the silver queen of night,  
To own your borrowed rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shalt bear his name aloud,  
Through the ethereal blue;  
For when his chariot is a cloud,  
He makes his wheels of you.

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<sup>77</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 70–71.

- 5 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,  
The troops of his command,  
Appear in all your dreadful forms,  
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,  
In your eternal roar;  
Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters sporting on the flood,  
In scaly silver shine,  
Speak terribly their Maker God,  
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name,  
To softer notes than these,  
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,  
Or whisp'ring through the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines  
To him that bids you grow;  
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines  
On every thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,  
And climb the morning sky;  
While groveling beasts attempt his praise  
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
Ye mortals, take the sound;  
Echo the glories of your King  
Through all the nations round.

**Hymn 66.**<sup>78</sup>

- 1 Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below:  
Go by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go.

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<sup>78</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:75.

- 2     Waiting to receive thy Spirit,  
       Lo! The Saviour stands above,  
       Shows the purchase of his merit,  
       Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3     Struggle through thy latest passion  
       To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
       To his uttermost salvation,  
       To his everlasting rest:
- 4     For the joy he sets before thee,  
       Bear a momentary pain,  
       Die to live the life of glory,  
       Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

**Hymn 67.**<sup>79</sup>

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

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<sup>79</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, 23–24. Appears here as a revised extract from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 91–93; stanzas 1–8, 15–16.

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.
- 9 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.
- 10 O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness.

**Hymn 68.**<sup>80</sup>

- 1 Regent of all the worlds above,  
Thou sun whose rays adorn our sphere,  
And with unwearied swiftness move,  
To form the circle of the year.
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies  
Who decks thy orb with borrowed rays;  
Or may the sun forget to rise,  
When he forgets his Maker's praise.

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<sup>80</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 70–71.

- 3    Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
      Fair queen of silence, silver moon,  
      Whose paler fires and female light  
      Are softer rivals of the noon;
- 4    Arise, and to that sovereign power,  
      Waxing and waning honours pay;  
      Who bade thee rule the dusky hours,  
      And half supply the absent day.
- 5    Ye glittering stars, that gild the skies,  
      When darkness has her curtain drawn,  
      That keep the watch with wakeful eyes,  
      When business, cares and day are gone:
- 6    Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
      Dispersed through all the heav'nly street,  
      Whose boundless treasures can afford  
      So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 7    Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,  
      Fair palace of the court divine,  
      Where with inimitable light  
      The Godhead condescends to shine,
- 8    Praise thou the great inhabitant,  
      Who scatters lovely beams of grace  
      On every angel every saint,  
      Nor veils the lustre of his face.
- 9    O God of glory, God of love,  
      Thou art the sun that mak'st our days;  
      Midst all thy wondrous works above  
      Let earth and dust attempt thy praise!

**Hymn 69.**<sup>81</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.

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<sup>81</sup>First appeared in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 44–46. Appears here as revised in *HSP* (1749), 1:259–60.

- 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 blest estate;  
Tuning their harps they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Is 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 restored;  
His proffered 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 forgiven,  
The sighs that waft your soul to heaven;
- 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 heaven of love!

**Hymn 70.**<sup>82</sup>

- 1 Happy the man that finds the grace,  
The blessing of God's chosen race,  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,  
Who knows, the Saviour died for me,  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Better she is than richest mines,  
All earthly treasures she outshines,  
Her value above rubies is,  
And precious pearls are vile to this.
- 5 Whate'er thy heart can wish is poor  
To wisdom's all-sufficient store:  
Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends,  
She all created good transcends.
- 6 Her hands are filled with length of days,  
True riches and immortal praise,  
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,  
And honour, that descends from God.
- 7 To purest joys she all invites  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 8 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,  
A life begun that never ends,  
The tree of life divine she is,  
Set in the midst of paradise.

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<sup>82</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 25–26.

- 9 Happy the man who wisdom gains  
Thrice happy who his guest retains,  
He owns, and shall forever own  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

**Hymn 71.**<sup>83</sup>

- 1 My soul before thee prostrate lies,  
To thee, her source, my spirit flies:  
My wants I mourn; my chains I see:  
O let thy presence set me free.
- 2 Lost and undone for aid I cry;  
In thy death, Saviour, let me die!  
Grieved with thy grief, pained with thy pain,  
Ne'er may I feel self-love again.
- 3 Jesu, vouchsafe my heart and will  
With thy meek lowliness to fill;  
No more her power let nature boast  
But in thy will may mine be lost.
- 4 In life's short day let me yet more  
Of thy enlivening power implore:  
My mind must deeper sink in thee,  
My foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.
- 5 Ye sons of men, here nought avails  
Your strength, here all your wisdom fails;  
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?  
Thou only, Lord, supreme of men.
- 6 And well I know thy tender love  
Thou never didst unfaithful prove;  
And well I know thou stand'st by me,  
Pleased from myself to set me free.
- 7 Still will I watch and labour still  
To banish every thought of ill;  
'Till thou in thy good time appear,  
And sav'st me from the fowler's snare.

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<sup>83</sup>This is an extract from JW's translation of a German hymn by Christian Friedrich Richter, which first appeared in *CPH* (1737), 56–58; stanzas 1–3, 5–12. Appears here as revised in *HSP* (1739), 94–96.

- 8    Already springing hope I feel;  
      God will destroy the power of hell;  
      God from the land of wars and pain,  
      Leads me where peace and safety reign.
- 9    One only care my soul shall know,  
      Father, all thy commands to do:  
      Ah! deep engrave it on my breast,  
      That I in thee ev'n now am blest.
- 10   When my warm thought I fix on thee,  
      And plunge me in thy mercy's sea,  
      Then ev'n on me thy face shall shine  
      And quicken this dead heart of mine.
- 11   So ev'n in storms my zeal shall grow,  
      So shall I thy hid sweetness know:  
      And feel (what endless age shall prove)  
      That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

**Hymn 72.**<sup>84</sup>

- 1    Father, if justly still we claim  
      To us and ours the promise made,  
      To us be graciously the same,  
      And crown with living fire our head.
- 2    Our claim admit, and from above  
      Of holiness the Spirit shower,  
      Of wise discernment, humble love,  
      And zeal, and unity, and power.
- 3    The Spirit of convincing speech  
      Of power demonstrative impart,  
      Such as may every conscience reach,  
      And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 4    The Spirit of refining fire,  
      Searching the inmost of the mind,  
      To purge all fierce and foul desire  
      And kindle life more pure and kind.

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<sup>84</sup>By Henry More; this is an extract that first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 186–88; stanzas 6–15. Appears here as revised in *All in All* (1761), 20–21.

- 5 The Spirit of faith in this thy day  
To break the power of canceled sin,  
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,  
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life  
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;  
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife,  
'Tis nature all, and all delight.
- 7 On all the earth thy Spirit shower,  
The earth in righteousness renew;  
Thy kingdom come, and hells o'erpower,  
And to thy scepter all subdue.
- 8 Like mighty wind or torrent fierce  
Let it opposers all o'errun,  
And every law of sin reverse,  
That faith and love may make all one.
- 9 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place  
Its richer energy declare,  
While lovely tempers fruits of grace,  
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 10 Grant this O holy God, and true!  
The ancient seers thou didst inspire:  
To us perform the promise due,  
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

**Hymn 73.**<sup>85</sup>

- 1 Extended on a cursed tree,  
Besmeared with dust and sweat and blood,  
See here the King of Glory, see!  
Sinks and expires the Son of God.
- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done:  
Who could thy sacred body wound?  
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known;  
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

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<sup>85</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Paul Gerhardt, which first appeared in *HSP* (1740), 34–35.

- 3 I, I alone have done the deed!  
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn:  
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed:  
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
- 4 The burden for me to sustain  
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:  
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain:  
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
- [5]<sup>86</sup> In the devouring lion's teeth  
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay:  
Thou spring'st into the jaws of death,  
From death to save the helpless prey.
- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,  
How pay the mighty debt I owe?  
Let all I have, and all I am,  
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 7 Too much to thee I cannot give,  
Too much I cannot do for thee:  
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,  
Grav'n on my heart forever be:
- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,  
O may I learn from thee my God:  
And love with softest pity joined  
For those that trample on thy blood.
- 9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs  
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,  
'Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,  
And ever in thy bosom rest.

**Hymn 74.**<sup>87</sup>

- 1 Eternal depth of love divine,  
In Jesus God with us, displayed,  
How bright thy beaming glories shine!  
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

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<sup>86</sup>Orig., "4"; a misprint.

<sup>87</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 195–96. Appears here as revised in *All in All* (1761), 23–24.

With whom dost thou delight to dwell?  
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:  
O God! What tongue aright can tell  
How vast thy love, how great thy grace.

- 2 The dictates of thy sov'reign will  
With joy our grateful hearts receive:  
All thy delight in us fulfil,  
Lo! All we are to thee we give.  
To thy sure love thy tender care,  
Our flesh, soul, spirit we resign;  
O! Fix thy sacred presence there,  
And seal th' abode forever thine.
- 3 O King of Glory, thy rich grace  
Our short desires surpasses far!  
Yea, ev'n our crimes, though numberless,  
Less num'rous than thy mercies are.  
Still on thee, Father, may we rest!  
Still may we pant thy Son to know!  
Thy Spirit still breathe into our breast,  
Fountain of peace, and joy below!
- 4 Oft have we seen thy mighty pow'r,  
Since from the world thou mad'st us free:  
Still may we praise thee more and more,  
Our hearts more firmly knit to thee:  
Still, Lord, thy saving health display,  
And arm our souls with heav'nly zeal:  
So fearless shall we urge our way  
Through all the pow'rs of earth and hell!

**Hymn 75.**<sup>88</sup>

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

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<sup>88</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; taken from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 17.

- 2    Take this poor heart, and let it be  
      Forever closed to all but thee!  
      Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
      That pledge of love forever there.
- 3    How blest are they, who still abide,  
      Close sheltered 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 wondrous 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  
      Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6    Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
      Our words are lost; nor will; we know,  
      Nor will we think of ought beside  
      My Lord, my love is crucified!
- 7    Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
      To know the wonders thou hast wrought!  
      Unloose our stammering tongue to tell  
      Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 8    First-born of many brethren, thou!  
      To thee, lo! All our souls we bow,  
      To thee our hearts and hands we give  
      Thine may we die, thine may we live!

**Hymn 76.**<sup>89</sup>

- 1    Brother in Christ and well-belov'd,  
      To Jesus and his servant dear,  
      Enter and show thyself approved:  
      Enter and find that God is here.

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<sup>89</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 169–71.

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

**Hymn 77.<sup>90</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.

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<sup>90</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 68–69.

- 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.

**Hymn [78].<sup>91</sup>**

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone,  
O that I could at last submit,  
At Jesu's feet to lay me down,  
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,  
The God of my salvation see!  
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,  
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find;  
Saviour if mine indeed thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

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<sup>91</sup>Orig., "LXXVII"; a misprint; the rest of the hymns were also incorrectly numbered but have been corrected by the editor. This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 91–92; stanzas 1–2, 4, 6–9. Appears here as revised in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 27–28.

- 4 Fain would I learn of thee my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross all stained with hallowed 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 Calvary's top,  
And bow my head, and suffer there.
- 6 I would, but thou must give the power,  
My heart from every sin release.  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 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 [79].<sup>92</sup>**

- 1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed,  
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's<sup>93</sup> foundation strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How sure established is thy throne!  
Which shall no change or period see;  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone  
Art King from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And toss the troubled waves on high;  
But God above can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,  
And they that in thy house would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

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<sup>92</sup>By Nahum Tate & Nicholas Brady; appeared in *CPH* (1741), 10.

<sup>93</sup>Orig., "word's"; a misprint.

**Hymn [80].**<sup>94</sup>

- 1    Glory to God whose sovereign grace  
     Hath animated senseless stones,  
     Called us to stand before his face,  
     And raised us into Abraham's sons.
- 2    The people that in darkness lay,  
     In sin and error's deadly shade,  
     Have seen a glorious gospel-day,  
     In Jesu's lovely face displayed.
- 3    Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,  
     And bared thine arm in all our sight,  
     Hast made the reprobates thine own,  
     And claimed the outcasts as thy right.
- 4    Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,  
     To us the great salvation brought,  
     Thy word, thy all-creating word,  
     That spake at first the world from nought.
- 5    For this the saints lift up their voice,  
     And ceaseless praise to thee is given,  
     For this the hosts above rejoice:  
     We praise the happiness of heaven.
- 6    For this (no longer sons of night)  
     To thee our thankful hearts we give;  
     To thee who called us into light,  
     To thee we die, to thee we live.
- 7    Suffice, that for the season past,  
     Hell's horrid language filled our tongues,  
     We all thy words behind us cast,  
     And lewdly sung the drunkard's songs.
- 8    But O the power of grace divine!  
     In hymns we now our voices raise,  
     Loudly in strange hosannas join,  
     And blasphemies are turned to praise;

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<sup>94</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 104–5.

- 9 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below,  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**Hymn [81].**<sup>95</sup>

- 1 Eternal power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a god;  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds:
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings,  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall, worshiping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too;  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The great, the holy, and the high!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name:  
But O the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below,  
Be short our tunes; our words be few;  
A sacred rev<sup>r</sup>ence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

**Hymn [82].**<sup>96</sup>

- 1 Praise ye the Lord: tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise:  
His nature and his works invite,  
To make this duty our delight.

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<sup>95</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 45.

<sup>96</sup>By Isaac Watts & Thomas Ken; this is an extract from *CPH* (1737), 10–11; stanzas 1–2, 4–8.

- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames  
He counts their numbers, calls their names  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,  
The sprightly man or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb:  
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,  
He views his children with delight;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks, and loves his image there.
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below,  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**Hymn [83].<sup>97</sup>**

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.

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<sup>97</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 5–6.

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love:  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

**Hymn [84].<sup>98</sup>**

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power,  
Through various deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head.
- 2 In all my ways, thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see:  
O help me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known,  
Bring me where I my heaven may find  
The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 4 Enlarge my heart to make thee room,  
Enter, and in me ever stay;  
The crooked then shall straight become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day.

**Hymn [85].<sup>99</sup>**

- 1 O God, my God, my all thou art  
Ere<sup>100</sup> shines the dawn of rising day,  
Thy sovereign light within my heart,  
Thine all-enlivening power display.

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<sup>98</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 149–51; stanzas 1–2, 14–15.

<sup>99</sup>JW's translation of a Spanish hymn by Daniel Israel Lopez Laguna; first appeared in *CPH* (1738), 6–7.

<sup>100</sup>Orig., "E're"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 2 For thee my thirsty soul does pant,  
While in this desert land I live:  
And hungry as I am, and faint,  
Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 In a dry land behold I place  
My whole desire on thee, O Lord:  
And more I joy to gain thy grace  
Than all earth's treasures can afford.
- 4 In holiness within thy gates  
Of old oft have I sought for thee:  
Again my longing spirit waits  
That fullness of delight to see.
- 5 More dear than life itself thy love,  
My heart and tongue shall still employ,  
And to declare thy praise will prove  
My peace, my glory, and my joy.
- 6 In blessing thee with grateful songs  
My happy life shall glide away;  
The praise that to thy name belongs  
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 7 Abundant sweetness while I sing  
Thy love my ravished soul o'erflows,  
Secure in thee, my God and King,  
Of glory that no period knows.
- 8 Thy name, O Lord, upon my bed  
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought,  
With trembling awe in midnight shade  
I muse on all thine hands have wrought.
- 9 In all I do I feel thine aid;  
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,  
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad  
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.
- 10 My soul draws nigh, and cleaves to thee;  
Then let or earth or hell assail,  
Thy mighty hand shall set me free,  
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

**Hymn [86].**<sup>101</sup>

- 1 O thou our husband, brother, friend,  
Behold a cloud of incense rise,  
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,  
Grateful unceasing sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace,  
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;  
Thy gifts abundantly increase,  
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.
- 3 Before thy sheep, great shepherd go,  
And guide into thy perfect will;  
Cause us thy hallowed name to know,  
The work of faith with power fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure,  
O! Let us all be saints indeed,  
And pure as God himself is pure,  
Conformed in all things to our head.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;  
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,  
Present us sanctified to God,  
And perfected in love below.
- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,  
That efficacious blood apply,  
And wash, and make us th'roughly clean,  
And change, and wholly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem,  
Cleanse by the water and the word,  
And free from every touch of blame,  
And make the servants as their Lord.
- 8 Wash out the deep, original stain,  
And make us glorious all within,  
No wrinkle on our souls remain,  
No smallest spot of inbred sin.

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<sup>101</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:88–89.

- 9 Then when the perfect life of love,  
The bride and all her children live,  
Come down, and take us from above,  
And to thy heaven of heavens receive.

**Hymn [87].**<sup>102</sup>

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite,  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all whoe'er thy grace received,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.
- 3 Yet O! The chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great high priest,  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes;  
Into thy rest of love receive,  
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 5 From now my weary soul release,  
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,  
And guide into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

**Hymn [88].**<sup>103</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.

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<sup>102</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:86–87; stanzas 1, 3–4, 6–7.

<sup>103</sup>First appeared in *Intercession Hymns* (1758), 30–31.

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See the Almighty Jesus crowned,  
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,  
Forever, and forever reigns.

**Hymn [89].**<sup>104</sup>

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!  
Thine own immortal strength put on:  
With terror clothed, the nations shake,  
And cast thy foes with fury down.  
Arise, as in the ancient days,  
The sacred annals speak thy fame:  
Be now omnipotently near  
To endless ages still the same.
- 2 Thy tenfold vengeance knew to quell,  
And humble haughty Rahab's pride,  
Groaned her pale sons thy stroke to feel,  
The first-born victims groaned and died.  
The wounded dragon raged in vain  
While bold thine utmost plague to brave,  
Madly he dared the parted main,  
And sunk beneath th' o'erwhelming wave.
- 3 He sunk; while Israel's chosen race  
Triumphant urge their wondrous way;  
Divinely led the favourites pass  
Th' unwater'ry deep and emptied sea

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<sup>104</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 222–23.

At distance heaped on either hand,  
Yielded a strange unbeaten road,  
In crystal walls the waters stand,  
And own the arm of Israel's God.

4 That arm which is not shortened now,  
Which wants not now the power to save;  
Still present with thy people thou  
Bear'st them through life's departed wave,  
By earth and hell pursued in vain,  
To thee the ransomed seed shall come,  
Shouting their heavenly Sion gain,  
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,  
The anguish, and distracting care,  
There, sighs and griefs shall be no more,  
And sin shall never enter there.  
Where pure essential joy is found,  
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,  
With everlasting gladness crowned,  
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

**Hymn [90].**<sup>105</sup>

1 He dies, the heavenly lover dies,  
The tidings strike a doleful sound  
On my poor heart-strings: deep he lies  
In the cold caverns of the ground.  
Come saints, and drop a tear or two,  
On the dear bosom of your God;  
He shed a thousand drops for you  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo, what sudden joys I see!  
Jesus the dead revives again.

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<sup>105</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 80–81.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
Up to his Father's court he flies;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your<sup>106</sup> tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains.  
Say, Live forever, wondrous King!  
Born to redeem and strong to save!  
Then ask the monster, Where's his sting?  
And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

**Hymn [91].<sup>107</sup>**

- 1 When shall thy lovely face be seen?  
When shall our eyes behold our God?  
What lengths of distance lie between?  
And hills of guilt? A heavy load!
- 2 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,  
Let the eternal pillars bow,  
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains  
And make the crystal mountains flow.
- 3 Hark! how thy saints unite their cries,  
And pray and wait the general doom;  
Come thou! the soul of all our joys  
Thou, the desire of nations, come!
- 4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,  
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee;  
And every limb and every joint  
Stretches for immortality.
- 5 Now let our cheerful eyes survey  
The blazing earth and melting hills;  
And smile to see the lightnings play,  
And flash along before thy wheels.

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<sup>106</sup>Orig., "you"; a misprint.

<sup>107</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 44–45.

- 6 Hark! what a shout of violent joys  
Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound!  
The angel herald shakes the skies,  
Awakes the graves and tears the ground.
- 7 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host,  
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;  
Let every sacred, sleeping dust  
Leap into life; for Jesus comes.
- 8 Jesus, the God of might and love,  
New-moulds our limbs of cumbrous clay,  
Quick as seraphic flames we move,  
To reign with him in endless day.

**Hymn [92].<sup>108</sup>**

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is this King of Glory, who?  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew:  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors give way.

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<sup>108</sup>This is an extract from *CPH* (1743), 69–70; stanzas 8–13.

- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord of glorious power possessed,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, forever blest.

**Hymn [93].**<sup>109</sup>

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.  
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love, flow mingled down,  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.  
Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing so divine  
Demand my soul, my life, my all.
- 3 Thy sacrifice without the gate,  
Once offered up we call to mind,  
And humbly at thy altar wait,  
Our interest in thy death to find,  
We thirst to drink thy precious blood  
We languish in thy wounds to rest,  
And hunger for immortal food,  
And long, on all thy love to feast.
- 4 Oh that we now thy flesh may eat  
Its virtues really receive,  
Empower'd by this immortal meat,  
The life of holiness to live:

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<sup>109</sup>Stanzas 1–2 are by Isaac Watts, as found in *CPH* (1738), 39; stanzas 1–4. Stanzas 3–4 are an extract from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 95; stanzas 2–3.

Partakers of thy sacrifice,  
Oh may we all thy nature share  
Till to the holiest place we rise  
And keep the feast forever there.

**Hymn [94].<sup>110</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 lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind,  
How easy the soul that hath left  
This wearisome body behind!  
Of evil 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 vanished away.
- 4 The languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er,  
The quiet immovable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more:

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<sup>110</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 7–8.

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,  
Sealed 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 wiped 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 consigned to the tomb.

**Hymn [95].<sup>111</sup>**

1 Away with our sorrow and fear!  
We soon shall recover our home;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come:  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abodes,  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,  
When raised by the life-giving Word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorned as a bride for her lord:

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<sup>111</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 11–12.

The city so holy and clean  
No sorrow can breathe in the air,  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
No shadow of evil is there.

- 3 By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem *here!*  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear:  
Immovably founded in grace  
She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day  
Which never is followed by night,  
Where Jesus's beauties display  
A pure and a permanent light:  
The Lamb is their light and their sun,  
And lo! By reflection they shine,  
With Jesus ineffably one,  
And bright in effulgence divine.
- 5 The saints in his presence receive  
Their great and eternal reward,  
In Jesus, in heaven they live,  
They reign in the smile of their Lord:  
The flame of angelical love  
Is kindled at Jesus's face,  
And all the enjoyment above,  
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

**Hymn [96].<sup>112</sup>**

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.

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<sup>112</sup>By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 59–60.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display:  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

2     Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth,  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3     What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball.  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found.  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

**Hymn [97].**<sup>113</sup>

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,  
              Thou shin'st in deepest night.  
Wond'ring gazed th' angelic train,  
              While thou bowedst the heavens beneath,  
God with God wert man with man,  
              Man to save from endless death.

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<sup>113</sup>This is an extract from JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Scheffler, which first appeared in *CPH* (1738), 36–38; stanzas 1–3, 5–6, 11–13.

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           Enthroned 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 judge of all,  
          Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

5           Cherubs with seraphs join,  
          And in thy praise combine:  
All their choirs thy glories sing:  
          Who shall dare with thee to vie?  
Mighty Lord, eternal King,  
          Sovereign both of earth and sky!

6           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.

7           O Lord, O God of love!  
          Let us thy mercy prove!  
King of all, with pitying eye  
          Mark the toil, the pains we feel:  
'Midst the snares of death we lie,  
          'Midst the banded powers of hell.

8           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 joy we may possess.

**Hymn [98].**<sup>114</sup>

- 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 has joined,  
              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 deigned 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 promised blessing's come;  
Christ the fathers'<sup>115</sup> hope of old,  
              Christ the *Woman's* conqu'ring *Seed*,  
Christ the Saviour! long foretold,  
              Born to bruise the serpent's head.
- 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            Our eyes on earth survey  
              The dazzling *Shechinah!*

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<sup>114</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 165–68.

<sup>115</sup>Orig., “Father's”; restored to form in *HSP* (1739).

Bright, in endless glory bright,  
Now in flesh he stoops to dwell,  
God of God, and light of light,  
Image of th' invisible.

7           He shines on earth adored,  
          The *Presence of the Lord*:  
God the mighty God and true,  
God by highest heaven confessed,  
Stands displayed to mortal view,  
God supreme, forever blest.

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

9           High above every name,  
          Jesus, the great *I AM!*  
Bows to *JESUS* every knee,  
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Saints adore him, demons flee,  
Fiends, and men, and angels feel.

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

11          His own on earth he sought,  
          His own received him not:  
Him, a sign by all blasphemed  
Outcast and despised of men,  
Him they all a madman deemed,  
Bold to scoff the *Nazarene*.

12          Hail, *Galilean King!*  
          Thy humble state I sing!

Never shall my triumphs end,  
Hail, derided majesty!  
Jesus, hail! the sinner's friend,  
*Friend of Publicans*—and me!

13           Thine eye observed my pain,  
              Thou good *Samaritan*!  
Spoiled I lay, and bruised by sin,  
              Gasped my faint expiring soul,  
Wine and oil thy love poured in,  
              Closed my wounds, and made me whole.

14           Hail, the life-giving Lord,  
              Divine, engrafted word,  
Thee the *Life* my soul has found,  
              Thee the *Resurrection* proved:  
Dead I heard the quick'ning sound,  
              Owned the voice, believed, and lov'd.

15           With thee gone up on high  
              I live, no more to die:  
*First and Last*, I feel thee now,  
              Witness of thy empty tomb,  
*Alpha and Omega* thou  
              Wast, and art, and art to come!

**Hymn [99].<sup>116</sup>**

1           Let heaven and earth agree  
              The Father's praise to sing,  
Who draws us to the Son, that he  
              May us to glory bring.

2           Honour and endless love  
              Let God the Son receive,  
Who saves us here, and prays above,  
              That we with him may live.

3           Be everlasting praise  
              To God the Spirit given,

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<sup>116</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 102–3.

Who now attests us sons of grace,  
And seals us heirs of heaven.

4 Drawn, and redeemed, and sealed,  
We'll sing the One and Three,  
With Father, Son, and Spirit filled  
To all eternity.

**Hymn [100].<sup>117</sup>**

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty,  
His glories shine with beams so bright,  
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law:  
And where his love resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works,  
Amazing wisdom shines;  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And breaks their dark designs.  
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And can this sovereign King  
Of glory condescend,  
And will he write his name,  
My Father and my friend!  
I love his name, I love his word,  
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

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<sup>117</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 23.

**Hymn [101].<sup>118</sup>**

- 1       Thou God of truth and love,  
          We seek thy perfect way,  
          Ready the choice t' approve,  
          Thy providence t' obey,  
Enter into thy wise design,  
And sweetly lose our will in thine.
  
- 2       Why hast thou cast our lot  
          In the same age and place,  
          Or why together brought  
          To see each other's face,  
To join with softest sympathy,  
And mix our friendly souls in thee?
  
- 3       Didst thou not make us one,  
          That both might one remain  
          Together travel on,  
          And bear each other's pain,  
Till both thine utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renewed in perfect love.
  
- 4       Surely thou didst unite  
          Our kindred spirits here,  
          That both hereafter might  
          Before thy throne appear,  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all thy glorious love proclaim.
  
- 5       Then let us ever bear  
          The blessed end in view,  
          And join with mutual care  
          To fight our passage through,  
And kindly help each other on,  
Till both receive the starry crown.
  
- 6       O might thy Spirit seal  
          Our souls unto that day,

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<sup>118</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:279–80.

With all thy fulness fill,  
And then transport away,  
Away to our eternal rest,  
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

- 7        There, only there we shall  
          Fulfil thy great design,  
          And in thy praise with all  
          Our elder brethren join,  
And hymn in songs which never end  
Our heavenly everlasting friend.

**Hymn [102].<sup>119</sup>**

- 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 purged 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 heaven,  
          The keys of death and hell  
          Are to our Jesus given:  
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.

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<sup>119</sup>First appeared in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 12–13.

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

**Hymn [103].**<sup>120</sup>

1       Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
          One in Three, and Three in One,  
          As by the celestial host,  
          Let thy will on earth be done:  
          Praise by all to thee be given,  
          Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2       If so poor a worm as I  
          May to thy great glory live,  
          All my actions sanctify  
          All my words, and thoughts receive:  
          Claim me for thy service, claim  
          All I have, and all I am.

3       Take my soul and body's powers  
          Take my mem'ry, mind and will,  
          All my goods, and all my hours,  
          All I know, and all I feel,  
          All I think, and speak, and do;  
          Take my heart—but make it new.

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<sup>120</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 129–30; stanzas 1, 3–4, 6.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done:  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

**Hymn [104].<sup>121</sup>**

1 Come, let us ascend,  
My companion, and friend,  
To a taste of the banquet above:  
If thy heart be as mine,  
If for Jesus it pine,  
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,  
We are bold to outride  
The storms of affliction beneath,  
With the prophet we soar  
To that heavenly shore,  
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come  
To our permanent home,  
By hope we the rapture improve,  
By love we still rise,  
And look down on the skies;  
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive,  
How happy we live  
In the city of God the great King!  
What a concert of praise  
When our Jesus's grace  
The whole heavenly company sing?

5 What a rapturous song,  
When the glorified throng

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<sup>121</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:313–14.

In the spirit of harmony join!  
Join all the glad choirs  
Hearts, voices and lyres,  
And the burden is mercy divine!

6 Hallelujah they cry  
To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM,  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
And liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God, and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne  
Lo! He dwells with his own,  
And to rivers of pleasure he leads,  
With his mercy's full blaze,  
With the sight of his face,  
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim  
His ineffable name,  
Our bodies his glory display,  
A day without night  
We feast in his sight,  
And eternity seems as a day!

**Hymn [105].**<sup>122</sup>

1 Thee, Jesu, thee the sinner's friend,  
I follow on to apprehend,  
Renew the glorious strife,  
Divinely confident and bold,  
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,  
Thee, my eternal life.

2 Tell me, O Lord, if thine I am,  
Tell me thy new, mysterious name,  
Or thou shalt never move:  
No, never will I let thee go,  
'Till I thy name thy nature know,  
And feel that God is love.

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<sup>122</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 242–44.

- 3 I feel that I have power with God,  
Thou only hast the power bestowed,  
    And armed me for the fight:  
A prince through thee invincible,  
I pray, and wrestle, and prevail,  
    And conquer in thy might.
- 4 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart  
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,  
    And at my tears relent,  
My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,  
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,  
    My prayer omnipotent.
- 5 Give me the grace, the love I claim,  
Thy Spirit now demands thy name,  
    Thou know'st the Spirit's will,  
He helps my soul's infirmity,  
And strongly intercedes for me  
    With groans unspeakable.
- 6 Answer, dear Lord, thy Spirit's groan,  
O make to me thy nature known,  
    Thy hidden name impart,  
(Thy title is with thee the same)  
Tell me thy nature and thy name,  
    And write it on my heart.
- 7 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,  
And calmly confident I mourn,  
    And pray, and weep for thee:  
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,  
Thy mystic name in me reveal,  
    Reveal thyself in me.
- 8 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,  
O Lord of hosts, thy glorious name,  
    The Lord, the gracious Lord,  
Long-suffering, merciful and kind,  
The God who always bears in mind  
    His everlasting word.

- 9 Plenteous he is in truth and grace,  
He wills that all the fallen race  
Should turn, repent, and live;  
His pard'ning grace for all is free,  
Transgression, sin, iniquity,  
He freely doth forgive.
- 10 Mercy he doth for thousands keep,  
He goes, and seeks the one lost sheep,  
And brings his wanderer home;  
And every soul that sheep might be:—  
Come then, dear Lord, and gather me,  
My Jesus, quickly come.
- 11 Take me into thy people's rest,  
O come, and with my sole request,  
My one desire comply,  
Make me partaker of my hope,  
Then bid me get me quickly up,  
And on thy bosom die.

**Hymn [106].**<sup>123</sup>

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee!  
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove,  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depth to see,  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now was shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart!

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<sup>123</sup>First appeared in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 47–49. Appears here as revised in *HSP* (1749), 1:58–59.

For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit,  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice,  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that with humbled Peter I  
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply  
My faithfulness to prove,  
Thou know'st (for all to thee is known)  
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Thou know'st that thee I love.

6 O that I could with favoured John  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast!  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.

7 Thy only love do I require,  
Nothing in earth beneath desire,  
Nothing in heaven above;  
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,  
Give me thy only love to know,  
Give me thy only love.

**Hymn [107].<sup>124</sup>**

1 Thou God of glorious majesty,  
To thee against myself, to thee  
A worm of earth I cry,  
An half-awakened child of man,  
An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
A sinner born to die.

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<sup>124</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:34–35.

- 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 heavenly 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' insure,  
      Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
      And suffer all thy righteous will,  
      And to the end endure.
- 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 [108].**<sup>125</sup>

- 1    Lo, God is here, let us adore  
      And own how dreadful is this place!  
      Let all within us feel his power,  
      And silent bow before his face.  
      Who know his power, his grace who prove,  
      Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

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<sup>125</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Gerhard Tersteegen, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 188–89. Appears here as revised in *All in All* (1761), 21–22.

- 2    Lo, God is here! Him day and night  
      Th' united choirs of angels sing:  
      To him enthroned above all height,  
      Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:  
      Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
      Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.
- 3    Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
      Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:  
      To thee our will, soul, flesh we give;  
      O take, O seal them for thine own.  
      Thou art the God: thou art the Lord:  
      Be thou by all thy works adored!
- 4    Being of beings, may our praise  
      Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill,  
      Still may we stand before thy face,  
      Still hear and do thy sovereign will:  
      To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
      Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!
- 5    In thee we move: all things of thee  
      Are full, thou source and life of all!  
      Thou vast, unfathomable sea!  
      Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,  
      Ye sons of men; for God is man!  
      All may we lose, so thee we gain!
- 6    As flowers their op'ning leaves display,  
      And glad drink in the solar fire,  
      So may we catch thy every ray,  
      So may thy influence us inspire;  
      Thou beam of the eternal beam!  
      Thou purging fire, thou quick'ning flame!

**Hymn [109].**<sup>126</sup>

- 1    Father of light, from whom proceeds  
      Whate'er thy every creature needs,  
      Whose goodness providently nigh  
      Feeds the young ravens when they cry;

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<sup>126</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 85–86.

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>127</sup> I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind  
Wayward, and impotent, and blind,  
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,  
Averse to good, and prone to ill:  
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,  
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.

4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,  
And feel the indigence I see;  
Fain would I all my vileness own,  
And deep beneath the burden groan,  
Abhor the pride that lurks within,  
Detest and loath myself and sin.

5 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel,  
My total misery reveal:  
Ah, give me Lord, (I still would say)  
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;  
My business this, my only care,  
My life, my 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 ardors die;  
Nor hopes, nor fears my bosom move,  
For still I cannot, cannot love.

7 Father, I want a thankful heart;  
I want to taste how good thou art,  
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,  
And comprehend thy love to me;

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<sup>127</sup>Orig., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

The breadth, and length, and depth, and height  
Of love divinely infinite.

- 8 Father, I long my soul to raise,  
And dwell forever on thy praise,  
Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,  
In ecstasy unspeakable:  
While the full power of faith I know,  
And reign triumphant here below.

**Hymn [110].**<sup>128</sup>

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care,  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

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<sup>128</sup>By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 4–5.

**Hymn [111].**<sup>129</sup>

- 1 Jesu, thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare:  
O knit my thankful heart to thee,  
And reign without a rival there:  
Thine wholly, thine alone I am:  
Be thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:  
O may thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown.  
Strange fires far from my soul remove,  
My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray?  
All pain before thy presence flies!  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing streams 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 showed;  
For me on the accursed tree  
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood:  
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,  
Nor ought shall the loved stamp efface.
- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,  
And foul with sins of deepest stain:

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<sup>129</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Paul Gerhardt, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 156–59.

But thou the mighty Saviour art,  
Nor flowed thy cleansing blood in vain.  
Ah! Soften, melt this rock, and may  
Thy blood wash all these stains away.

- 7 O that my heart, which open stands,  
May catch each drop, that torturing pain,  
Armed by my sins, wrung from thy hands,  
Thy feet, thy head, thy every 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 poured thy mild  
And lowly mind into my breast.  
Nor ever may we parted be,  
'Till I become one spirit with thee.
- 9 O draw me, Saviour, after thee,  
So shall I run and never tire:  
With gracious words still comfort me;  
Be thou my hope, my sole desire:  
Free me from 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:  
Be thou my flame: within me burn,  
Jesu, and I in thee am blest.  
Thou art the balm of life: my soul  
Is faint; O save, O make it whole!
- 12 What in thy love possess I not?  
My star by night, my sun by day,

My spring of life when parched with drought,  
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,  
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,  
My robe before the throne of God!

- 13 Ah love! Thy influence withdrawn,  
What profits me that I am born?  
All my delight, my joy is gone,  
Nor know I peace 'till thou return:  
Thee may I seek 'till I attain;  
And never may we part again.
- 14 From all eternity with love  
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued:  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side.
- 15 Still let thy love point out my way,  
(How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!)  
Still lead me, lest I go astray,  
Direct my work, inspire my thought:  
And when I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 16 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my 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 died!

**Hymn [112].<sup>130</sup>**

- 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!

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<sup>130</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Scheffler, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 198–200.

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;  
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn  
That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed;  
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:  
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,  
Thy creatures more than thee I loved:  
And now, if more at length I see,  
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
That thy bright beams on me have shined:  
I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and healed my wounded mind.  
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning 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 heav'nly light.
- 6 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,  
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,  
Give to my soul with filial fears  
The love that all heaven's host inspires:  
That all my pow'rs with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;

Thee will I love, beneath thy frown  
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod:  
What though my flesh and heart decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day!

**Hymn [113].<sup>131</sup>**

- 1 O love divine, what hast thou done?  
Th' immortal God hath died for me!  
The Father's, coeternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree;  
Th' immortal God for me hath died!  
My Lord, my love is crucified!
- 2 Behold him all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;  
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
And say, was ever grief like his!  
Come, feel with me his blood applied:  
My Lord, my love is crucified!
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels near to God;  
Believe, believe the record true:  
We all are bought with Jesu's blood:  
Pardon for all flows from his side,  
My Lord, my love is crucified.
- 4 Then let us<sup>132</sup> 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!

---

<sup>131</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 26–27.

<sup>132</sup>Orig., “as”; a misprint.

**Hymn [114].**<sup>133</sup>

- 1 O God of our forefathers hear,  
And make thy faithful mercies known,  
To thee through Jesus we draw near,  
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,  
In whom thy smiling face we see,  
In whom thou art well-pleased with *me*.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,  
And spread before thy glorious eyes  
That only ground of all our hope,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice,  
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,  
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through his only name,  
Forgiveness in his blood we have;  
But more abundant life we claim  
Through him who died our souls to save,  
To sanctify us by his blood,  
And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son,  
And hear his blood that speaks above,  
On us let all thy grace be shown,  
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

**Hymn [115].**<sup>134</sup>

- 1 Thou hidden source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
My help, and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, if thou art mine,  
And lo! From sin, and grief, and shame  
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

---

<sup>133</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 106.

<sup>134</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:245–46.

- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above,  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love:  
To me with thy dear name are given  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesu, my all in all thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The med'cine of my broken heart,  
In war my peace, in loss my gain,  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame my glory, and my crown.
- 4 In want my plentiful supply,  
In weakness my almighty power,  
In bonds my perfect liberty,  
My light in Satan's darkest hour,  
In grief my joy unspeakable,  
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

**Hymn [116].<sup>135</sup>**

- 1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose:  
My heart is pained, 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 though my will  
Seem fixed, 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!

---

<sup>135</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Gerhard Tersteegen, which first appeared in *CPH* (1738), 51–53. Appears here as revised in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 4–5.

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 theeward 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 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.
- 6 O LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,  
    To save me from low-thoughted care:  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
    Through 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 [117].<sup>136</sup>**

- 1 Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made;  
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled:  
Your God in Jesus reconciled  
On all his works again hath smiled:  
Hath grace through Christ and blessing given,  
To all on earth and all in heaven:
- 2 Angels rejoice in Jesu's grace,  
And vie with man's more favoured race,  
The blood that did for us atone,  
Conferred on you some gift unknown,  
Your joys, through Jesu's pains abound,  
Ye triumph by his glorious wounds.
- 3 Him ye beheld our conquering God,  
Return with garments rolled in blood!  
Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,  
And filled with shouts the realms of light,  
With loudest hallelujahs met,  
And fell and kissed his bleeding feet.
- 4 Nor angel-tongues can e'er express  
Th' unutterable happiness,  
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive,  
The bliss wherein through Christ they live;  
But all your heaven the glorious powers,  
And all your God, is doubly ours!

**Hymn [118].<sup>137</sup>**

- 1 Faint is my head, and sick my heart,  
While thou dost ever, ever stay!  
Fixed in my soul I feel thy dart,  
Groaning I feel it night and day:  
Come, Lord, and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?

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<sup>136</sup>This is an extract from *Ascension Hymns* (1746), 10–11; stanzas 1–2, 4, 7.

<sup>137</sup>By George Herbert; appeared in *HSP* (1739), 70–72.

- 2 Canst thou withhold thy healing grace,  
So kindly lavish of thy blood;  
When swiftly trickling down thy face,  
For me the purple current flowed!  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]<sup>138</sup>
- 3 When man was lost, LOVE looked about,  
To seek what help in earth or sky:  
In vain: for none appeared without;  
The help did in thy bosom lie!  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]
- 4 There lay thy Son: but left his rest  
Thralldom and mis'ry to remove  
From those who glory once possessed,  
But wantonly abused thy love.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]
- 5 He came—O my Redeemer dear!  
And canst thou after this be strange?  
Not yet within my heart appear?  
Can love like thine or fail, or change?  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]
- 6 But if thou tarriest, why must I?  
My God, what is this world to me!  
This world of woe—hence let them fly,  
The clouds that part my soul and thee.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]
- 7 Why should this weary world delight,  
Or sense th' immortal Spirit bind?  
Why should frail beauty's charms invite,  
The trifling charms of womankind?  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]
- 8 A sigh thou breath'st into my heart,  
And earthly joys I view with scorn:

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<sup>138</sup>Orig., ends this and next eleven stanzas: "Come, Lord, ..."

Far from my soul, ye dreams, depart,  
Nor mock me with your vain return!  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]

9 Sorrow, and sin, and loss, and pain,  
Are all that here on earth we see;  
Restless, we pant for ease in vain,  
In vain—'till ease we find in thee.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]

10 Idly we talk of harvests here,  
Eternity our harvest is:  
Grace brings the great sabbatic year,  
When ripened into glorious bliss.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]

11 O loose this frame, life's knot untie,  
That my free soul may use her wing;  
Now pinioned with mortality,  
A weak, entangled, wretched thing!  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]

12 Why should I longer stay and groan?  
The most of me to heaven is fled:  
My thoughts and joys are thither gone:  
To all below I now am dead.  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]

13 Come, dearest Lord, my soul's desire,  
With eager pantings gasps for home:  
Thee, thee my restless hopes require;  
My flesh and spirit bid thee come!  
Come, Lord, [and show thyself to me,  
Or take, O take me up to thee?]

**Hymn [119].**<sup>139</sup>

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

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<sup>139</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 118–19.

**Hymn [120].**<sup>140</sup>

- 1 All thanks to the Lamb who gives us to meet!  
His love we proclaim, his praises repeat;  
We own him our Jesus continually near,  
To pardon, and bless us, and perfect us here.
- 2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,  
Preserved by his grace throughout the dark hour,  
In all our temptation he keeps us to prove  
His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.
- 3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone,  
Through water and fire with us he went on?  
The world and the devil by him we o'ercame,  
Our Jesus from evil, forever the same.
- 4 When we would have spurned his mercy and grace,  
To Egypt returned and fled from his face,  
He hindered our flying, (his goodness to show)  
And stopped us by crying, "Will ye also go?"
- 5 O what shall we do, our Saviour to love?  
To make us anew, come Lord, from above,  
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give,  
Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- 6 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue,  
And teach even us the spiritual song,  
Let us without ceasing give thanks for thy grace:  
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and praise.
- 7 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free:  
Ah, hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me?  
The peace thou hast given, this moment impart,  
And open thy heaven, of love, in my heart.

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<sup>140</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:323–24.

**Hymn [121].<sup>141</sup>**

- 1 'Tis finished! 'Tis done!  
The spirit is fled,  
The pris'ner is gone,  
The Christian is dead!  
The Christian is living  
Through Jesus his love,  
And gladly receiving  
A kingdom above.
  
- 2 All honour and praise  
Are Jesus's due;  
Supported by grace,  
He fought his way through;  
Triumphantly glorious  
Through Jesus's zeal,  
And more than victorious  
O'er sin, death, and hell.
  
- 3 Then let us record  
The conquering name,  
Our Captain and Lord  
With shoutings proclaim:  
Who trust in his passion  
And follow our head,  
To certain salvation  
We all shall be led.
  
- 4 O Jesus, lead on  
Thy militant care,  
And give us the crown  
Of righteousness there;  
Where dazzled with glory  
The seraphims gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee  
In silence of praise.

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<sup>141</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 8–9.

- 5    Come, Lord, and display  
      Thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away  
      To mansions on high:  
The kingdom be given,  
      The purchase divine,  
And crown us in heaven  
      Eternally thine.

**Hymn [122].<sup>142</sup>**

- 1    Ye servants of God,  
      Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
      His wonderful name.  
The name all-victorious  
      Of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
      And rules over all.
- 2    The waves of the sea  
      Have lift up their voice,  
Sore troubled that we  
      In Jesus rejoice;  
The floods they are roaring,  
      But Jesus is here,  
While we are adoring,  
      He always is near.
- 3    Men, devils engage,  
      The billows arise,  
And horribly rage,  
      And threaten the skies:  
Their fury shall never  
      Our steadfastness shock,  
The weakest believer  
      Is built on a Rock.
- 4    God ruleth on high,  
      Almighty to save,

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<sup>142</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 43.

And still he is nigh,  
His presence we have;  
The great congregation  
His triumphs shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.

5 Salvation to God  
Who sits on the throne!  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son!  
Our Jesus's praises  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worship the Lamb.

6 Then let us adore,  
And give him his right,  
All glory, and power,  
And wisdom, and might,  
All honour, and blessing,  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.

**Hymn [123].<sup>143</sup>**

1 God of unexampled grace,  
Redeemer of mankind,  
Matter of eternal praise  
We in thy Passion find:  
Still our choicest strains we bring,  
Still the joyful theme pursue,  
Thee the friend of sinners sing  
Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise  
With that mysterious tree,  
Crucified before our eyes  
Where we our Maker see:

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<sup>143</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 16–18; stanzas 1–3.

Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done!  
Publish we the death divine,  
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own  
Was never love like thine!

- 3 Never love nor sorrow was,  
Like that my Jesus showed;  
See him stretched on yonder cross  
And crushed beneath our load!  
Now discern the deity,  
Now his heavenly birth declare!  
Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'tis he,  
My God that suffers there!

**Hymn [124].<sup>144</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]<sup>145</sup> Well may heaven be clothed with black,  
And solemn sackcloth wear,  
Jesu's agony partake,  
The hour of darkness share;

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<sup>144</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 16–18; stanzas 4–9.

<sup>145</sup>Orig., "4"; a misprint.

Mourn th' astonied 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!  
O that all to thee might turn!  
Sinners, ye may love him too,  
Look on him ye pierced, 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 enthroned above!  
Lives our head to die no more:  
Power is all to Jesus given,  
Worshiped as he was before  
Th' immortal King of heaven.

6 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace,  
And truth which never fail,  
Hast'ning to behold thy face  
Without a dimming veil.  
We shall see our heavenly King,  
All thy glorious love proclaim,  
Help the angel-choirs to sing  
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

**Hymn [125].<sup>146</sup>**

1 Jesu, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wand'ring sheep,  
False to thee like Peter I  
Would fain like Peter weep:  
Let me be by grace restored,

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<sup>146</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:121–23.

On me be all long-suffering shown;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me through thy dying love  
The humble, contrite heart:  
Give what I have long implored,  
A portion of thy grief unknown;  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]<sup>147</sup>

3 In restoring love again,  
O Jesus, visit me,  
Give me back that pleasing pain,  
That blessed misery:  
Now thy tendering grace afford,  
And make me thine afflicted one:  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

4 Harder than the flinty rock  
My stubborn heart remains,  
'Till I feel thy mercy's stroke,  
I only bite my chains,  
Sinning on, though self-aborred,  
As devils in their chains I groan:  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

5 For thine own compassion's sake  
The gracious wonder show,  
Cast my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow;  
If thy bowels now are stirred,  
If now I would myself bemoan?  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

6 See me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die,  
Life, and happiness, and love  
Drop from thy gracious eye;

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<sup>147</sup>Orig., ends this and next nine stanzas: "Turn, and look ...."

Speak the reconciling word,  
And let thy mercy melt me down;  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

7 Look, as when thine eye pursued  
The first apostate man,  
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,  
And bid him rise again;  
Speak my paradise restored,  
Restored by thy free grace alone:  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

8 Look, as when thy pity saw  
Thine own in a strange land,  
Forced to obey the tyrant's law,  
And feel his heavy hand:  
Speak the soul-redeeming word,  
And out of Egypt call thy son:  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

9 Look, as when thy weeping eye  
The bloody city viewed,  
Those, who stoned, and doomed to die  
The prophets, and their God:  
I deserve their sad reward,  
But this my gracious day I own:  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

10 Look, as when thy grace beheld  
The harlot in distress,  
Dried her tears, her pardon sealed;  
And bade her go in peace:  
Foul like her, and self-abhorred,  
I at thy feet for mercy groan:  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

11 Look, as when condemned for them  
Thou didst thy followers see,  
"Daughters of Jerusalem,  
Weep for yourselves, not me!"

Am I by my God deplored,  
And shall I not myself bemoan?  
Turn, and look [upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.]

- 12      Look, as when thy languid eye  
            Was closed that we might live,  
            Father (at the point to die  
            My Saviour gasped) forgive!  
            Surely with that dying word  
He turns, and looks, and cries 'Tis done!  
            O my bleeding loving Lord,  
            Thou break'st my heart of stone!

**Hymn [126].<sup>148</sup>**

- 1      Lamb of God, whose bleeding love  
            We now recall to mind,  
            Send the answer from above,  
            And let us mercy find;  
            Think on us, who think on thee,  
And every struggling soul release:  
            O remember Calvary,  
            And bid us go in peace.
- 2      By thine agonizing pain,  
            And bloody sweat, we pray,  
            By thy dying love to man,  
            Take all our sins away;  
            Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
From all iniquity release:  
            O remember Calvary,  
            And bid us go in peace.
- 3      Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
            The sinner's pardon seal,  
            Speak us freely justified,  
            And all our sickness heal:  
            By thy Passion on the tree  
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:

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<sup>148</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 15.

O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

- 4 Never will we hence depart,  
Till thou our wants relieve,  
Write forgiveness on our heart,  
And all thine image give:  
Still our souls shall cry to thee  
Till perfected in holiness:  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

**Hymn [127].<sup>149</sup>**

- 1 Wretched, helpless, and distressed,  
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 Adam fell:  
Driven out of my abode,  
I now have lost my perfect bliss,  
Fallen, fallen out of God,  
And banished 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 putrefying sores,  
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul  
Looks to Jesus; help implores,  
And gasps to be made whole.

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<sup>149</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 43–45.

- [4] In the wilderness I stray,  
My foolish heart is blind,  
Nothing do I know; the way  
Of peace I cannot find;  
Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,  
And take, O take the veil away,  
Turn my darkness into light,  
My midnight into day.
- 5 Naked of thine image, Lord,  
Forsaken, and alone,  
Unrenewed, and unrestored,  
I have not thee put on:  
Over me thy mantle spread,  
Send down thy likeness from above,  
Let thy goodness be displayed,  
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 filled with God.
- 7 Jesu, full of truth and grace,  
In thee is all I want:  
Be the wanderer's resting-place,  
A cordial to the faint;  
Make me rich, for I am poor,  
In thee may I my Eden find,  
To the dying health restore,  
And eyesight to the blind.
- 8 Clothe me with thy holiness,  
Thy meek humility;  
Put on me thy glorious dress,  
Endue my soul with thee;

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

**Hymn [128].**<sup>150</sup>

- 1 Love divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown;  
Jesu, thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love thou art,  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,  
Into every troubled breast,  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find that second rest:  
Take away our *power* of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of faith as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive,  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure and sinless let us be,  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in thee:

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<sup>150</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 11–12.

Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee:  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

**Hymn [129].<sup>151</sup>**

- 1 Head of thy church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee;  
Till thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory,  
We lift our hearts and voices,  
With blest anticipation;  
And cry aloud,  
And give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise,  
Which knows no days,  
And ever brings us nigher,  
We clap our hands exulting  
In thine almighty favour,  
The love divine,  
Which made us thine,  
Shall keep us thine forever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people,  
Through torrents of temptation,  
Nor will we fear,  
While thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation:  
The world with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes?  
By thee we shall,  
Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.

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<sup>151</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (1745), 68–69.

- 4 By faith we see the glory,  
To which thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise  
For that high prize,  
Which thou hast set before us;  
And if thou count us worthy,  
We each as dying Stephen,  
Shall see thee stand  
At God's right hand,  
To take us up to heaven.

**Hymn [130].<sup>152</sup>**

- 1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: he made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train:  
His truth forever stands secure;  
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,  
The Lord supports the fainting mind;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace,  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last  
Or immortality endures.

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<sup>152</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 9–10.

**Hymn [131].**<sup>153</sup>

- 1 Thee will I love, O Lord my power:  
My rock and fortress is the Lord,  
My God, my Saviour, and my tower,  
My horn and strength, my shield and sword;  
Secure I trust in his defence,  
I stand in his omnipotence.
- 2 Still will I invoke his name,  
And spend my life in prayer and praise,  
His goodness own, his promise claim,  
And look for all his saving grace,  
'Till all his saving grace I see,  
From sin and hell forever free.
- 3 He saved me in temptation's hour,  
Horribly caught and compassed round,  
Exposed to Satan's raging power,  
In floods of sin and sorrow drowned,  
Condemned the second death to feel,  
Arrested by the pains of hell.
- 4 To God my God with plaintive cry  
I called in agony of fear,  
My humble wailings pierced the sky,  
My groanings reached his gracious ear,  
He heard me from his glorious throne,  
And sent the timely rescue down.

**Hymn [132].**<sup>154</sup>

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son;  
Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,

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<sup>153</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 68.

<sup>154</sup>First appeared in *Whole Armour of God* (1742), 18–20. Appears here as revised in *HSP* (1749), 1:236–39.

Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued,  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God;  
That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,  
In close and firm array:  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
Throughout the evil day;  
But meet the sons of night,  
But mock their vain design,  
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,  
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul,  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
And fortify the whole;  
Indissolubly joined,  
To battle all proceed;  
But arm yourselves with all the mind  
That was in Christ your head.

5 Let truth the girdle be,  
That binds your armour on,  
In faithful, firm sincerity  
To Jesus cleave alone,  
Let faith and love combine  
To guard your valiant breast:  
The plate be righteousness divine,  
Imputed, and impressed.

6 Still let your feet be shod,  
Ready his will to do,

Ready in all the ways of God  
His glory to pursue:  
Ruin is spread beneath,  
The gospel greaves put on,  
And safe through all the snares of death  
To life eternal run.

7        But above all, lay hold  
          On faith's victorious shield,  
Armed with that adamant, and gold,  
          Be sure to win the field;  
          If faith surround your heart,  
          Satan shall be subdued;  
Repelled his every fiery dart,  
          And quenched with Jesu's blood.

8        Jesus hath died for you!  
          What can his love withstand?  
Believe; hold fast your shield: and who  
          Shall pluck you from his hand?  
          Believe, that Jesus reigns.  
          All power to him is given;  
Believe, 'till freed from sin's remains,  
          Believe yourselves to heaven.

9        Your Rock can never shake:  
          Hither, he saith, come up!  
The helmet of salvation take,  
          The confidence of hope:  
          Hope for his perfect love,  
          Hope for his people's rest,  
Hope to sit down with Christ above,  
          And share the marriage feast.

10       Brandish in faith 'till then  
          The Spirit's two-edged sword,  
Hew all the snares of fiends and men  
          In pieces with the word;  
          '*Tis written*; this applied  
          Baffles their strength, and art;

Spirit and soul with this divide,  
And joints and marrow part.

11 To keep your armour bright,  
Attend with constant care,  
Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
And watching unto prayer;  
Ready for all alarms,  
Steadfastly set your face,  
And always exercise your arms,  
And use your every grace.

12 Pray, without ceasing pray,  
(Your Captain gives the word)  
His summons cheerfully obey,  
And call upon the Lord;  
To God your every want  
In instant prayer display,  
Pray always, pray, and never faint,  
Pray, without ceasing pray.

13 In fellowship; alone,  
To God with faith draw near,  
Approach his courts, besiege his throne  
With all the powers of prayer:  
Go to his temple, go,  
Nor from his altar move;  
Let every house his worship know,  
And every heart his love.

14 To God your spirits dart,  
Your souls in words declare,  
Or groan, to him who reads the heart,  
Th' unutterable prayer:  
His mercy now implore,  
And now show forth his praise,  
In shouts, or silent awe, adore  
His miracles of grace.

- 15        Pour out your souls to God,  
            And bow them with your knees,  
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,  
            And pray for Sion's peace;  
            Your guides and brethren bear  
            Forever on your mind;  
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,  
            Engrasping all mankind.
- 16        From strength to strength go on,  
            Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
            And win the well-fought day;  
            Still let the Spirit cry  
            In all his soldiers, "Come,"  
'Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
            And takes the conqu'rors home.

**Hymn [133].<sup>155</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.
- Although the vine its fruit deny,  
            Although the olive yield no oil,  
The withering fig-tree droop and die,  
            The field elude the tiller's toil,  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
            And perish all the bleating race,  
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
            The God of my salvation praise.
- 2        Barren although my soul remain,  
            And no one bud of grace *appear*,

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<sup>155</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 138–39.

No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
But sin, and only sin is here;  
Although my gifts, and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
And glory that he died for me.

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.

FINIS.