

*Small Collection of Hymns (1781)*¹

[Baker List, #421]

Editorial Introduction:

This volume was published anonymously in 1781, containing 36 hymns. While many of the hymns are by Charles Wesley, and some by other authors are found in prior collections by John Wesley (shown in blue font in the Table of Contents), five of the hymns by other authors in this collection (indicated in red font in the Table of Contents) have no precedent in any other volume published by John Wesley. Moreover, the title does not appear on lists of books by the Wesley brothers issued by John after 1781. The closest possible mention is a tract titled *Collection of Hymns* on a list of tracts proposed to be published and distributed among the poor at no charge (see Baker List, #436); but this could just as well refer to a reprinting of *Collection of Hymns* (1742). The main factor that led Frank Baker to include the present volume among John Wesley's publications is that it was printed by John Paramore, at the press Wesley installed in the Foundery after opening City Road Chapel. It is for this same reason that we include a transcription of the first edition in this web-based collection.

Two further editions of this *Small Collection of Hymns* were issued the following year, each with a progressively larger set of hymns added. Many of the new hymns are by Calvinist authors and appear in none of John Wesley's other collections. It is quite unlikely that they were added at his initiative. Moreover, these editions were not printed at the Foundery but by Robert Hindmarsh (1759–1835). Hindmarsh was the son of James Hindmarsh (1732–1812), who served as a tutor at Kingswood School for a few years, and then as a traveling preacher until 1783. Robert attended Kingswood, then in May 1776 began an apprenticeship in printing under Robert Hawes, who was Wesley's main printer in London at the time. It is possible that Hindmarsh transitioned to working with John Paramore by 1781. But Hindmarsh was also beginning to study the works of Emmanuel Swedenborg about this time. This may have contributed to him setting up an independent printing operation in 1782, from which the later editions of *Small Collection of Hymns* were some of his first offerings. Hindmarsh went on to help found the Theosophical Society in 1783, and remained connected to the movement in various ways until his death.

The possibility cannot be dismissed that Hindmarsh (working for Paramore) took the lead, rather than Wesley, in producing the first edition of *Small Collection*. Hindmarsh's role in the subsequent editions seems clear. For that reason we do not include in this transcription any of the hymns added in these later editions.

Editions:

Small Collection of Hymns, Selected from Various Authors.

London: Paramore, 1781. [36 hymns]

London: Hindmarsh, 1782. [52 hymns]

London: Hindmarsh, 1782. [83 hymns]

¹This document was produced under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: April 30, 2018.

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A SMALL
COLLECTION [OF HYMNS].²

Hymn I.³

- 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 trav'ling 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, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

²Orig., "A Small Collection, &c."

³By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 53–54; taken here from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Hymn II.⁴

- 1 When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 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 disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart
Timely 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 has died
To make that pardon sure.

Hymn III.⁵

- 1 And am I born to die!
To lay this body down!
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown!

⁴By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 47–48.

⁵First appeared in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 52–53.

A world of darkest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be!
Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
And see the judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies!
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph, or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
 A curse, or blessing meet?
Shall angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt,
 That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell!
Must *come* at his command to heaven,
 Or else *depart* to hell!
- 5 O thou, who wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery;
Shew me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.
- 6 Thou art thyself the way;
 Thyself in me reveal;

So shall I pass my life's short day,
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode
Through all eternity.

Hymn IV.⁶

- 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 is⁷ begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews 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 V.⁸

[Part the First.]

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

⁶By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 35–36.

⁷Orig., “his”; a misprint.

⁸First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 146–48; taken here from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 83–85.

- 2 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me:
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Part the Second.

- 5 I want an heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Nor wish my sufferings less.
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
But never, never faint.
- 6 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmov'd, by threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name;

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

- 7 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.
I want I know not what,
I want my wants to see;
I want—alas! What want I not,
When thou art not in me!

Hymn VI.⁹

- 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 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 flies 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 crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine 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.

⁹By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 52; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1765), 32.

Hymn VII.¹⁰

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest to 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.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 This moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Master bear,
With thee ascend to Calv'ry's top,
And bow my head, and suffer there.
- 6 I would! but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 7¹¹ 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 VIII.¹²

- 1 Come, my soul, before the Lamb,
Fall, and do him reverence;
Bless him for his blood and name,
Sing his great deliverance.

¹⁰This 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.

¹¹Orig., “6”; a misprint.

¹²Source: John Cennick, *Sacred Hymns for the Use of Religious Societies, Part III*. (London: M. Lewis, 1764), 205–7.

- 2 Why should sorrow bow thee down,
 Trials or temptation?
Is not Christ upon the throne,
 Still thy strong salvation?
- 3 Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
 Leave them with thy Saviour;
He, whose hands for thee were bor'd,
 Can and will deliver.
- 4 Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
 Turn thee, and discover
How he yet is merciful;
 Turn thee to thy lover.
- 5 Blush that thou hast him forgot,
 Who can happy make thee;
Gaze upon him, who thee bought,
 Till to him he takes thee.
6. Leave thy earthly cares behind,
 Mind alone thy Saviour,
Count thou all beside but wind,
 Trample on it ever.

Hymn IX.¹³

- 1 And must this body die!
 This well-wrought frame decay!
And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay!
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
 Shall these vile bodies shine;

¹³By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 25.

And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Hymn X.¹⁴

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That 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 powers,
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see thy face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of thy 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.

¹⁴By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 28–29; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 135–36.

- 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.

Hymn XI.¹⁵

- 1 Infinite power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady¹⁶ 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, enslav'd 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,

¹⁵By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 74–75; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 42–43.

¹⁶Orig., “shady”; a misprint.

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.

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

Hymn XII.¹⁷

1 O Sun of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseas'd, 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 scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

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,
Co-equal One and Three!
On thee all faith and hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee!

¹⁷First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 32–33.

Hymn XIII.¹⁸

- 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 power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Hymn XIV.¹⁹

- 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 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe,
While, with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas,
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms;
His sov'reign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

¹⁸By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 34; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 136–37.

¹⁹By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 29; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 29.

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

Hymn XV.²⁰

- 1 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
Jesu, to thee I flee!
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 3 Give me to hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 4 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within!
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.
- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;

²⁰By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1741), 25–26.

Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

Hymn XVI.²¹

- 1 Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my hard heart retain!
- 3 My gracious Saviour, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne?
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

Hymn XVII.²²

- 1 We lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-Star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse!

²¹By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 50–51; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 38–39.

²²First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 50–51; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 59–60.

The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

3 How beautiful nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day:
Or Jesu's blood like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

6 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

Hymn XVIII.²³

1 Awake, our souls (away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But we forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years,
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

²³By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 20–21; taken here from *CPH* (1743), 33.

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Hymn XIX.²⁴

- 1 Attend, while God's eternal Son
Doth his own glories shew:
"Behold I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are past away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay:
"See a new world arise!"
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.
- 4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world thy grace hath made,
May I for ever dwell!

Hymn XX.²⁵

- 1 O that thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!
- 2 Descend, and let thy light'ning burn
The stubble of thy foe:
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

²⁴By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 33–34.

²⁵This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 79–80; stanzas 1–9. Appears here via *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 28–29.

- 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
 And curb my head-strong will:
 Thou only canst drive back the tide,
 And bid the sun stand still.
- 4 What tho' I cannot break my chain,
 Or e'er throw off my load,
 The things impossible to men,
 Are possible to God.
- 5 Is any thing too hard for thee,
 Almighty Lord of all;
 Whose threat'ning looks dry up the sea,
 And make the mountains fall!
- 6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
 And match omnipotence?
 Ungrasp the hold of thy right-hand,
 Or pluck the sinner thence?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail,
 Nearer to save thou art;
 Stronger than all the powers of hell,
 And greater than my heart.
- 8 Lo! To the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Thy promis'd help I claim;
 Father of mercies, glorify
 Thy fav'rite Jesu's name!
- 9 Salvation in that name is found,
 Balm of my grief and care;
 A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
 All, all I want is there!

Hymn XXI.²⁶

- 1 Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
 The weary sinner's friend,
 Come to my help, pronounce the word,
 And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
 And life, and liberty,

²⁶This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 81–82; stanzas 10–17. Appears here via *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 29–30.

Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me.

3 Faith to be healed, thou know'st I have,
For thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, thou canst the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove,
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue,
Unconquerable sin,
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise, and break thro' all.

7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
The blind his sight receive,
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
The heart of stone believe.

8 The Ethiop, then shall change his skin,
The dead shall feel thy power,
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

Hymn XXII.²⁷

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 knows his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing:

²⁷JW's translation of a German hymn by Gerhard Tersteegen, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 188–89.
Taken here from *All in All* (1761), 21–22.

To him, enthron'd 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 ador'd!

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 flow'rs their op'ning leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy ev'ry ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou beam of the eternal beam!
Thou purging fire, thou quick'ning flame!

Hymn XXIII.²⁸

1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

²⁸Source: Martin Madan, *Collection of Psalms & Hymns* (London: sn, 1760), Hymn no. 42; stanzas 1–4, 6; Madan drew upon both an original hymn by John Cennick, and CW's revision of Cennick in *Intercession Hymns* (1758), 32–33.

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 They who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him, must confounded
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! Come away!
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See! in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!
- 5 Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

Hymn XXIV.²⁹

- 1 Thou God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth I cry;
 An half awaken'd child of man,
 An heir³⁰ of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure insensible:
 A point of life, a moment's space
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

²⁹First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:34–35; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1761), 103–4.

³⁰Orig., “air”; a misprint.

- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!
- 4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
My future bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 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 XXV.³¹

- 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;

³¹First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 118–19.

Thy righteousness wearing and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour;
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence,
I trust in his word none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, he all things will do,
My King and my Saviour will make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known:
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

Hymn XXVI.³²

- 1 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done, the spirit is fled,
The pris'ner is gone, the Christian is dead;
The Christian is living through Jesus's 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 shouting 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 seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.
- 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.

³²First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 8–9; taken here from *Festival Hymns* (1746), 59–61.

Hymn XXVII.³³

- 1 O Lord, incline thy gracious ear,
 My plaintive sorrows weigh;
 To thee for succour I draw near,
 To thee I humbly pray;
 Still will I call with lifted eyes,
 Come, O my God and King:
 Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
 And full deliverance bring.
- 2 On thee, O God of purity,
 I wait for hallowing grace:
 None without holiness shall see,
 The glories of thy face:
 In souls unholy, and unclean,
 Thou never canst delight;
 Nor shall they while unsav'd from sin,
 Appear before thy sight.
- 3 Thou hatest all that evil do,
 Or speak iniquity;
 The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,
 Are both abhorr'd by thee:
 The greatest and minutest fault,
 Shall find its fearful doom;
 Sinners in deed, or word, or thought,
 Thou surely shalt consume.
- 4 But as for me with humble fear,
 I will approach thy gate;
 Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy courts to wait:
 I trust in thy unbounded grace,
 To all so freely given;
 And worship t'ward thy holy place,
 And lift my soul to heaven.
- 5 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide;
 Point out the path before my face,
 My God, be thou my guide:

³³First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 7–8.

The cruel power, the guileful art,
 Of all my foes suppress;
 Whose throat an open grave, whose heart
 Is desp'rate wickedness.

6 Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from thy face,
 And finally consume;
 Thy wrath on the rebellious race,
 Shall to the utmost come;
 But all who put their trust in thee,
 Thy mercy shall proclaim,
 And sing with chearful melody,
 Their dear Redeemer's name.

7 Protected by thy guardian grace,
 They shall extol thy power;
 Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,
 And triumph evermore:
 They never shall to evil yield,
 Defended from above;
 And kept, and cover'd with the shield
 Of thine almighty love.

Hymn XXVIII.³⁴

1 A thousand oracles divine,
 Their common beams unite;
 That sinners may with angels join,
 To worship God aright.

2 To praise a Trinity ador'd
 By all the hosts above;
 And One Thrice holy God and Lord,
 Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! They never cease
 To laud and magnify,
 The Triune God of holiness,
 Whose glory fills the sky.

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
 While God himself imparts,
 And the whole Trinity descends
 Into our faithful hearts.

³⁴First appeared in *Trinity Hymns* (1767), 100–101; taken here from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing:
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker, and our King.
- 6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The friend of earth-born man!
- 7 Ye seraphs nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze;
On us poor ransom'd worms look down,
For heaven's superior praise!
- 8 The King, whose glorious face you see,
For us his crown resign'd!
That fulness of the deity!
He died for all mankind.

Hymn XXIX.³⁵

- 1 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.
- 2 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 shew forth his praise,
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.
- 3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees,

³⁵This is an extract from *Whole Armour of God* (1742), 20; stanzas 13–16. Appears here via *HSP* (1749), 1:238–39.

And spread your hearts, and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace;
Your guides and breth'ren bear
For ever on your mind:
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight and pray,
Tread all the pow'rs 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 XXX.³⁶

- 1 Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, thy righteousness bring;
Thy promises bind thee compassion to have;
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to save.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
To thee I look up for certain relief:
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.
- 3 I every hour in jeopardy stand;³⁷
But thou art my power, and holdest my hand:
While yet I am calling, thy succour I feel,
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.
- 4 Oh, who can explain this struggle for life,
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife,
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult, and war,
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare.
- 5 For every fight is dreadful and loud,
The warrior's delight is slaughter and blood;
His foes overturning, till all shall expire:
But this is with burning, and fewel of fire.

³⁶First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 137–38; taken here from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 72–73.

³⁷Orig., omits "stand"; a misprint.

- 6 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin,
My Jesus's love the battle shall win:
So terribly glorious his coming shall be,
His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.
- 7 He all shall break thro', his truth and his grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place;
Thro' much tribulation, thro' water and fire,
Thro' floods of temptation, and flames of desire.
- 8 On Jesus, my pow'r, till then I rely,
All evil before his presence shall fly;
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
And Jesus for ever shall reign in my heart.

Hymn XXXI.³⁸

- 1 Sinners, obey the gospel-word!
Haste to the supper of my Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day!
All things are ready, come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you, his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you, the angels wait
To triumph in your 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;

³⁸First appeared in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 44–46; taken here from *HSP* (1749), 1:259–60.

- His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.
- 7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour, and the peace of God:
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.
- 8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart:
The tears, that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs, that waft your souls 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 XXXII.³⁹

[Part the First.]

- 1 A mighty voice is heard!
Let all mankind attend!
The great arch-angel speaks the word,
That *time shall end!*
The awful day is come!
By prophets long foretold;
Jehovah on his *great white throne*
We now behold!
- 2 Arise both great and small,
At his tribunal stand!
He sends the universal call
Thro' ev'ry land.
Ye seas, your dead restore!
Ye graves, obey the call!
And death, and hell, appear before
The judge of all!

³⁹Source: John Murlin, *Sacred Hymns on Various Subjects* (Leeds: James Bowling, 1781), 51–53.

3 The whole of Adam's race
 Immediately appear,
Before the great Jehovah's face,
 Their doom to hear.
 The *books are open'd* wide,
 Which all their deeds contain;
And all the guilty seek to hide
 Themselves in vain.

4 The judge of all proceeds
 To execute his plan,
And judge according to the deeds
 Of every man:
 The dreadful woe is past,
 On sinners unforgiven:
And saints rejoice to find at last
 Their seats in heaven.

5 Their mansions are prepar'd,
 In Canaan's happy land;
Where all receive their full reward,
 At God's right hand:
 Now all their trials end,
 The weary are at rest,
In the enjoyment of their friend,
 For ever bless'd.

6 With endless glory crown'd,
 They hallelujah sing;
And while their flowing joys abound,
 Adore their King.
 They at his footstool fall,
 And perfectly agree
To praise the Triune God, thro' all
 Eternity.

Part the Second.

7 Before the Saviour's face,
 The elder brethren stand;
And hail the younger sons of grace,
 At his command:

They triumph evermore,
And shout the slaughter'd Lamb!
And thro' eternity adore
His wond'rous name.

8 Array'd in spotless white,
 The whole triumphant choir,
Are all transported at his sight,
 And him admire:
 They all his mercies own,
 They all his praises sing,
And in full chorus round the throne
 Extol their King.

9 Proceeding from the throne,
 The crystal streams descend;
The sacred banquet now begun,
 Shall never end:
 They eat in paradise,
 The fruits of Jesu's love;
Which nourish and immortalize
 The hosts above.

10 Their Sun no more declines,
 Nor hides his radiant light;
The Lamb himself in glory shines
 For ever bright.
 In this transcendent bliss,
 The saints with Jesus reign,
And everlasting happiness
 With him obtain.

11 The curse is at an end,
 Through the Redeemer's grace,
*THE RAPTUR'D HOSTS ENJOY THEIR FRIEND,
 AND SEE HIS FACE;
 WITH EXTASY OF JOY,
 THEY SWELL THE HEAV'NLY LAYS,
AND ALL ETERNITY EMPLOY
 IN SONGS OF PRAISE.

* Sing the following parts of this verse slow and solemn.

12 All worship and renown,
 Be to the Father giv'n;
 And equal honours to the Son,
 By all in heaven:
 Let all the heav'nly host
 The Triune God adore:
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For evermore.

Hymn XXXIII.⁴⁰

1 Ye simple souls that stray
 Far from the path of peace,
 (That lonely, unfrequented way,
 To life and happiness:)
 Why will ye folly love,
 And thron'g 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, or good can see,
 Or glorious in our death:
 As only born to grieve,
 Beneath your feet we lie;
 And utterly contemn'd we live,
 And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
 The men whom ye despise,
 So foolish, impotent and poor,
 Above your scorn we rise:
 We, thro' the Holy Ghost,
 Can witness better things:
 For he, whose blood is all our boast,
 Hath made us priests and kings.

4 Riches unsearchable,
 In Jesu's love we know;
 And pleasures springing from the well
 Of life, our souls o'erflow:

⁴⁰This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 21–22; stanzas 1–2, 4–7. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 21.

The Spirit we receive,
 Of wisdom, grace and pow'r;
 And always sorrowful we live,
 Rejoicing evermore.

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

6 In him we walk in white;
 We in his image shine:
 Our robes are robes of glorious light,
 Our right'ousness divine:
 On all the kings of earth
 With pity we look down;
 And claim, in virtue of our birth,
 A never-fading crown.

Hymn XXXIV.⁴¹

1 I and my house will serve the Lord:
 But first obedient to his word
 I must myself appear:
 By actions, words, and tempers show,
 That I my heav'nly Master know,
 And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
 From those that on my pleasure wait
 The stumbling-block remove:
 Their duty by my life explain,
 And still in all my works maintain
 The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
 Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
 A follower of my God;
 A saint indeed I long to be,

⁴¹First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 144–45; taken here from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive:
Work in me both to will and do;
And shew them, how believers true
And real Christians live.
- 5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name;
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell;
Whose virtue ev'ry heart may feel,
And ev'ry tongue proclaim.
- 6 A sinner sav'd myself from sin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach their sins forgiv'n:
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heav'n.

Hymn XXXV.⁴²

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my sov'reign die?
Did he devote that sacred head,
For such a wretch as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the Sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When God, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

⁴²Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 136–37; stanzas 1, 3–6.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Hymn XXXVI.⁴³

- 1 Hail glorious day, when from the dead
My blest Redeemer rose,
Bruis'd the old serpent on his head,
And vanquish'd all his foes.
- 2 God's temple-gates now open stand
To give me entrance in,
Whilst my Redeemer is at hand
To answer for my sin.
- 3 Here I may hear his sacred word,
And see his smiling face;
Join in the triumphs of my Lord,
And praise his saving grace.
- 4 Lord, kindle up a heavenly fire,
And make devotion glow;
Teach my affections to aspire,
And leave the things below.
- 5 Delightful day! but quickly gone,
Soon are thy pleasures o'er;
When will my sabbath be begun,
And never end no more.

⁴³Source: Simon Browne, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (London: E. Matthews, 1720), 148–50; stanzas [1, 3–4, 7, 10].