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].

Hymn 1.

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’lling 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 unconcerned we go
   Upon the brink of death!

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2Orig., “A Small Collection ….”
3By Isaac Watts; appeared in CPH (1738), 53–54; taken here from Collection of Hymns (1780), Hymn no. 40.
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 2.**

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!

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
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 3.**

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

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5First appeared in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 52–53.
A world of darkest shade,
    Unpierced 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!
Waked by the trumpet’s sound,
    I from my grave shall rise,
And see the judge with glory crowned,
    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 damned cast out,
    Or numbered 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 diesth thyself my soul to save
    From endless misery;
Show 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 loved me,  
And praise thee in thy bright abode  
    Through all eternity.

**Hymn 4.**

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 opening heavens 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 5.**

[Part 1.]

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.

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^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 inured 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 prepared,
   And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
   And watching unto prayer.

   Part 2.

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,
(Unmoved, 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 6.**

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.

*By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 52; taken here from *Select Hymns* (1765), 32.*
Hymn 7.\textsuperscript{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 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 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.

7\textsuperscript{11} 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 8.\textsuperscript{12}

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

\textsuperscript{10}This is an extract from \textit{HSP} (1742), 91–92; stanzas 1–2, 4, 6–9. Appears here as revised in \textit{Hymns and Spiritual Songs} (1753), 27–28.

\textsuperscript{11}Orig., “6”; a misprint.

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 bored,
   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 9.13

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 Arrayed in glorious grace,
   Shall these vile bodies shine;

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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 10.14

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.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We’re marching through Immanuel’s ground
To fairer worlds on high.

**Hymn 11.**

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,

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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 12.17

1 O Sun of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
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.

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!

17First appeared in CPH (1741), 32–33.
Hymn 13.\textsuperscript{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, 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.

Hymn 14.\textsuperscript{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’rign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

\textsuperscript{18}By Isaac Watts; appeared in \textit{CPH} (1738), 34; taken here from \textit{CPH} (1743), 136–37.

\textsuperscript{19}By Isaac Watts; appeared in \textit{CPH} (1738), 29; taken here from \textit{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 forever 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 15.\textsuperscript{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 renewed 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 newborn 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 promised love abroad,
   And make my comforts strong;

\textsuperscript{20}By Isaac Watts; appeared in \textit{CPH} (1741), 25–26.
Then shall I say, “My Father, God!”
With an unwav’ring tongue.

**Hymn 16.**

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 sovereign aid impart,
   To give thy word success;
   Write thy salvation on my heart,
   And make me learn thy grace.

6 Show my forgetful feet the way,
   That leads to joys on high;
   Where knowledge grows without decay,
   And love shall never die.

**Hymn 17.**

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!
   The mists of error and of vice,

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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.
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous 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 forever be.

Hymn 18.\(^{23}\)

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.

\(^{23}\)By 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 19.**

1 Attend, while God’s eternal Son
   Doth his own glories show:
   “Behold I sit upon my throne,
   Creating all things new.

2 “Nature and sin are passed 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 forever dwell!

**Hymn 20.**

1 O that thou wouldst the heavens rent,
   In majesty come down,
   Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
   And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
   The stubble of thy foe:
   My sins o’erturn, o’erturn, o’erturn,
   And make the mountains flow.

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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 headstrong will:
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
    And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though 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 promised 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 medicine for my every wound,
    All, all I want is there!

Hymn 21.26

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 through 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 22._

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.

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

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_JW’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, enthroned above all height,
    Heaven’s host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
    Who praise thee with a stam’m’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’n’ing 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’n’ing flame!

Hymn 23.\(^{28}\)

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

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\(^{28}\)Source: 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 Every eye shall now behold him,
   Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold him,
   Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
   Deeply wailing,
   Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
   Heaven 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 24.²⁹

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.

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.
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 25.\(^\text{30}\)

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:

\(^{30}\)First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 118–19.
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.

**Hymn 26.**

1 'Tis finished, '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 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 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 giv’n, The purchase divine,
And crown us in heav’n Eternally thine.

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31First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 8–9; taken here from *Festival Hymns* (1746), 59–61.
Hymn 27.32

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 unsaved from sin,  
Appear before thy sight.

3 Thou hatest all that evil do,  
Or speak iniquity,  
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue  
Are both abhorred by thee.  
The greatest and minutest fault  
Shall find its fearful doom,  
Sinners in deed, or word, or thought  
Thou surely shall consume.

4 But as for me, with humble fear  
I will approach thy gate,  
Though 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.

32First 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 desperate wickedness.

6 Thou, Lord, shall 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 cheerful 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 covered with the shield
Of thine almighty love.

**Hymn 28.**

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

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all his host above,
And One Thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! They never cease
To laud and magnify
The Tri-une 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.

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33 First appeared in *Trinity Hymns* (1767), 100–101; taken here from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 254.
5 By faith the upper choir we meet,  
    And challenge them to sing  
Jehovah on his shining seat,  
    Our Maker, God, and King:

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,  
    And asks a 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, ransomed worms look down,  
    For heaven’s superior praise:

8 The King whose glorious face ye see,  
    For us his crown resigned;  
That fulness of the deity,  
    He died for all mankind!

**Hymn 29.**

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 show 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,

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34This 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 brethren, bear
    Forever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
    Engrasping all mankind.

4 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 30.**

1 Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King,
Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, thy righteousness bring;
    Thy promises bind thee compassion to have,
Thy promises bind thee compassion to have,
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
To thee I look up for certain relief:
    I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand;
I every hour in jeopardy stand;
But thou art my pow’r, and holdest my hand:
    While yet I am calling, thy succour I feel,
While yet I am calling, thy succour I feel,
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

4 O who can explain, this struggle for life,
O who can explain, this struggle for life,
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife?
    Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult and war,
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult and war,
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare.

5 For every fight is dreadful and loud,
For every fight is dreadful and loud,
The warrior’s delight is slaughter and blood;
    His foes overturning, till all shall expire:
His foes overturning, till all shall expire:
But this is with burning, and fuel of fire.

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35First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 137–38; taken here from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 72–73.
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 through, his truth and his grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place;
Through much tribulation, through water and fire,
Through floods of temptation, and flames of desire.

8 On Jesus my power till then I rely,
All evil before his presence shall fly,
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
And Jesus forever shall reign in my heart.

Hymn 31.36

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;

36First appeared in Festival Hymns (1746), 44–46; taken here from HSP (1749), 1:259–60.
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’ overwhelming 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 32.37

[Part 1.]

1 A mighty voice is heard!
Let all mankind attend!
The great archangel 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
    Through every land.
Ye seas, your dead restore!
Ye graves, obey the call!
And death, and hell, appear before
    The judge of all!

3Source: 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 opened 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 prepared,
   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,
       Forever bless’d.

6 With endless glory crowned,
   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, through all
       Eternity.

   Part 2.

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 slaughtered Lamb!  
And through eternity adore  
His wondrous name.

8 Arrayed 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  
Forever 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 RAPTURED HOSTS ENJOY THEIR FRIEND,  
AND SEE HIS FACE;  
WITH EXTASY OF JOY,  
THEY SWELL THE HEAVENLY LAYS,  
AND ALL ETERNITY EMPLOY  
IN SONGS OF PRAISE.

* Sing the following parts of this verse slow and solemn.
All worship and renown,
Be to the Father given;
And equal honours to the Son,
By all in heaven:
Let all the heavenly host
The Triune God adore:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Forevermore.

Hymn 33.º

1 Ye simple souls, that stray
Far from the path of peace
(That unfrequented way
To life and happiness)
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 contemned we live,
And unlamented die.

3 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.

4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesus’ love we know,
And pleasures from the well
Of life our souls o’erflow:

ºThis is an extract from Redemption Hymns (1747), 21–22; stanzas 1–2, 4–7. Appears here via Collection of Hymns (1780), Hymn no. 21.
From him the Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and pow’r,
And alway sorrowful we live
Rejoicing evermore.

5 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.

6 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 34.39

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 heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set,
From those who 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 appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed I long to be,
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 show 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 every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner saved myself from sin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach their sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the ways of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

**Hymn 35.**

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my sovereign die?
Did he devote that sacred head,
For such a wretch as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned 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.

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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 36.41

1 Hail, glorious day, when from the dead
   My blest Redeemer rose,
Bruised the old serpent on his head,
   And vanquished 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.

41Source: Simon Browne, Hymns and Spiritual Songs (London: E. Matthews, 1720), 148–50; stanzas [1, 3–4, 7, 10].