

## *Hymns and Sacred Poems (1749), Vol. 1*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #171]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

This two-volume collection was gathered by Charles Wesley, and is composed entirely of his own work over the last decade. The stimulus for the collection was the need to demonstrate to the parents of Sarah (Sally) Gwynne that he could provide sufficient financial support in their proposed marriage. The formal proposal to raise subscribers for printing the two-volume set was dated Dec. 18, 1748. The first subscriber was Sarah Gwynne. A copy of the proposal and an invoice for Sally's subscription were included in a letter from Charles to Sally dated Dec. 27, 1748.<sup>2</sup> Charles copyrighted the volumes by entering them into the register at Stationer's Hall, London on July 12, 1749. The volumes sold well enough to have a second printing. The few revisions in this second edition were limited mainly to incorporating the errata suggestions into the text (pagination remains identical). There were 685 copies of this second printing remaining in the inventory at John Wesley's house, London in 1791.

Sixteen of the hymns in this collection had appeared before in scattered settings, typically attached to prose pieces published by John Wesley. A seventeenth hymn published earlier is also incorporated into a larger setting in this collection (#4 in volume one). These prior publications are signaled in [blue font](#) in the Table of Contents and detailed in attached notes.

The manuscript precursors to nearly half of the items in these two volumes survive among Wesley's manuscript poetry collections. Their location is also detailed in attached notes.

### **Editions:**

Charles Wesley. *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. 2 vols. Bristol: Farley, 1749.  
2<sup>nd</sup> Bristol: Farley, 1755–56.

### **Notes:**

John Wesley's personal copy of the second edition is present in the remnants of his personal library at Wesley's House, London (shelfmark, J. 10–11). John's reactions to the text and suggested corrections will be recorded in footnotes.

In the first edition of volume 1 Wesley (or the printer) titled two consecutive hymns "CXXVI," throwing subsequent numbers off by one. This was corrected in the second edition. We use correct numbers below, placed in square brackets [], starting on p. 216.

### **Acknowledgment:**

Special thanks go to Randall McElwain for help in preparing this two-volume set for the present web publication.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: June 19, 2012.

<sup>2</sup>Sarah's copy of volume 2, with her inscription on the front inside cover, is present in the collection at John Wesley's House, London.

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**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**[PART I.]**

**I.  
The Twenty-Sixth Chapter of Isaiah.<sup>3</sup>**

**Part I.**

- 1 The day, the gospel day draws near,  
When sinners shall their voices raise,  
Sing the new song with heart sincere,  
Triumphant in the land of praise.
- 2 Glory to God! They all shall cry:  
Who is so great a God as ours!  
We have a city strong and high,  
Salvation is for walls and towers.
- 3 Salvation to our souls brought in,  
Salvation from our guilty stains,  
Salvation from the power of sin,  
Salvation from its last remains.

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<sup>3</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 27–35; MS Clarke, 29–38; and MS Shent, 16a–22a.

- 4 Secure from danger, as from dread,  
We never shall be put to shame,  
Who hither have for refuge fled;  
For Jesus is our city's name.
- 5 Open the gates, and open wide,  
Let every faithful soul go in;  
Open for all the justified,  
Who keep the truth that frees from sin.
- 6 Who hold the truth in righteousness,  
And hear their Lord's commands, and do,  
Into the city gates shall press,  
And all in Christ be creatures new.
- 7 They who the will divine have done,  
The promise shall thro' grace receive,  
And gain their calling's glorious crown,  
And free from sin in Jesus live.
- 8 Yes, Lord, thy word for ever stands,  
And shall from age to age endure,  
To us who own thy mild commands,  
To working faith the word is sure.
- 9 Who thee remembers in thy ways,  
And follows after holiness,  
Because on thee his mind he stays,  
Him thou wilt keep in perfect peace.
- 10 Who trust to be redeem'd from sin,  
And all thy holy will to prove,  
Thy open arms shall take him in,  
And root and 'stablish him in love.
- 11 Trust in the Lord, ye sons of men,  
The Lord Almighty to redeem;  
Your faith in him shall not be vain,  
He saves whoever trust in him.



- 12 His saving power no limits knows,  
In strength and goodness infinite;  
Satan and sin his arm o'erthrows,  
And bruises them beneath our feet.
- 13 He brings them down who dwell on high,  
Humbles each vain aspiring boast,  
Bulwarks and towers, that threat the sky,  
He fells, and levels with the dust.
- 14 He lays the lofty city low,  
O'erturns, and brings it to the ground;  
His hands destroy the inbred foe,  
And all the strength of sin confound.
- 15 That haughty Babylon within  
Shall to believing souls submit:  
They shall not always strive with sin,  
But tread it down beneath their feet.
- 16 Satan's strong-holds o'erthrown shall be,  
The poor shall on their ruins tread,  
Lead captive their captivity,  
From all their sins for ever freed.
- 17 This is the triumph of the just,  
Whoe'er on thee their spirit stay,  
Shall find the God in whom they trust;  
PERFECTION is their shining way.
- 18 Most holy, pure, and perfect thou,  
Just of thyself, and good<sup>4</sup> alone,  
Dost all thy children's paths allow,  
When cleans'd, and sanctified in one.

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<sup>4</sup>Ori., "God"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

**Part II.**

- 1 Awaken'd by thy threatnings, Lord,  
    We long have seen our lost estate,  
And still we hang upon thy word,  
    And still for full redemption wait.
- 2 'Tis all our soul's desire to know  
    Thy loveliness, and to proclaim,  
To perfect holiness below,  
    And shew forth all thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee with my spi'rit have I desir'd,  
    And mourn'd throughout the live-long night,  
To thee my early soul aspir'd;  
    And still I want thy blissful sight.
- 4 Still do I languish for thy grace,  
    And groan in pain to be renew'd,  
And all within me seeks thy face,  
    And all I am cries out for God.
- 5 Thy awful judgments first awoke,  
    And fill'd with terrors from above,  
We sunk beneath thine anger's stroke,  
    And trembled, 'till we felt thy love.
- 6 Sinners shall hear thy threatning rod,  
    Break off their sins, and stand in awe,  
For when thy judgments are abroad,  
    The guilty world will learn thy law.
- 7 But neither threats nor smiles can move  
    The wretch self-harden'd, self-destroy'd;  
Who slights thy wrath, will spurn thy love,  
    And make thy tender mercies void.

- 8 He in the land of uprightness  
Rejects the grace he might receive,  
He will not learn the way of peace,  
He will not come to thee, and live.
- 9 He will not taste thy pard'ning grace,  
Thy bleeding love he will not see,  
Behold his God in Jesu's face,  
Or own the suffering deity.
- 10 Lord, when thine hand is lifted up,  
They will not see, nor understand;  
But they shall soon be forc'd to stoop,  
And feel thy sin-avenging hand.
- 11 Who now their hellish malice shew,  
And in thy people thee defy,  
Malign thy little flock below,  
And touch the apple of thine eye;
- 12 Confounded for their envious hate  
They soon shall prove thine utmost ire,  
And tremble, and confess too late  
Our God is a consuming fire.
- 13 Judgment for those who slight thy grace;  
But peace thou wilt for us ordain,  
Thou hast inclin'd us to embrace  
Thyself, and bid our fruit remain.
- 14 O Lord, our God, (when all renew'd  
And perfected in love, we say)  
We were by other lords subdued,  
And basely yielded to their sway.
- 15 Long did our lusts and passions reign,  
And rul'd us with an iron rod;  
But lo! We now their yoke disdain;  
And yield us servants to our God.

- 16 Redeem'd from all iniquity,  
Thine all-victorious grace we own;  
Worship and power ascribe to thee,  
And live and die to thee alone.
- 17 Thro' thee thy goodness we proclaim,  
We glory in thy gracious power,  
And boast us of thine only name,  
And speak, and think, of sin no more.
- 18 Our old usurping sins are dead,  
Thou hast the lawless tyrants slain,  
Buried, no more to lift their head;  
No, never shall they rise again.
- 19 No spark of sin is left alive,  
No least remains, or smallest seed;  
That they might never more revive,<sup>5</sup>  
The Son hath made us free indeed.
- 20 Thou all their mem'ory hast eras'd,  
Their being utterly destroy'd,  
Their name eternally defac'd,  
And fill'd our sinless<sup>6</sup> souls with God.

**Part III.**

- 1 God of all power, and truth, and grace,  
Thou hast increas'd the holy seed,  
Thou hast increas'd the chosen race,  
The souls from sin for ever freed.
- 2 Thou in thy saints art glorified,  
Thou hast in them thine image shewn;  
Shepherdless souls they wandred wide,  
'Till call'd and perfected in one.

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., "receive"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>6</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 3 All we like sheep have gone astray,  
To earth's remotest bounds remov'd,  
'Till Jesus shew'd himself the way,  
And kindly chasten'd whom he lov'd.
- 4 To thee we in our trouble turn'd,  
Constrain'd thy chastisements to bear,  
We then our sin and folly mourn'd,  
And pour'd out all our soul in prayer.
- 5 As women, when their time draws nigh,  
Cry out in sore distress, and pain,  
So have we travail'd, in thine eye,  
And struggled to be born again.
- 6 In anguish, agony, and grief,  
For years our lab'ring souls have been,  
Nor could we bring ourselves relief,  
Nor could we save ourselves from sin.<sup>7</sup>
- 7 Our toil, and strife avail'd us not,  
Abortive prov'd our hope, and vain,  
For we have no deliverance wrought,  
For yet we were not born again.
- 8 The world did not before us fall,  
We wanted still the victory,  
The mighty faith that conquers all,  
And makes the soul for ever free.
- 9 But they who sunk in self-despair,  
Death's sentence in themselves receive,  
The quickning voice divine shall hear,  
And dead with Christ, with Christ shall live.
- 10 The Spi'rit that rais'd him from the dead,  
My mortal body shall inspire,  
Shall raise us all with Christ our head,  
And hallow and baptize with fire.

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "sins"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 11 Awake and sing, ye souls that dwell  
Indignant in the shade of death,  
Our Lord, who burst the gates of hell,  
Shall bear you from the gulph beneath.
- 12 As herbs reviv'd by vernal dew  
Spring from the earth, and flourish fair,  
Ye all shall rise with verdure new,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.
- 13 The hour shall come, the gospel-hour,  
When all that wait, his power shall prove,  
His resurrection's glorious power,  
And live the life of faith and love.
- 14 They from the death of sin shall rise,  
Preventing here the general doom,  
When Christ the Lord shall bow the skies,  
And all mankind to judgment come.
- 15 The earth shall then cast out its dead,  
While all who perish'd unforgiven,  
Horribly lift<sup>8</sup> their guilty head,  
And rise, to be shut out from heaven.
- 16 Come, little flock (my people now  
My Israel, if thy heart be clean)  
Enter into thy chamber thou,  
Exclude the world, the hell of sin.
- 17 Betake thee to the secret place,  
Safe in my tabernacle rest,  
O hide thee for a little space,  
Be shelter'd in thy Saviour's breast.
- 18 Rest, 'till the storm is all o'er-past,  
For lo! The Lord from heaven shall come,  
Judgment to execute at last,  
And seal the guilty sinner's doom.

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<sup>8</sup>Ori., "lift up"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 19 The sea shall then its dead restore,  
The earth shall then disclose her blood,  
Shelter their carcasses no more,  
Or screen them from an angry God.
- 20 Dragg'd from their graves, they then shall call  
On rocks their quickned dust t' entomb,  
And bid the burning mountains fall,  
To hide them from the hell to come.
- 21 The wrath *is* come, the curse takes place,  
The slaves of sin receive their hire,  
And punish'd from my glorious face,  
They sink into eternal fire.

## II.

### Isaiah xxvii. ver. 1 to 6, &c.<sup>9</sup>

- 1 The Lord of hosts, th' Almighty Lord  
Shall punish in that vengeful day,  
Shall with his Spirit's two-edg'd sword  
The piercing crooked serpent slay.
- 2 Leviathan, that subtle fiend,  
That soul-insinuating foe,  
Jesus shall make his malice end,  
And root out all our sins below.
- 3 Jesus shall make us free indeed,  
Redeem from all iniquity,  
And crush the hellish serpent's head,  
And slay the dragon in the sea.
- 4 The sea is calm'd, the troubled soul,  
In which he did his pastime take,  
The sinner now by faith made whole,  
Can<sup>10</sup> never more his God forsake.

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<sup>9</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 35–37; MS Clarke, 38–40; and MS Shent, 23a–24a.

<sup>10</sup>John Wesley substituted “Will” for “Can” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 5 Sing to the church in that glad day,  
(The church is join'd to those above,  
When all their sins are wash'd away,  
And they are perfected in love:
- 6 Partakers of the life divine,  
When grace the full salvation brings)  
Sing ye, a vineyard of red wine,  
A vineyard for the King of kings!
- 7 I keep it, I th' Almighty Lord  
My Spirit every moment pour,  
Descends the water and the word,  
The gracious never-ceasing shower.
- 8 I water it with heavenly dew,  
Satan, and sin I chase away,  
I water it, and keep it too,  
I watch my vineyard night and day.
- 9 Fury is not in me; to all,  
To all my mercies freely move:  
Who would resist my gracious call,  
Or spurn the bowels of my love?
- 10 Who against me would madly dare,  
To set the thorns and briars in fight?  
Through all I would my passage tear,  
And trample on their feeble might.
- 11 The soul that will not taste my love  
Shall perish by my righteous ire,  
My vengeful indignation prove,  
And feel me a consuming fire.
- 12 But rather let him freely take  
A power from me to turn and live;  
Peace with his God he then shall make,  
And Christ into his heart receive.



- 13 My Son from all, who come to him,  
Shall every spot of sin remove,  
From all iniquity redeem,  
And root and 'stablish them in love.
- 14 Grafted in him they all shall share  
The life, and fatness of the root,  
And every holy temper bear,  
And fill the world with golden fruit.
- 15 The trees of righteousness shall rise,  
Water'd each moment from above,  
And bear the fruits of paradise,  
The glorious fruits of perfect love.

### III.

#### The Forty-Fourth Chapter of Isaiah.<sup>11</sup>

##### [Part I.]

- 1 Yet now, my chosen servant, hear,  
The Lord hath to his Israel said,  
Who form'd thee from the womb, is near,  
To help, and save the souls he made.
- 2 Jacob, receive the word divine,  
Bid all thy fears and doubts depart;  
Jesurun,<sup>12</sup> I have call'd thee mine,  
My servant, and my son thou art.
- 3 On every soul that thirsts for grace,  
I will the living water shower,  
I will on all thy gasping race  
The fulness of my Spirit pour.
- 4 The grace shall on thy sons descend,  
Thro' all succeeding ages flow,  
And all who on my truth depend,  
Th' indwelling Comforter shall know.

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<sup>11</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 28a–30a.

<sup>12</sup>I.e., “Jeshurun.”

- 5 The holy seed shall soon spring up,  
(Water'd each moment from above)  
In tender awe, and blooming hope,  
And flow'ry joy, and ripen'd love.
- 6 Fast by the streams of paradise,  
With never-fading verdure fair,  
The trees of righteousness shall rise,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.
- 7 In different states the ransom'd race  
Their still-increasing faith shall shew,  
The babes shall rise from pard'ning grace,  
And into youths, and fathers grow.
- 8 The least shall say, the Lord's I am,  
He bought with blood this soul of mine:  
Another shall the blessing claim,  
While wrestling with the man divine.
- 9 Prevalent now with God and man,  
Sinners shall all my grace assert,  
Jacob shall the new name obtain,  
And Israel be, when pure in heart.
- 10 Thus saith the Lord of earth and heaven,  
The King of Israel and his God,  
Who hath for all a ransom given,  
And bought a guilty world with blood.
- 11 I am from all eternity,  
To all eternity I am:  
There is none other God but me,  
Jehovah is my glorious name.
- 12 The rise and end, the first and last,  
The Alpha and Omega I;  
Who could like me ordain the past,  
Or who the things to come descry?

- 13 Where is the wise, fore-knowing man,  
Who hath to me my model shew'd,  
Prescrib'd the great, eternal plan,  
Or boldly taught the omniscient God?
- 14 Stand forth the self-instructed seers,  
(Who ransack time's dark, burthen'd womb)  
Foretell th' events of distant years,  
And shew mankind the things to come.
- 15 Foolish is all their strife, and vain  
T' invade the property divine;  
'Tis mine the work undone t' explain,  
To call the future now is mine.
- 16 Fear not, my own peculiar race,  
I have to thee my counsel shew'd,  
The word of sure prophetic grace,  
And told thee all the mind of God.
- 17 Ye are my witnesses, to you  
My name and nature is made known,  
Ye only can your seal set to,  
That I am God, and God alone.

**Part II.**

- 1 Thou, only thou my servant art,  
I call'd thee by my grace alone,  
I fashion'd, and prepar'd thy heart,  
And now I claim thee for my own.
- 2 Who to my righteousness submit,  
Shall all my great salvation see,  
The poor I never will forget,  
Or cast him out who comes to me.

- 3 Thy sins, which like a wide-spread cloud  
Darken'd the face of angry heaven,  
Lo! I have blotted out with blood:  
Thy sins are all thro' grace forgiven.
- 4 I, the bright Sun of righteousness,  
Have chas'd the darkness all away;  
Return to me, who bought thy peace,  
Rejoice to see my gospel-day.
- 5 Ye heavens rejoice in Jesus his grace,  
Let earth make a noise, and eccho his praise!  
Our all-loving Saviour hath pacified<sup>13</sup> God,  
And paid for his favour, the price of his blood.
- 6 Ye mountains, and vales, in praises abound,  
Ye hills, and ye dales, continue the sound,  
Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood,  
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.
- 7 Atonement he made for every one,  
The debt he hath paid, the work he hath done,  
Shout all the creation, below and above,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus his love.
- 8 His mercy hath brought salvation to all,  
Who take it unbought he frees them from thrall,  
Throughout the believer his glory displays,  
And perfects for ever the vessels of grace.
- 9 O Israel, hear, thy God hath said,  
The voice of thy Creator own,  
I am the Lord, who all things made,  
And still stretch out the heavens alone.
- 10 I hung the earth on empty space,  
And still in equal poise sustain;  
I make, and mar, pull down, and raise,  
And Lord of my creation reign.

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<sup>13</sup>John Wesley substituted "satisfied" for "pacified" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 11 I the weak sons of men o'er-rule,  
Their tokens and their schemes o'erthrow,  
Baffle their strength, their wisdom fool,  
On all their blasted projects blow.
- 12 I the diviner's skill confound,  
From sinners I their purpose hide,  
Level their Babels with the ground,  
And torture, and distract their pride.
- 13 I stop the wise, and drive them back,  
Cross and defeat their surest aim,  
Their knowledge foolishness I make,  
And turn their glory into shame.
- 14 But I my servant's word fulfill,  
My messengers divine I own;  
Who shew the counsel of my will,  
Their word shall stand, and theirs alone.
- 15 I speak th' irrevocable word,  
Which never unaccomplish'd dies;  
Jerusalem shall be restor'd,  
Thy ruins from the dust shall rise.
- 16 I bid th' unfathom'd deep be dry,  
I bid the streams their course forsake,  
My will to kings I signify,  
And Cyrus for my servant take.
- 17 He shall perform my word of grace,  
Whate'er my love benign hath will'd,  
My shepherd he shall Salem raise,  
And all her des'late wastes rebuild.
- 18 He, he shall bid the temple rise,  
Type of my Cyrus from above,  
Who builds the church to touch the skies,  
In symmetry of perfect love.

**IV.**  
**The Fifty-First Chap[ter] of Isaiah.<sup>14</sup>**

**[Part I.]**

- 1 Hearken to me, who seek the Lamb,  
Who follow after righteousness;  
Look to the Rock, from whence ye came,  
The Father of the faithful race:
- 2 Behold, and in his footsteps tread:  
I call'd him by my grace alone,  
And bless'd, and multiplied his seed,  
Believers in the promis'd Son.
- 3 Children of faithful Abraham these,  
Who dare expect salvation here,  
The Lord shall give them gospel peace,  
And all his hopeless mourners cheer:
- 4 Shall soon his fallen Sion raise,  
Her waste, and des'late places build,  
Pour out the Spirit of his grace,  
And make her wilds a fruitful field.
- 5 The barren souls shall be restor'd,  
The desert all-renew'd shall rise,  
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,  
A fair terrestrial paradise.
- 6 Gladness and joy shall there be found,  
Thanksgiving, and the voice of praise,  
The voice of melody shall sound,  
And every heart be fill'd with grace.
- 7 Hearken to me, my chosen race,  
My own peculiar people, hear,  
Whoe'er the gospel-word embrace,  
Look to be pure and perfect *here*.

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<sup>14</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Clarke, 177–85; and MS Shent, 27a, 31a–37a.

- 8 A law shall soon from me proceed,  
A living life-infusing word,  
The truth that makes you free indeed,  
Th' eternal Spirit of your Lord.
- 9 My mercy will I cause to rest,  
Where all may see their sins forgiven,  
May rise no more by guilt opprest,  
And bless the light that leads to heaven.
- 10 My righteousness shall soon appear;  
Already is the grace gone forth,  
The grace that brings salvation near,  
And offers all my pard'ning worth.
- 11 Mine arms shall judge the world below,  
The isles on me shall humbly wait,  
And long, thro' me restor'd, to know  
The glories of their first estate.
- 12 Not on an arm of flesh, but mine,  
Their steady confidence shall be,  
Pardon, and peace, and power divine,  
All, all they shall expect from me.
- 13 Lift up your eyes, the heavens survey,  
And look upon the earth below,  
The heavens like smoak shall pass away,  
The earth its final period know.
- 14 Vanishes hence whate'er is seen,  
The breath of life shall all expire,  
The earth, and all that dwell therein  
Shall perish in that fatal fire.
- 15 My righteousness shall stand alone,  
My saving grace shall never move,  
The basis cannot be o'erthrown,  
The truth of my eternal love.

- 16 Hearken to me, ye souls who know  
The righteousness which faith imparts,  
And lovingly obedient shew  
The law engraven on your hearts.
- 17 Fear not the taunts of short-liv'd man,  
His feeble calumnies despise,  
Impotent all his rage, and vain,  
The threatner, while he threatens, dies.
- 18 Perishing as the garb they wear,  
Your enemies shall fade away,  
Their breath shall vanish into air,  
The worm shall on their carcass prey.
- 19 God only is unchangeable,  
My righteousness remaineth sure,  
My great salvation cannot fail,  
But shall from age to age endure.

**Part II.**<sup>15</sup>

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!  
Thine own immortal strength put on,  
With terror cloath'd the nations shake,  
And cast thy foes in fury down.
- 2 As in the antient days appear,  
The sacred annals speak thy fame,  
Be now omnipotently near,  
Thro' endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy tenfold vengeance knew to quell,  
And humble haughty Rahab's pride,  
Groan'd her pale sons thy stroke to feel,  
The first-born victims groan'd, and died.

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<sup>15</sup>Part II published previously in *HSP* (1739), 222–23.



- 4 The wounded dragon rag'd in vain,  
While bold thine utmost plague to brave,  
Madly he dar'd the parted main,  
And sunk beneath th' o'erwhelming wave.
- 5 He sunk; while Israel's chosen race  
Triumphant urge their wondrous way;  
Divinely led, the fav'rites pass  
Th' unwatry deep, and emptied sea.
- 6 At distance heap'd on either hand,  
Yielding a strange unbeaten road,  
In chrystal walls the waters stand,  
And own the arm of Israel's God.
- 7 That arm which is not shorten'd now,  
Which wants not now the power to save;  
Still present with thy people thou  
Bear'st them thro' life's disparted wave.
- 8 By earth and hell pursued in vain,  
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come,  
Shouting their heavenly Sion gain,  
And pass thro' death triumphant home.
- 9 The pain of life shall there be o'er,  
The anguish, and distracting care,  
There sighing grief shall weep no more,  
And sin shall never enter there.
- 10 Where pure essential joy is found,  
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,  
With everlasting gladness crown'd,  
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

**Part III.**

- 1 I, even I am he that cheer  
My people in distress and pain;  
How weak thy heart, O man, to fear,  
Thy feeble fellow-reptile man!
- 2 Withering as grass he fades, and dies:  
Yet hast thou been of man afraid,  
Thoughtless of God, who earth and skies  
Hath built, and keeps the worlds he made.
- 3 Th' oppressor's rage thou every day  
Hast fear'd, and trembled at his power,  
As man like God thy soul could slay,  
As hell were ready to devour.
- 4 But where is all his furious boast,  
His idle wrath, and threatening vain?  
Spite of the world and Satan's host,  
Thou dost, thou ever shalt remain.
- 5 The captive exile pines for ease,  
And trembles lest his bread should fail,  
Groans in the pit for his release,  
Least death consign his soul to hell.
- 6 But I the Lord, thy Saviour am,  
Divider of the roaring sea,  
The Lord of hosts is still my name;  
Mine arm is now stretch'd out for thee.
- 7 My Son I have for sinners given:  
Help upon thee, my Son, I place;  
Go, plant the new-made earth and heaven,  
And bring me back the ransom'd race.

- 8     Thee have I shadow'd with my hand,  
       In thee divine and human join'd,  
My messenger of peace ordain'd,  
       My gift of life to all mankind.
- 9     Thee more peculiarly I give,  
       To souls who for redemption groan,  
Say to the dying sinner, Live,  
       To Sion say, Thou art mine own!

**Part IV.**

- 1     Awake, Jerusalem, awake,  
       Thou that hast drunk the trembling cup,  
The slumber from thy spirits shake,  
       Beneath thy mighty woes stand up.
- 2     Thou that hast drunk the deadly wine  
       Of pain, astonishment, and fear,  
The last sad dregs of wrath divine;  
       Awake, and see thy Saviour near.
- 3     Of all her sons whom she brought forth,  
       Of all her sons whom Sion bred,  
Not one can help her by *his* worth,  
       Not one can his weak mother lead.
- 4     Not one attempts with pious care  
       To guide her in the paths of peace:  
Ah! Who shall Sion's burthen bear,  
       Ah! Who shall bid thy sufferings cease.
- 5     Famine, and sword, have laid thee waste;  
       Sin, the destroying angel's sword  
Throughout thy des'late land hath past,  
       Join'd with a famine of the word.

- 6 By whom shall I thy sorrows cheer?  
As a wild bull thy sons lie bound,  
And struggling in the hunter's snare,  
And bellowing thro' their spirit's wound.
- 7 Fainting in all the streets they lie,  
O'erwhelm'd beneath their guilty load,  
Rebuk'd by him they dar'd defy,  
Full of the fury of thy God.
- 8 Wherefore to thee the Lord hath said,  
(Opprest and drunk with wrath divine)  
The Lord thy God, who deigns to plead  
His people's desp'rate cause, and thine;
- 9 Lo! I thy soul have freely lov'd,  
I have display'd my mercy's power,  
The cup out of thy hands remov'd,  
And thou shalt never taste it more.
- 10 Mine indignation's dreadful cup  
The portion of thy foes shall be,  
They, they shall all the dregs drink up:  
The cup of blessing is for thee.
- 11 Thee, Sion, thee: so long compell'd  
To stoop at the oppressor's frown,  
Enslav'd by man, and forc'd to yield,  
When sin, or Satan cried, Bow down.
- 12 Poor vassal! To rebel afraid,  
Thy baseness bow'd to every lust,  
As clay thou hast thy body laid,  
And mix'd thy spirit with the dust.
- 13 But I, the righteous Lord, on all  
That tread thee down will vengeance take,  
My fury on thy sin shall fall,  
Mine arm an end of sin shall make.

- 14 Its being with its power destroy,  
The inward stumbling-block remove,  
And fill thee with unfading joy,  
And crown thee with eternal love.

V.

**The Sixty-First Chap[ter] of Isaiah.**

**[Part I.]<sup>16</sup>**

- 1 The Spirit of the Lord my God  
(Spirit of power, and health, and love)  
My Father hath on me bestow'd,  
And sent me from his throne above.
- 2 Prophet, and priest, and king of peace,  
Anointed to declare his will,  
To minister his pard'ning grace,  
And govern every soul I heal.
- 3 To sinners bruis'd, and meek, and poor,  
Good tidings of great joy t' impart,  
Sinners incurable to cure,  
And bind up every broken heart.
- 4 The royal edict to proclaim,  
Redemption for the captives found,  
Mercy for all in Jesu's name,  
And liberty to spirits bound.
- 5 Sinners, obey the heavenly call,  
Your prison-doors stand open wide,  
Go forth, for I have ransom'd all,  
For every soul of man have died.
- 6 The Lord hath sent his only Son,  
To preach his acceptable year,  
To make the joyful tidings known  
Of vengeance, and deliverance near.

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<sup>16</sup>A manuscript precursor of stanzas 1–15 appears in MS Shent, 38a–39a; stanzas 16–22 appear in MS Shent, 25a.

- 7 T' avenge them of their tyrant-foe,  
From sin, and Satan's power to turn,  
The gift of righteousness bestow,  
And kindly comfort all that mourn.
- 8 To help their grov'ling unbelief,  
Beauty for ashes to confer,  
The oil of joy for abject grief,  
Confident joy for sad despair.
- 9 'Tis mine the drooping soul to raise,  
To rescue all by sin opprest,  
To cloath them in the robes of praise,  
And give their weary spirits rest;
- 10 To make them trees of righteousness,  
The planting of the Lord below;  
Planted in honour of his grace,  
They here shall to perfection grow.
- 11 They all shall spread the gospel-hope,  
Soon as my righteousness they have,  
Shall raise the guilty sinner up,  
And sav'd themselves their brethren save.
- 12 Workers with God, they now shall rear  
The church, that long in ruins lay,  
Her desolate estate repair,  
Her antient piety's decay.
- 13 With zeal, and heavenly wisdom fill'd,  
The faithful labourers shall work on,  
Build the old wastes, the cities build,  
The souls by Satan broken down.
- 14 Strangers shall serve at your command,  
Beneath your sacred burthens bow,  
Labour for you, and till your land,  
And gladly hold the gospel-plough.

- 15 The alien's sons your vine shall dress,  
And feed your little flock and keep,  
Themselves your little flock increase,  
And play among your lambs and sheep.
- 16 Ye all my glory shall declare,  
The chosen people of your God,  
Mine image and inscription bear,  
When wash'd from all your sins in blood.
- 17 A royal race of priests divine,  
Ye all shall minister my grace,  
In prayers and free-will-offerings join,  
And sacrificial songs of praise.
- 18 To you the Gentile world shall flow,  
Their glory and their wealth resign,  
Lords are ye now of all below,  
For all is yours, when ye are mine.
- 19 With me is full redemption found,  
Ye more than justified shall be,  
Much more than sin shall grace abound,  
My people shall be all like me;
- 20 Shall glory in my saving name:  
I will remove the foul disgrace,  
And swallow up their guilty shame,  
And all their sins with blood efface.
- 21 Their glory shall their shame exceed,  
When sav'd from all indwelling sin,  
Doubly redeem'd, and free indeed,  
Their conscience, and their heart is clean.
- 22 They now of double grace possest,  
Shall all their souls in thanks employ,  
Receiv'd into my perfect rest,  
And crown'd with everlasting joy.

**Part II.**<sup>17</sup>

- 1 For I the righteous Lord, and true,  
Can only righteousness approve;  
My people all are creatures new,  
And I in them my image love.
- 2 I hate the souls that preach a lie,  
And stumble the believing race,  
My truth and holiness deny,  
T' exalt my justifying grace.
- 3 That rob me of my utmost power,  
Which would their bosom-sin remove,  
And hug it to their latest hour,  
In honour of my pard'ning love.
- 4 But will I not confirm my word,  
The purpose of my soul fulfil?  
The servant shall be as his lord,  
For who can cross my sovereign will?
- 5 I will, that they should holy be,  
Myself will lead them by the hand,  
Into the truth, the liberty,  
The glorious rest, the promis'd land.
- 6 Patience its perfect work shall have,  
They shall be all entire and whole,  
I will to all perfection\* save,  
And fill their body, spirit, soul.
- 7 Thus will I make the covenant sure,  
From them it never shall depart,  
Who feel, while pure as God is pure,  
My love, my nature in their heart.

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\* εἰς τὸ παντελές.

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<sup>17</sup>A manuscript precursor of Part II of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 26a.



- 8 Their seed by characters divine  
Shall be among the Gentiles known,  
And in a land of darkness shine,  
When all are perfected in one.
- 9 Whoe'er behold their heavenly grace,  
Their glory shining from within,  
Shall own them the peculiar race,  
Whom God hath blest from all their sin.
- 10 My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
(Then every chosen one shall cry)  
Wash'd by the water and the word,  
I triumph in the Lord most high.
- 11 My God hath sav'd me from all sin,  
His everlasting righteousness  
Into my new-born soul brought in,  
And fill'd with heavenly joy and peace.
- 12 The righteousness of saints I wear,  
Which he the King of saints hath wrought,  
Salvation from all guilt, and fear,  
From pride, and every evil thought.
- 13 Jesus my garments hath put on,  
Hath cloath'd me with the milk-white vest,  
And sanctified thro' faith alone,  
And in his glorious image drest.
- 14 He now mine inmost soul hath turn'd,  
And bid me in his nature shine,  
With every perfect gift adorn'd,  
And all my graces are divine.
- 15 With faith, and every grace beside  
He hath endow'd me from above,  
My Lamb hath deck'd me like a bride,  
And my best jewel is his love.

- 16 For as the plants in gardens grow,  
Or cultur'd lands their product yield,  
The Lord his righteousness shall shew,  
The treasure in the gospel-field.
- 17 Surely th' incorruptible seed  
Shall in our earthly hearts take root,  
Spring up in works, its branches spread,  
And holiness its golden fruit.
- 18 The Lord our God shall give th' increase,  
Shall matter for his glory find,  
And lo! The perfect righteousness  
Springs forth to gladden all mankind.

**VI.**

**The Sixty-Second Chapter of Isaiah.**<sup>18</sup>

- 1 For Sion's sake I will not cease  
In agony of prayer to cry,  
No, never will I hold my peace,  
'Till God proclaim salvation nigh:
- 2 Worthy in her great Saviour's worth  
'Till Sion doth illustrious shine,  
And as a burning lamp goes forth  
The blaze of righteousness divine.
- 3 Thy righteousness the world shall see,  
The Gentiles on thy beauty gaze,  
And all the kings of earth agree  
In wond'ring at thy glorious grace.

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<sup>18</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 168–71; and MS Shent, 40a–43a.

- 4 Thy glorious grace what tongue can tell?  
The Lord shall a new name impart,  
Th' unutterable name reveal,  
And write it on his people's heart.
- 5 Sion, for thee thy God shall care,  
And claim thee as his just reward,  
Thee for his crown of glory wear,  
The royal diadem of thy Lord.
- 6 Outcast of God and man no more,  
No more forsaken and forlorn,  
Thy desolate estate is o're,  
For God shall comfort all that mourn.
- 7 The widow'd church shall married be,  
And soon a num'rous offspring bear:  
Thy every son shall comfort thee,  
And cherish with a husband's care.
- 8 Thy duteous sons to thee shall cleave,  
The barren woman that keeps house,  
Nor ever more the bosom leave  
Of their dear mother and their spouse.
- 9 The Lord himself thy husband is,  
He bought, and claims thee for his own,  
Thy God delights to call thee his,  
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.
- 10 The joy that swells a bridegroom's breast,  
When glorying o're his long-sought bride,  
Shall swell thy God, of thee possest,  
Of thee, for whom he liv'd and dy'd.
- 11 Prophets to thee thy Lord hath rais'd,  
O holy city of our God,  
Hath on thy walls his watchmen plac'd,  
And with a trumpet-voice endued.

- 12 They cry, and never hold their peace,  
His promise day and night they plead,  
'Till God from all thy sins release,  
And make thee like thy glorious head.
- 13 Call on him now, ye watchmen call,  
Cry ye remembrancers divine,  
Give him no rest, who died for all,  
'Till all in his pure worship join:
- 14 'Till God appear the faithful God,  
And make Jerusalem a praise,  
And spread thro' all the earth abroad,  
And 'stablish her with perfect grace.
- 15 The Lord by his right-hand hath sworn,  
The arm of his almighty power,  
No more shalt thou to sin return,  
Thy en'my shall no more devour.
- 16 Satan, the world, and sin too long  
Have robb'd the children of their bread,  
Poor lab'ring souls they suffer'd wrong,  
Nor saw their legal toil succeed.
- 17 They sow'd the ground, and did not reap,  
Planted, and did not drink the wine:  
But I will comfort all that weep,  
And fill the poor with food divine.
- 18 No more shall strange desires consume  
Their holy, pure and constant joy,  
The waster pride no more shall come,  
Their gifts and graces to destroy.
- 19 Surely the faithful seed at last  
The labour of their hands shall eat,  
Shall praise the Lord, and more than taste  
The heavenly everlasting meat.

- 20 They all shall sit beneath the vine,  
In calm inviolable peace,  
And drink within my courts the wine,  
My courts of perfect holiness.
- 21 Go thro' the gates ('tis God commands)  
Workers with God, the charge obey,  
Remove whate'er his work withstands,  
Prepare, prepare his people's way.
- 22 Their even course let nothing stop,  
Cast up the way, the stones remove,  
The high and holy way cast up,  
The gospel-way of perfect love.
- 23 Lift up for all mankind to see  
The standard of their dying God,  
And point them to the shameful tree,  
The cross all-stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 24 The Lord hath glorified his grace,  
Throughout the earth proclaim'd his Son,  
Say ye to all the sinful race,  
He died for all your sins t' atone.
- 25 Sion, thy suffering God behold,  
Thy Saviour and salvation too,  
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,  
Cloath'd in a vest of bloody hue.
- 26 Himself prepares his people's hearts,  
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals,  
A mystic death, and life imparts,  
Empties the full, the emptied fills.
- 27 He fills whom first he hath prepar'd,  
With him the perfect grace is given,  
Himself is here their great reward,  
Their future and their present heaven.

- 28 They now the holy people nam'd,  
Their glorious title shall express,  
From all iniquity redeem'd,  
Fill'd with the Lord their righteousness.
- 29 A chosen, sav'd, peculiar race,  
Sion, with all thy sons thou art,  
Elect thro' sanctifying grace,  
Perfect in love, and pure in heart.
- 30<sup>19</sup> A people glorious all within,  
Now, only now, and not before,  
Born from above thou canst not sin,  
And God can never leave thee more.

## VII.

### An Hymn for Seriousness.<sup>20</sup>

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

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<sup>19</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>20</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 1–2.

- 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 indure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from the vale, to live,  
And reign with thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

### VIII.

#### The Beatitudes.

Matt[hew] v. 3–12.<sup>21</sup>

Who believes the tidings? Who  
Witnesses that God is true?  
Sees his sins and follies more  
Than the sands upon the shore;  
Sees his works with evil fraught,  
All his life a constant blot;  
Sees his heart of virtue void,  
Alien from the life of God;  
Tastes in every tainted breath  
Pride, and self,<sup>22</sup> and sin, and death!

[10]

Who, ah, who deserves to feel  
Never-ending pains in hell?

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<sup>21</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 155–60; and MS Shent, 97a–99b.

<sup>22</sup>John Wesley substituted “Pride, self-will” for “Pride, and self” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

Conscious owns the just desert  
Of his life, and of his heart?  
Trembling views his long-sought hire,  
Vengeance of eternal fire?  
Who hath fruitless toil bestow'd  
To appease the wrath of God?  
Vain is all thy toil and care,  
Vain all nature's treasures are, [20]  
More to buy one soul it cost,  
More to save a spirit lost.

What then wilt thou, canst thou do?  
Canst thou form thyself anew?  
Canst thou cleanse a filthy heart,  
Life to the dead soul impart?  
Canst thou thy lost powers restore,  
Rise, go forth, and sin no more?

Never, never can it be,  
God alone can set thee free! [30]  
God alone the work hath done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
God alone the price hath paid,  
All thy sins on him were laid.  
Happy soul, from guilt set free,  
Jesus died for thee, for thee!  
Jesus does for thee atone,  
Points thee to th' eternal crown,  
Speaks to thee the kingdom given,  
Kingdom of an inward heaven, [40]  
Glorious joy, unutter'd peace,  
All victorious righteousness.

Why then do thy fears return?  
Yet again why dost thou mourn?  
Whence the clouds that round thee roll?  
Whence the doubts that tear thy soul?  
Why are all thy comforts fled?  
"Sin revives, and I am dead."



Dead alas! Thou art within,  
 Still remains the inbred sin, [50]  
 Dead within thou surely art,  
 Still unclean remains thy heart;  
 Pride and self<sup>23</sup> are still behind,  
 Still the earthly carnal mind,  
 The untam'd rebellious will,  
 Foe to good, enslav'd to ill;  
 Still the nature unrenew'd,  
 Alien from the life of God.

Mourn awhile for God thy rest,  
 God will soon pronounce thee blest, [60]  
 Soon the Comforter will come,  
 Fix in thee his constant home,  
 With thy heart his witness bear  
 Strong, and permanent, and clear:  
 All thy griefs shall then be gone,  
 Doubt, and fear no more be known,  
 Holy love thy heart possess,  
 Silent joy, and steadfast peace,  
 Peace that never can decay,  
 Joy that none can take away. [70]

Happy soul, as silver tried,  
 Silver seven times purified,  
 Love hath broke the rock of stone,  
 All thy hardness melted down,  
 Wrath, and pride, and hatred cease,  
 All thy heart is gentleness.  
 Let the waves around thee rise,  
 Let the tempest threat the skies,  
 Calm thou ever art within,  
 All unruffled, all serene: [80]  
 Thy sure anchor cannot fail,  
 Enter'd now within the veil;  
 Glad this earth thou canst resign:  
 The new heavens and earth are thine.

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<sup>23</sup>John Wesley substituted "Pride alas is" for "Pride and self are" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

Why then heave again thy sighs,  
Heir of all in earth and skies?  
Still thou feel'st the root within,  
Bitter root of inbred sin;  
Nature still in thee hath part,  
Unrenew'd is still thy heart, [90]  
Still thy heart is unrenew'd,  
Alien from the life of God:  
Hence with secret earnest moans,  
Deep unutterable groans,  
Day and night thy ceaseless cries  
To the mercy-seat arise;  
"Come, thou holy God and true!  
Come, and my whole heart renew;  
Take me now, possess me whole,  
Form the Saviour in my soul, [100]  
In my heart thy name reveal,  
Stamp me with thy Spirit's seal,  
Change my nature into thine,  
In me thy whole image shine:  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Fill me with thy fulness now."  
Happy soul, thy suit is won,  
As thou wilt it shall be done.

Happy soul, who now renew'd,  
God in thee, and thou in God, [110]  
Only feel'st within thee move  
Tenderness, compassion, love,  
Love immense, and unconfin'd,  
Love to all of humankind,  
Love, which willeth all should live,  
Love, which all to all would give,  
Love, that over all prevails,  
Love, that never, never fails:  
Stand secure, for thou shalt prove  
All th' eternity of love. [120]

Happy soul, from self and sin<sup>24</sup>  
Clean, ev'n as thy Lord is clean,  
God hath made thy footsteps sure,  
Purified as he is pure.  
God thou dost in all things see;  
God is all in all to thee;  
Heaven above, and earth abroad,  
All to thee is full of God.

Happy soul, whose active love  
Emulates the blest above, [130]  
In thy every action seen,  
Sparkling from the soul within:  
Thou to every sufferer nigh,  
Hearest, not in vain, the cry  
Of the widow in distress,  
Of the poor and fatherless!  
Rayment thou to all that need,  
To the hungry deal'st thy bread,  
To the sick thou giv'st relief,  
Sooth'st the hapless prisoner's grief, [140]  
The weak hands thou liftest up,  
Bid'st the helpless mourners hope,  
Giv'st to those in darkness light,  
Guid'st the weary wanderer right,  
Break'st the roaring lion's teeth,  
Sav'st the sinner's soul from death;  
Happy thou, for God doth own  
Thee, his well-beloved son.

Let the sons of Belial rage,  
Let all hell its powers engage, [150]  
Brand with infamy thy name,  
Put thee to an open shame;  
Let earth's comforts be with-drawn,  
Parents, kindred, friends be gone;  
Naked didst thou hither come?  
Naked let them send thee home:

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<sup>24</sup>John Wesley substituted "from every sin" for "from self and sin" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

Happy, O thrice happy thou,  
Seal'd unto redemption now!  
Let thy soul with transport swell  
Glorious and unspeakable;  
All in earth thou well hast given,  
God is thy reward in heaven.

[160]

**IX.**  
**Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.**  
**[Hymn I.]<sup>25</sup>**

- 1 And have I measur'd half my days,  
And half my journey run,  
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,  
Nor yet my work begun?
- 2 The morning of my life is past,  
The noon almost is o'er,  
The night of death approaches fast,  
When I can work no more.
- 3 O what a length of wretched years  
Have I liv'd out in vain!  
How fruitless all my toils and tears!  
I am not born again.
- 4 Evil and sad my days have been,  
And all a painful void,  
For still I am not sav'd from sin;  
For still I know not God.
- 5 Darkness he makes his secret place,  
Thick clouds surround his throne:  
Nor can I yet behold his face,  
Or find the GOD UNKNOWN.

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<sup>25</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 110a–110b.

- 6 A God that hides himself he is,  
Far off from mortal sight,  
An inaccessible abyss  
Of uncreated light.
- 7 Far off he is, yet always near,  
He fills both earth and heaven,  
But doth not to my soul appear,  
My soul from Eden driven.
- 8 O'er earth a banish'd man I rove,  
But cannot feel him nigh;  
Where is the pardning God of love,  
Who stoop'd for me to die?
- 9 I sought him in the secret cell,  
With unavailing care,  
Long did I in the desert dwell,  
Nor could I find him there.
- 10 Still every means in vain I try,  
I seek him far and near,  
Where'er I come, constrain'd to cry  
My Saviour is not here.
- 11 God is in this, in every place:  
Yet O! How dark and void  
To me! 'Tis one great wilderness,  
This earth without my God!
- 12 Empty of him, who all things fills,  
'Till he his light impart!  
'Till he his glorious self reveals,  
The veil is on my heart.
- 13 O thou who seest and knowst my grief,  
Thyself unseen unknown,  
Pity my helpless unbelief,  
And take away the stone.

- 14    Regard me with a gracious eye,  
          The long-sought blessing give,  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
          Behold thy face and live.
- 15    A darker soul did never yet  
          Thy promis'd help implore:  
O that I now my Lord might meet,  
          And never lose him more!
- 16    Now, Jesus, now the Father's love  
          Shed in my heart abroad,  
The middle-wall of sin remove,  
          And let me into God.

**X.**

**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**

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

- 1    Author of faith, to thee I cry,  
      To thee who wouldst not have me die,  
          But know the truth and live:  
Open mine eyes to see thy face,  
Work in my heart the saving grace,  
      The life eternal give.
- 2    Shut up in unbelief I groan,  
      And blindly serve a God unknown,  
          'Till thou the veil remove,  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And write thy name upon my heart,  
      And manifest thy love.
- 3    I know the work is only thine,  
      The gift of faith is all divine;  
          But if on thee we call,  
Thou wouldst the benefit bestow,  
And give us hearts to feel, and know  
      That thou hast died for all.

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<sup>26</sup>Published previously in *Short View of the Difference Between the Moravian Brethren and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley* (London: Strahan, 1745), 17. A manuscript precursor appears in MS Shent, 111b.

- 4    Thou bidst us knock, and enter in,  
      Come unto thee, and rest from sin,  
          The blessing seek, and find;  
      Thou bidst us ask thy grace, and have,  
      Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save  
          Both me, and all mankind.
- 5    Be it according to thy word,  
      Now let me find my pard'ning Lord,  
          Let what I ask be given;  
      The bar of unbelief remove,  
      Open the door of faith and love,  
          And take me into heaven.

**XI.**  
**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**  
**Hymn III.<sup>27</sup>**

- 1    Out of the iron furnace, Lord,  
      To thee for help I cry,  
      I listen to thy warning word,  
          And would from Egypt fly.
- 2    Long have I bow'd to sin's command,  
      But now I would be free,  
      'Scape from the dire oppressor's land,  
          And live, O God, to thee.
- 3    Hast thou not surely seen my grief?  
      Hast thou not heard me groan?  
      O hasten then to my relief,  
          In pitying love come down.
- 4    From Pharaoh, and th' Egyptian's power  
      Redeem a wretched slave;  
      Thou canst redeem me in this hour,  
          Thou wilt the sinner save.

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<sup>27</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Clarke, 209; and MS Shent, 101a.

- 5 Now, Lord, relieve my misery,  
Stretch out thy mighty hand,  
Drown all my sins in the Red Sea,  
And bring me safe to land.
- 6 Strength in the Lord my righteousness,  
And pardon I receive,  
And holy joy, and quiet peace  
The moment I believe.

**XII.**

**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**

**Hymn IV.**

**At Waking.**

- 1 Again my mournful sighs  
Prevent the rising morn,  
Again my wishful eyes  
Look out for his return:  
I weep, and languish for relief,  
And long my Lord to find,  
But wake alas! To all the grief,  
And load I left behind.
- 2 O depth of sad distress,  
When shall my sorrows end!  
When will the Prince of Peace  
Declare himself my friend?  
Or must I thus for ever cry  
In hopeless misery,  
My God, my God, and Saviour, why  
Hast thou forsaken me!
- 3 Is there no balm of love  
Within thy bosom found,  
My anguish to remove,  
And heal my spirit's wound?



Or wilt thou, Lord, my cure disclaim,  
Who need of healing have?  
Because the sinner's chief I am,  
Wilt thou refuse to save?

4 Most helpless is my soul  
Of all the sin-sick race,  
Thou therefore make it whole,  
In honour of thy grace:  
More honour will thy grace receive  
By freely pardning me,  
Than if ten thousand sinners live,  
Converted all to thee.

5 Come then, and shew thine art,  
Physician most divine,  
Bind up my broken heart,  
Pour in thy oil and wine,  
Into my heart the Spirit pour  
Of love, and joy, and peace,  
To perfect health my soul restore,  
To perfect holiness.

**XIII.**

**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**

**Hymn V.**

1 What tongue alas! Can tell  
The trouble and the grief,  
The shame and fear I feel,  
In hopeless unbelief!  
In ceaseless groans  
My soul bemoans  
Its perfect misery:  
Thou pardning God,  
Remove my load,  
Or at thy feet I die.

2 Why should I longer live  
In unavailing pain?  
Thy will is not to grieve  
The helpless sons of men:  
Send from above  
Thy saving love,  
And take me up on high,  
Thou pard'ning God,  
Remove my load,  
Or at thy feet I die.

3 What shall a sinner say  
Thy pity to incline?  
In Jesu's name I pray  
Forgive this soul of mine,  
For Jesus' sake  
Compassion take,  
And freely justify,  
Thou pardning God,  
Remove my load,  
Or at thy feet I die.

4 Father of mercies hear,  
In answer to my moan,  
Thy helpless mourner chear,  
And give me to thy Son;  
'Till thou restore  
My peace and power,  
This shall be all my cry,  
Thou pardning God,  
Remove my load,  
Or at thy feet I die.

**XIV.**  
**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**  
**Hymn VI.**

- 1     How long, thou hidden God unknown,  
          Wilt thou thy mournful creature see,  
Distrest, and dark; yet wandring on,  
          And blindly feeling after thee,  
Thee, whom I cannot yet attain,  
Thee, whom I seem to seek in vain.
  
- 2     An outcast from thy blissful face,  
          Stranger to peace, and faith, and power,  
I ask, nor have thy pardning grace,  
          I knock at faith's unopen'd door,  
Nor can I yet admitted be,  
But still the door is shut to me.
  
- 3     What is it makes my Saviour stay,  
          So strong, and ready to redeem?  
Can Jesus will th' unkind delay,  
          Or cast me out who come to him,  
Or not the secret bar remove,  
If still I stop his pardning love?
  
- 4     He will, I dare believe, he will  
          His way into my heart prepare:  
But let me wait thy leisure still,  
          My passionate complaints forbear,  
And give my rash impatience o'er,  
And *murmur* for relief no more.
  
- 5     When my relief shall most display  
          Thy glory in thy creature's good,  
Then, Saviour, take the veil away,  
          Sprinkle me with th' atoning blood,

The power of living faith impart,  
And breathe thy love into my heart.

**XV.**

**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**  
**Hymn VII.**

- 1 Jesu, the promis'd strength supply,  
Support my feeble, fainting mind,  
Nor let me in the winter fly,  
But seek, 'till I acceptance find,  
But ask, 'till I am sav'd from sin,  
And knock, 'till mercy takes me in.
- 2 Sufficient is the season past,  
That I have griev'd thy gentle Dove,  
Flew out in unbelieving haste,  
And *clamour'd* for thy pardning love,  
And rav'd, and murmur'd to be free,  
As God were bound to wait on me.
- 3 In base mistrust of finding God,  
No more thy gospel I deny,  
Sit down content beneath my load,  
Or with the world of liars cry,  
"We *need* not know our sins forgiven,  
Or *feel* his love, the pledge of heaven."
- 4 I must, I shall be born again,  
And perfect holiness below;  
For this I wait in patient pain,  
Nor is it mine the times to know,  
But thou hast died to ransom me,  
And all my soul is cast on thee.

**XVI.**  
**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**  
**Hymn VIII.**

- 1 O thou hidden God unknown,  
Hear thy fallen creature's cry,  
Now recall thy banish'd one,  
One who would on thee rely:  
But 'till thou thy Spirit give,  
Lord, I never can believe.
- 2 Dead in sin too long I was,  
Blindest when I said I see;  
Thou hast magnified thy grace,  
Shew'd my want of faith and thee,  
Shone into my nature's night,  
Bad me wait to see thy light.
- 3 Stript of all my boasted power  
Now myself I cannot save,  
Cannot hasten the glad hour;  
Only this from thee I have,  
Sin and unbelief to feel,  
Both, alas! Invincible.
- 4 Conscious of my unbelief,  
Sweetly now for thee I mourn,  
Taste the blessedness of grief,  
To my mighty fortress turn,  
Prisoner I of gospel hope  
For thyself to thee look up.
- 5 Token of thy richest grace  
I my poverty receive,  
Sure thou wilt unveil thy face,  
Sure thou wilt the blessing give,  
Faith that seals my sins forgiven,  
Faith the earnest of *my* heaven.

**XVII.**  
**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**  
**Hymn IX.**

- 1 O thou of whom I oft have heard,  
    Heard with the hearing of the ear,  
But never truly lov'd, or fear'd,  
    But never found thee present here,  
Come to my poor, my faithless heart,  
And kindly tell me who thou art.
  
- 2 A spirit dark, and damn'd I am,  
    Sorrow and sin and I are one,  
Weigh'd down with grief, and guilt and shame,  
    Out of the deep I cry and groan,  
Nor know I where relief to find;  
Shew me thou Saviour of mankind.
  
- 3 No smallest motion can I make,  
    Toward heaven, and happiness, and thee;  
But save me for thy mercy sake,  
    Thy mercy most divinely free  
Be on this harden'd rebel shew'd,  
In honour of the dying God.
  
- 4 The cause is all in thee alone,  
    It lies within thy tender breast,  
To hell in anger send me down,  
    Or give my lab'ring spirit rest,  
Redeem me from th' infernal grave,  
And shew forth all thy power to save.
  
- 5 Look not on me, a beast, a fiend,  
    All-wrath, all-passion, and all-pride,  
But see thyself, the sinner's friend,  
    The Son of man, the crucified,  
The God that left his throne above,  
The bleeding Prince of Peace, and love.

- 6     Why did thy love submit to die,  
        If not to save apostate man,  
Ah! Let thy bowels answer, Why  
        Made capable of mortal pain,  
Did God his precious life resign,  
If not from death to ransom mine!
- 7     Thy only dying love I plead,  
        Stronger than death thy love to me:  
If thou couldst suffer in my stead,  
        Thou canst from sin and misery  
My poor expiring soul lift up,  
And bid the chief of sinners hope.
- 8     Ev'n now thou bidst my fears depart,  
        I hope to know my sins forgiven,  
I hope to find thee in my heart,  
        And taste that antepast of heaven,  
I hope to feel thy blood applied,  
Since thou for me, for me hast died.

**XVIII.**

**[Hymns for One Convinc'd of Unbelief.]**

**Hymn X.**

- 1     Peace, doubting heart! Hath God begun,  
        And brought me to the birth in vain?  
Will Jesus leave his work undone,  
        Or slight his sin-sick creature's pain,  
My want of faith so kindly shew,  
And not the precious gift bestow?
- 2     Away my fond and needless fears,  
        That I shall seek, and never find,  
Shall lose, my unavailing tears  
        O'er-look'd of God, and left behind,  
Shall sue for grace, unanswer'd I,  
And groan, 'till I in Egypt die!

- 3 Who ever ask'd for help in vain,  
Or weary sunk beneath his load,  
Or knock'd, but could not entrance gain?  
Or hopeless died *in* seeking God,  
Nor could at last acceptance meet,  
But perish'd at his Saviour's feet?
- 4 His truth and love are on my side,  
And stand engag'd to make me blest,  
I shall be freely justified,  
I shall obtain the promis'd rest,  
With eyes of faith *my* Jesus see,  
And feel that he hath died for me.

**XIX.**  
**Desiring to Love.**  
**[Hymn I.]<sup>28</sup>**

- 1 Still, Lord, I languish for thy grace,  
Unveil the beauties of thy face,  
The middle-wall remove,  
Appear, and banish my complaint,  
Come, and supply mine only want,  
Fill all my soul with love.
- 2 Accurst without thy love I am,  
I bear my punishment, and shame,  
And droop my guilty head,  
Unchang'd, unhallow'd, unrestor'd,  
I do not love my bleeding Lord;  
No other hell I need.
- 3 O conquer this rebellious will,  
(Willing thou art, and ready still,  
Thy help is always nigh)  
The stony from my heart remove,  
And give me, Lord, O give me love,  
Or at thy feet I die.

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<sup>28</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 65a–65b; and MS Thirty, 8–9.



- 4 Whither, ah! Whither should I go?  
Nothing is worth a thought below;  
Yet while on earth I stay,  
O let me here my station keep,  
And wash thy feet with tears, and weep,  
And weep my life away.
- 5 To thee I lift my mournful eye,  
Why am I thus? O tell me why  
Cannot I love my God?  
The hindrance must be all in me,  
It cannot in my Saviour be,  
Witness that streaming blood!
- 6 It cost thy blood my heart to win,  
To buy me from the power of sin,  
And make me love again;  
Come then, dear<sup>29</sup> Lord, thy right assert,  
Take to thyself my ransom'd heart,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

**XX.**  
**[Desiring to Love.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>30</sup>

- 1 Thou lovely Lamb, who on the tree  
Shed'st thy last drop of blood for me,  
My sufferings to remove,  
Low in the dust I lie, and mourn,  
That I can make thee no return  
For all thy waste of love.
- 2 'Tis all thy loving heart's desire,  
That I thy fulness should require,  
And with my mis'ry part;  
Thy Spirit strives to set me free,  
The Father's wisdom speaks in thee,  
"My Son, give me thy heart."

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<sup>29</sup>John Wesley substituted "my" for "dear" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>30</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 131a–131b; and MS Thirty, 10–12.

- 3     What is it, Lord, that keeps me back?  
      What is it which for thy dear sake  
          I would not now forego?  
      Pleasure, or wealth, or life, or fame?  
      Thou knowst, no more my wishes aim  
          At happiness below.
- 4     I dread the human face divine,  
      I want no other love than thine,  
          All-lovely as thou art:  
      I view thy creatures with disdain:  
      Tear them away, let Jesus reign  
          The monarch of my heart.
- 5     I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,  
      Willing I *seem* my all to leave,  
          So I might purchase thee:  
      What is it then that holds me still?  
      My own, my own, and not the will  
          Of him who died for me.
- 6     It must be so; in me alone  
      It stands; some cursed thing unknown  
          Compels my Lord to stay;  
      I will not suffer him to save,  
      Some mystery of sin I have,  
          That bars the Saviour's way.
- 7     Shame on my soul! The dire disgrace  
      Covers with guilty shame my face,  
          And presses down my soul;  
      Hardly compell'd, I now confess,  
      I love, and cherish my disease,  
          And will not be made whole.
- 8     The Saviour God of love I clear,  
      Who justifies is always near,

And waits his grace to shew,  
But I, the stubborn rebel I,  
Far from his arms of mercy fly,  
And will not Jesus know.

- 9 Here then beneath my curse I stoop,  
I give my false pretensions up,  
Death's sentence I receive,  
Guilty before my God I am,  
I justify the angry Lamb,  
He would have had me live.
- 10 I would not live, and therefore go,  
Self-plung'd in gulphs of endless woe,  
I go to second death;  
And let me now to Tophet fall,  
Unless the God, who died for all,  
Still spreads his arms beneath.

**XXI.**

**[Desiring to Love.]**

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

- 1 O Saviour, cast a pitying eye,  
A sinner at thy feet I lie,  
And will not hence depart,  
'Till thou regard my ceaseless moan;  
O speak, and take away the stone,  
The unbelieving heart:
- 2 'Till thou the mountain-load remove,  
I groan beneath my want of love;  
O hear my bitter cry:  
Without thy love I cannot live,  
Give, Jesu, friend of sinners, give  
Me love, or else I die.
- 3 Dost thou not all my sufferings know,  
Dost thou not see mine eyes o'erflow,

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<sup>31</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 132a–132b; and MS Thirty, 85–87.

My lab'ring bosom move?  
Why do I all this burthen bear?  
Need I to thee the cause declare?  
Thou knowst, I cannot love.

- 4 This is my sin and misery,  
I always find thy love to me,  
Seal'd by thy precious blood,  
And yet I make thee no return,  
I only for my baseness mourn,  
I cannot love my God.
- 5 The world admire my mystic grief,  
And torture me with vain relief,  
And cruel kindness shew;  
They bid me give my wailings o'er,  
And weep and vex myself no more  
For one they never knew.
- 6 My Father's children feel my care,  
With kind concern my cross they bear,  
And in my sorrows join;  
The suffering members sympathize,  
And grieve my griefs, and sigh my sighs,  
And mix their tears with mine.
- 7 But all in vain for me they grieve,  
Their sufferings cannot mine relieve,  
Or mitigate my pain:  
No answer to their prayers they see,  
And prevalent with God for me  
They seem to pray in vain.
- 8 Thou then, O God, thine hand lay to,  
And let me all the means look thro',  
And trust to thee alone,  
To thee alone for all things trust,  
And say, (let me be sav'd or lost)<sup>32</sup>  
Thine only will be done.

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<sup>32</sup>John Wesley suggests changing this line to "And say to this who savest that" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

**XXII.**  
**[Desiring to Love.]**  
**Hymn IV.<sup>33</sup>**

- 1 O Jesu, let me kiss<sup>34</sup> thy name!  
All sin alas! Thou knowst I am,  
But thou all pity art;  
Turn unto flesh my heart of stone,  
Such power belongs to thee alone,  
Turn into flesh my heart.
- 2 A poor unloving wretch to thee  
For help against myself I flee;  
Thou only canst remove  
The hindrances out of thy way,  
And soften my unyielding clay,  
And mould it into love.
- 3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad  
The love, the perfect love of God,  
In this cold heart of mine!  
O might he now descend, and rest,  
And dwell forever in my breast,  
And make me all divine.
- 4 What shall I do my suit to gain?  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
I plead what thou hast done:  
Didst thou not die the death for me?  
Jesu, remember Calvary,  
And break this heart of stone.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,  
My friend, and advocate with God,  
My ransom and my peace,  
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,  
For all my sins atonement made,  
The Lord my righteousness.

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<sup>33</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 128a–128b; and MS Thirty, 180–81.

<sup>34</sup>John Wesley substituted “bless” for “kiss” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 6     Why didst thou leave thy throne above,  
       But that the secret of thy love  
          Might to my soul be known?  
       Hast thou not giv'n thyself for me,  
       That I might only live to thee,  
          Might die to thee alone?
- 7     Be it according to thy will,  
       In me thy mystic love reveal,  
          And all in earth and heaven  
       Shall own that I their love outvie:  
       There's none can love so much as I,  
          None hath so much forgiven.

**XXIII.**  
**[Desiring to Love.]**  
**Hymn V.<sup>35</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 were shed abroad  
          In this poor stony heart!  
       For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
       This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
          Be mine this better part.

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<sup>35</sup>Published previously in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 47–49. Manuscript precursors appear in MS Shent, 129a–129b; and MS Thirty, 6–7.

- 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 knowst (for all to thee is known)  
Thou knowst, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Thou knowst that thee I love.
- 6 O that I could with favour'd 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<sup>36</sup> 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.

**XXIV.**  
**[Desiring to Love.]**  
**Hymn VI.**<sup>37</sup>

- 1 O thou, who hast redeem'd of old,  
And bidst me of thy strength take hold,  
And be at peace with thee,  
Help me thy benefits to own,  
And hear me tell what thou hast done,  
O dying Lamb, for me.

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<sup>36</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>37</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 130a–130b; and MS Thirty, 17–19.

- 2 Out of myself for help I go,  
Thy only love resolv'd to know,  
Thy love my plea I make:  
Give me thy love; 'tis all I claim:  
Give for the honour of thy name,  
Give for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Canst thou deny thy love to me?  
Say, thou incarnate deity,  
Thou Man of Sorrows, say:  
Thy glory why didst thou inshrine  
In such a clod of earth as mine,  
And wrap thee in my clay?
- 4 Antient of days, why didst thou come,  
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,  
Contracted to a span?  
Flesh of our flesh why wast thou made,  
And humbly in a manger laid,  
The new-born Son of man?
- 5 Why didst thou in this vale of tears,  
For more than thirty mournful years,  
A life of sufferings lead?  
Why did thine eyes with tears o'erflow?  
Why wouldst thou chuse to want below  
A place to lay thy head?
- 6 Love, only love, thy heart inclin'd,  
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,  
Down from thy throne above:  
Love made my God a man of grief,  
Distress'd thee sore for my relief:  
O mystery of love!
- 7 To fill my soul it emptied thee,  
It made thee poor, that I might be



Enrich'd with every grace:  
Love made thee to thy Father cry,  
And hid his face from thee, that I  
Might always see his face.

8 Quite from the manger to the cross  
Thy life one scene of sufferings was,  
And all sustain'd for me:  
O strange excess of love divine!  
Jesus, was ever love like thine!  
Answer me from that tree!

9 If thou couldst stoop for me to die,  
Surely thou wouldst that I, ev'n I,  
Thy death's effect should prove;  
Then help me for thy mercy's sake,  
To weep, believe, and pay thee back  
Thy dear expiring love.

10 Because thou lov'dst, and dy'dst<sup>38</sup> for me,  
Cause me, my Jesus, to love thee,  
And gladly to resign  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;  
My life be all with thine the same,  
And all thy death be mine.

**XXV.**

**For a Dying Unconverted Sinner.**<sup>39</sup>

1 Now, sinner, now what is thy hope?  
Canst thou with confidence look up,  
And see the angel nigh?  
Is death a messenger of peace?  
And dost thou long for thy release?  
And art thou fit to die?

2 Say, if prepar'd for death thou art,  
What means that fault'ring of thy heart,

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<sup>38</sup>Ori., "di'dst"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>39</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 69–72; MS Clarke, 77–80; and MS Shent, 143a–144a.

That inly-stifled groan?  
Why shrinks thy soul with guilty fear,  
And loudly warn'd of judgment near  
Starts from a God unknown?

- 3 Whither, ah! Whither must thou go?  
Poor dying wretch, thou dost not know,  
Doubtful so near thine end;  
Doubtful with whom thou first shalt meet,  
Who first thy parting soul shall greet,  
An angel, or a fiend.
- 4 Where wilt thou ease, or comfort take!  
Now to thy harmless life look back,  
From outward vice so free;  
Bring all thy works, and seeming good  
To ballance with thy guilty load,  
And let them plead for thee.
- 5 Alas! They cannot buy thy peace,  
The rags of thy own righteousness  
They cannot screen thy shame:  
Full of all inward sin thou art,  
Anger, and lust, and pride of heart;  
And Legion is thy name.
- 6 Now let thy best endeavours plead,  
Now lean upon that feeble reed;  
Thou who hast liv'd so well!  
Thy dying weight it cannot bear,  
But breaks, and leaves thee to despair,  
And lets thee sink to hell.
- 7 Now wilt thou mock the sons of God,  
Who felt the Saviour's sprinkled blood,  
And own'd their sins forgiven!  
Tell them, their peace they cannot feel,  
The glorious hope, the Spirit's seal,  
The antepast of heaven.

- 8     Hast thou receiv'd the Holy Ghost?  
      Poor Christless soul, undone, and lost,  
          Already damn'd thou art:  
      Now tell thy Lord, It cannot be;  
      He did not buy the grace for thee,  
          To dwell within thy heart.
- 9     His inspiration now blaspheme,  
      And call it all a madman's dream,  
          That God in man should dwell;  
      Th' enthusiastic scheme explode,  
      That souls should here be fill'd with God:  
          Go laugh at saints in hell!
- 10    Ah! No; thy laughter ceases there,  
      Doom'd with apostate fiends to share  
          The unbeliever's hire;  
      There thou shalt die the second death,  
      And gnaw thy tongue, and gnash thy teeth,  
          And welter in that fire.
- 11    Alas! Thy gracious<sup>40</sup> day is past:  
      The wrath is come: what hope at last  
          The sentence to repeal?  
      No longer thy damnation sleeps,  
      The soul from off thy quivering lips  
          Is starting into hell.
- 12    But if thou nothing hast to plead,  
      Behold in this thy greatest need  
          An Advocate is nigh;  
      Ask him to undertake thy cause,  
      The man that hung upon the cross,  
          And deign'd for thee to die.
- 13    See him between the dying thieves,  
      His grace the parting soul relieves

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<sup>40</sup>“Gracious” was changed to “glorious” in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755), perhaps by mistake. It was restored by hand to “gracious” in John Wesley’s personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn.

Ev'n at its latest hour:  
Ask, and his grace shall reach to thee,  
"Jesus, my King, remember me,  
Display thy mercy's power.

- 14 "Thee for my Lord, and God I own,  
With pity see me from thy throne,  
And though my body dies,  
My soul, if thou thy Spirit give,  
My happy soul to day shall live,  
With thee in paradise."

**XXVI.**

**Another [For a Dying Unconverted Sinner].<sup>41</sup>**

- 1 And must thou perish in thy blood,  
A wretched soul that knows not God,  
A child of Satan thou!  
Thy foes, and fears, and sins prevail;  
Arrested by the pains of hell,  
Where is thy refuge now!
- 2 Caught in the toils of death thou art,  
All-unrenew'd and foul thy heart,  
And fill'd with guilty fear:  
See there! The king of fears is come!  
Prepare to meet thine instant doom,  
Before thy God appear.
- 3 Vain are thy tears and late remorse;  
The tyrant sits on his pale horse,  
Devourer of mankind,  
Attended by a ghastly train,  
Sorrow, astonishment, and pain,  
And hell comes close behind.
- 4 Ready to pierce thy trembling heart,  
The grisly terror shakes his dart,

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<sup>41</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 44–46; MS Clarke, 49–51; and MS Shent, 145a–145b.

And hell expects its prey!  
Ready a troop of devils stands  
To take thee from the monster's hands,  
And hurry thee away.

5 What hope, or help remains for thee?  
Poor desp'rate soul, and can it be  
That thou should'st mercy find?  
Ask him, who spilt his precious blood,  
To buy, and bring thee back to God,  
To ransom all mankind.

6 Call, on the name of Jesus call,  
Ask, if he did not die for all,  
That all might turn and live?  
Call on him in this latest hour;  
Hell is not readier to devour,  
Than Jesus to forgive.

7 Sufficient is his grace for thee:  
Straitned for time he cannot be;  
Thy dying groan he hears:  
Jesus is mighty to redeem;  
A day, a moment's space, with him  
Is as a thousand years.

8 Call on him, and he yet shall save,  
"Redeem my spirit from the grave,  
The gulf that yawns beneath,  
Jesu, reverse my fearful doom,  
O snatch me from the wrath to come,  
The everlasting death.

9 "Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart;  
One drop, if thou the grace impart,  
Shall move my guilty load,  
From every spot of sin set free;  
Speak all-atoning blood for me,  
Cry in the ears of God!

10 “Father, if now thou hear’st it cry,  
Now let it in my heart reply,  
And shew my sins forgiven;  
Thou canst—thou dost—this moment save:  
’Tis finish’d! I my passport have—  
Lead on, lead on to heaven!”

**XXVII.**

**For a Sick Friend in Darkness.**<sup>42</sup>

1 Come, Lord, come quickly from above,  
The object of thy bleeding love  
Is sick, and wants thine aid;  
Lover of every helpless soul,  
O let thy pity make him whole,  
Whose mind on thee is stay’d.

2 His only trust is in thy blood,  
Thou sinner’s Advocate with God,  
Thou all-atoning Lamb,  
The virtue of thy death impart,  
Speak comfort to his drooping heart,  
And tell him all thy name.

3 Give him thy pardning love to feel,  
And freely his backslidings heal,  
Repair his faith’s decay;  
Restore the sweetness of thy grace,  
Reveal the glories of thy face,  
And take his sins away.

4 Speak, Lord, and let him find thee near,  
O bid him now be of good chear,  
Declare his sins forgiven,  
Return, thou Prince of Peace, return,  
Thou Comforter of all that mourn,  
And look him into heaven.

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<sup>42</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 158a; and MS Thirty, 120–21.

**XXVIII.**

**Another [For a Sick Friend in Darkness].<sup>43</sup>**

- 1 O Lord, our strength and righteousness,  
Our hope, and refuge in distress,  
Our Saviour, and our God,  
See here, an helpless sinner see,  
Sick, and in pain he gasps to thee,  
And waits to feel thy blood.
- 2 In sickness make thou all his bed,  
Thy hand support his fainting head,  
His feeble soul defend;  
Teach him on thee to cast his care,  
And all his grief and burthen bear,  
And love him to the end.
- 3 If now thy will his soul require,  
O sit as a refiner's fire,  
And purge it first from sin;  
Thy love hath quicker wings than death;  
The fulness of thy Spirit breathe,  
And bring thy nature in.
- 4 If in the vale of tears thy will  
Appoints him to continue still,  
O sanctify his pain,  
And let him patiently submit,  
To suffer as thy love sees fit,  
And never once complain.
- 5 O let him look to thee alone,  
(That all thy will on him be done  
His only pleasure be)  
Alike resign'd, to live, or die,  
As most thy name may glorify,  
To live or die to thee.

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<sup>43</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 158a–158b; and MS Thirty, 121–22.

**XXIX.**  
**For One in Doubt.**  
**[Hymn I.]<sup>44</sup>**

- 1 Ah! Woe is me, condemn'd to bear  
The living death of lingring hope;  
In vain I labour to despair,  
To give my life, my Saviour up,  
Still on the rack of doubt I lie,  
Nor can I live, nor can I die.
- 2 Is there a soul on this side hell,  
So fallen, and so foul as mine!  
But O! 'Tis just whate'er I feel  
I dare not at my doom repine,  
More I deserve, if more can be,  
His plagues are all too light for me.
- 3 Yet let me urge my one request,  
Most foul, and fallen as I am,  
I ask not, Lord, relief and rest,  
But end, or plunge me in my shame,  
Now, Saviour, now conclude the strife,  
And turn the scale for death, or life.
- 4 Ah! Do not let me longer live  
Stretch'd on this rack of doubt and fear,  
Against, or with me sentence give,  
My judge, or Advocate appear,  
Now, let me now thy pleasure feel,  
And rise to heaven, or sink to hell.

**XXX.**  
**[For One in Doubt.]**  
**Hymn II.<sup>45</sup>**

- 1 Still, O Lord, for thee I tarry,  
Full of sorrows, sins, and wants;  
Thee, and all thy saints I weary  
With my sad but vain complaints;

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<sup>44</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 47; and MS Clarke, 53.

<sup>45</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 52–53; and MS Clarke, 58–59.



Sawn asunder by temptation,  
Tortur'd by distracting care,  
Kill'd by doubts' severe vexation,  
Sorer evil than despair.

2 Will the fight be never over?  
Will the ballance never turn?  
Still 'twixt life and death I hover,  
Bear what is not to be borne;  
Who can bear a wounded spirit?  
Whither must my spirit go?  
Shall I heaven or hell inherit?  
Let me die my doom to know.

3 All in vain for death I languish,  
Death from his pursuer flies:  
Still I feel the gnawing anguish,  
Feel the worm that never dies;  
Still in horrid expectation  
Like the damn'd in hell I groan,  
Envy them their swift damnation,  
Fearful to inhance my own.

4 Jesus, see thy fallen creature,  
Fallen at thy feet I lie,  
Act according to thy nature,  
Bid the sinner live or die;  
Of my pain fill up the measure,  
If thou canst no more forgive:  
If thou in my life hast pleasure,  
Speak, and now my soul shall live.

**XXXI.**

**[For One in Doubt.]**

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

1 God of my life, to thee I raise  
(I fain would raise) my soul to thee:  
If I have liv'd out half my days,  
And suffer'd half my misery,

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<sup>46</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 160–62.

Thy grace preserv'd me to this hour;  
I glorify thy gracious power.

- 2 Evil alas! Thou knowst, and few  
My days of pilgrimage have been,  
With thankfulness, and pain I view,  
My thirty years of grief and sin—  
Yet O! Forgive this eager sigh,  
This gasping of my soul to die.
- 3 I do not, dare not, Lord, mistrust  
Thy power, or readiness to save;  
But let me now return to dust,  
But let me find an early grave,  
Cut off a length of wretched years,  
And die—from all my sins and fears.
- 4 Long have I drank the bitter cup  
Of trembling, agony, and grief;  
So short my intervals of hope,  
So few my moments of relief,  
I fear least all my bread should fail,  
And Amalek at last prevail.
- 5 Like Hagar's son I lift mine hand  
'Gainst every rebel soul of man,  
Adverse to all the world I stand,  
The world who triumph in my pain,  
And ever for my halting wait,  
The object of their endless hate.
- 6 A man of strife to all the earth  
Me hath my hapless<sup>47</sup> mother borne,  
Unconscious of the Spirit's birth;  
Where'er my blasted eyes I turn,  
Suffering and sin is all I see,  
Pure sin, and unmixt misery.

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<sup>47</sup>“Hapless” was changed to “helpless” in the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755), perhaps by accident. It was corrected by hand back to “hapless” in John Wesley’s personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn.

- 7 Still the long hour of darkness lasts,  
And Satan's tyranny prevails,  
So thick his fiery darts he casts,  
My spirit every moment fails,  
While in the toils of death I lie,  
And from the den of lions cry.
- 8 Low in the deepest dungeon laid,  
Fast bound in sin and misery,  
Of fiends, and man, and self<sup>48</sup> afraid,  
I ever hasten to be free,  
I see them ready to devour,  
And tremble at their baleful power.
- 9 Nor won, nor lost, subsists the fight,  
Hovers in even poise the scale,  
Shudders my soul with dread affright,  
And quivering hangs 'twixt heaven and hell;  
This doubt! 'Tis more than I can bear,  
'Tis worse, 'tis heavier than despair.
- 10 O Saviour, loose me from my pain,  
O Jesus, bid my troubles end,  
Bear not that healing name in vain,  
But shew thyself the sinner's friend,  
Apply the blood that bought my peace,  
And give my wounded spirit ease.
- 11 Thy only blood can be my balm,  
And heal the mortal wounds of sin,  
Thy only word my soul can calm,  
And lay the storm that works within,  
Now, Lord, rebuke the winds and seas,  
And speak me into perfect peace.
- 12 Or (for I know not what is best)  
Still let me bear my guilty load,  
But be my everlasting rest,  
But bring me, as thou wilt, to God,

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<sup>48</sup>John Wesley substituted "men and myself" for "and man and self" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

When all his waves and storms are o'er,  
And sin, and sorrow are no more.

**XXXII.**  
**[For One in Doubt.]**  
**Hymn IV.**<sup>49</sup>

- 1 O thou that dost in secret see,  
    Regard a dying sinner's prayer,  
Out of the deep I cry to thee,  
    Save, or I perish in despair.
- 2 Shorten the days of inbred sin,  
    Speak to my<sup>50</sup> raging passions peace,  
Allay this hurricane within,  
    Bid all my inward conflicts cease.
- 3 When shall the fiery trial end?  
    When shall I live, and sin no more?  
Wilt thou not, Lord, my soul defend,  
    'Till all the tyranny is o'er?
- 4 Weeping to thee I lift mine eyes,  
    Mine eyes which fail with looking up,  
For thee my heart laments and sighs,  
    Sick with desire, and lingring hope.
- 5 A daily death I die thro' fear  
    That I no more shall see my God,  
No more the voice of mercy hear,  
    But faint, and perish in my blood.
- 6 O that I could but surely know  
    If I at last shall mercy find!  
For what am I reserv'd below!  
    Tell me, thou Saviour of mankind.

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<sup>49</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 85–86; and MS Clarke, 97–98.

<sup>50</sup>Ori., “to”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 7 That hope is in my end declare;  
And let me want thy chearing grace,  
For seventy years content I bear  
The hidings of thy blissful face.
- 8 Let others walk with thee in light,  
But bless me with one parting ray,  
And e'er I close mine eyes in night,  
Give me to see thy perfect day.

**XXXIII.**  
**Penitential Hymns.**  
**[Hymn I.]**

- 1 Saviour, Prince of Israel's race,  
See me from thy lofty throne,  
Give the sweet relenting grace,  
Soften this obdurate stone,  
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,  
Cast a look, and break my heart.
- 2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,  
All mine inmost sins reveal,  
Sins against thy light and love  
Let me see, and let me feel,  
Sins that crucified my God,  
Spilt again thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesu, seek thy wandring sheep,  
Make me restless to return,  
Bid me look on thee, and weep,  
Bitterly as Peter mourn,  
'Till I say, by grace restor'd,  
Now thou knowst, I love thee, Lord.
- 4 Or if yet I must not hope  
For the pardning love of God,

- Make my stubborn spirit stoop  
Under its own guilty load,  
Let me sink by sin opprest,  
Weary wish, and groan for rest.
- 5 Shake my inmost soul with fear,  
Let me as the gaoler<sup>51</sup> cry,  
Trembling at damnation near,  
How shall I the judgment fly,  
Who the way t' escape will shew,  
What must a lost sinner do?
- 6 Might I in thy sight appear  
As the publican distrest,  
Come, not daring to draw near,  
Smite on my unworthy breast,  
Groan the sinner's only plea,  
God be merciful to me!
- 7 O that I in Mary's place  
Might before the Saviour lie,  
Fear to see thy smiling face,  
Blush to meet thy gracious eye,  
Still the solemn task repeat,  
Weep, and wash, and kiss thy feet.
- 8 Doth thy justice still withstand,  
Sternly cry, It must not be,  
'Till I bear thy bruising hand,  
Suffer all my misery?  
Lo! I to the sentence bow;  
Make, O make me wretched now!
- 9 Lay thy hand upon my soul,  
Bruise me with thy righteous rod,  
Wound and never make me whole,  
'Till my spirit returns to God,  
Grant me then the late relief,  
Save me as th' expiring thief.

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<sup>51</sup>Ori., "goaler" (in both editions); a misprint.

- 10 Then remember me for good  
    Passing thro' the mortal vale,  
Shew me thy atoning blood,  
    While my strength and spirit fail,  
Give my gasping soul to see  
Jesus crucified for me!
- 11 On the margin of the grave,  
    In that last decisive hour,  
Let me find thy power to save,  
    All thy sanctifying power,  
See thee with my closing eyes,  
Die into thy paradise.

**XXXIV.**  
**[Penitential Hymns.]**  
**Hymn II.<sup>52</sup>**

- 1 Will the pardning God despise  
A poor mourner's sacrifice,  
One who brings his all to thee,  
All his sin and misery!
- 2 Saviour, see my troubled breast,  
Heaving, panting after rest,  
Jesu, mark my hollow eye,  
Never clos'd, and never dry.
- 3 Listen to my plaintive moans,  
Deep uninterrupted groans,  
Keep not silence at my tears,  
Quiet all my griefs and fears.
- 4 Good Physician, shew thine art,  
Bind thou up my broken heart;  
Aches it not for thee, my God,  
Pants to feel thy balmy blood?

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<sup>52</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 60–61.

- 5 Gushing from thy wounded side  
Might I feel it now applied,  
Wouldst thou in my last<sup>53</sup> distress  
Heal, and bid me die in peace!
- 6 Jesus, answer all thy name,  
Save me from my fear, and shame,  
Sunk in desp'rate misery,  
Sinner's friend, remember me.
- 7 By thy bonds my soul release,  
By thy pain mine anguish ease,  
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,  
Wash my inbred sin away.
- 8 Quicken by thy parting breath,  
By thy life-inspiring death,  
Save me, by thy burial save,  
Hide me in thy quiet grave.
- 9 Skreen my faint devoted head,  
Write me free among the dead,  
With thy pardning mercy blest  
Take me to my endless rest.

**XXXV.**  
**[Penitential Hymns.]**  
**Hymn III.**

- 1 Jesu, I call thee by the name  
On which my hopes would fain rely:  
Undone without thy help I am,  
Without thy help for ever die.
- 2 Throughout my fallen soul I feel  
Thy only name hath power to save:  
Quench with thy blood this inbred hell,  
Redeem me from th' infernal grave.

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<sup>53</sup>Ori., "lost"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).



- 3 Chief of apostate spirits, I groan  
My sense of deepest guilt to thee,  
Of all th' incarnate fiends not one  
So devilish, or so damn'd as me.
- 4 I know, t' alleviate my pain,  
To lessen and remove my load,  
Impossible it is with man;  
But thou art the Almighty God.
- 5 Is there a thing too hard for thee?  
A case beyond thy mercy's power?  
An ill thou canst not remedy?  
A sinner thou canst not restore?
- 6 Can there a malady be found,  
By love divine incurable?  
Or is my spirit's mortal wound,  
Too deep for thee to search, and heal?
- 7 Is there on earth a loss too great  
For all thy fulness to repair?  
Is there a soul so near the pit,  
That thou no more canst save it there?
- 8 My soul in sin so rooted stands,  
No common miracle can move,  
I know, my spirit's cure demands  
Thy whole omnipotence of love.
- 9 But whether thou *hast* ever heal'd  
A spirit so desperate as mine  
It lies, alas! From me conceal'd  
In lowest depths of love divine.
- 10 My feeble heart cannot conceive  
Such greatness of redeeming power,  
Yet fain I would, I would believe  
That thou canst me, ev'n me, restore.

- 11 I hope thou able art to cleanse  
The worst and foulest sinner me,  
And suddenly transport me hence,  
And snatch this moment up to thee.
- 12 Yet O! I doubt thy gracious will,  
And scarce to sue for mercy dare,  
Held on the rack, and tortur'd still  
With pangs severer than despair.
- 13 My God, my God, what shall I say,  
But still my one request repeat!  
O might I now escape away,  
And die lamenting at thy feet!
- 14 O let it not my Lord displease,  
That still I urge my one request,  
Languish in pain for lasting ease,  
And weary long to be at rest.
- 15 Still art thou silent at my tears?  
O were thy waves and storms o'erpast!  
Pardon my sins, remove my fears,  
And bid me weep, and groan my last.
- 16 Jesu, in honour of thy name  
Hope in my end O let me prove,  
And quickly thee in death proclaim  
Th' Almighty God of pardning love.

**XXXVI.**  
**[Penitential Hymns.]**  
**Hymn IV.<sup>54</sup>**

- 1 O Father of all,  
On thee let me call,  
On thee let me wait, 'till uprais'd from my fall:

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<sup>54</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 58–60.

My burthen of pain  
With meekness sustain,  
And never revolt, or provoke thee again.

2        Meer mercies they are  
          The judgments I bear,  
If sav'd from the gulph of eternal despair:  
          All thanks be to thee,  
          In my end if there be  
Any hope of acceptance, or pardon for me.

3        In patient distress  
          My soul I possess,  
'Till life and affliction together shall cease;  
          'Till the anguish and smart  
          Hath broken my heart,  
And the mourner is suffer'd in peace to depart.

4        'Till then I forego  
          All comfort below,  
And no other companion but sorrow will know:  
          My companion and guide  
          With me shall abide  
And only in death shall be torn from my side.

5        A stranger to hope  
          I the measure fill up,  
And drink the last dregs of the penitent cup.  
          In trouble's excess  
          My wishes suppress,  
My pining desires of a speedy release.

6        If such be my doom,  
          To suffer I come,  
To suffer an age within sight of a tomb,  
          To continue in fear,  
          With comfort so near,  
And live out the days of my punishment here.

7           Accepting my pain,  
              I no longer complain,  
But wait, 'till at last I the haven obtain;  
              'Till the storms are all o'er,  
              And afflicted no more  
On a plank of the ship I escape to the shore.

**XXXVII.**  
**[Penitential Hymns.]**  
**Hymn V.**

1           O Jesus, the rest  
              Of spirits distrest,  
Receive a lost sinner that flies to thy breast:  
              Long tost on a sea  
              Of trouble, I flee  
To find an asylum, and pardon in thee.

2           Heavy laden with sin  
              For years I have been,  
And harass'd to death with the tempest within:  
              The cause I confess  
              Of my outward distress,  
And feel that in sin I can never have peace.

3           Compell'd tho' I am  
              To call on thy name,  
Yet give me not up to my sorrow and shame,  
              To the evil I fear,  
              The punishment near,  
The righteous reward of my wickedness here.

4           With penitent sighs  
              I lift up mine eyes,  
And groan for an answer of peace from the skies:

This aching and smart,  
I know, shall depart,  
If the Lamb will but sprinkle his blood on my heart.

5        One drop of thy blood  
          Shall remove all my load,  
And bring me again to my pacified God;  
          One drop shall o'erthrow  
          My accuser and foe,  
And make my glad heart with the comfort o'erflow.

6        Come then at my call,  
          Thou Saviour of all,  
And redeem me again from my sorrow and thrall,  
          From all evil set free,  
          Who hast answer'd for me,  
And O! Let me live, let me die unto thee!

**XXXVIII.**  
**[Penitential Hymns.]**  
**Hymn VI.**

1        O Jesus my hope,  
          For me offer'd up,  
Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's top,  
          The blood I have 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        Come then from above,  
          The stony remove,  
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love:  
          Thy love on the tree  
          Display unto me,  
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.
- 4        Neither passion nor pride  
          Thy cross can abide,  
But melt in the fountain that streams from thy side:  
          The wonderful flood  
          Washes off my foul load,  
And purges my conscience, and brings me to God.
- 5        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.
- 6        Each moment applied  
          My weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide,  
          My Advocate prove  
          With the Father above,  
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

**XXXIX.**  
**[Penitential Hymns.]**  
**Hymn VII.**  
**At Night.**

- 1        Let sinners possess  
          Of pardon be blest,  
And welcome with joy the soft season of rest,  
          Let innocence sleep,  
          My station I keep,  
My business on earth is to watch and to weep.

- 2           A mourner for sin  
          Thro' life I have been:  
O when shall my heart and my conscience be clean?  
          If tears could efface  
          The guilty disgrace,  
Mine eyes should be fountains, mine head should be seas.
- 3           If my blood could atone  
          For what I have done,  
Even now would I spend it, and groan my last groan:  
          But my dying were vain,  
          Only Jesus's pain,  
Only Jesus's blood can wash out the foul stain.
- 4           Its virtue I tried,  
          When I felt it applied,  
And *knew* that for *me* my Redeemer had died.  
          But I quickly gave way  
          In the cloudy dark day,  
And fell to temptation an indolent prey.
- 5           That covenant-blood  
          Under foot I have trod,  
And again I have murder'd the meek Son of God:  
          My sin I declare,  
          My punishment bear,  
And quake on the edge of eternal despair.
- 6           And shall I complain  
          Of a moment of pain,  
Which here for my sins I am doom'd to sustain?  
          No, Lord, I submit,  
          And fall at thy feet,  
Only let me not sink to the bottomless pit.
- 7           I bow to the rod,  
          To my temporal load,  
And fall into the hands of a merciful God:

Thy justice revere,  
But with anguish and fear  
I beg I may have *all* my punishment *here*.

- 8       With tears of desire,  
          I humbly require,  
That in wailing for sin, *all* my breath may expire:  
          Only while I remove  
          To the country above,  
O bless me at last with the taste of thy love.

**XL.**  
**[Penitential Hymns.]**  
**Hymn VIII.**

- 1       Ah! Woe (eternal woe) is me  
          To sin and Satan join'd!  
What shall I do, or say to thee  
          Preserver of mankind?  
My firmest promises are void,  
          My strictest vows are vain,  
Again I have myself destroy'd,  
          For I have sinn'd again.
- 2       And shall I dare mine eyes lift up,  
          And still for mercy sue?  
What possibility of hope  
          That I should e'er prove true?  
Thou knowst, I every means have tried,  
          And all in Jesus' name,  
Fasted, and pray'd, and wept, and cried,  
          But still remain the same.
- 3       Rivers of real tears I shed,  
          (And still mine eyes run o'er)  
And prostrate at thine altar pray'd  
          That I might sin no more.



I burn'd with sin-detesting zeal,  
My solemn vows renew'd,  
And long'd, thou knowst, I long'd to seal,  
The covenant with my blood.

4 Beyond the world and Satan's power  
I wish'd for wings to fly,  
And languish'd for the welcome hour,  
And groan'd and gasp'd to die:  
Struggled to give my spirit back,  
That I might sin no more,  
Myself impatient to forsake,  
And reach the happy shore.

5 Those longings were they not sincere?  
And flow'd they not from thee?  
Why am I then entangled here  
In sin and misery?  
Ah! Wherefore didst thou let me live  
To see this woeful day,  
Again thy gracious Spirit to grieve,  
Again to fall away?

6 But shall my bold presumption dare  
Arraign the God of grace?  
Mercy, and truth thy dealings are,  
And righteous all thy ways.  
For me, my stubborn will to bow,  
What couldst thou more have done?  
The fault, (if yet I know not how,)  
Is all in me alone.

7 O'erwhelm'd again with guilty shame  
With sins redoubled load,  
Whom have I but myself to blame?  
I must acquit my God.  
I wander o'er thy judgments' maze,  
And cry in painful doubt,  
Unsearchable are all thy ways,  
And past my finding out!

8 So be it then, I sink into  
The fathomless abyss,  
If Christ at last his mercy shew,  
And whisper I am his;  
One ray of heavenly light impart,  
Before I hence remove,  
And speak himself into my heart  
The God of pardning love.

**XLI.**  
**[Penitential Hymns.]**  
**Hymn IX.**

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit stay,  
Tho' I have done thee such despite,  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
And still shook off my guilty fears,  
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart  
For *forty* long rebellious years:

3 Tho' I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:

4 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.

5 This only woe I deprecate,  
This only plague, I pray, remove,  
Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
Nor curse me with this want of love.

- 6 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.
- 7 From now my weary soul release,  
Upraise me by thy gracious hand,  
And guide into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promis'd land.

**XLII.**  
**Invitation to Sinners.**<sup>55</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 punish'd 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 He answer'd for all,  
O come at his call,  
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.  
But lift up your eyes  
At Jesus's cries:  
Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.
- 4 He dies to atone  
For sins not his own;  
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done.

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<sup>55</sup>Published previously in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 8–10. Manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 116–18; MS Clarke, 134–35; and MS Shent, 120a–120b.

Ye all may receive  
The peace he did leave,  
Who made intercession “My Father forgive!”

5 For you, and for me  
He pray’d 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.

6 My pardon I claim,  
For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus’s name.  
He purchas’d the grace,  
Which now I embrace:  
O Father, thou knowst he hath died in my place.

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

**XLIII.**

**“Jesus Christ, the same  
yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” [Heb. xiii. 8.]  
[Hymn I.]<sup>56</sup>**

1 O God, to whom in flesh reveal’d,  
The helpless all for succour came,  
The sick to be reliev’d, and heal’d,  
And found salvation in thy name;

2 With publicans, and harlots I,  
In these thy Spirit’s gospel days  
To thee, the sinner’s friend draw nigh,  
And humbly sue for pardning grace.

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<sup>56</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 116–18; and MS Clarke, 134–35.

- 3    Thou seest me wretched, and distress'd,  
      Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor:  
Weary I come to thee for rest,  
      And sick of sin, implore a cure.
- 4    My sin's incurable disease  
      Thou Jesus, thou alone canst heal,  
Inspire me with thy power, and peace,  
      And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 5    A touch, a word, a look from thee  
      Can turn my heart, and make it clean,  
Purge the foul inbred leprosy,  
      And save me from my bosom sin.
- 6    Lord, if thou wilt, I *do* believe,  
      Thou canst the saving grace impart,  
Thou canst this instant now forgive,  
      And write my pardon on my heart.
- 7    My heart, which now to thee I raise,  
      I know thou canst this moment cleanse,  
The deepest stains of sin deface,  
      And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 8    Be it according to thy word,  
      Accomplish now thy word in me,  
And let my soul, to health restor'd,  
      Devote its little all to thee.

**XLIV.**

**[“Jesus Christ, the same  
yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” Heb. xiii. 8. ]  
Hymn II.**

- 1<sup>57</sup>    Jesus, thy far-extended fame  
      My drooping soul exults to hear:  
Thy name, thine all-restoring name  
      Is musick in a sinner's ear.

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<sup>57</sup>Ori., “10”; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 2 Drawn by the evangelick sound,  
I follow with the helpless crowd:  
Mercy, they say, with thee is found,  
And full redemption in thy blood.
- 3 Sinners of old thou didst receive,  
With comfortable words, and kind,  
Their sorrows chear, their wants relieve,  
Heal the diseas'd, and cure the blind:
- 4 Whoever then thine aid implor'd,  
Sick, or in want, or grief, or pain,  
Thy condescending grace ador'd,  
Nor ever sought thy help in vain.
- 5 And art thou not the Saviour still,  
In every place, and age the same?  
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,  
Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 6 Faith in thy changeless name I have;  
The good, the kind physician thou  
Art able now our souls to save,  
Art willing to restore them now.
- 7 Tho' seventeen hundred years are past  
Since thou didst in the flesh appear,  
Thy tender mercies ever last,  
And still thy healing power is here.
- 8 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,  
And not regard the sin-sick soul?  
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,  
And surely thou shalt make it whole.
- 9 The wondrous works in Jewry<sup>58</sup> wrought  
Thou canst, thou wilt, on me repeat,  
On me, by faith divinely brought  
To fall, and worship at thy feet.

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<sup>58</sup>Ori., "Jeury" (1<sup>st</sup> edn.); "Jury" (2<sup>nd</sup> edn.).

- 10 Here will I ever, ever cry,  
Jesus, thy healing power exert,  
Balm to my wounded spirit apply,  
And bind thou up my broken heart.
- 11 My sore disease, my desp'rate sin  
To thee I mournfully confess;  
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,  
And perfect it in holiness.
- 12 That token of thine utmost good  
Now, Jesu, now on me bestow,  
And purge my conscience with thy blood,  
And wash my nature white as snow.

**XLV.**  
**["Jesus Christ, the same**  
**yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Heb. xiii. 8. ]**  
**Hymn III.**

- 1 Help, gracious Lord, my deep distress  
To thee with anguish I reveal,  
Who every sickness, and disease  
Dost still among thy people heal.
- 2 O wouldst thou undertake for me,  
Exert thy healing art divine!  
My complicated malady  
Mocks every other help but thine.
- 3 A secret, slow, internal<sup>59</sup> fire  
Consumes my soul with lingring pains,  
The restless fever of desire  
Throughout my fallen nature reigns.
- 4 Jesu, this eagerness of praise,  
This raging thirst of creature-good,  
Allay with thy refreshing grace,  
Extinguish with thy balmy blood.

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<sup>59</sup>Ori., "eternal"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 5 See the poor patient at thy feet,  
And now the gracious wonder shew:  
I long thy healing touch to meet,  
I gasp thy pardning love to know.
- 6<sup>60</sup> Now, Saviour, now the fever chide,  
The virtue of thy name exert,  
The fierceness of desire and pride  
Rebuke, and bid my sin depart.
- [7] Soon as thy hand the balm applies,  
My dying soul from sin set free  
With instantaneous health shall rise,  
And gladly serve thy saints and thee;
- [8] The servant of thy church below,  
With all who know their sins forgiven,  
Pardon'd I in thy peace shall go,  
And walk, and run, and fly to heaven.

**XLVI.**

**[“Jesus Christ, the same  
yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” Heb. xiii. 8. ]**

**Hymn IV.**

- 1 O thou, whom once they flock'd to hear,  
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel,  
Suffer the sinners to draw near,  
And graciously receive us still.
- 2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,  
No need of a physician have:  
But I am sick, and want thine aid,  
And ask thine utmost power to save.
- 3 Past human help I long have been,  
With every soul-disease opprest;  
Weary of life thro' pain and sin,  
And only thou canst give me rest.

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<sup>60</sup>Ori., “7”. Next two stanzas: ori., “8” and “9”, respectively (error in both editions).



- 4 Thy power, and truth, and love divine  
The same from age to age endure:  
A word, a gracious word of thine  
The most inveterate plague can cure.
- 5 Thy garment, O thou pardning God,  
Affords the desp'rate soul relief,  
Dries up the fountain of my blood,  
And heals at once my sin and grief.
- 6 Touch'd by thine all-restoring hands  
I find a soul-erecting power,  
Suddenly loos'd from Satan's bands  
I stand—inclin'd to earth no more.
- 7 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,  
(And long hath languish'd) at the pool,  
A word of thine shall make me rise  
Shall speak me in a moment whole.
- 8 Eighteen, or eight and thirty years,  
Or thousands are alike to thee:  
Soon as thy saving grace appears,  
My plague is gone, my heart is free.
- 9 Come then, dear<sup>61</sup> Lord, my sins forgive,  
My complicated sickness heal,  
Thou knowst, I would in thee believe,  
I would thy pardning mercy feel.
- 10 Make this the acceptable hour,  
Come, O my soul's physician thou,  
Display thy justifying power,  
And shew me thy salvation now!

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<sup>61</sup>John Wesley substituted "O" for "dear" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

**XLVII.**  
**Waiting for Redemption.**  
**[Hymn I.]**<sup>62</sup>

- 1 Who is the trembling sinner, who  
That owns eternal death his due,  
Waiting his fearful doom to feel,  
And hanging o'er the mouth of hell!
- 2 Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear,  
Thy Jesus cries, Be of good cheer,  
Only on Jesu's blood rely,  
He died, that thou mightst never die.

**XLVIII.**  
**[Waiting for Redemption.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>63</sup>

- 1 A guilty soul, by sin opprest,  
Weary of wandring after rest,  
Wretched, and bare, and poor, and blind,  
I now my want of all things find.
- 2 All things I want, but one is nigh,  
My want of all things to supply:  
Pardon, and peace, and liberty,  
Jesus, I all things have in thee.

**XLIX.**  
**[Waiting for Redemption.]**  
**Hymn III.**<sup>64</sup>

- 1 Jesu, thy word for ever lives,  
A new accomplishment receives

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<sup>62</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Cheshunt, 167.

<sup>63</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 88; and MS Clarke, 101.

<sup>64</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 104a–104b; and MS Thirty, 20–21.

In sinners lost like me;  
Thy word doth all my soul express,  
In every picture of distress  
I read my misery.

2 Written for me the gospel-page,  
The word of God from age to age  
Stedfast remains, and sure:  
Thou shewst my wants; but help them too,  
Thy miracles of healing shew,  
And let me read my cure.

3 Thy servant, Lord, in torment is,  
The palsy, sin is my disease,  
My better half is dead:  
O cause me thy free grace to feel,  
And by thy love my numbness heal,  
Thy quickning Spirit shed.

4 I am not worthy, Lord, that thou  
To such an abject worm shouldst bow,  
Or enter my poor soul:  
But only speak the gracious word,  
And I shall be at once restor'd,  
And perfectly made whole.

5 A begging Bartimeus I,  
Naked, and blind for mercy cry,  
If mercy is for me,  
Jesu, thou Son of David hear,  
Stand still, and call, and draw me near,  
And bid the sinner see.

6 A leper at thy feet I fall;  
And still for mercy, mercy call,  
Till I am purg'd from sin;  
With pity see my desp'rate case,  
And O! Put forth thy hand of grace,  
And touch my nature clean.

- 7 Borne by the prayer of faith I lie,  
And long to meet thy pitying eye,  
And feebly gasp to heaven;  
O make in me thy power appear,  
And answer, Son, be of good cheer,  
Thy sins are all forgiven.
- 8 O Son of man, thy power make known,  
That all with me may gladly own  
Thou canst on earth forgive,  
Bid me take up my bed, and go,  
Cause me to walk with thee below,  
And then to heaven receive.

**L.**  
**[Waiting for Redemption.]**  
**Hymn IV.<sup>65</sup>**

- 1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Who preachest still the gospel-word  
In these thy Spirit's days,  
My helpless soul with pity see,  
And set me now at liberty  
By justifying grace.
- 2 Where two or three thy presence claim,  
Assembled in thy saving name,  
Thy saving power is near:  
Sure as thou art in heaven above,  
Thou in the Spirit of thy love,  
And God in thee is here.
- 3 See then, with eyes of mercy see  
My desp'rate grief, and misery,

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<sup>65</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn was appended to a letter of Charles to Ebenezer Blackwell (29 July 1746).

My sore distress, and pain,  
In all the impotence of sin  
My fallen soul for years hath been,  
And bound with Satan's chain.

- 4 My strong propensity to ill  
My carnal mind and crooked will  
To only evil prone,  
My downward appetite I find,  
My spirit, soul, and flesh inclin'd  
To earth, and earth alone.
- 5 Myself alas! I cannot raise,  
Or lift my heart in prayer, or praise,  
Or rectify my will,  
I own, cut off from human hope,  
To lift a fallen spirit up  
With man impossible.
- 6 But O! Thou seest my desp'rate case:  
Pronounce the word of pardning grace:  
And call me, Lord, to thee,  
Inspeak the power into my heart,  
And say this moment, "Loos'd thou art  
From thine infirmity."
- 7 Lay but thine hand upon my soul,  
And instantaneously made whole  
My soul by faith shall rise,  
Shall rise by faith and upright stand,  
And answer all thy just command  
In all its faculties.
- 8 Strait as the rule, the written word,  
My soul in righteousness restor'd  
Thine image shall retrieve,  
That antient rectitude divine,  
And in a land of darkness shine,  
And to thy glory live.

- 9 A child of faithful Abraham I,  
On thy redeeming love rely  
For life and liberty;  
And *ought* I not the grace t' obtain,  
Releas'd from sin and Satan's chain,  
Who trust on only thee.
- 10 Thine, Jesus, thine alone I am;  
And *ought* I not my Lord to claim,  
With all thy righteousness?  
I ought—I *do* thy love receive,  
And now thou dost my sins forgive,  
And bid my bondage cease.
- 11 The Sabbath of my soul I see,  
The day of gospel-liberty,  
No more inthrall'd, opprest;  
And lo! In holiness I rise,  
To claim the rest of paradise,  
And heaven's eternal rest!

**LI.**  
**Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.**  
**[Hymn I.]<sup>66</sup>**

- 1 O how sore a thing and grievous  
Is it from our God to run!  
When we force our God to leave us,  
Wretched are we and undone:  
Are we not our own tormentors,  
When from happiness we flee?  
Yes; our soul the iron enters,  
Sin is perfect misery.
- 2 I the bitter cup have tasted;  
Still I drink the mingled gall,  
Still my soul by sin lies wasted,  
Unrecover'd from its fall:

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<sup>66</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 81–83; and MS Clarke, 93–94.

Still beneath his frown I languish:  
God, from whom I *would* depart,  
Leaves me to my grief and anguish,  
Gives me up to my own heart.

3 Plague and curse I now inherit,  
Fears, and wars, and storms within,  
Pain, and agony of spirit,  
Sin chastising me for sin,  
Weeping, woe, and lamentation,  
Vain desire, and fruitless prayer,  
Guilt, and shame, and condemnation,  
Doubt, distraction, and despair.

4 Ye who now injoy his favour,  
Husband well the precious grace,  
Never lose, like me, your Saviour,  
Never break from his embrace:  
Do not by your lightness grieve him;  
Youthful lusts and idols flee,  
Little children, never leave him,  
Never lose your God like me.

5 Punish'd after my demerit,  
*Dives*-like on you I call;  
Lest my portion you inherit,  
Take example by my fall;  
Lest your joy be turn'd to mourning,  
Lest ye come into my hell;  
Listen to the solemn warning,  
Keep the grace from which I fell.

6 Dead to praise, and wealth, and beauty,  
Cast on Christ your every care,  
Walk in all the paths of duty,  
Praying, watching unto prayer:  
Pray; and when the answer's given,  
When ye find the passage free,  
When your faith hath open'd heaven,  
Faithful souls, remember me!

**LII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>67</sup>

- 1   Griev'd with the penal want of grace,  
      And banish'd from my Father's face,  
      Far from the paradise of love,  
      O'er earth's *bleak* wilderness I rove.
- 2   A wandring discontented Cain  
      I of my punishment complain,  
      Burthen'd with more than I can bear,  
      In all the sadness of despair.
- 3   For years I have my vileness seen,  
      A man of lips and heart unclean,  
      Yet can I no deliverance see,  
      No end of sin and grief for me.
- 4   Ah! What avails it now, that I  
      Could once to Christ my Lord draw nigh,  
      Knew he had borne my sins away,  
      And saw the dawning of his day!
- 5   That sudden flash of heavenly light  
      Which once broke in upon my night,  
      Has made my darkness visible,  
      And left me to a deeper hell.
- 6   Ah! What avail'd the short-liv'd power,  
      The triumph of one lucid hour!  
      Again enthrall'd, and doubly curst  
      I am, and viler than at first.
- 7   My lusts have re-usurp'd the sway,  
      And forc'd my strugling soul t' obey;  
      My strugling soul in sin remains,  
      Indignant, as a king in chains.

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<sup>67</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 66–68; and MS Clarke, 74–75.



- 8 O! How shall I the rebels shun,  
Or whither for deliverance run?  
I neither can resist nor fly:  
O might I here sink down, and die!
- 9 Thou Lord, who hast the keys of death,  
Take back my miserable breath,  
From all my fears, and sins release,  
And bid me now depart in peace.
- 10 Before I all thy people shame,  
And bring reproach on thy great name,  
Redeem me from the foul offence,  
And snatch—this moment snatch me hence.
- 11 One only good I here would have,  
The blessing of a quiet grave;  
All my requests are lost in one—  
I ask for death, and death alone.
- 12 Eager I urge my sole request,  
I cannot, no I cannot rest,  
But evermore my wishes breathe,  
And spend my soul in groans for death.
- 13 For this my streaming eyes o'erflow,  
My bosom heaves with endless woe:  
For this to thee I ever cry,  
Ah! Saviour, suffer me to die!
- 14 Receive my gasping spirit home,  
Seize, snatch me from the ill to come,  
Now, give me now my heart's desire,  
And let me at thy feet expire.

**LIII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn III.<sup>68</sup>**

- 1    Fallen from thy pardning grace  
      How shall I for mercy cry?  
      How presume to seek thy face,  
      I, the deep revolter I!  
      Hard'ned in my sins I am,  
      Conscience I, alas! Have none,  
      Lost my sense of guilt and shame:  
      All my heart is turn'd to stone.
  
- 2    Now I sin without remorse,  
      Greedily my death drink down,  
      Now I as the headlong horse  
      Violently in sin rush on;  
      Shipwreck'd is my faith and hope,  
      All my pangs, I find, are o'er,  
      Doubly dead, and rooted up;  
      Godly sorrow is no more.
  
- 3    Once I could lament my state,  
      At the feet of Jesus cast,  
      Now my sins have lost their weight,  
      All that blessed grief is past.  
      Conscience sear'd no longer cries;  
      Senseless I of ruin near  
      See my doom with stony eyes,  
      Eyes that cannot drop a tear.
  
- 4    O that I at once had gone  
      Singly damn'd to my own place!  
      O that I had never known  
      Christ the way of righteousness!

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<sup>68</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 112–15; and MS Clarke, 129–32.

Less my punishment had been,  
Had his blood been ne'er applied,  
Had I perish'd in my sin,  
Unconcern'd in Egypt died.

5 Desp'rate soul, what must I do,  
Damn'd I am while here I breathe:  
Who shall now deliver? Who  
Can redeem me from this death?  
Jesus, thou art still the way,  
Now as yesterday the same,  
Could I but for mercy pray,  
Coming as at first I came.

6 Fallen as I am once more,  
Friend of sinners, look on me,  
To my *lost* estate restore,  
Let me know my misery,  
Let me now, ev'n now begin,  
As when first I sought thy face,  
Saw the sinfulness of sin,  
Felt the want of pardning grace.

7 Give me back my guilty load,  
Give me back my earnest moans,  
Restless thirstings after God,  
Deep, unutterable groans,  
Plaintive wailings, humble fears,  
Griefs, which tongue could not declare,  
All the eloquence of tears,  
All the prevalence of prayer.

8 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd on high,  
Penitence and peace to give,  
Cast, O cast a pitying eye,  
Breathe, and these dry bones shall live.  
I shall at thy word repent,  
Let but thy good Spirit blow,  
My hard heart shall then relent,  
Water from the rock shall flow.

- 9     Look with that soul-piercing look,  
          (Full of goodness as thou art)  
Look, as when thy pity broke  
       Poor unfaithful Peter's heart!  
Kindly for my sin upbraid  
       Me who have my Lord denied,  
Him, who suffer'd in my stead,  
       Him, who for his murderer died.
- 10    Jesus, Master, dying Lord,  
          Infinite thy mercies are,  
Let me be again restor'd,  
       Once again thy blessing share.  
And that I the grace may keep,  
       Never more my Lord deny,  
Bid me now, this moment, weep,  
       Weep, believe, and love—and die!

**LIV.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn IV.**

- 1     Weary of my sad complaining  
          Must I with my Saviour part?  
Yield, that sin should always reign in  
       This poor feeble wretched heart!  
Must I give the contest over,  
       Must I sink beneath my load,  
Calling on the earth to cover  
       A despairing sinner's blood?
- 2     No, I will not cease from crying,  
          Not 'till Tophet takes me in,  
Still I pray, tho' sinking, dying,  
       Save me, save me, Lord, from sin,

Bring me thro' my sore temptation;  
Or if I must see the pit,  
Perish in thine indignation,—  
Let me perish at thy feet.

**LV.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn V.**

- 1 Saviour, cast a pitying eye,  
Bid my sins and sorrows end:  
Whither should a sinner fly?  
Art not thou the sinner's friend?  
Rest in thee, I gasp to find,  
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.
- 2 Swallow'd up in sad despair,  
In the lowest deep I lie:  
Wilt thou, Lord, cast out my prayer?  
Canst thou dis-regard my cry?  
Hear my lamentable moan,  
Listen to my dying groan.
- 3 Didst thou ever see a soul  
More in need of help than mine?  
Then refuse to make me whole,  
Then with-hold the balm divine:  
But if I *do* want thee most,  
Come, and seek, and save the lost.
- 4 Haste, O haste to my relief,  
From the iron furnace take,  
Rid me of my sin and grief,  
For thy own sweet mercy sake,  
Set my heart at liberty,  
Shew forth all thy power in me.

- 5 Me, the vilest of the race,  
Most unholy, most unclean,  
Me the farthest from thy face,  
Sink of misery and sin,  
Me with arms of love receive,  
Me, of sinners chief, forgive.
- 6 Jesus, on thy only name  
For salvation I depend,  
In thy gracious hands I am,  
Save me, save me to the end:  
Let the utmost grace be given,  
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

**LVI.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn VI.**

- 1 From the jaws of black despair,  
From the belly of this hell,  
Lord, I send my mournful prayer;  
If thou canst, my doom repeal,  
If thou canst, again forgive,  
Speak, and bid the sinner live.
- 2 Thou hast long withdrawn thy grace,  
Thou hast punish'd sin by sin:  
E'er thine utmost wrath take place,  
E'er the gulph is fixt between,  
Hear mine agonizing cry,  
O forgive, and let me die!
- 3 Let my punishment be o'er,  
Grant my wretched heart's desire,  
Let me die, to sin no more,  
Let me at thy feet expire,  
Now thy pardning love impart,  
Sprinkle now, and break my heart.

- 4 Do not let me live to sin,  
O remove the mountain-load,  
Quench the hell I feel within  
By thine all-atoning blood,  
Bear me on the purple wave,  
Waft me to the silent grave.

**LVII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn VII.<sup>69</sup>**

- 1 Wretch that I am, what help, or hope  
Of rescue is for me!  
Have I not fill'd the measure up  
Of mine iniquity?
- 2 Have I not fought against my God,  
(Alas no longer mine)  
Refus'd to hear the threatening rod,  
And dar'd the wrath divine?
- 3 From him I farther still have stray'd,  
Still more rebellious been,  
Of faith a dreadful shipwreck made,  
And added sin to sin.
- 4 Vilest of all th' apostate race  
I have his love withstood,  
And sinn'd against his pardning grace,  
And trampled on his blood.
- 5 That blood, which speaking once for me  
My heart and conscience heard:  
But harden'd now my heart I see,  
My conscience now is sear'd.

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<sup>69</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Clarke, 206–8.

- 6 More desp'rate in my damn'd estate,  
And more enslav'd I am,  
Than when I by the flesh-pots sat,  
And wallow'd in my shame.
- 7 No power to stand against my sin,  
No will, alas! Have I;  
But yield to every thought unclean,  
And greedily comply.
- 8 Draughts of iniquity I drink,  
From sin to sin I fall;  
Whate'er I do, or speak, or think,  
Or am, is evil all.
- 9 What shall I do? By guilt opprest,  
Shall I in Egypt dwell?  
Alas! In sinning to seek rest,  
Is to seek rest in hell.
- 10 Shall I believe, who made the eye  
My folly doth not see,  
"Sin in his own he passes by,  
He winks at sin in me?"
- 11 Ah! No; my spirit's desp'rate wound  
I cannot slightly heal;  
No peace is for the wicked found,  
The sea is troubled still.
- 12 The storm of sin can never cease,  
The tumult in my breast,  
Unless the Lord create my peace,  
And speak me into rest.
- 13 This is my only hope (might I  
Presume to call it mine)  
My soul, tho' at the point to die,  
Would live by grace divine.



- 14 The grace I have abus'd, alone  
Can help and comfort give,  
Would Jesus hear my dying groan,  
And bid the sinner live.
- 15 Ah! Lord, if I again may dare  
For mercy to look up,  
Snatch from the whirlpool of despair,  
And give me back my hope.
- 16 Jesus, the forfeiture restore,  
On me the grace bestow,  
On even ground to stand once more  
Against my mortal foe.
- 17 To day, while it is call'd to day,  
My stubborn soul convert,  
Strike the hard rock, and strike away  
The stony from my heart.
- 18 O bid me look on thee, and mourn  
For all my follies past,  
Or let me now to dust return,  
And sin and breathe my last.

**LVIII.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

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

- 1 Cover'd with guilty shame,  
O whither shall I fly?  
Full of the curse of sin I am,  
With no deliverance nigh;  
My punishment is now  
Greater than I can bear,  
Beneath the weight I faint, and bow,  
And sink into despair.

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<sup>70</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 125–26; and MS Clarke, 143–44.

- 2       Drunken, but not with wine,  
          I stagger to and fro,  
The bitter cup of wrath divine  
          Doth all my soul o'erflow;  
          Intangled in a net  
          As a wild bull I lie,  
And struggle with my pain, and fret,  
          And wish in vain to die.
- 3       O who shall help afford,  
          Or ease my misery!  
Full of the fury of the Lord,  
          O who can pity me!  
          The sin-avenging rod  
          I every moment feel,  
The arrows of Almighty God,  
          The antepast of hell.
- 4       I lift my weary eyes,  
          And drop their lids again,  
No hope, no answer from the skies,  
          No respite of my pain!  
          For ever clos'd I see  
          The door of faith and prayer,  
Nothing, alas! Remains for me  
          But blackness of despair.
- 5       I throw mine eyes around  
          That witness huge dismay,  
No secret place for me is found  
          From sin to 'scape away:  
          Ah! Woe is me, constrain'd  
          With human fiends to dwell,  
Held down, and horribly detain'd  
          Amidst the toils of hell.
- 6       O earth, earth, earth attend!  
          (Since heaven rejects my prayer)  
Open thy mouth, and kindly end  
          My agony of despair,

Of guilt, and shame, and sin,  
Of fear, and grief unknown;  
Open thy mouth, and take me in,  
And swallow up thine own.

- 7 Cover, O earth, my blood,  
And never more disclose  
A wretch that flies to thee, pursued  
By human, hellish foes:  
O that I could but fall,  
And die out of their power,  
Die into nothing now—die all—  
And sin—and be no more!

**LIX.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

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

- 1 Poor, wretched heart, by sin opprest,  
And wilt thou never be at rest,  
And must thou always grieve!  
Ah! Woe is me, I still complain,  
And groan to bear my iron chain;  
In sin, in hell I live.
- 2 Encompassed by the dogs of hell  
Sin, only sin without I feel,  
Sin only reigns within;  
Sin always meets my blasted eyes,  
Sin is the worm that never dies,  
And all my soul is sin.
- 3 O'erwhelm'd with horrible affright,  
I shudder at the monster's sight,  
And know not where to fly;  
O for thy pity's sake remove,  
Take, seize me, Saviour, from above,  
And give me, now to die.

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<sup>71</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 111–12; and MS Clarke, 127–29.

- 4 My vehement soul cries out for death!  
Bury me in the depth beneath,  
    Air, earth, or sea, or fire!  
But save me from the great offence,  
And let me keep my innocence,  
    And without sin expire.
- 5 O that I could my soul resign,  
And fairly lose whate'er is mine,  
    Step o'er the griefs between,  
And snatch the death, for which I call,  
Or let me into nothing fall,  
    To 'scape the hell of sin.
- 6 Struggles my soul, and gasps for ease  
In more than mortal agonies,  
    A living death I bear:  
I wish—I strive—but cannot die;  
Still in the flames of sin I lie,  
    The Tophet of despair.
- 7 I need not fear the burning pool,  
Already kindled in my soul  
    The wrath divine I feel,  
With not one drop of comfort nigh  
To cool my tongue, I howl, and cry,  
    Tormented in this hell.
- 8 O hell of sin! Thy fiery rage  
Not many waters can assuage,  
    Not all the ocean's flood,  
Thy flames would, spite of all, increase:  
What then can make thy burnings cease?  
    A drop of Jesu's blood.

**LX.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn X.**

- 1       O take away thy rod,  
          A dying sinner spare!  
My punishment Almighty God,  
          Is more than I can bear:  
          I haste to my own place,  
          From sin to sin I fall,  
Abandon'd by restraining grace;  
          Yet I deserve it all.
  
- 2       My just desert is more,  
          If more on earth can be,  
My sin requir'd it long before  
          That thou shouldst cast off me,  
          Shouldst take my pardon back,  
          Cut short my gracious day,  
Forget; and utterly forsake,  
          And cast me quite away.
  
- 3       Jesus—but O! At last  
          He shuts his mercy's door;  
My doom is fixt, my hour is past;  
          He answers me no more;  
          My days extinct, my hope  
          Cut off, my heart is stone,  
The measure of my sin fill'd up,  
          And peace for ever gone.
  
- 4       The sin-avenging God  
          His fiery wrath darts in,  
Adds woe to woe, and load to load,  
          And chastens sin with sin:

The pangs of hell I taste,  
The bitter trembling cup;  
His arrows in my soul stick fast,  
And drink my spirits up.

5 O horrid, horrid state!  
O depth of hopeless woe!  
Why do I in this torture wait,  
And not the utmost know?  
Why do I lingring stand,  
And not myself relieve?—  
It must be God that stops my hand,  
And forces me to live.

6 But is it possible  
That God should care for me!  
Then may he yet my doom repeal,  
And end my misery.  
He may for Jesu's sake:  
Jesus, the sinner's peace,  
Into thy hands the matter take,  
And all my griefs shall cease.

7 Save me! I ask not how?  
But save me in this hour:  
O snatch me from destruction now,  
Nor let the foe devour:  
I ask not instant *rest*,  
But let me bear my load,  
And find at last my Saviour's breast,  
And sink into my God.

8 This is my utmost hope  
(When all thy wrath is past,  
When I have drunk the poison up,)  
To taste thy love at last;  
When I have borne my shame,  
And suffer'd all my sin,  
Open thine arms, thou lovely Lamb,  
And take the sinner in.

9           If hope be in my end,  
          I all things else resign:  
Yet on thy sufferings I depend,  
          And not, O Lord, on mine.  
          But let me hide my face,  
          And sink into the dust,  
'Till thou at last restore thy grace,  
          And freely save the lost.

10<sup>72</sup>       The reconciling word  
          I would not now receive;  
If I had call'd, and heard my Lord,  
          I should not dare believe:  
          No, no, it is not meet  
          That I should comfort gain:  
Still let me lie at thy dear feet,  
          And suffer all my pain.

11         Be it a vale of tears  
          Where'er I live below,  
Throughout my evil days, or years,  
          Still let mine eyes o'erflow.  
          But e'er I end my race,  
          Bid me thy mercy prove,  
And let my latest breath be praise,  
          My latest passion love.

**LXI.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XI.**<sup>73</sup>

1         Why (in the dust I ask) O why,  
          Good God, hast thou my soul forsook?  
Abandon'd me in sin to die,  
          Blotted my name out of thy book,  
Cast out my unavailing prayer,  
          And left me in the fowler's snare?

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<sup>72</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>73</sup>A longhand manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Clarke, 202–203. A shorthand version appears on page 218 of MS Clarke, as part of an account of being locked in with the prisoners at Newgate on January 14, 1743 (see shorter account in his *MS Journal*). It appears that this is the time and setting in which Wesley composed the hymn.

- 2 Did I not oft beseech thee, Lord,  
    To take me from this evil day,  
To slay me with thy mercy's sword  
    To sweep me far from earth away,  
And hide me in the quiet tomb,  
Where sin could never, never come!
- 3 Yet O! My enemy hath found,  
    And forc'd his slave again to yield;  
My spirit feels the mortal wound,  
    And all my hopes of death are kill'd;  
In sad despair of rest I grieve,  
And still I sin, and still I live.
- 4 Why did I not resign my breath,  
    Before this last, this foul offence?  
Sin hath defrauded me of death,  
    While God delay'd to snatch me hence;  
O God of love, the doubt explain,  
Why have I liv'd to sin again?
- 5 In judgment dost thou here reprieve,  
    That I may all my sin fill up?  
A mon'ment of thy justice live?—  
    Why am I then constrain'd to hope,  
Why do I still for mercy groan,  
And trembles still my heart of stone?
- 6 O this inexplicable doubt!  
    My prayer was heard, and yet I fell:  
Thy judgments are past finding out,  
    Thy ways are all unsearchable!  
This only do I know, 'Tis mine  
To sin; to pardon sin is thine.
- 7 Assist me then to come once more,  
    And take the freely proffer'd grace,  
Me to thy favour, Lord, restore,  
    Me with thine arms of love embrace,



And hear me in thy bosom breathe  
My passionate desires of death.

- 8 Still do I urge my sole request,  
    In horror of offending thee,  
Snatch me to my eternal rest,  
    Before the evil day I see,  
Save from the more than mortal pain,  
Nor let me live to sin again.
- 9 Wouldst thou not rather have me fly  
    From earth, than stay to lose thy love?  
Die, and not sin, than sin and die?  
    O take me to thy rest above,  
Now, Lord, my struggling soul set free,  
Renew, and bid me die in thee.

**LXII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XII.<sup>74</sup>**

- 1 O that my load were gone,  
    That I my wish might have,  
Be sav'd from sin, and then sink down  
    Into a quiet grave!  
    Where grief and guilty care  
    Can never more molest:  
The wicked cease from troubling there,  
    The weary are at rest.
- 2 O that I now could find  
    A place to lay my head;  
Be clean forgot, and out of mind,  
    And free among the dead!  
    O that the hour were come!  
    That I my head might bow,  
And gain the harbour of the tomb,  
    And yield my spirit now!

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<sup>74</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Cheshunt, 148–50.

- 3       Who that hath ever known  
          The bitterness of sin,  
Would not for full redemption groan,  
          And die to be made clean?  
          But all in vain our hope  
          By death to be set free,  
Unless we after God wake up,  
          And here his glory see.
- 4       How then dare I presume,  
          Unchang'd, and unrenew'd,  
To wish for death—to meet my doom  
          And perish in my blood!  
          Ev'n now (but God denies  
          My foolish heart's desire)  
I should be lifting up my eyes  
          In everlasting fire.
- 5       Ah! Gracious Lord, forgive  
          My unbelieving haste;  
My time is in thy hand, I leave  
          It all to thee at last:  
          I do at last comply,  
          My stubborn will resign;  
Chuse thou for me to live, or die,  
          And let thy choice be mine.
- 6       Still hide from me thy face,  
          But give me strength to bear  
The guilty load, the dire disgrace,  
          The sadness of despair:  
          Still let me groan beneath  
          A nature all unclean,  
And drag the body of this death,  
          And feel this hell of sin.
- 7       Why should a man complain,  
          Beneath the vengeful rod!  
'Tis all my due, the penal pain,  
          The absence of my God;

An heavier doom than this  
My sin deserves to feel,  
The darkness of the great abyss,  
The hottest flames of hell.

8       With patience then I yield  
          To bear my lighter doom,  
And wait 'till all my time's fulfill'd,  
          And my last change is come;  
          Only when all is past,  
          In pity think on me,  
And save me as by fire at last,  
          And let me die in thee.

**LXIII.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn XIII.**

1       O my God, no longer mine!  
          I have cast off his yoke,  
          Broke thro' all the threats divine,  
          Thro' all the mercies broke:  
          I have turn'd to sin again,  
The sin that claims me for its own;  
          Sin, and shame, and guilt, and pain,  
          And hell, and I are one.

2       Where is now my strife and care  
          And vows from sin to fly?  
          Where the answer of that prayer,  
          "O rather let me die!  
          Let me quit this wretched life,  
And die, that I may sin no more—"  
          I have sinn'd, and all my strife,  
          And all my hope is o'er.

- 3           Would to God, that I had died,  
              E'er I the deed had done,  
              Mock'd afresh, and crucified,  
              And trampled on his Son!  
              All in vain I wish, and pray,  
It is, and cannot but have been:  
              Who can call back yesterday,  
              Or nullify my sin?
- 4           With a diamond's point it stands  
              Engraven on my heart,  
              Wrote by mine, and Satan's hands,  
              It mocks the eraser's art:  
              Deep as hell's foundations driven  
Into my soul the marks remain:  
              Is there dew in that fair heaven  
              To purge so foul a stain?
- 5           Dare I lift again mine eyes,  
              And ask th' atoning God,  
              What his speaking blood replies,  
              His sin-expurging blood!  
              Is it all thy blood can cleanse,  
And melt so foul an heart of stone?  
              Mercy's whole omnipotence  
              May here be fully shewn.
- 6           Me if thou canst still restore,  
              Now, Lord, my doom repeal,  
              Bid me stand as heretofore,  
              As I had never fell:  
              If such power be in thy blood,  
Now, now repeat my sins forgiven,  
              Draw me thro' the cleansing flood,  
              And snatch me up to heaven.

**LXIV.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XIV.<sup>75</sup>**

- 1        Jesus, let thy pitying eye  
          Call back a wandring sheep,  
          False to thee like Peter I  
          Would fain like Peter weep:  
          Let me be by grace restor'd,  
On me be all long-suffering shewn;  
          Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
          And break my heart of stone.
- 2        Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,  
          Repentance to impart,  
          Give me thro' thy dying love  
          The humble contrite heart:  
          Give what I have long implor'd,  
A portion of thy grief unknown;  
          Turn, and look, &c.
- 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, &c.
- 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-abhor'd,  
As devils in their chains I groan:  
          Turn, and look, &c.

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<sup>75</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Occasional Hymns, 10–13; and MS Shent, 58a–59a.

- 5           For thine own compassion's sake  
              The gracious wonder shew,  
              Cast my sins behind thy back,  
              And wash me white as snow;  
              If thy bowels now are stir'd,  
If now I would myself bemoan,  
              Turn, and look, &c.
- 6           See me, Saviour, from above,  
              Nor suffer me to die,  
              Life, and happiness, and love  
              Drop from thy gracious eye;  
              Speak the reconciling word,  
And let thy mercy melt me down;  
              Turn, and look, &c.
- 7           Look, as when thine eye pursued  
              The first apostate man,  
              Saw him weltring in his blood,  
              And bad him rise again;  
              Speak my paradise restor'd,  
Redeem me by thy grace alone:  
              Turn, and look, &c.
- 8           Look, as when thy pity saw  
              Thine own in a strange land,  
              Forc'd t' 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, &c.
- 9           Look, as when thy weeping eye  
              The bloody city view'd,  
              Those, who ston'd and doom'd to die  
              The prophets, and their God:  
              I deserve their sad reward,  
But this my gracious day I own:  
              Turn, and look, &c.

- 10        Look, as when thy grace beheld  
              The harlot in distress,  
              Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd;  
              And bad her go in peace:  
              Foul like her, and self-abhor'd,  
I at thy feet for mercy groan:  
              Turn, and look, &c.
- 11        Look, as when condemn'd for them  
              Thou didst thy followers see,  
              “Daughters of Jerusalem,  
              Weep for yourselves, not me!”  
              Am I by my God deplor'd,  
And shall I not myself bemoan?  
              Turn, and look, &c.
- 12        Look, as when thy languid eye  
              Was clos'd that we might live,  
              Father (at the point to die  
              My Saviour gasp'd) 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!

**LXV.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XV.<sup>76</sup>**

**[Part I.]**

- 1        How happy are they,  
              Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above,  
              Tongue cannot express  
              The sweet comfort, and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

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<sup>76</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Occasional Hymns, 6–10; and MS Shent, 63a–63b.

2           That comfort was mine,  
          When the favour divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
          When my heart it believ'd,  
          What a joy it receiv'd,  
          What a heaven in Jesus his name!

3           'Twas an heaven below  
          My Saviour to know;  
The angels could do nothing more  
          Than fall at his feet,  
          And the story repeat,  
          And the lover of sinners adore.

4           Jesus all the day long  
          Was my joy and my song;  
O that all his salvation may see!  
          He hath lov'd me, I cried,  
          He hath suffer'd, and died,  
          To redeem such a rebel as me.

5           On the wings of his love  
          I was carried above  
All sin, and temptation, and pain;  
          I could not believe  
          That I ever should grieve,  
          That I ever should suffer again.

6           I rode on the sky,  
          (Freely justified I!)  
Nor envied Elijah his seat;  
          My soul mounted higher  
          In a chariot of fire,  
          And the moon it was under my feet.

7           O the rapturous height  
          Of that holy delight,



Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possest  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

**Part II.**

8 Ah, where am I now!  
When was it, or how  
That I fell from my heaven of grace!  
I am brought into thrall,  
I am stript of my all,  
I am banish'd from Jesus his face.

9 Hardly yet do I know  
How I let my Lord go,  
So insensibly starting aside,  
When the tempter came in  
With his own subtle sin,  
And infected my spirit with pride.

10 But I felt it too soon,  
That my Saviour was gone,  
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;  
My triumph and boast  
On a sudden were lost,  
And my day it was turn'd into night.

11 Only pride could destroy  
That innocent joy,  
And make my Redeemer depart:  
But whate'er was the cause,  
I lament the sad loss,  
For the veil is come over my heart.

12 Ah! Wretch that I am!  
I can only exclaim,

Like a devil tormented within,  
My Saviour is gone,  
And has left me alone  
To the fury of Satan and sin.

13        Nothing now can relieve,  
             Without comfort I grieve,  
I have lost all my peace and my power:  
             No access do I find  
             To the friend of mankind;  
I can ask for his mercy no more.

14        Tongue cannot declare  
             The torment I bear  
(While no end of my troubles I see)  
             Only Adam could tell  
             On the day that he fell,  
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

15        Driven out from my God,  
             I wander abroad,  
Thro' a desert of sorrows I rove;  
             And how great is my pain,  
             That I cannot regain  
My Eden of Jesus his love!

16        I never shall rise  
             To my first paradise,  
Or come my Redeemer to see:  
             But I feel a faint hope,  
             That at last he will stoop,  
And his pity shall bring him to me.

**LXVI.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XVI.<sup>77</sup>**

- 1        O Jesus, my hope,  
          When wilt thou lift up  
A lost sinner that lies at thy feet?  
          If thou cast out my prayer,  
          I shall die in despair,  
          And sink into the bottomless pit.
- 2        Thou knowst my sad case,  
          I am fallen from grace,  
And possest by a spirit unclean;  
          I have lost all my power,  
          I am every hour  
          Dropping into the Tophet of sin.
- 3        How weak was my heart  
          With my Saviour to part,  
Who had sprinkled me once with his blood!  
          Yet I threw off his yoke,  
          And presumptuously broke  
          From the arms of a merciful God.
- 4        Now I languish in vain  
          Thy love to regain,  
But find for repentance no place:  
          Thou hast left me to mourn,  
          And I cannot return,  
          Or recover thy forfeited grace.
- 5        Ah! What shall I say?  
          I have squander'd away  
My portion of mercy divine;  
          I have sinn'd in thy sight,  
          I have done thee despight,  
          And gone back to my husks, and my swine.

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<sup>77</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 62–64.

- 6        Nothing is there in me  
          Thy glory can see,  
But the fulness of passion and pride,  
          My heart is unclean,  
          My whole nature is sin,  
In the confines of hell I abide.
- 7        O how shall I move  
          Thy compassion and love  
To consider my desperate grief?  
          I can only confess  
          My sin and distress,  
And go out of myself for relief.
- 8        To the fountain I go,  
          Which so freely did flow  
In pardons from Jesus his side:  
          O my Saviour, and God,  
          Let the water and blood  
Be again to my conscience applied.
- 9        Do not look upon me  
          But as ransom'd by thee;  
Remember, O Lord, what thou art:  
          A meer sinner I am,  
          But I call on thy name,  
I appeal to thy pitiful heart.
- 10       Now, now let me die,  
          At thy feet while I lie,  
Delight, if thou canst, in my death,  
          But I surely shall feel,  
          E'er I fall into hell,  
That the arms of thy love are beneath.

**LXVII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XVII.**

- 1 O wretched man of hopeless grief!  
    What shall I do, or whither fly?  
Shut up in sin, and unbelief,  
    Afraid to live, afraid to die,  
In bitterness of soul I mourn,  
And rue the day that I was born.
  
- 2 Is there no balm in Gilead found?  
    Is there no kind physician there,  
To heal my spirit's desperate wound,  
    To mitigate my sad despair?  
No word t' assuage my misery,  
No promise of relief for me?
  
- 3 Where is the helpless sinner's friend?  
    Where is the weary wanderer's rest?  
Wilt thou not bid my sorrows end?  
    Wilt thou not calm my troubled breast,  
And shew forth all thy gracious art,  
And stamp forgiveness on my heart?
  
- 4 I know not how thy love will deal  
    With such a poor, backsliding soul;  
Yet let me hope thy blood to feel,  
    Hope against hope to be made whole,  
And humbly still thy grace desire,  
And weeping at thy feet expire.

**LXVIII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XVIII.**

- 1       O mercy divine!  
          When shall it be mine!  
          'Tis mercy alone  
          Can ransom a soul so entirely undone!
  
- 2       So fallen from grace,  
          So far from his face  
          Who brought me to God,  
          And sprinkled me once with his life-giving blood!
  
- 3       Base wretch that I am!  
          With sorrow and shame  
          The sin I confess  
          Which robb'd me of all my sweet comfort and peace.
  
- 4       Ah, how could I grieve  
          His Spirit, and leave  
          A Saviour so kind,  
          Who labour'd so long a lost sinner to find?
  
- 5       I follow'd an heart  
          Ever prone to depart  
          From Jesus my Lord,  
          And threw off his yoke, and rejected his word.
  
- 6       I thwarted his will,  
          My own to fulfil,  
          To nature gave way,  
          And suffer'd my lusts to recover their sway.
  
- 7       I left my first zeal,  
          And insensibly fell,

And started aside,  
Betray'd into passion by slackness and pride:

8 My folly return'd  
To Egypt, and burn'd  
For sensual delight,  
And did my adorable Saviour despite.

9 Thro' selfish desire  
I made him retire,  
(Though loath to depart)  
And leave a divided idolatrous heart.

10 He left me alone  
In nature sunk down,  
'Till awaken'd again  
I felt all the weight of mine enemy's chain.

11 I felt it; and still  
My burthen I feel,  
My punishment bear,  
And hardly to hope for forgiveness I dare.

12 So soon I abuse  
His mercy, and lose  
The tendering power,  
Plung'd deeper in sin and distress than before.

13 Ah, what shall I do?  
He only must shew  
Whose pity can find  
A cause in himself to be gracious and kind.

14 Whose mercies exceed  
My offences, and plead  
Unwearied for me;  
Whose love is a boundless and bottomless sea.

15 My refuge is this  
Unexhausted abyss;

Forsaken of all,  
Lord, into thy ocean of mercy I fall.

- 16        Here, Jesu, am I  
              Determin'd to lie,  
              Thy goodness to prove,  
              And if I am lost, to be lost in thy love.

**LXIX.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XIX.**

- 1        Jesu, I believe thee near:  
              Now my fallen soul restore,  
              Now my guilty conscience clear,  
              Give me back my peace and power;  
              Stone to flesh again convert,  
              Write forgiveness on my heart.
- 2        I believe thy pardning grace  
              As at the beginning, free:  
              Open are thy arms t' embrace  
              Me, the worst of rebels me;  
              All in me the hindrance lies,  
              Call'd I still refuse to rise.
- 3        Still my carnal<sup>78</sup> mind withstands,  
              Still I madly hug my chain,  
              Start from thy extended hands,  
              Will not be receiv'd again,  
              Backwards cast my wishful eye,  
              Linger still from sin to fly.
- 4        Yet for thy own mercy sake,  
              Patience with thy rebel have,  
              Me thy mercy's witness make,  
              Mon'ment of thy power to save,

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<sup>78</sup>Ori., "earnest"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).



Make me willing to be free,  
Restless to be sav'd by thee.

5 Now the gracious work begin,  
Now for good some token give,  
Give me now to feel my sin,  
Give me now my sin to leave,  
Bid me look on thee, and mourn,  
Bid me to thy arms return.

6 Take this heart of stone away,  
Melt me into gracious tears,  
Grant me power to watch and pray,  
'Till thy lovely face appears,  
'Till thy favour I retrieve,  
'Till by faith again I live.

**LXX.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

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

1 Still, O Lamb, to thee I pray,  
I, the vile backslider I,  
Take, O take my sins away,  
Haste thy balmy blood t' apply,  
Bid the power of sin depart,  
Drop thy blood upon my heart.

2<sup>80</sup> Weary, weary, and opprest  
Shall I come to thee in vain?  
Wilt thou, Lord, deny me rest,  
Canst thou leave me to my pain,  
Crush'd by my own misery,  
Perishing for want of thee?

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118a. <sup>79</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 136–37; MS Clarke, 155–56; and MS Shent,

<sup>80</sup>Ori., “3”; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,  
'Till thou give me back my peace;  
Wilt thou not the grace bestow?  
Wilt thou not my sins dismiss?  
From the guilt and power set free,  
Justify the damn'd in me!
- 4 If thou all compassion art,  
If to me thy bowels move,  
Trouble, and make soft my heart,  
Melt it by thy pardning love,  
Now from all my sins release,  
Loose, and bid me go in peace.

**LXXI.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn XXI.**

- 1 How shall a lost sinner in pain  
Recover his forfeited peace?  
When brought into bondage again  
What hope of a second release?  
Will mercy itself be so kind  
To spare such a rebel as me?  
And O! Can I possibly find  
Such plenteous redemption in thee?
- 2<sup>81</sup> O Jesus, of thee I enquire  
If still thou are able to save,  
The brand to pluck out of the fire  
And ransom my soul from the grave?  
The help of thy Spirit restore,  
And shew me the life-giving blood,  
And pardon a sinner once more,  
And bring me again unto God.

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<sup>81</sup>Ori., "3", in both editions.

- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,  
Come quickly to help a lost soul,  
To comfort a mourner appear,  
And make a poor Lazarus whole:  
The balm of thy mercy apply,  
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel)  
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,  
O save, or I sink into hell!
- 4 I sink if thou longer delay  
Thy pardoning mercy to shew,  
Come quickly, and kindly display  
The power of thy passion below,  
By all thou hast done for my sake  
One drop of thy blood I implore:  
Now, now let it touch me, and make  
The sinner a sinner no more.

**LXXII.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn XXII.**

- 1 Turn, thou friend of sinners, turn  
On my soul thy gracious eye,  
Let me for thy glory mourn,  
For thine injur'd honour cry:  
Melt me by thy pitying look,  
Me who have my Lord forsook.
- 2 Come thou greater than my heart,  
Come, and now the stone remove,  
Now the bitter grief impart,  
Grief at having griev'd thy love,  
Thee so faithlessly denied,  
Thee so often crucified!

- 3 Worldly grief be far away,  
    Trouble at my sufferings here!  
Huge affliction, sore dismay,  
    Burning shame and racking fear,  
These are but my lightest load:  
I have sinn'd against my God.
- 4 O that this might swallow up  
    All my pains, and griefs, and fears!  
I have made my God to stoop,  
    Made thee lose thy precious tears,  
Made thee shed thy blood again,  
Die ten thousand times in vain.
- 5 Help me, O thou Man of Woe,  
    Now to feel my misery:  
Now the gracious token shew,  
    Let me now lament for thee,  
Grieve for all that I have done,  
Weep for thy dear sake alone.
- 6 Hence let all my troubles rise,  
    Hence let all my sorrows flow,  
Stream the fountains of my eyes,  
    Heave my breast with endless woe,  
Feel my flesh the killing smart,  
Fail my spirit, and break my heart!

**LXXIII.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn XXIII.**

- 1 O my God, my God forgive:  
    All thy wrath I cannot bear,  
Cannot suffer on, and live:  
    If thy purpose is to spare,

If thou canst so greatly save,  
Now redeem me from the grave.

2 See thy creature most distrest,  
Stretch'd upon the rack of fears,  
Mark the earthquake in my breast,  
Mark the torrent of my tears,  
All my pangs unspeakable  
See, and O! Vouchsafe to feel.

3 O thou gracious Son of God,  
O thou loving Man of Grief,  
Lighten now my mountain-load,  
Now afford me some relief;  
In my end if hope there be,  
If thou yet canst pardon me.

4 Quench this cruel hell of doubt,  
All this unbelief remove:  
Wilt thou cast a sinner out,  
One that hangs upon thy love,  
Feebly gasping after grace,  
Canst thou drive me from thy face?

5 Break not off my weakest hold,  
Do not to my haters leave,  
To my fierce oppressors sold  
Once again my soul retrieve,  
For thy truth, and mercy sake  
Cast my sins behind thy back.

6 Might I find thy pardning love,  
Then I all things could sustain,  
Glory (if my God approve,)  
In the frown of hostile man,  
Bless the sacred infamy  
Scorn'd by man and priz'd by thee.

**LXXIV.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXIV.**

- 1 O God thy righteousness we own,  
Judgment is at thy house begun,  
With humblest awe thy rod we hear,  
And guilty in thy sight appear,  
We cannot in thy judgment stand,  
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.
  
- 2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,  
And still for mercy, mercy pray,  
Unworthy to behold thy face,  
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,  
Our sin, and wickedness we own,  
And deeply for acceptance groan.
  
- 3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improv'd,  
But basely from thy statutes rov'd,  
And done thy loving Spirit despite,  
And sinn'd against the clearest light,  
Brought back thine agonizing pain,  
And nail'd thee to thy cross again.
  
- 4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,  
A stiff-neck'd, and hard-hearted race,  
But O! In tender mercy break  
The iron sinew in our neck,  
The softning power of love impart,  
And melt the marble of our heart.

**LXXV.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXV.**

- 1    What shall an helpless sinner do  
      Who long from God have fell?  
Satan, the world, and sin pursue,  
      And hunt me down to hell.
- 2    Intangled in the fowler's snare,  
      The toils of sin I lie,  
Bound with the fetters of despair,  
      And wish, and fear to die.
- 3    Out of the deep I cry, and mourn  
      In hopeless misery,  
My breast with raging passions torn  
      Is all a troubled sea.
- 4    Whate'er a Christless soul can wound  
      I feel, I feel it here;  
But not a fiend in hell is found  
      So fierce as guilty fear.
- 5    Abandon'd to the fury's will,  
      I prove her utmost power,  
And twice ten thousand deaths I feel,  
      Yet live to suffer more.
- 6    With me the ghastly spectre walks  
      In every secret shade,  
In all her horrid forms she stalks  
      Around my sleepless bed.
- 7    She seizes, holds, and weighs me down,  
      Strangles my infant hope,  
Harrows me with her chilling frown,  
      And drinks my spirits up.

- 8     The world she sets in fierce array,  
       The murderers of my fame,  
Anticipates the dreadful day,  
       And blazons all my shame.
- 9     My every weakness she bewrays,  
       And swells into a crime,  
Torments me with severe disgrace,  
       Torments—before my time.
- 10    My poor despairing soul she racks  
       With agonizing smart,  
Her whip of knotted vipers shakes,  
       And tears my bleeding heart.
- 11    She mocks my unavailing cry,  
       When crush'd beneath my load,  
Where'er I look, where'er I fly,  
       Presents an angry God.
- 12    The burning pit she open throws,  
       The hellish misery,  
And tells me, these eternal woes  
       Are all reserv'd for me.
- 13    My soul shrinks back—but O! To whom  
       Or whither shall I run?  
Will God the just reverse my doom,  
       And hear my latest groan?
- 14    His anger most of all I fear,  
       And dread to meet his eye,  
Yet O! Unless I find him near,  
       I must for ever die.
- 15    See then I at thy feet once more  
       My guilty spirit cast,  
Here (if thou wilt not yet restore)  
       Resolv'd to groan my last.



**LXXVI.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXVI.**

- 1 In trouble I seek thee, O God,  
    Compell'd by the burthen I bear,  
    Constrain'd by the stroke of thy rod  
    I pour out a penitent prayer:  
Ah! Do not abhor my sad moan,  
    Extorted, alas! By distress,  
But hear, and with pity look down,  
    And send me an answer of peace.
  
- 2 What must a poor prodigal do  
    Thy forfeited grace to regain?  
My trouble I only can shew,  
    And tell thee my sorrow and pain:  
I only for mercy can cry,  
    And groan with the sense of my load.  
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,  
    I die in my sins, and my blood.
  
- 3 I own, I have sinn'd in thy sight,  
    Have sinn'd against knowledge and love,  
And done thy good Spirit despite;  
    Yet look on my surety above!  
His passion alone is my plea,  
    His free inexhaustible grace:  
My Advocate answer'd for me,  
    And Jesus hath died in my place.
  
- 4 O Father of mercies restore,  
    For Jesus's merits alone,  
And heal a backslider once more,  
    And give me again to thy Son:

If still thou art able to spare  
If infinite mercy thou art,  
Reply to my penitent prayer,  
And whisper thy peace to my heart.

**LXXVII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXVII.**

- 1 O that the love of God,  
Which once I sweetly felt,  
Again were shed abroad,  
This stony heart to melt!  
Love only can the conquest win,  
My desp'rate soul restore,  
And save me from the guilt of sin,  
And save me from the power.
- 2 This base unworthy breast  
I smite, alas! In vain,  
But cannot find thy rest,  
But cannot love again,  
'Till thou the Spirit of holiness  
The loving Spirit send,  
To heal my wounds, and seal my peace,  
And bid my sorrows end.
- 3 Consider, gracious Lord,  
How short my time below,  
And now repeat the word,  
And loose, and let me go;  
From sin, the world, and Satan's chain  
My struggling spirit free,  
And let me find my peace again,  
And live, and die in thee.

**LXXVIII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXVIII.**<sup>82</sup>

- 1        O that I could repent,  
          With all my idols part,  
And to thy gracious eye present  
          An humble contrite heart!  
          An heart with grief opprest  
          At having griev'd my God,  
A troubled heart that cannot rest  
          'Till sprinkled with thy blood!
- 2        Jesu, on me bestow  
          The penitent desire,  
With true sincerity of woe,  
          My aching breast inspire;  
          With softning pity look,  
          And melt my hardness down,  
Strike with thy love's effectual stroke,  
          And break this heart of stone.
- 3        O for thy glorious name  
          My flinty bosom move,  
And let me feel my load of shame,  
          And groan my want of love:  
          Low in the deepest deep  
          My humbled spirit lay,  
And give me there to cry, and weep  
          My pensive life away.
- 4        Absorb'd in ceaseless woe,  
          No interval I crave,  
But softly all my days to go,  
          And mourning to the grave;  
          'Till all my pains are past,  
          And thou my soul require:—  
But let me see thy face at last,  
          And in thy arms expire.

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<sup>82</sup>Ori., "Hymn LXXVIII"; in both editions.

**LXXIX.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXIX.**

- 1    Gracious God, what shall I do?  
      Never will my heart prove true?  
      Never firm or constant prove,  
      Never keep thy pardning love?  
      All my vows are broke again,  
      All my purposes are vain,  
      Useless all my watchful fears,  
      Lost my unavailing tears!
  
- 2    How did I thy help implore,  
      Beg that I might sin no more,  
      Strive in agony of prayer,  
      Death itself to sin prefer!  
      Yet my enemy hath found,  
      Dealt the oft-inflicted wound,  
      All my hopes again destroy'd,  
      Kill'd the tender life of God.
  
- 3    Deeper plung'd in guilt and shame,  
      Whom, alas! Have I to blame?  
      Can I, who to sin gave place,  
      Charge thy insufficient grace!  
      No, thy *slighted* grace I clear,  
      Thou to help wert always near,  
      But I ceas'd to watch and pray,  
      Slacken'd, sunk, and fell away.
  
- 4    Shall I then the strife give o'er,  
      Never sue for mercy more,  
      To my fearful doom submit,  
      Sink content into the pit?

No, thy mercy answers, No!  
Mercy will not let me go,  
Still thy yearning bowels cry,  
“Wherefore wilt thou sin, and die?”

5<sup>83</sup> Lord, to thee what shall I say?  
Shall I promise still t’ obey?  
Aggravate my guilt and pain,  
Make, to break my vows again?  
Lord, I know not what to do!  
Only thou the way canst shew:  
When, and as thou wilt restore,  
Lift me up to fall no more.

[6] ’Till that welcome day I see,  
Let me sorrow after thee,  
Weeping at thy footstool lie,  
Still for mercy, mercy cry,  
Cry, or make my speechless moan,  
Groan the Spirit’s deepest groan,  
Gasp thy favour to retrieve,  
Die to see thy face—and live!

**LXXX.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn XXX.**

- 1 Father, I in thy strength arise  
From my dead sleep of sin,  
And lift with shame my guilty eyes,  
And groan to be made clean.
- 2 Unworthy to be call’d thy son,  
Yet a good hope I feel,  
Thou never wilt thyself disown,  
Thou art my Father still.

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<sup>83</sup>Ori., “3”. Next stanza: ori., “4” (error in both editions).

- 3 The Father of my dying Lord,  
And therefore mine thou art,  
Thy bowels are in Jesus stir'd,  
And full of love thy heart.
- 4 That fulness of thy pitying love  
To me in Christ reveal,  
Again my unbelief remove,  
Again my pardon seal.
- 5 The word of reconciling grace  
I long to feel applied:  
O let me see thy smiling face,  
And know thee pacified.
- 6 Thy prodigal in Christ receive,  
The forfeiture restore,  
Forgive, for Jesus' sake forgive,  
And bid me sin no more.

**LXXXI.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn XXXI.**

- 1 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Shew forth thy truth and grace on me,  
On me let all thy will take place,  
Speak the kind word, and set me free  
From sin and Satan's iron chain;  
O give me back my peace again.
- 2 Would I not in thy name believe?  
Thy name is all I want to know:  
Thou canst, thou canst my sin forgive,  
This moment touch me white as snow,  
This moment my backslidings heal,  
And speak the gracious word, "I will!"

- 3     Willing to save, I know, thou art,  
       Thy love is equal to thy power:  
Why then dost thou far off depart,  
       Why dost thou let the foe devour,  
My prayer cast out, my suit repel,  
And leave me in the toils of hell!
- 4     Whate'er in me obstructs the way,  
       Art thou not ready to remove?  
My lusts and appetites to slay,  
       And crucify my creature-love,  
The sacred willingness t' infuse,  
The power eternal life to chuse?
- 5     Why am I then, ah! Shew me why  
       This weak, intangled, wretched thing?  
Afraid to live, afraid to die?  
       Nor death nor life have lost their sting;  
A living death, alas! I bear,  
Cut off from hope, and from despair.
- 6     A mystery of grief, and sin,  
       Out of the deep I cry to thee,  
End, Jesus, end this war within,  
       Set my sad soul at liberty;  
My groaning soul on thee I cast,  
Redeem, and let me groan my last.

**LXXXII.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn XXXII.**

- 1     O that I could revere  
       My much-offended God!  
O that I could but stand in fear  
       Of thy afflicting rod!

The rod I long have borne,  
O may I dread the pain,  
And never more to folly turn,  
And never sin again!

2        Remembring<sup>84</sup> my distress,  
          The wormwood and the gall,  
For help against my wickedness  
On thee I humbly call:  
          Whom mercy cannot draw  
          Thou by thy threatnings move,  
And keep an abject soul in awe,  
          That will not yield to love.

3        Shew me the naked sword  
          Impendent o'er my head,  
And let me tremble at thy word,  
          And to my ways take heed,  
          With sacred horror fly  
          From every sinful snare,  
Nor ever in my judge's eye  
          My judge's anger dare.

4        Thou great, tremendous God,  
          The conscious awe impart,  
The grace be now on me bestow'd,  
          The tender fleshly heart:  
          For Jesu's sake alone  
          The stony heart remove,  
And melt at last, O melt me down  
          Into the mould of love.

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<sup>84</sup>Ori., "Remember"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).



**LXXXIII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXXIII.**

- 1        All-good, Almighty God,  
          How can thy creature be  
So long opprest beneath his load  
          Who groans for help to thee?  
          My soul how canst thou leave  
          To struggle with its chain,  
To strive against my sin, and grieve,  
          And grieve and strive in vain?
  
- 2        Surely the hindrance lies  
          In me, in me alone;  
Thee only just, and true, and wise,  
          And merciful I own:  
          Why then dost thou delay  
          The hindrance to remove,  
And kindly force my stubborn clay  
          To take the stamp of love?
  
- 3        Dost thou, to break my pride,  
          Refuse to heal my wound,  
And let me still in sin abide,  
          That grace may more abound?  
          Ah no! Thy purity  
          My sin would never chuse,  
Thou canst not, Lord, to humble me,  
          The help of Satan use.
  
- 4        Dost thou refuse to hear  
          The object of thy hate,  
The vessel of thy wrath severe,  
          The hopeless reprobate?

Why then am I with-held  
From blasphemous despair?  
Why am I thus again compell'd  
To plead with thee in pray'r?

5 Righteous in all thy ways,  
Dost thou thy grace restrain,  
T' avenge the quarrel of thy grace,  
By me receiv'd in vain?  
But at my greatest need  
Have I no friend above,  
No advocate my cause to plead  
Before the throne of love?

6 My Saviour prays for me,  
Yet no relief I feel,  
Fast bound in sin and misery,  
Unsav'd, unhappy still;  
Who shall the cause declare,  
The secret bar reveal!  
Past finding out thy judgments are,  
Thy ways unsearchable.

7 Here then I lay me down  
In darkness, grief, and shame;  
A sinner, O thou God unknown,  
But in thy hands I am:  
My sole disposer thou,  
And what thou dost with me,  
And what my end, I know not now,  
But leave it all to thee.

**LXXXIV.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXXIV.**

- 1        O that I could repent,  
          O that I could believe!  
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,  
          The rock in sunder cleave;  
          Thou by thy two-edg'd sword  
          My soul and spirit part,  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
          And break my stubborn heart.
- 2        Saviour and Prince of Peace,  
          The double grace bestow,  
Unloose the bands of wickedness,  
          And let the captive go:  
          Grant me my sins to feel,  
          And then the load remove,  
Wound, and pour in my wounds to heal,  
          The balm of pardning love.
- 3        Or, if thou wilt, keep back  
          That joyous sense of grace,  
But let me now my sins forsake,  
          And hate all evil ways;  
          Hate with a perfect hate  
          Whatever thwarts thy will,  
And groan beneath my guilty weight,  
          And bear my burthen still.
- 4        Do with me as thou wilt,  
          But leave me not t' increase  
My debt of old-contracted guilt,  
          My load of wickedness:

Save me from farther sin,  
From farther misery,  
And fix a mighty gulph between  
The cursed thing and me.

5 For thy own mercy sake,  
The cursed thing remove;  
And into thy protection take  
The prisoner of thy love:  
In every trying hour  
Stand by my feeble soul,  
And skreen me from my nature's power  
'Till thou hast made me whole.

6 This is thy will, I know,  
That I should holy be,  
Should let my sin this moment go,  
This moment turn to thee;  
O might I now embrace  
Thine all-sufficient power,  
And never more to sin give place,  
And never grieve thee more!

**LXXXV.**

**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**

**Hymn XXXV.**

1 Alas, it must be so!  
I mournfully confess,  
The only cause of pain and woe  
Is sin and wickedness:  
Constrain'd at last I am  
To yield my full belief,  
And own "that vice ingenders shame,  
And folly broods o'er grief."

2 The righteous God and true  
Hath made his justice known;  
Because his will I would not do,  
He leaves me to my own.

His long-rejected grace  
At last he takes away,  
And now I cannot seek his face,  
And now I cannot pray.

3        Without a gracious thought,  
          Without a wish of good,  
I only have the thing I sought,  
          And reap what first I sow'd:  
          Pain in its cause I chose,  
          The sorrow and distress,  
And all the misery that flows  
          From wilful wickedness.

4        Why then should I complain  
          Beneath my penal load,  
Or kick against the pricks in vain,  
          Or murmur against God?  
          To his vindictive will,  
          At last I meekly stoop,  
And eat the bitter roll, and fill  
          My mournful measure up.

5        The heaviness of soul,  
          The pining want of rest,  
The thoughts that in my bosom roll,  
          And tear my troubled breast,  
          The temporal despair  
          That gnaws my heart within,  
'Tis less than I deserve to bear,  
          'Tis all the fruits of sin.

6        Sorrow, and loss, and shame,  
          And soul-distracting fear  
May justly now their captive claim,  
          And seize and keep me *here*:  
          My strugglings all are past,  
          My hopes of comfort cease—  
But let them, Lord, revive at last,  
          But let me die in peace.

**LXXXVI.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXXVI.**

- 1        Father, I seek thy face,  
            Which once with joy I saw,  
But quickly forfeited thy grace,  
            And lost my filial awe:  
            By sin, alas, beguil'd!  
            Beneath thy frown I grieve;  
Pity thy most rebellious child,  
            And, if thou canst, forgive.
- 2        I know thy justice wills  
            That I should suffer here,  
And lo! My troubled spirit feels  
            Thy righteous wrath severe:  
            Left to myself, I groan  
            In vain thy face to see,  
My penal want of grace bemoan,  
            My penal want of thee.
- 3        In all my griefs below  
            The fatal cause I read,  
Thy justice aims each vengeful blow  
            At my faint, guilty head;  
            In every touch of pain  
            I feel a stroke of thine,  
And chasten'd by the rod of men  
            Revere the rod divine.
- 4        Thy awful righteousness  
            I in thy plagues revere,  
Stript of my power, and joy, and peace,  
            And every comfort here:

The loss of friends, and fame,  
The wormwood, and the gall,  
The bitterness of grief, and shame,  
My sins procur'd it all.

5        Yet what is all I bear  
          To what my sins require,  
That blackness of extreme despair,  
          That everlasting fire!  
          Lord, I with thanks receive  
          Whate'er on earth I feel,  
'Tis mercy all that *here* I live,  
          A sinner—not in hell.

6        Here let me still remain  
          (If so thy will decree)  
In quiet grief, and silent pain,  
          And patient misery:  
          Let me my burthen bear,  
          While in the vale beneath,  
And die ten thousand times for fear  
          Of that eternal death.

7        Yet, O my God, at last  
          The worst of sinners save,  
When all my penal woes are past,  
          Redeem me from the grave:  
          That grave of souls accurst  
          O may I never see,  
But save in death the chief, the worst  
          Of sinners save in me.

**LXXXVII.**  
**[Hymns for One Fallen from Grace.]**  
**Hymn XXXVII.**

- 1 Love divine for thee I languish,  
Only thou canst heal my care,  
Only thou canst ease my anguish,  
Mitigate my sad despair:  
Nothing in this low creation  
Can my wretchedness remove,  
All is sorrow and vexation,  
Anguish all but Jesu's love.
  
- 2 Restless grief, and pain unceasing  
Justly now the sinner claim:  
Sin hath curst my every blessing,  
Turn'd my glory into shame,  
Poison'd my sincerest pleasure,  
Fill'd my soul with hellish smart,  
Robb'd me of my heavenly treasure,  
Forc'd the Saviour from my heart.
  
- 3 O my much offended Saviour,  
May I still implore thy grace?  
Hope again t' obtain thy favour,  
Hope again to see thy face?  
Never, Lord, shall I believe it,  
Till thou dost the power impart,  
Force my conscience to receive it,  
Pardon stamp't upon my heart.

**LXXXVIII.**  
**After a Recovery.**  
**[Hymn I.]**

- 1 Why should the Lord a worm pursue  
With endless offers of his love?  
Not all thy mercies can subdue,  
Not all thy benefits can move



The wretch from evil to depart,  
Or melt my adamant heart.

- 2 If now the stricken rock relents,  
    And waters of contrition flow,  
My heart again to sin consents,  
    And closes with the tempting foe;  
Open I tear my wounds, with pain—  
I sin, repent, and sin again.
- 3 I cannot persevere in good,  
    I cannot persevere in ill:  
Oft to repentance vain renew'd,  
    Constrain'd a short-liv'd power to feel,  
I neither can despair, nor hope,  
Nor keep my Lord, nor give him up.
- 4 Ev'n now the momentary grace  
    Inclines my vileness to return:  
Unworthy to behold thy face,  
    Low at thy feet I fain would mourn,  
In chains of penal darkness stay,  
And weep a thousand lives away.
- 5 If thou canst pardon me once more,  
    Once more so great compassion shew,  
My tears of love I still will pour;  
    And spend my life in sacred woe,  
I never, Lord, will cease to grieve,  
I never can myself forgive.
- 6 Gladness and joy far off remove  
    To weep be all my calm relief,  
T' indulge in honour of thy love,  
    Mine utmost avarice of grief,  
To vindicate thine injur'd grace,  
And die to see thy smiling face.

- 7 O might I as the harlot lie  
At those dear feet transfixt for me,  
Afraid to meet his pitying eye,  
Asham'd the pardning God to see!  
The God, beneath whose love I fall,  
Forgives my sin, yet knows it all.
- 8 His pardning love my heart constrains,  
He lets me kiss his bleeding feet;  
(That blood hath wash'd away my stains)  
Still will I the dear task repeat,  
His feet by sin no longer tear,  
But wash, and wipe them with my hair.
- 9 This only labour shall employ  
My every moment here below;  
To weep for him be all my joy,  
For him whose blood for me did flow:  
And he, who hath my sins forgiven,  
Shall wipe away these tears in heaven.

**LXXXIX.**  
**[After a Recovery.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>85</sup>

- 1 Weary of wandring from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the rod,  
For him, not without hope, I mourn:  
I have an Advocate above,  
A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesu, full of pardning grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin;  
Yet once again I seek thy face.  
Open thine arms and take me in,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

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<sup>85</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 92a–92b; and MS Thirty, 62–63.

- 3    Thou knowst the way to bring me back,  
      My fallen spirit to restore;  
O for thy truth and mercy sake,  
      Forgive, and bid me sin no more,  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart an house of prayer.
- 4    The stone to flesh again convert,  
      The veil of sin once more remove,  
Drop thy warm blood<sup>86</sup> upon my heart,  
      And melt it with thy dying love:  
This rebel-heart by love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.
- 5    Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
      And kindle my relentings now,  
Fill all my soul with filial fears,  
      To thy sweet yoke my spirit, bow,  
Bend by thy grace, O bend, or break  
The iron sinew in my neck.
- 6    Ah! Give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
      That trembles at the approach of sin,  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
      Implant, and root it deep within,  
That I may dread thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend thee more.

**XC.**<sup>87</sup>  
**[After a Recovery.]**  
**Hymn III.**<sup>88</sup>

- 1    O thou meek, and injur'd Dove,  
      Wherefore dost thou strive with me?  
Me, who still abuse thy love,  
      Me who grieve, and fly from thee!  
Thee why should I longer grieve?  
Leave me Lord, thy rebel leave.

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<sup>86</sup>John Wesley substituted “Sprinkle thy blood” for “Drop thy warm blood” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>87</sup>John Wesley crossed out this hymn in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>88</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 76; and MS Clarke, 84–85.

- 2 Well thou knowst, if now my heart  
Melts to feel thy softning grace,  
Ready am I to depart,  
Thine to quit for sin's embrace;  
Take thy mercy back again,  
Wherefore shouldst thou strive in vain?
- 3 O that I might never feel  
One desire or drawing more;  
Rather than provoke thee still,  
Now let all the strife be o'er,  
Drive me from thy blissful face,  
Let me go to my own place:
- 4 Or if thy unwearied love  
Will not yet the rebel leave,  
Stronger let thine influence prove,  
Let me double grace receive,  
Give me more, or give me less,  
Fix my doom, or seal my peace.

**XCI.**

**[After a Recovery.]**

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

- 1 O my Advocate above,  
Feel I yet again thy prayer?  
Stop the torrent of thy love—  
Love beyond what I can bear!  
Vilest of the rebel-race  
Dost thou still my soul reprieve,  
Still pursue me with thy grace?  
How shall I thy grace receive!
- 2 Saviour, dost thou bid me rise,  
Dost thou give me back my hope?  
Can I lift my guilty eyes?  
Dare I, after all, look up?

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<sup>89</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 178–80.

- O depart from me, depart,  
I am, Lord, a sinful man,  
Leave me to my wretched heart,  
Let me suffer all my pain.
- 3 What have fiends to do with thee?  
Leave me all my hell to bear,  
Squander not thy grace on me,  
Give me over to despair:  
No; thou wilt not loose thy hold,  
No; thou wilt not quit thy claim;  
Sold to sin, to Satan sold,  
Lost, and damn'd—yet thine I am.
- 4 Overwhelm'd with pardning grace,  
Jesus, at thy feet I lie,  
Dare not see thy smiling face,  
Tremble at thy mercy nigh;  
I, a child of wrath and hell,  
How can I look up to heaven!  
Lord, I faint thy love to feel,  
Blush, and die to be forgiven.
- 5 After all that I have done,  
Saviour, art thou pacified?  
Whither shall my vileness run?  
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide.  
Let me sink into the dust,  
Full of holy shame adore;  
Jesus Christ, the good, the just,  
Bids me go, and sin no more.<sup>90</sup>
- 6 O confirm the gracious word,  
Jesu, Son of God and man,  
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,  
Never turn to sin again:  
'Till my all in all thou art,  
'Till thou bring thy<sup>91</sup> nature in,  
Keep this feeble, trembling heart,  
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin.

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<sup>90</sup>Ori., “sin more”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>91</sup>Ori., “my”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

7 Do not suffer me to live,  
To provoke thy glorious eyes,  
Thee by sin again to grieve,  
Thy rich mercy to despise.  
Rather now, take back my breath,  
Rather now my soul require,  
Let me fly from sin to death,  
Let me at thy feet expire.

**XCII.**  
**[After a Recovery.]**  
**Hymn V.**

1 O what an evil heart have I,  
So cold, and hard, and blind,  
With sin so ready to comply,  
And cast my God behind!

2 So apt his mercy to forget,  
So soon dissolv'd in ease,  
So false, so full of all deceit,  
And desperate wickedness!

3 Long have I murmur'd to be clean,  
From all iniquity,  
But knew not that I lov'd my sin,  
And would not be set free.

4 Oft when the pleasing ill drew nigh,  
And God fore-shew'd my fall,  
I would not from temptation fly,  
Or heed the Spirit's call.

5 His warning voice I would not mind,  
But turn'd mine ear away,  
And lingring stood, 'till sin should find  
And seize its willing prey.

- 6    Oft have I ask'd for help, afraid  
      Lest God my voice should hear,  
      While with deceitful lips *I said*  
      Th' abominable prayer.
- 7    Oft, when he would not let me yield,  
      But stopt me by his grace,  
      I rag'd from sin to be with-held,  
      And burst from his embrace.
- 8    When after each foul sinful fall,  
      I would have all given up,  
      He would not let me give up all,  
      But forc'd me still to hope.
- 9    Infinite, unexhausted love!  
      Jesus and love are one:  
      If still to me thy bowels move,  
      They are restrain'd to none.
- 10   If me, ev'n me thou yet canst spare,  
      Fury is not in thee;  
      For all thy tender mercies are,  
      If mercy is for me.
- 11   What shall I do my God to love,  
      My loving God to praise!  
      The length, and breadth, and height to prove,  
      And depth of sovereign grace!
- 12   Thy sovereign grace to all extends,  
      Immense and unconfi'd,  
      From age to age it never ends,  
      It reaches all mankind.
- 13   Throughout the world its breadth is known,  
      Wide as infinity,  
      So wide, it never pass'd by one,  
      Or it had pass'd by me.

- 14 My trespass is grown up to heaven,  
But far above the skies,  
In Christ abundantly forgiven  
I see thy mercies rise.
- 15 The depth of all-redeeming love  
What angel-tongue can tell!  
O may I to the utmost prove  
The gift unspeakable!
- 16 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence,  
Deeper than inbred sin,  
Jesus his love my heart shall cleanse,  
When Jesus enters in.
- 17 Come quickly then, my Lord, and take  
Possession of thine own,  
My longing heart vouchsafe to make  
Thine everlasting throne.
- 18 Assert thy claim, receive thy right,  
Come quickly from above,  
And *sink* me to perfection's height,  
The *depth* of humble love.

**XCIII.**

**[After a Recovery.]**

**Hymn VI.**

- 1 Father, and can it be  
That thou shouldst still forbear,  
Shouldst still reprieve and suffer me  
Who all thy threatnings dare?  
Who all thy mercies spurn,  
A deep revolter I,  
And ever to my vomit turn,  
As resolute to die.



- 2        Soon as thy slighted grace  
          Doth on thy rebel call,  
And yet again begin to raise  
          The sinner from his fall;  
          I weep, and watch, and pray:  
          And weary of the pain,  
Forget my God, and sink away,  
          And plunge in sin again.
- 3        Yet O thou wilt not quit  
          A wretch that flies from thee,  
Thee though I evermore forget,  
          Thou still remembrest me;  
          Ten thousand thousand times  
          Thou dost my sins pass by:  
Thy mercies rise above my crimes,  
          And will not let me die.
- 4        O unexhausted grace,  
          O love unsearchable!  
I am not gone to my own place,  
          I am not yet in hell!  
          Earth doth not open yet  
          My soul to swallow up;  
And hanging o'er the yawning pit  
          I still am forc'd to *hope*.
- 5        I hope at last to find  
          The kingdom from above,  
The settled peace, the constant mind,  
          The everlasting love;  
          The sanctifying grace  
          That makes me meet for home:  
I hope to see thy glorious face  
          Where sin shall never come.
- 6        What shall I do to keep  
          The blessed hope I feel?  
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,  
          And serve thy pleasure still.

O never may I grieve  
My kind long-suffering Lord,  
But stedfastly to Jesus cleave,  
And answer all thy word.

- 7 Lord, if thou hast bestow'd  
On me this gracious fear,  
This horror of offending God,  
O keep it always here;  
And that I never more  
May from thy ways depart,  
Enter with all thy mercy's power,  
And dwell within my heart.

**XCIV.**  
**[After a Recovery.]**  
**Hymn VII.**<sup>92</sup>

- 1 Jesu, shepherd of the sheep,  
Pity my unsettled soul,  
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,  
'Till thy love shall make me whole:  
Give me, perfect soundness give,  
Make me stedfastly believe.
- 2 Jesus, I behold thee now;  
But my ever-roving eye  
Loses thee, I know not how,  
Soon I faint, fall back, and die;  
Doubt again my heart assails,  
Unbelief again prevails.
- 3 I am never at one stay,  
Changing every hour I am,  
But thou art, as yesterday,  
Now, and evermore the same;  
Constancy to me impart,  
'Stablish with thy grace my heart.

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<sup>92</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 175–77.

- 4 Lay thy weighty cross on me,  
All my unbelief controul:  
'Till the rebel cease *to be*,  
Keep him down within my soul:  
That he never more may move,  
Root, and ground me fast in love.
- 5 Give me faith to hold me up  
Walking over life's rough sea;  
Holy purifying hope  
Still my soul's sure anchor be:  
That I may be always thine,  
Perfect me in love divine.
- 6<sup>93</sup> This the high the heavenly prize:  
Perfect love when I attain,  
I shall never quit the skies,  
I shall never fall again,  
Pure as the atoning blood,  
Stedfast as the throne of God.

**XCV.**  
**[After a Recovery.]**  
**Hymn VIII.**<sup>94</sup>

- 1 O my old, my bosom-foe,  
Rejoice not over me!  
Oft times thou hast laid me low;  
And wounded mortally;  
Yet thy prey thou couldst not keep,  
Jesus, when I lowest fell,  
Heard me cry out of the deep,  
And brought me up from hell.
- 2 Foolish world, thy shouts forbear,  
'Till thou hast won the day:  
Could thy wisdom keep me there,  
When in thy hands I lay?

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<sup>93</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>94</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 38–39.

If my heart to thee incline,  
Christ again shall set it free:  
I am his, and he is mine  
To all eternity.

3 Satan, cease thine empty boast,  
And give thy triumphs o'er;  
Still thou seest I am not lost,  
While Jesus can restore:  
Though thro' thy deceit I fall,  
Surely I shall rise again;  
Christ my King is over all,  
And I with him shall reign.

4 O my three-fold enemy,  
To whom I long did bow,  
See your lawful captive see,  
No more your captive now:  
Now before my face ye fly,  
More than conqu'ror now I am,  
Sin, the world, and hell defy  
In Jesu's powerful name.

**XCVI.**

**The Bloody Issue Cured.<sup>95</sup>**

1 How shall a sinner come to God?  
A fountain of polluted blood  
For years my plague hath been,  
From Adam the infection came,  
My nature is with his the same,  
The same with his my sin.

2 In me the stubborn evil reigns,  
The poison spreads throughout my veins,  
A loathsom sore disease,  
Makes all my soul, and life unclean,  
My every word, work, thought is sin,  
And desp'rate wickedness.

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<sup>95</sup>Published previously as "The Bloody Issue," in *Extract of [John] Wesley's Journal*, [No. 4] (London: Strahan, 1744), 118–20. Manuscript precursors appear in MS Shent, 105a–106b; and MS Thirty, 164–68.

- 3 Long have I liv'd in grief and pain,  
And suffer'd many things in vain,  
And all physicians tried;  
Nor men nor means my soul can heal,  
The plague is still incurable,  
The fountain is undried.
- 4 No help can I from these receive,  
Nor men nor means can e'er relieve,  
Or give my spirit ease;  
Still worse and worse my case I find;  
Here then I cast them all behind,  
From all my works I cease.
- 5 I use, but *trust* in means no more,  
Give my self-saving labours o'er,  
Th' unequal task forbear;  
My strength is spent, my strife is past,  
Hardly I give up all at last,  
And yield to self-despair.
- 6 I find brought in a better hope,  
Succour there is for me laid up,  
For every helpless soul;  
Salvation is in Jesu's name,  
Could I but touch his garment's hem,  
Ev'n I should be made whole.
- 7 His body doth the cure dispense,  
His garment is the ordinance  
In which he deigns t' appear;  
The word, the prayer, the broken bread,  
Virtue from him doth here proceed,  
And I shall find him here.
- 8 I follow'd with the thoughtless throng,  
And press'd, and crowded him too long,

And weigh'd him down with sin;  
But *him* I did not hope to *touch*,  
I never us'd the means *as such*,  
Or look'd to be made clean.

- 9 The spirit of an healthful mind  
I waited not in them to find,  
The bread that comes from heaven;  
Beyond my form I did not go,  
The power of godliness to know,  
And feel my sins forgiven.
- 10 But now I seek to touch my Lord,  
To hear his whisper in the word,  
To feel his Spirit blow;  
To catch the love of which I read,  
To taste him in the mystic bread,  
And all his sweetness know.
- 11 'Tis here, in hope my God to find,  
With humble awe I come behind,  
And wait his grace to prove;  
Before his face I dare not stand,  
But faith puts forth a trembling hand,  
To apprehend his love.
- 12 Surely his healing power is nigh;  
I touch him now! By faith ev'n I,  
My Lord, lay hold on thee:  
Thy power is present now to heal,  
I feel, thro' all my soul I feel  
That Jesus died for me.
- 13 Issues from thee a purer flood,  
The poison'd fountain of my blood  
Is in a moment dried;  
The sovereign antidote takes place,  
And I am freely sav'd by grace,  
And I am justified.

- 14 I glory in redemption found:  
Jesus, my Lord, and God, look round,  
The conscious sinner see;  
'Tis I have touch'd thy cloaths, and own  
The miracle thy grace hath done,  
On such a worm as me.
- 15 Behold me prostrate at thy feet,  
And hear me thankfully repeat  
The mercies of my God;  
I felt from thee the medicine flow,  
I tell thee all the truth, and shew  
The virtue of thy blood.
- 16 With lowly reverential fear  
I testify, that thou art near  
To all who seek thy love;  
Saviour of all I thee proclaim;  
The world may know thy healing name,  
And all its wonders prove.
- 17 Speak then once more, and tell my soul,  
Sinner, thy faith hath made thee whole,  
Thy plague of sin is o'er;  
Be perfected in holiness,  
Depart in everlasting peace,  
Depart, and sin no more.

**XCVII.**  
**The Tempest.**<sup>96</sup>

- 1 And are our joys so quickly fled!  
We who were fill'd with living bread,  
With calm delight and peace,  
Constrain'd into the ship we go,  
And now the boist'rous violence know  
Of stormy winds and seas.

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<sup>96</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 95a–96a.

- 2 To shipwreck our weak faith and hope,  
Satan hath stir'd a tempest up,  
Prince of the lower air;  
The world he actuates and guides,  
He in that troubled ocean rides,  
And reigns despotic there.
- 3 The world obedient to their god,  
Rage horribly, and storm aloud,  
The waves around us roll;  
But fiercer still the storm within,  
While floods of wickedness and sin  
O'erwhelm the tempted soul.
- 4 Ev'n now the waves of passion rise,  
And work, and swell, and touch the skies,  
Or bear us down to hell;  
Tost in a long tempestuous night,  
While not one gleam of chearful light,  
Or ray of joy we feel.
- 5 But lo! In our distress we see  
The Saviour walking on the sea!  
Ev'n now he passes by;  
He silences our clam'rous fear,  
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,  
Be not afraid, 'tis I!
- 6 "'Tis I who bought you with my blood,  
'Tis I, who bring you wash'd to God,  
'Tis I the sinner's friend,  
'Tis I, in whom ye pardon have,  
Who speak in truth, mighty to save,  
And love you to the end."
- 7 Ah! Lord, if it be thou indeed,  
So near us in our time of need,



So good, so strong to save;  
Speak the kind word of power to me,  
Bid me believe, and come to thee  
Swift-walking on the wave.

- 8 He bids me come! His voice I know,  
And boldly on the water go,  
To him my God and Lord,  
I walk on life's tempestuous sea:  
For he who lov'd, and died for me,  
Hath spoke the powerful word.
- 9 Secure on liquid waves I tread,  
Nor all the storms of passion heed,  
While to my Lord I look;  
O'er every fierce temptation bound,  
The billows yield a solid ground,  
The wave is firm as rock.
- 10 But if from him I turn mine eye,  
And see the raging floods run high,  
And feel my fears within,  
My foes so strong, my flesh so frail,  
Reason, and unbelief prevail,  
And sink me into sin!
- 11 Sinking on him for help I call,  
Save, Lord, or into hell I fall,  
O snatch me from my doom;  
Stretch out thy hand, and ask me why,  
Why dost thou doubt, or fear, when I  
Thy Lord have bid thee come?
- 12 Lord, I my unbelief confess,  
My little spark of faith increase,  
And I shall doubt no more;  
But fix on thee my steady eye,  
And on thine outstretch'd arm rely,  
'Till all the storm is o'er.

- 13 Jesu, in us thyself reveal,  
The winds are hush'd, the sea is still,  
If in the ship thou art;  
O manifest thy power divine,  
Enter this sinking church of thine,  
And dwell in every heart.
- 14 Come in, come in, thou Prince of Peace,  
And all the storms of sin shall cease,  
And fall no more to rise;  
We then, if thou with us remain,  
Our port shall in a moment gain,  
And anchor in the skies.

**XCVIII.**  
**Gloria Patri.**<sup>97</sup>

- 1 Rejoice with us, ye angel-host,  
Your songs triumphant raise,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Attribute equal praise.
- 2 Praise everlasting as his love  
With you we soon shall give,  
And seated on our thrones above  
In heavenly glory live.

**XCIX.**  
**Abba Father!**<sup>98</sup>

- 1 Lord, I know not how to pray,  
Help mine infirmity,  
Tell me, Father, what to say,  
And I will speak to thee:

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<sup>97</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Clarke, 215.

<sup>98</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Occasional Hymns, 67–69; and MS Shent, 84a–85a.

Wretched, poor, and helpless I  
Would fain be taken to thy breast;  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my soul to rest.

2 E'er I utter my complaint  
My wants to thee are known;  
Need I tell thee that I want  
The Spirit of thy Son?  
Still, alas! For this I sigh,  
Forlorn, forsaken, and distrest:  
Abba Father, &c.

3 Once I knew thee reconcil'd,  
And saw thy smiling face,  
Loving as a little child,  
I lisp'd my Father's praise:  
Now I cannot find thee nigh,  
By clouds of sin and grief opprest:  
Abba Father, &c.

4 Ever hoping against hope,  
I struggle to believe:  
'Till thy mercy lift me up,  
Contentedly I grieve;  
Weeping at thy feet I lie  
That I have so my God displeas'd:  
Abba Father, &c.

5 Tho' thou seem to cast me out,  
And leave me still to mourn,  
Yet thou wilt (I dare not doubt)  
Thou wilt at last return:  
Thou canst not thyself deny,  
Of thee I shall be re-possess:  
Abba Father, &c.

- 6 To chastise me for my pride  
Thou hidest now thy face:  
When my will is crucified,  
I shall regain thy grace;  
Pain shall at thy presence fly,  
Again I shall in thee be blest:  
Abba Father, &c.
- 7 Let me from this moment give  
My fond complainings o'er,  
Unto thee the matter leave,  
And teach my God no more;  
When, and as thou wilt comply,  
But grant, O grant me my request:  
Abba Father, &c.
- 8 Perfect what thou hast begun,  
And love me to the end,  
Send, because I am thy son,  
To me thy Spirit send;  
On the promise I rely,  
Thy manner, and thy time is best:  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my soul to rest.

C.

**An Hymn for Condemn'd Malefactors.<sup>99</sup>**

**“O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee: according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die.” Psalm LXXIX. 11.**

- 1 O thou that hangedst on the tree  
Our curse and sufferings to remove,  
Pity the souls that look to thee,  
And save us by thy dying love.

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<sup>99</sup>This was almost certainly published previously as *Hymn for Condemned Prisoners* (London: Strahan, 1742). A manuscript precursor appears in MS Clarke, 87–89.

- 2     Outcasts of men, to thee we fly,  
       To thee who wilt the worst receive,  
Forgive, and make us fit to die;  
       Alas! We are not fit to live.
- 3     We own our punishment is just,  
       We suffer for our evil here,  
But in thy sufferings, Lord, we trust,  
       Thine, only thine our souls can clear.
- 4     We have no outward righteousness,  
       No merits, or good works to plead;  
We only can be sav'd by grace;  
       Thy grace will here be free indeed.
- 5     Save us by grace thro' faith alone,  
       A faith thou must thyself impart,  
A faith that *would* by works be shewn,  
       A faith that purifies the heart.
- 6     A faith that doth the mountains move,  
       A faith that shews our sins forgiven,  
A faith that sweetly works by love,  
       And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 7     This is the faith we humbly seek,  
       The faith in thine all-cleansing blood;  
That blood which doth for sinners plead  
       O let it speak us up to God!
- 8     Canst thou reject our dying prayer,  
       Or cast us out who come to thee?  
Our sins ah! Wherefore didst thou bear!  
       Jesu, remember Calvary!
- 9     Numbred with the transgressors thou,  
       Between the felons crucified,  
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now  
       Wherefore hast thou for sinners died!

- 10 For us wast thou not lifted up,  
For us a bleeding victim made?  
That we, the abjects we, might hope,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.
- 11 O might we with our closing eyes  
Thee in thy bloody vesture see,  
And cast us on thy sacrifice:  
Jesus, my Lord, remember me!
- 12 Thou art into thy kingdom come:  
I own thee with my parting breath,  
God of all grace, reverse my doom,  
And save me from eternal death.
- 13 Hast thou not wrought the sure belief  
I feel *this moment* in thy blood?  
And am not I the dying thief?  
And art not thou my Lord, my God?
- 14 Thy blood to all our souls apply,  
To them, to me thy Spirit give,  
And I (let each cry out) and I  
With thee in paradise shall live.

**CI.**  
**In Temptation.**  
**[Hymn I.]<sup>100</sup>**

- 1 Jesu help! Thou sinner's friend,  
On thee for help I call,  
Send me speedy succour, send,  
Or into hell I fall;  
Now, ev'n now thine aid afford,  
In pity to a sinner's cries,  
Save me, or I perish, Lord,  
My soul for ever dies.

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<sup>100</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 87a–87b; and MS Thirty, 50–52.

- 2        See me in my last distress,  
          And run to rescue me,  
          Speak to all my passions peace,  
          O calm the troubled sea;  
          All my sin's abyss is stir'd,  
And high as heaven the billows rise;  
          Save me, &c.
- 3        Yes, without thy help I must  
          Be swallow'd up in sin,  
          Lost I am, undone, and lost,  
          I have my hell within;  
          Self-condemn'd and self-abhor'd,  
I sink in dying agonies;  
          Save me, &c.
- 4        Dies a never-dying death,  
          If thou thy help delay,  
          Yawns the fiery gulph beneath,  
          And hell expects its prey,  
          Tophet is my just reward,  
And always meets my blasted eyes;  
          Save me, &c.
- 5        Jesu, save me thro' thy name,  
          No other hope I have,  
          Damn'd, for ever damn'd I am,  
          If thou refuse to save;  
          But my trust is in thy word,  
On that alone my soul relies;  
          Save me, &c.
- 6        Helper of the helpless thou,  
          The friendless sinner's friend,  
          Lord, on thee I surely now,  
          On thee alone depend.  
          Wilt thou suffer me to die,  
Abandon'd in my last distress?  
          Jesus, answer to my cry,  
          And bid me go in peace.

- 7           Wilt thou bid a sinner seek  
              Thy lovely face in vain?  
              Speak, the word of comfort speak,  
              And look me out of pain:  
              Bring thy great salvation nigh,  
My soul from inbred sin release;  
              Jesu, answer to my cry,  
              And bid me go in peace.
- 8           Blest for ever be the name  
              Of my redeeming Lord!  
              Lifted up once more I am,  
              I hear the pardning word;  
              He could not himself deny,  
He gives my burthen'd conscience ease,  
              Jesus answers to my cry,  
              And bids me go in peace.

**CII.**  
**[In Temptation.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>101</sup>

- 1           Jesu, go not far from me,  
              For sin is hard at hand,  
              I have none to help but thee,  
              Enable me to stand.  
              Hear out of the deep my cry,  
And help me now as heretofore;  
              Save me, save me, or I die,  
              I fall to rise no more.
- 2           God of my salvation, hear,  
              In this my time of need;  
              See the day of battle near,  
              And skreen my naked head;  
              Send me succour from on high,  
And hide me 'till the storm is o'er;  
              Save me, &c.

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<sup>101</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 88a–88b; and MS Thirty, 129–30.



- 3       Thou hast oft my refuge been,  
          And thou art still the same;  
Snatch me from the jaws of sin,  
          O quench the violent flame,  
Bring thy great salvation nigh,  
Stir up thine interposing power,  
Save me, &c.
- 4       Help on thee, thou mighty one,  
          For all mankind is laid;  
Let it now on me be shewn,  
          Be thou my present aid,  
O come quickly, and stand by,  
My soul throughout the trying hour;  
Save me, &c.
- 5       Help me now, but let me still,  
          My want of help confess,  
Hang upon thy arm, and feel  
          My utter helplessness,  
Only this be all my cry,  
'Till thou my ruin'd soul restore;  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
          I fall to rise no more.

**CIII.**

**[In Temptation.]**

**Hymn III.**<sup>102</sup>

- 1       Help, O help, my great Creator,  
          Love the soul thyself hast made,  
Burthen'd with a sinful nature  
          Let me still on thee be stay'd:  
What I have to thee commended,  
          Saviour, wilt thou not secure,  
'Till the fiery trial's ended,  
          'Till I as my God am pure?

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<sup>102</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 213–14; and MS Shent, 90a.

- 2 Hear my earnest supplication,  
Keep me in this evil day;  
With me in my strong temptation  
O my kind protector, stay.  
I have no one to deliver,  
No one to defend I have,  
Ruin'd, and undone for ever,  
If my Lord refuse to save.
- 3 But it is thy gracious pleasure  
To redeem me from all sin;  
Only let me wait thy leisure,  
'Till thou bring thy kingdom in:  
Pray, and serve thee without ceasing,  
'Till the perfect grace I prove,  
Blest with all the gospel-blessing,  
Fill'd with all the life of love.
- 4 Hear in this accepted hour,  
Speak, and bid the sun stand still,  
Give me now the constant power  
Over my own carnal will;  
Stronger wax thy love and stronger,  
Let my bosom-sin give place,  
Let the elder serve the younger,  
Nature yield to sovereign grace.

**CIV.**  
**[In Temptation.]**  
**Hymn IV.**<sup>103</sup>

- 1 Jesus, God of my salvation,  
Send the promis'd help I claim,  
Bring me thro' my sore temptation,  
Manifest thy saving name:  
Art thou not the same for ever?  
Do not I on thee depend?  
O continue to deliver,  
Save me, save me to the end.

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<sup>103</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 214–15; and MS Shent, 90b.

- 2 From thy feeble helpless creature  
Never, never, Lord, depart,  
Shew thyself than Satan greater,  
Greater than my evil heart:  
If the fiend must vex me longer,  
Buffet still my trembling soul,  
Jesu, shew thyself the stronger,  
Keep me, 'till thou mak'st me whole.
- 3 Let me, while my faith is trying,  
Rest in thy atoning blood,  
Always bear about the dying  
Of my dear<sup>104</sup> redeeming God;  
'Till I all thy life inherit,  
Let me in thy wounds abide,  
Shelter there my weary spirit;  
Save me, who for me hast died.

**CV.**  
**[In Temptation.]**  
**Hymn V.**<sup>105</sup>

- 1 How oft shall I beseech thee, Lord,  
How oft in anguish pray,  
Be mindful of thy promise, Word,<sup>106</sup>  
And take my sin away?
- 2 The thorn which in my flesh I feel,  
O bid it hence depart,  
This inbred messenger of hell  
Command him from my heart.
- 3 These cruel buffetings of sin  
I can no longer bear,  
I sink beneath this war within,  
And perish in despair.

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<sup>104</sup>John Wesley substituted “great” for “dear” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>105</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 151–53; and MS Shent, 78a–78b.

<sup>106</sup>Ori., “Lord”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 4 O save me, save me from this hour,  
The dying sinner save,  
Nor let the greedy pit devour,  
Nor let me see the grave.
- 5 The grave of hell stands open wide  
To swallow up its prey;  
Jesu, preserve my soul, and hide,  
Throughout the evil day.
- 6 O send me from thy holy place  
The help laid up on thee,  
Assure me that thy saving grace  
Sufficient is for me.
- 7 Sufficient to restrain from sin,  
While fierce temptations last,  
To save me from the storm within,  
'Till all the storm is past.
- 8 Is not thy power divinely shewn  
In man's infirmity?  
Make all thy great salvation known,  
Perfect thy strength in me.
- 9 A weaker worm did never yet  
Thy promis'd aid implore,  
O hide me from the storm and heat,  
'Till sin subsists no more.<sup>107</sup>
- 10 Safe in the lyon's den I lie,  
If thou their rage restrain;  
I pass thro' floods, if thou art nigh,  
And in the flames remain.
- 11 Unhurt I bear the fiery test,  
And in the furnace shine,  
That upon me the power may rest,  
The power of love divine.

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<sup>107</sup>John Wesley underlined this line in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 12 Surely I shall as gold come forth,  
When thou my faith hast tried,  
Transform'd into my Saviour's worth,  
And seven times purified.
- 13 A sinner now undone and lost  
My misery I confess;  
I own it all, yet gladly boast  
Of my own helplessness.
- 14 The God who doth from sin restrain  
Shall soon his arm display;  
His presence shall with me remain,  
The glorious Shechinah.
- 15 Jesus shall pitch his tent in me,  
And never more remove,  
And I shall as my Master be,  
Renew'd in sinless<sup>108</sup> love.
- 16 Sure as I now his cross sustain,  
I soon his crown shall wear,  
The glory of my Lord obtain,  
And reign for ever there.

**CVI.**  
**[In Temptation.]**  
**Hymn VI.**<sup>109</sup>

- 1 O God, thy faithfulness I plead,  
My present help in time of need,  
My great Deliverer thou,  
Haste to mine aid, thine ear incline,  
And rescue this poor soul of mine,  
I claim the promise now.

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<sup>108</sup>John Wesley substituted “spotless” for “sinless” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>109</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 153–54; and MS Shent, 79a–79b.

- 2    Thou wilt not leave me in the snare,  
      Tempted above what I can bear,  
          With no salvation nigh:  
I may escape, thou sayst I may;  
I need not fall the tempter's prey,  
      I need not sin, and die.
- 3    For thy own truth, and mercy sake,  
      Thou wilt with the temptation make  
          A way t' escape the sin:  
Thou wilt in danger's latest hour  
Shew forth the greatness of thy power,  
      And bring thy succours in.
- 4    Where is the way? Ah! Shew me where?  
      That I the mercy may declare,  
          The power that sets me free:  
How can I my destruction shun?  
How can I from my nature run?  
      Answer, O God, for me.
- 5    One only way the erring mind  
      Of man, short-sighted man could find  
          From inbred sin to fly;  
Stronger than love (I fondly thought)  
Death, only death, must cut the knot  
      Which love could not untie.
- 6    But thou, my Lord, art rich<sup>110</sup> in grace,  
      Thy love can find a thousand ways,  
          To foolish man unknown;  
My soul upon thy love I cast,  
I rest me, 'till the storm is past,  
      Upon thy love alone.
- 7    Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love  
      Shall ev'ry obstacle remove,

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<sup>110</sup>Charles Wesley changed "rich" to "nigh" in *All in All* (1761).

And make an open way;  
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,  
And bear me from the gulph beneath  
To everlasting day.

- 8 Lord, I believe thee true and good,  
My only trust is in thy blood;  
I hear it speak for me;  
And if my soul is in thy hands,  
And if thy word for ever stands,  
I shall not fall from thee.

**CVII.**  
**[In Temptation.]**  
**Hymn VII.<sup>111</sup>**

- 1 To whom but thee, thou bleeding Lamb,  
Should I for help apply?  
Still in the toils of death I am,  
And sin is always nigh.
- 2 But thou, my Lord, art nigher still  
Throughout the fiery hour,  
To rescue me from my own will,  
'Till I can sin no more.
- 3 O were thy suff'rings on the tree  
Into my soul brought in!  
O that thy death might work in me  
A perfect death to sin!
- 4 Me to thy suffering self conform,<sup>112</sup>  
The mortal power impart,  
Pity a poor, weak, lab'ring worm,  
And wash my guilty heart.

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<sup>111</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 145–46; and MS Shent, 80a–80b.

<sup>112</sup>Ori., “confirm”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 5    Thou knowst on works, and means, and men,  
      No longer I rely,  
I never, never can be clean  
      'Till thou thy blood apply.
- 6    My only trust is in thy blood,  
      Which purges every stain:  
Bring in, O Lord, the purer flood,  
      Nor let me ask in vain.
- 7    Faith in thy blood, thou seest, I have,  
      For thou the grace hast given,  
Thy blood from all my sin shall save,  
      And speak me up to heaven.
- 8    Thy blood shall quench this fire of hell,  
      Which now I feel within,  
Thy blood my sin-sick soul shall heal,  
      And wash out all my sin.
- 9    In hope believing against hope  
      'Till then I look to thee;  
I see thee, Saviour, lifted up  
      For all mankind and me.
- 10   Determin'd nothing else to know,  
      But Jesus crucified,  
I cannot from my Jesus go,  
      Or leave thy wounded side.
- 11   Thou wilt not let me hence depart,  
      'Till all thy death I prove,  
Redeem'd from sin, and pure in heart,  
      And perfected in love.
- 12   The anchor of my stedfast hope  
      Within the veil I cast,  
Thy dying love shall hold me up,  
      'Till all the storms are past.



- 13 Only because thou di'dst for me  
I trust on this alone,  
And look in life and death to be  
With thee for ever one.

**CVIII.**  
**[In Temptation.]**  
**Hymn VIII.**

- 1 O God of love, to whom I pray,  
Wilt thou let me fall away  
And lose thy mercies past?  
Must I in vain for pardon cry,  
And perish in my sins, and die,  
Die, in my sins at last?
- 2 Were this thy will concerning me,  
Wherefore have I follow'd thee,  
And long'd thy love to know?  
Why hast thou from my earliest days  
Allur'd my soul to seek thy face,  
If made for endless woe?
- 3 Why did thy providential power  
Interpose in danger's hour,  
And still the victim save?  
So oft the mortal fever chide,  
And turn the dart of death aside,  
And mock the gaping grave?
- 4 Why didst thou in my youthful age  
Rescue me from passion's rage,  
And ev'ry dire offence?  
Why didst thou hide from worldly cares,  
And keep in twice ten thousand snares  
My heedless innocence?

- 5 Why didst thou gently draw me on,  
'Till I sunk despairing down  
In legal misery?  
And cried, by the commandment slain,  
Ah! Woe is me, a wretched man,  
What hope of heaven for me!
- 6 Why didst thou, Lord, my load remove,  
Shew me thy forgiving love,  
And speak me justified?  
If thou hast pleasure in my death,  
I had long since resign'd my breath;  
I had in Egypt died.
- 7 When I had forfeited my peace,  
Why in my extreme distress  
Was I so often heard?  
Thou brought'st the timely succours in,  
And sav'dst my tempted soul from sin,  
The sin I lov'd, and fear'd.
- 8 Why hast thou to thy people join'd  
Me, the vilest of mankind,  
In cordial charity?  
Why hast thou heard thy Spirit's groans  
Intreating in thy chosen ones  
For me, O God, for me?
- 9 Wouldst thou have stir'd them up to pray  
For an hopeless castaway,  
If such, alas! I am?  
If I must perish in my blood,  
Wrestle for me they never could,  
Or ask in Jesu's name.
- 10 A drop of love's eternal sea  
Is their kind concern for me;

As such I must receive  
This token of my Father's grace,  
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,  
And God would have me live.

- 11 Me, Lord, thou never wilt forsake,  
Never let my soul turn back,  
To live the life of sense;  
To bring dishonour on thy name,  
But save me first from all my shame,  
And snatch my spirit hence.
- 12 I feel, I now divinely feel,  
Thou, O Lord, art with me still,  
And with me wilt abide:  
'Till life's extreamest ills are past,  
And I obtain a lot at last  
With all the glorified.

**CIX.**  
**[In Temptation.]**  
**Hymn IX.**

- 1 Ah! Tell me, Lord, for whom I pine,  
And mourn in deep distress,  
How long shall this weak heart incline  
To its own wickedness?  
How long shall I my nature fear,  
Yet what I loath desire,  
And melt at the temptation near  
As wax before the fire?
- 2 Thou knowst the undissembled pain  
The real grief I feel,  
While dark and trembling I remain  
As on the verge of hell.

I groan to feel my heart relent,  
By sin *almost* subdued,  
And blush to find I *could* consent  
To grieve my gracious God.

3 My gracious God, how shall I shun  
This enemy within?  
Out of myself I cannot run,  
To 'scape my bosom-sin?  
I fear in some unguarded hour  
Lest it my soul betray,  
And give me up to Satan's power  
An unresisting prey.

4 O that thou wouldst stretch out thine hand;  
By this weak, sinking soul,  
In every close temptation stand,  
And all my lusts control.  
The strength of saving grace above  
My nature's strength exert,  
Thou God of all-victorious love,  
Thou greater than my heart.

5 O that thou wouldst root out the thorn,  
Destroy the enmity,  
Set me a time for thy return,  
And then remember me.  
Contract, or lengthen out my years,  
But 'till they all are past,  
Preserve me from my sins and fears,  
But fully save at last.

**CX.**

**[In Temptation.]**

**Hymn X.**

1 Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,  
And still my tempted soul stand by,

Throughout this evil day;  
The sacred watchfulness impart,  
And keep the issues of my heart,  
And stir me up to pray.

- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,  
In each approach of sin alarm,  
And shew the danger near;  
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
And fill with godly jealousy,  
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my feeble hands hang down,  
O let me see thy gathering frown,  
And feel thy warning eye,  
And starting cry from ruin's brink,  
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,  
O save me, or I die.
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stay,  
Before I *wholly* fall away,  
The keen conviction dart;  
Recall me with that pitying look,  
That kind upbraiding glance, which broke  
Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy shew,  
And make me as thyself below,  
Unblameable in grace,  
Ready prepar'd, and fitted here  
By perfect holiness t' appear  
Before thy glorious face.

**CXI.**

**[In Temptation.]**

**Hymn XI.**

- 1 O how shall a sinner perform  
The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord?

A sinful and impotent worm,  
How can I be true to my word?  
I tremble at what I have done,  
But look for my help from above,  
The power that I never have known,  
The virtue of Jesus's love.

2 My solemn engagements are vain,  
My promises empty as air,  
My vows I shall break them again,  
And plunge in eternal despair;  
Unless my omnipotent God  
The sense of his goodness impart,  
And shed by his Spirit abroad  
That love of himself in my heart.

3 O lover of sinners, extend  
To me the affectionate grace,  
Appear my affliction to end,  
Afford me a glimpse of thy face:  
The sight shall inkindle in me  
A flame of reciprocal love,  
And then I shall cleave unto thee,  
And then I shall never remove.

4 O come to a mourner in pain,  
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,  
And then I shall love thee again,  
And sing of the goodness I feel;  
Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,  
My soul shall in all things obey,  
And wait to be fully restor'd,  
And long to be summon'd away.

**CXII.**

**[In Temptation.]**

**Hymn XII.**

1 Glory to the righteous God,  
Righteous, yet benign to me!

Still in his paternal rod  
His paternal love I see:  
Let him tenderly chastise,  
Let him graciously reprove,  
Father, all within me cries  
All thy ways are truth and love.

2 Humbled in the lowest deep,  
Thee I for my sufferings bless;  
Think of all thy love, and weep  
For my own unfaithfulness:  
I have most rebellious been,  
Thou hast laid thine hand on me,  
Kindly visited my sin,  
Scourg'd the wanderer back to thee.

3 Taught obedience to my God  
By the things I have endured,  
Meekly now I kiss the rod,  
Wounded by the rod, and cured:  
Good for me the grief and pain,  
Let me but thy grace adore,  
Keep the pardon I regain,  
Stand in awe, and sin no more.

**CXIII.**  
**[In Temptation.]**  
**Hymn XIII.**

1 But can it be, that I should prove  
For ever faithful to thy love,  
From sin forever cease?  
I thank thee for the blessed hope!  
It lifts my drooping spirit up,  
And gives me back my peace.

- 2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,  
Mighty, and merciful, and just,  
Thy sacred word is past;  
And I, who dare thy word receive,  
Without committing sin shall live,  
Shall live to God at last.
- 3 No more shall sin its sway maintain,  
No longer in my members reign,  
Or captivate my heart,  
Upheld by thy victorious grace,  
I walk henceforth in all thy ways,  
And never will depart.
- 4 I rest in thine almighty power,  
The name of Jesus is a tower  
That hides my life above,  
Thou canst, thou wilt my keeper be,  
My confidence is all in thee,  
The faithful God of love.
- 5 While still to thee for help I call,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,  
Thou canst not let me sin:  
And thou shalt give me power to pray,  
'Till all my sins are purg'd away,  
And all thy mind brought in.
- 6 Wherefore in never-ceasing prayer  
My soul to thy continual care  
I faithfully commend,  
Assur'd that thou thro' life shalt save,  
And shew thyself beyond the grave  
My everlasting friend.



**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**PART II.**

**CXIV.  
Hymns for Believers.  
[Hymn I.]**

- 1    What am I, O thou glorious God!  
      Or what my father's house to thee!  
      That thou such blessings hast bestow'd  
      On me, the vilest reptile me!  
      I take the blessings from above,  
      And wonder at thy causeless<sup>1</sup> love.
  
- 2    Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,  
      And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve,  
      Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye,  
      Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, *Live!*  
      Dying, I heard the welcome sound,  
      And pardon in thy mercy found.

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<sup>1</sup>John Wesley substituted "boundless" for "causeless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise  
I render to my pardning God,  
Extol the riches of thy grace,  
And spread thy saving name abroad,  
That only name to sinners given,  
Which lifts poor, dying worms to heaven.
- 4 Jesu, I bless thy gracious power,  
And all within me shouts thy name;  
Thy name let every soul adore,  
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;  
Thy grace let every sinner know,  
And find with me their heaven below.

**CXV.**

**[Hymns for Believers.]**

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

**“The love of Christ constraineth us.”**

**[2 Corinthians v. 14.]**

- 1 O what an evil, faithless heart  
Have I, so ready to depart  
From thee, the living God?  
Not all thy threats, and judgments move,  
'Till master'd by thy stronger love,  
It will not hear thy rod.
- 2 The sorest plague thou hast to send,  
Not sin itself my soul can bend,  
Or bring my spirit down;  
Sin makes me prouder than before,  
And blinds, and hardens more and more,  
'Till all my heart is stone.
- 3 My stony heart thy wrath defies,  
And dares against thy judgments rise,

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<sup>2</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 126a–126b; and MS Thirty, 66–67.

Self-hardned from thy fear;  
What canst thou with thy rebel do?  
Try me by love, and in my view  
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Ah! Who that piteous sight can bear!  
Behold the Lamb hangs bleeding there!  
There, there! On yonder tree!  
Pierc'd are his feet, his hands, his side!  
My Lamb, my love is crucified!  
O God! He dies for me!

5 For me he meekly bows his head,  
He suffers in the sinner's stead,  
My ruin to retrieve:  
He spreads his arms to take me in,  
He sheds his blood to purge my sin;  
He dies that I may live.

6 O love, by thee constrain'd at last,  
I yield, I yield; my tears flow fast,  
Fast as thy streaming blood!  
Breaks at the sight my heart of stone;  
I faint to hear that dying groan,  
*Why, O my God! My God!—*

7 O God, I can hold out no more,  
My heart resents thy softning power,  
My heart is melting wax;  
I feel, that thou art love indeed,  
Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
Or quench the smoaking flax.

8 Thou wilt not slight the feeblest grace,  
This spark of love thy breath shall raise,  
And kindle to a flame;  
And I, who taste how good thou art,  
Shall shortly love with all my heart  
My lovely, bleeding Lamb.

**CXVI.**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn III.**  
**“Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us**  
**this day without sin.”<sup>3</sup>**

- 1 Vouchsafe to keep me, Lord, this day  
Without committing sin,  
And with me let thy Spirit stay,  
'Till he is fixt within.
- 2 Thou canst from every sin secure;  
And is it not thy will  
Still to preserve thy servant pure  
From every touch of ill?
- 3 Ye advocates for sin, and hell,  
Which of you all dares say,  
With God this is impossible  
To keep my soul this day?
- 4 He can, he can, yourselves confess,  
Almighty is my Lord:  
But *will* he guard me by his grace?  
But will he keep his word?
- 5 Whate'er I ask, the truth hath said,  
I surely shall receive:  
I ask to be made free indeed,  
And without sin to live.
- 6 Whate'er I ask in faith, I have,  
As sure as God is true;  
My faithful God is strong to save,  
And he is ready too.

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<sup>3</sup>Te Deum, *BCP*.

- 7 Jesus from sin shall save his own,  
Who wait the truth to prove:  
Poor, faithless souls, have ye not known  
That God, my God, is love?
- 8 Willing he is, that all should live  
From all their sins set free:  
Lord, I thy solemn word receive,  
Thy oath to rescue me.
- 9 Thou canst, thou wilt for one short day  
Preserve me sinless<sup>4</sup> here,  
And why not then (let Satan say)  
A week, a month, a year?
- 10 Why wilt thou not for all my life  
My helpless soul defend,  
And bear me thro' the doubtful strife,  
And keep me to the end!
- 11 With shame the fatal cause I own  
Of all my sin, and grief;  
I did not stand by faith alone,  
I fell thro' unbelief.
- 12 I ask'd, but never hoped from thee  
T' obtain the promis'd power,  
Or look'd from sin to be set free,  
Before my dying hour.
- 13 But lo! With humble faith I bow  
My soul before thy throne:  
Deliver me from evil now;  
For thou canst save thine own.
- 14 Vouchsafe to keep me, Lord, this day,  
And every day from sin,  
Until thou take it all away,  
And bring thy nature in.

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<sup>4</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 15 Safe in thine all-victorious love,  
And confident I rest;  
What power can from my Rock remove,  
Or tear me from thy breast?
- 16 My soul, on thee, O Lord, relies,  
Thine arms are my defence;  
My soul, hell, earth, and sin defies,  
To come, and pluck me hence.
- 17 Nigh me I find my three-fold foe,  
But thou art always nigher;  
Nor will I from my fortress go,  
Or leave my wall of fire.
- 18 My life is hid with Christ above;  
Faith in thy blood I feel,  
A faith which doth the mountain move;  
And bids the sun stand still.
- 19 The sin-subduing power divine  
Thro' faith I still receive,  
It keeps this feeble heart of mine,  
While unrenew'd I live.
- 20 It keeps, 'till I am born again,<sup>5</sup>  
And find the perfect power,  
And tell the faithless sons of men  
That I can sin no more.

**CXVII.**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn IV.<sup>6</sup>**  
**For the Morning.**

- 1 Where is my God, my joy, my hope,  
The dear desire of nations where?  
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,  
To thee directs her morning prayer,

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<sup>5</sup>John Wesley added the note "This is not the proper meaning of the expression" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>6</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 60–61.

And spreads her arms of faith abroad,  
Thy embrace my hope, my joy, my God.

- 2 Mine eyes prevent the morning ray,  
Looking, and longing for thy word:  
Come, O my Jesus, come away,  
And let my heart receive its Lord;  
Which pants, and struggles to be free,  
And breaks to be detain'd from thee.
- 3 Appear in me, bright Morning-Star,  
And scatter all the shades of night;  
I saw thee once, and came from far;  
But quickly lost thy transient light;  
And now again in darkness pine,  
'Till thou throughout my nature shine.
- 4 In patient hope I now give heed  
To the sure word of promis'd grace,  
Whose rays a feeble lustre shed,  
Faint-glimmering thro' the darksome place,  
Till thou thy glorious light impart,  
And rise, the Day-Star, in my heart.
- 5 Come, Lord, be manifested here,  
And all the devil's works destroy,  
Now without sin in me appear,  
And fill with everlasting joy;  
Thy beatific face display;  
Thy presence is the perfect day.

**CXVIII.**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn V.<sup>7</sup>**  
**For the Evening.**

- 1 Thou, Lord, art rich in grace to all,  
Attend my earnest cry,  
With lifted hands and heart I call,  
And look to feel thee nigh.

---

<sup>7</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 128.

- 2 O that my prayers might now to thee  
As clouds of incense rise,  
And let my thanks accepted be,  
My evening sacrifice.
- 3 Not unto me, O Lord, the praise,  
But to thy name I give,  
If kept by thine almighty grace,  
Still unconsum'd I live.
- 4 Thro' thee, my God, thro' thee alone  
I incorrupt have been,  
Thou hast thy power in weakness shewn  
Withholding me from sin.
- 5 Restrain'd from my own wickedness,  
Thy out-stretch'd arm I see,  
And bless thee for my faith's increase,  
And closer cleave to thee.
- 6 With humble thankfulness I own,  
Sufficient is thy grace,  
Thou who from sin hast kept me one,  
Canst keep me all my days.

**CXIX.**<sup>8</sup>

**[Hymns for Believers.]**

**Hymn VI.**

**At Lying Down.**

- 1 Omnipresent God, whose aid  
No one ever ask'd in vain,  
Be this night about my bed,  
Every evil thought restrain;  
Lay thy hand upon my soul,  
God of my unguarded hours;  
All mine enemies controul,  
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

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<sup>8</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 184–86. See also Charles's incorporation of the hymn in MS Family, 6–8.



- 2 Frail alas! My nature is,  
Ever sinking into sin:  
I cannot from sinning cease,  
All unholy, all unclean;  
Yet to thee for help I seek,  
Perfect, Lord, thy strength in me;  
I am strong, when I am weak,  
Weak myself, but strong in thee.
- 3 Keep me then, my Saviour, keep,  
'Till my soul is all renew'd;  
Thou, whose eyelids never sleep,  
Guard the *future* house of God;  
Let not evil enter in,  
Every selfish thought avert;  
Stop the avenues of sin,  
Keep the issues of my heart.
- 4 O thou jealous God, come down,  
God of spotless purity;  
Claim, and seize me for thine own,  
Consecrate my heart to thee.  
Under thy protection take,  
Songs in the night-season give;  
Let me sleep to thee, and wake,  
Let me die to thee, and live.
- 5 Only tell me I am thine,  
And thou wilt not quit thy right;  
Answer me in dreams divine,  
Dreams, and visions of the night:  
Bid my soul in sleep go on,  
Restlessly its God desire,  
Mourn for God in every groan,  
God in every thought require.
- 6 Loose me from the chains of sense,  
Set me from my body free,  
Draw with stronger influence  
My unfetter'd soul to thee:

In me, Lord, thyself reveal,  
Fill me with a sweet surprize;  
Let me thee, when waking, feel,  
Let me in thine image rise.

7 Let me of thy life partake;  
Thy own holiness impart:  
O that I might sweetly wake  
With my Saviour in my heart!  
O that I might know thee mine,  
O that I might thee receive,  
Only live the life divine,  
Only to thy glory live!

8 Or if thou my soul require,  
E'er I see the morning light,  
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,  
Perfect me in love to-night;  
Finish thy great work of love,  
Cut it short in righteousness;  
Fit me for the realms above,  
Change, and bid me die in peace.

**CXX.**

**[Hymns for Believers.]**

**Hymn VII.**

**An Act of Devotion.<sup>9</sup>**

1 Behold the servant of the Lord!  
I wait thy guiding eye to feel;  
To hear, and keep thine every word,  
To prove, and do thy perfect will,  
Joyful from all my works to cease,  
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,  
Meanest of all thy creatures me,  
The deed, the time, the manner chuse;  
Let all my fruit be found of thee,

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<sup>9</sup>Published previously as "An Act of Devotion," in *Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*, Pt. I (London: Strahan, 1745), 105. A manuscript precursor appears in MS Shent, 172b–173a.

Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
By thee to full perfection brought.

- 3 My every weak, though good, design  
O'er-rule, or change as seems thee meet:  
Jesus, let all the work be thine:  
Thy work, O Lord, is all-compleat,  
And pleasing in thy Father's sight:  
Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to thee thine own I leave,  
Mould as thou wilt the passive clay,  
But let me all thy stamp receive,  
But let me all thy words obey,  
Serve with a single heart and eye,  
And to thy glory live, and die.

**CXXI.**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn VIII.<sup>10</sup>**

**“Will ye also go away?—Lord, to whom shall  
we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”**  
**John VI. 67, &c.**

- 1 Jesu, whither shall I go,  
Thee my Saviour if I leave?  
Only thou canst ease my woe,  
Only thou canst pardon give;  
None beside can save from sin,  
None beside can make me clean.
- 2 If I foolishly depart  
From the ark of thy dear breast,  
Where shall my unsettled heart  
Find a ground whereon to rest?  
Whither, or to whom shall I  
From myself for succour fly?

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<sup>10</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 56a–57a.

- 3 Shall I back to Egypt go,  
To my vomit turn again,  
To my flesh corruption sow,  
Live anew in pleasures vain?  
No, with sin I cannot dwell,  
Sin is worse than death, and hell.
- 4 Shall I my old toil renew,  
Catch an honourable name,  
Praise, which comes from man, pursue,  
Idolize, and pant for fame?  
Who on fame bestows his care,  
Grasps a shadow, feeds on air.
- 5 Shall I go to courts and kings?  
Courts and kings are vanity,  
Beggary and wretched things,  
Can they yield support to me?  
Crush'd by their own grandeur's weight,  
Poorly, miserably great!
- 6 Learning should I strive to gain,  
Fairest fruit on earth that grows,  
Ineffectual were my pain,  
Happiest he who nothing knows;  
Who in quest of vain relief  
Adds to knowledge, adds to grief.
- 7 If my God I cast behind,  
God the source of perfect bliss,  
Vain are all my hopes to find  
True, substantial happiness;  
Search the whole creation round,  
Can it out of God be found?
- 8 No; my God, if from the way,  
From the truth if I remove,  
Must I not forever stray,  
On in error's mazes rove,

Rove from peace to troublous strife,  
Rove to death from endless life!

- 9 Who would go from health to pain,  
Turn from grace to wickedness,  
Freedom quit, to hug a chain;  
Grieve his friend, his foe to please?  
Who his Saviour-God to shun,  
Would to his destroyer run?
- 10 Saviour, I with guilty shame  
Own that I, alas, am he!  
Weak, and wavering still I am,  
Ready still to fly from thee:  
Stop me by thy look, and say,  
Will you also go away?
- 11 You, whom I have brought to God,  
Will you turn from God again?  
You, for whom I spilt my blood,  
Will you let it flow in vain?  
You, who felt it once applied,  
Can ye leave my bleeding side?
- 12 No, my Lamb, my Saviour, no,  
(Every soul with me reply)  
From thy wounds we will not go,  
Will not from our Master fly:  
Thine is the life-giving word;  
Thou art our eternal Lord.
- 13 Speak, and by thy word detain  
Every soul inclin'd to stray;  
Speak, and let thy love constrain  
Every fugitive to stay;  
That we may no more depart,  
Speak thyself into our heart.

**CXXII.**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn IX.**

- 1        In weariness and pain,  
          By griefs and sins opprest;  
I turn me to my rest again,  
          My soul's eternal rest;  
          The Lamb that died for me,  
          And still my load doth bear;  
To Jesu's streaming wounds I flee,  
          And find my quiet there.
  
- 2        Jesus, was ever grief,  
          Was ever love like thine!  
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,  
          Thy life hath ransom'd mine.  
          The crucified appears!  
          I see the dying God!  
O might I pour my ceaseless tears,  
          And mix them with thy blood!
  
- 3        My sorrows I forget  
          In view of Calvary;  
I fall, and kiss thy bleeding feet,  
          And pant to share with thee:  
          O were I offer'd up  
          Upon thy sacrifice!  
Who would not drink that sacred cup,  
          And die when Jesus dies!
  
- 4        Thou seest my heart's desire,  
          I would thy cross partake;  
I long to be baptiz'd with fire,  
          And die for thy dear sake;  
          I long to rise with thee,  
          And soar to things above,  
And spend a blest eternity  
          In praise of dying love.

**CXXIII.**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn X.**  
**On His Birth-Day.<sup>11</sup>**

- 1        God of my life, to thee  
          My chearful soul I raise,  
          Thy goodness bad me be,  
          And still prolongs my days:  
I see my natal hour return,  
And bless the day that I was born.
- 2        A clod of living earth  
          I glorify thy name,  
          From whom alone my birth,  
          And all my blessings came;  
Creating and preserving grace  
Let all that is within me praise.
- 3        My soul, and all its powers,  
          Thine, wholly thine shall be,  
          All, all my happy hours  
          I consecrate to thee;  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am  
Shall magnify my Maker's name.
- 4        Long as I live beneath,  
          To thee O let me live,  
          To thee my every breath  
          In thanks, and blessings give;  
Me to thine image now restore,  
And I shall praise thee evermore.
- 5        Thy former gift is vain,  
          Unless thou lift me up,  
          Begetting me again  
          Unto a lively hope;

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<sup>11</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 68a–68b; and MS Thirty, 36–37.

O let me know that second birth,  
And live the life of heaven on earth.

6 I wait thy will to do  
As angels do in heaven,  
In Christ a creature new,  
Eternally forgiven;  
I wait thy perfect will to prove,  
When sanctified by sinless<sup>12</sup> love.

7 O might I soon attain  
My holy calling's prize!  
And grow, when born again,  
And to thy stature rise;  
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,  
'Till meet to see thy glorious face.

8 Then, when the work is done,  
The work of faith with power,  
Call home thy favour'd son  
At death's triumphant hour,  
Like Moses to thyself convey,  
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

**CXXIV.**

**[Hymns for Believers.]**

**Hymn XI.**

**The Way of Duty the Way of Safety.**<sup>13</sup>

1 Are there not in the labourer's day  
Twelve hours, wherein he safely may  
His calling's works pursue?  
Though sin, and Satan still are near,  
Nor sin, nor Satan can I fear  
With Jesus in my view.

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<sup>12</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>13</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 92–93; and MS Clarke, 106–7.



- 2 Not all the powers of hell can fright  
A soul, that walks with Christ in light;  
He walks, and cannot fall:  
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,  
Shining unto the perfect day,  
And more than conquers all.
- 3 Light of the world, thy beams I bless;  
On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,  
My faith hath fixt its eye;  
Guided by thee, thro' all I go,  
Nor fear the ruin spread below,  
For thou art always nigh.
- 4 Ten thousand snares my path beset,  
Yet will I, Lord, the work compleat,  
Which thou to me hast given;  
Superior to the pains I feel,  
Close by the gates of death, and hell,  
I urge my way to heaven.
- 5 Still will I strive, and labour still,  
With humble zeal to do thy will,  
And trust in thy defence;  
My soul into thy hands I give,  
And, if he can obtain thy leave,  
Let Satan pluck me thence.

**CXXV.**

**[Hymns for Believers.]**

**Hymn XII.**

**Before any Work of Charity.**<sup>14</sup>

- 1 Jesu, by highest heavens ador'd,  
The church's glorious head;  
With humble joy I call thee, Lord,  
And in thy foot-steps tread.

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<sup>14</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 55–56; MS Clarke, 62–63; and MS Shent, 141a.

- 2    Emptied of all thy greatness here  
      While in the body seen,  
      Thou wouldst the least of all appear,  
      And minister to men.
- 3    A servant to thy servants thou  
      In thy debas'd estate,  
      How meekly did thy goodness bow  
      To wash thy followers' feet!
- 4    And shall a worm refuse to stoop,  
      His fellow-worms disdain?  
      I give my vain distinctions up,  
      Since God did wait on man.
- 5    At charity's almighty call  
      I lay my greatness by,  
      The least of saints, I wait on all,  
      The chief of sinners I.
- 6    Happy, if I their grief may chear,  
      And mitigate their pain,  
      And wait upon the servants here,  
      'Till with the Lord I reign.

**CXXVI.**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XIII.**  
**In the Work.**<sup>15</sup>

- 1    I come, O God, to do thy will,  
      With Jesus in my view,  
      A servant of his servants still,  
      My pattern I pursue.
- 2    My loving labour I repeat,  
      Obedient to his word,  
      And wash his dear disciples' feet,  
      And wait upon my Lord.

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<sup>15</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 56–58; MS Clarke, 63–64a; and MS Shent, 141b–142b.

- 3 I have my Saviour always near,  
On him I now attend,  
I see him in his members here,  
My brother, and my friend.
- 4 Shivering beneath those rags he stands,  
Again expos'd, and bare,  
And stretches out his helpless hands,  
And asks my tender care.
- 5 And shall I not relief afford,  
Put off my costly dress,  
Tear it away to cloath my Lord,  
Who hides my sinfulness!
- 6 Drink to a thirsty Christ I give,  
An hungry Christ I feed,  
The stranger to my house receive,  
Who here shall lay his head.
- 7 Sick, and in prison will I find,  
And all his sorrows chear,  
Or bring him forth, and doubly kind  
Relieve, and tend him here.
- 8 In sickness will I make his bed,  
The cordial draught prepare,  
My hands shall hold his fainting head  
And all his burthen bear.
- 9 Surely I now my Saviour see,  
In this poor worm conceal'd,  
Wounded he asks relief of me,  
Who all my wounds hath heal'd.
- 10 My needy Jesus I descry,  
And in this object meet,  
Sick, and in pain I see him lie,  
And gasping at my feet.

- 11 Paleness his dying face o'erspreads,  
His griefs I more than see,  
My heart at Jesu's suffering bleeds  
With softest sympathy.
- 12 I fill my Lord's afflictions up,  
His welcome burthen bear,  
And gladly drink his bitter cup,  
And all his sorrows share.
- 13 Yes, Lord, with joy, and grief, and love  
I now behold thy face,  
My God descended from above  
To suffer in my place.
- 14 Thy visage marr'd with tears and blood,  
Mine eyes of faith survey,  
As when on yonder cross my God  
A bleeding victim lay.
- 15 Torn with the whips, and nails, and spear  
Thy sacred body was;  
O might it now to all appear  
As hanging on the cross!
- 16 O that to thee the world might bow,  
And know thy saving name,  
And see, and serve, as I do now,  
And love the bleeding Lamb!

[CXXVII.]<sup>16</sup>

[Hymns for Believers.]

Hymn XIV.<sup>17</sup>

- 1 Gentle Jesu, lovely Lamb,  
Thine, and only thine I am;  
Take my body, spirit, soul,  
Only thou possess the whole.

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<sup>16</sup>Ori., "CXXVI". All poem numbers from here forward have been corrected as well. Corrected numbering appears in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>17</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 46a; and MS Thirty, 2–3.

- 2    Thou my one thing needful be,  
      Let me ever cleave to thee:  
      Let me chuse the better part,  
      Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3    Fairer than the sons of men,  
      Do not let me turn again,  
      Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
      Stoop to creature-happiness.
- 4    Whom have I on earth below?  
      Thee, and only thee I know:  
      Whom have I in heaven but thee?  
      Thou art all in all to me.
- 5    All my treasure is above,  
      All my riches is thy love:  
      Who the worth of love can tell,  
      Infinite, unsearchable!
- 6    Thou, O love, my portion art,  
      Lord, thou knowst my simple heart:  
      Other comforts I despise,  
      Love be all my paradise.
- 7<sup>18</sup> Nothing else can I require,  
      Love fills up my whole desire:  
      All thy other gifts remove;  
      Still thou giv'st me all in love.

**[CXXVIII.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XV.<sup>19</sup>**

- 1        Jesu, my truth, my way,  
          My sure, unerring light,  
      On thee my feeble soul I stay,  
          Which thou wilt lead aright;

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<sup>18</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>19</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 83a–83b; and MS Thirty, 173–75.

My wisdom, and my guide,  
My Counsellor thou art;  
O never let me leave thy side,  
Or from thy paths depart.

2 I lift mine eye to thee,  
My lovely, bleeding Lamb,  
That I may still inlighten'd be,  
And never put to shame:  
I never will remove  
Out of thy hands my cause,  
But rest in thy redeeming love,  
And hang upon thy cross.

3 To thee, when sin draws nigh,  
O let me still confess  
(While trembling to thy wounds I fly)  
My utter helplessness:  
Save, Lord! I cannot bear  
This sore temptation's storm;  
Save, or I perish in despair,  
O save a dying worm.

4 Still let thy Spirit, Lord,  
Soon as the foe comes in,  
His instantaneous help afford,  
And stem the tide of sin:  
Lift up the standard-tree  
'Gainst my o'erpowering foe,  
And shew me, thou hast died for me,  
And all my sins o'erthrow.

5 Teach me the happy art  
In all things to depend  
On thee, who never wilt<sup>20</sup> depart,  
But love me to the end.  
Still stir me up to strive  
With thee in strength divine,  
And every moment, Lord, revive  
This fainting soul of mine.

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<sup>20</sup>Charles Wesley changed "wilt" to "will" in *All in All* (1761).

6 Persist to save my soul  
Throughout the fiery hour,  
'Till I am every whit made whole,  
And shew forth all thy power;  
Thro' fire and water bring  
Into the wealthy place,  
And teach me the new song to sing,  
When perfected in grace.

7 O make me all like thee,  
Before I hence remove;  
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,  
And build me up in love:  
Let me thy witness live,  
When sin is all destroy'd,  
And then my spotless soul receive,  
And take me home to God.

[CXXIX.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XVI.<sup>21</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;  
My heart it doth dance to the sound of thy 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.

---

<sup>21</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 118–19; MS Clarke, 136; and MS Shent, 121a–121b.

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 of Jesus's love.

**[CXXX.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XVII.**<sup>22</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.

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.

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<sup>22</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 119; MS Clarke, 136–37; and MS Shent, 121b.



[CXXXI.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XVIII.<sup>23</sup>

- 1 All praise to the Lamb!  
Accepted I am,  
I am bold to believe on my Jesus's name.
- 2 Strength and righteousness,  
And pardon, and peace,  
In the Lord my Redeemer I surely possess.
- 3 In thee I confide,  
Thy blood is applied;  
For me thou hast suffer'd, for me thou hast died.
- 4 My peace it is made,  
My ransom is paid,  
My soul on thy bloody atonement is stay'd.
- 5 Not a doubt can arise  
To darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.
- 6 I already am blest,  
I lean on thy breast,  
And lo! In thy wounds I continually rest.
- 7 My cup it runs o'er,  
I have comfort and power,  
I have pardon—what can a *poor sinner* have more?
- 8 He can have a new heart,  
So as never to start  
From thy paths: he may be in the world as thou art.
- 9 He may be without sin,  
All holy and clean,  
He may be as his Master, all glorious within.

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<sup>23</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 131–32; MS Clarke, 150–51; and MS Shent, 181a–181b.

- 10        Without blemish, or blot,  
            Without wrinkle, or spot,  
            Without power to offend thee in deed, word, or thought.
- 11        The promise is sure,  
            It shall always endure,  
            And I as my God shall be sinless,<sup>24</sup> and pure.
- 12        Thou again shalt appear  
            My faith's Finisher,  
            And I in thy love shall be perfected here.
- 13        I aim at the prize,  
            It is now in my eyes,  
            To perfection I press, to perfection I rise.
- 14        I seek, and pursue,  
            I shall find the pearl too,  
            For he who hath promis'd, is faithful, and true.
- 15        Thee, Lord, I receive,  
            And to me thou shalt give  
            A power without sin, in thine image, to live.
- 16        Thine image is love,  
            And I surely shall prove  
            That holy delight of the angels above.
- 17        Less cannot suffice  
            Than the pearl of great price:  
            Speak Lord, and I now in thy likeness shall rise.
- 18        I am sure it shall be,  
            I shall walk before thee,  
            And be perfect as God, when my God is in me.

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<sup>24</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

[CXXXII.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XIX.<sup>25</sup>

- 1 My Jesus, my Lamb,  
All weakness I am,  
But strength, and salvation are found in thy name.
- 2 I come for the grace  
Thy Father did place  
On thee for myself, and for all the lost race.
- 3 Be near to defend,  
Continue my friend;  
I know thou hast lov'd me; but love to the end.
- 4 Our safeguard thou art,  
And shouldst thou depart,  
I perish, destroy'd by my own evil heart.
- 5 But I trust, thou wilt stay  
'Till I see the glad day,  
When thy blood shall have wash'd all my evil away.
- 6 I have faith in thy blood,  
It hath brought me to God,  
And I in thine image shall soon be renew'd.
- 7 I shall throughly be clean,  
And all holy within;  
Thine image can harbour no relicks of sin.
- 8 Of pardon possesset,  
Yet can I not rest  
In the first gift, but earnestly covet the best.
- 9 The best I shall prove,  
When perfect in love,  
I serve thee on earth as the angels above.

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<sup>25</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 119–20; MS Clarke, 137–38; and MS Shent, 181b–182a.

10        This, this is the prize,  
            To perfection I rise,  
            And walk before God, 'till I fly to the skies.

**[CXXXIII.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XX.**<sup>26</sup>

1        My Saviour, and King,  
            Thy conquest I sing;  
            Goliath is slain with a stone, and a sling.

2        Thine arm did o'erthrow,  
            And laid my sin low,  
            And now in thy strength I can tread on the foe.

3        The world, and its god,  
            Are more than subdued;  
            I have faith, O my Lamb, I have faith in thy blood.

4        Thy blood makes us clean  
            Both without and within,  
            It conquers the world, and the devil, and sin.

5        By the blood of the Lamb  
            The martyrs o'ercame;  
            And its virtue is now, and forever the same.

6        It washes the foul,  
            It makes the sick whole,  
            And hallows, and perfects the penitent soul.

7        I have felt it applied,  
            The life-giving tide  
            Hath brought me to God, and in God I abide.

8        I shall feel it again  
            Washing out the old stain:  
            Then away with your spots, for not one shall remain!

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<sup>26</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 121; MS Clarke, 138–39; and MS Shent, 182a–182b.

9 My Lord from above  
Shall the mountain remove,  
And I then shall be sinless,<sup>27</sup> and perfect in love.

[CXXXIV.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XXI.<sup>28</sup>

1 O Saviour, whose blood  
For sinners hath flow'd,  
I believe thou hast suffer'd, to bring me to God.

2 My goodness thou art,  
Impute and impart  
Thy virtue to quiet, and hallow my heart.

3 The infinite store  
Of thy merit runs o'er,  
For me thou hast purchas'd forgiveness, *and more.*

4 I believe thou hast died  
To redeem me from pride,  
From anger, desire, and all evil beside.

5 And shall I not live  
In full hope to receive  
All the graces and blessings the Lamb hath to give?

6 Can it anger the Lamb,  
That I trust in thy name,  
My uttermost Jesus forever the same?

7 Does it injure thy blood,  
That I trust, the pure flood  
Shall cleanse from all sin, and then waft me to God?

8 Nay, nay, but I feel  
It is after thy will  
My faith, that thou wilt all my sicknesses heal.

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<sup>27</sup>John Wesley substituted “spotless” for “sinless” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>28</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 133–34; MS Clarke, 152–53; and MS Shent, 182b–183a.

- 9       The promise is sure  
          To the helpless and poor,  
          Their souls, as their bodies, thou throughly canst cure.
- 10       Thou hast heal'd me in part,  
          And ready thou art  
          To fill up my faith, and possess my whole heart.
- 11       Thou art just to thy word,  
          And I shall be restor'd,  
          And holy, and perfect, and pure as my Lord.
- 12       In patience I wait,  
          For my God to create,  
          And raise me on earth to my former estate.
- 13       My faith is not vain,  
          I am sure to regain  
          His image, and lord of his creatures to reign.
- 14       I to God shall be join'd  
          In heart and in mind,  
          And again in my Jesus my paradise find.

**[CXXXV.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXII.<sup>29</sup>**

- 1       O God of all grace,  
          Thy goodness we praise;  
          Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place.
- 2       With joy we approve  
          The design of thy love;  
          'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.
- 3       Tongue cannot explain  
          That love of God-man,  
          Which the angels desire to look into in vain.

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<sup>29</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 142–44; MS Clarke, 161–62, 165; and MS Shent, 183b–184a.

- 4        It dazzles our eyes:  
          Thought cannot arise,  
          To find out a cause why the infinite dies.
- 5        Or if pity inclin'd  
          Him to die for mankind,  
          The ground of his pity what seraph can find?
- 6        He came from above,  
          Our curse to remove;  
          He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he *would* love.
- 7<sup>30</sup>      Love mov'd him to die,  
          And on this we rely:  
          He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why!
- 8        But this we can tell,  
          He hath lov'd us so well,  
          As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.
- 9        He hath ransom'd our race;  
          O how shall we praise,  
          Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace?
- 10      Nothing else will we know  
          In our journey below,  
          But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.
- 11      Nay, and when we remove  
          To the mansions above,  
          Our heaven shall still be to sing of thy love.
- 12      Thrice happy employ!  
          We there shall enjoy  
          A fulness of pleasure that never can cloy.
- 13      The heavenly quire  
          With us shall aspire,  
          And gladly our loving Redeemer admire.

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<sup>30</sup>John Wesley marked stanzas 7–8 for deletion in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

14 Thy wonders of grace  
The angels shall praise,  
Yet ever come short in their loftiest lays.

15 We all shall commend  
The love of our friend,  
Forever beginning what never shall end.

16 When time is no more,  
We still shall adore  
That ocean of love without bottom, or shore.

17 For this do we wait;  
Come, Lord, and translate  
Our souls to their perfectly glorious estate.

18 O hasten the day!  
He will not delay,  
But quickly return, and conduct us away.

19 E'er long we shall fly  
To the regions on high,  
For Israel's strength cannot vary, or lie.

20 He soon shall appear,  
He more than draws near;  
Our Jesus *is* come, and ETERNITY'S here!

**[CXXXVI.]**

**[Hymns for Believers.]**

**Hymn XXIII.**

[1] We wrestle not with flesh and blood,  
Whoe'er to Jesu's sway submit,  
Nature's desires all are subdued,  
And trodden down beneath our feet.



- 2 We that are Christ's have crucified  
The flesh, and every worldly lust;  
And still we feel the blood applied,  
And in a present Saviour trust.
- 3 Sin shall not have dominion now,  
Or in our mortal body reign,  
To Satan's yoke we scorn to bow;  
And cast away his servile chain.
- 4 To those dear wounds we calmly fly,  
Whence rivers of salvation flow;  
And thence, when sin draws near, defy  
A feeble, vanquish'd, dying foe.
- 5 Redemption thro' thy blood we have,  
And strength, and righteousness in thee,  
And still we find thee near to save,  
And faith is still the victory.
- 6 Thou keepst us in perfect peace:  
The peace a constant power imparts,  
And forces sin and strife to cease,  
And rules in all believing hearts.
- 7 Thy help we every moment feel;  
We own thee good, and strong, and true,  
And fill'd with power invincible,  
Thro' Jesus we can all things do.
- 8 Thro' thee we can in faith abide,  
And stedfast to the end endure,  
'Till every soul is sanctified,  
And pure as God himself is pure.

[CXXXVII.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XXIV.<sup>31</sup>

- 1 Jesu, great shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly;  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For O! The wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay;  
He seizes every straggling soul,  
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thine arm;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While at our shepherd's side;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die,  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.
- 7 Keep us 'till then in perfect peace,  
And call us each to prove  
An endless age of heavenly bliss,  
An endless age of love.

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<sup>31</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 55a; and MS Thirty, 116–17.

[CXXXVIII.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XXV.  
Thanksgiving.<sup>32</sup>

- 1 In Jesus's name on sinners I call,  
My Saviour proclaim, who suffer'd for all:  
My friends and my neighbours, who pitied my pain,  
Rejoice, that my labours have not been in vain.
- 2 My pain is reliev'd, my sorrow is past,  
And I have receiv'd the blessing at last,  
Recover'd his favour (so harrass'd and tost)  
And found in my Saviour the piece I had lost.
- 3 I lift up my voice, to pardon restor'd,  
And bid you rejoice in Jesus my Lord;  
I call the oppressed my Saviour to own,  
I cannot be blessed and happy alone.
- 4 Then let us agree our Jesus to praise:  
Come, triumph with me, and tell of his grace;  
No fear ye shall stumble by doing his will,  
Be thankful and humble, but never *be still*.

[CXXXIX.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XXVI.  
Another [Thanksgiving].<sup>33</sup>

- 1 Join all in earth, and all in heaven,  
The saving sovereign name t' adore,  
The name to dying sinners given,  
That all might live, and sin no more.
- 2 Bow every soul at Jesu's name,  
At Jesu's name ye angels bow,  
Extol the great supream I AM,  
Praise him thro' one eternal now.

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<sup>32</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 39–40; and MS Clarke, 42–43.

<sup>33</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 68–69; and MS Clarke, 76.

- 3 Praise him ye first-born sons of light,  
With shouts your glorious monarch own,  
We have in him a nearer right,  
For Jesus is our flesh and bone.
- 4 Wherefore on you we ever call,  
T' adore the name to sinners given,  
To praise the Lamb, who died for all,  
Join all in earth, and all in heaven.

[CXL.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XXVII.<sup>34</sup>

- 1 Jesus the Conqueror reigns,  
In glorious strength array'd,  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
And bids the earth be glad:  
Ye sons of men rejoice  
In Jesu's mighty love,  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice  
To him who rules above.
- 2 Extol his kingly power,  
Kiss the exalted Son,  
Who died, and lives to die no more,  
High on his Father's throne;  
Our Advocate with God,  
He undertakes our cause,  
And spreads<sup>35</sup> thro' all the earth abroad  
The victory of his cross.
- 3 That bloody banner see,  
And in your Captain's sight  
Fight the good fight of faith with me,  
My fellow-soldiers fight.

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<sup>34</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 53a–54b; and MS Thirty, 90–95.

<sup>35</sup>Charles Wesley changed “spreads” to “spread” in *All in All* (1761).

In mighty phalanx join'd,  
Undaunted all proceed,  
Arm'd with th' unconquerable mind  
That was in Christ your head.

4       Urge on your rapid course,  
          Ye blood-besprinkled bands,  
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,  
          'Tis seiz'd by violent hands;  
          See there the starry crown,  
          That glitters thro' the skies,  
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,  
          And take the glorious prize.

5       Thro' much distress, and pain,  
          Thro' many a conflict here,  
Thro' blood ye must the entrance gain;  
          Yet O! Disdain to fear:  
          Courage, your Captain cries,  
          Who all your toil fore-knew,  
Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,  
          I have o'ercome for you.

6       The world cannot withstand  
          Its antient Conqueror;  
The world must sink beneath that hand,  
          Which arms us for the war:  
          This is the victory,  
          Before our faith they fall;  
Jesus hath died for you, and me!  
          Believe, and conquer all.

7       Satan shall be repell'd;  
          The world's imperious god  
Shall fly before our sacred shield,  
          Our trust in Jesu's blood:  
          Jesus hath cleft his crown,  
          Of old from glory driven,  
And cast the bold aspirer down,  
          As lightning out of heaven.

- 8           Him, and his powers below  
              He bound, and captive led,  
Our rising Lord in open shew  
              His hellish spoils display'd;  
              O'er all th' infernal host  
              He more than conqueror was,  
And dragg'd them at his wheels, the boast,  
              And triumph of his cross.
- 9           'Twas there our peace he bought;  
              Tho' nail'd to yonder tree,  
His hands have our salvation wrought,  
              And got the victory:  
              He felt the mortal dart,  
              The horror-breathing king  
Shot all our sin into his heart,  
              And death hath lost his sting.
- 10          Death is all swallow'd down,  
              Our sins are wash'd away,  
The guilt, the guilt of sin is gone,  
              The power can never stay.  
              Our worst, our inbred foe  
              By Jesus is subdued,  
Our mountain-sins melt down, and flow  
              And sink into his blood.
- 11          We now shall more than win  
              The fight thro' Jesu's name,  
Conquerors o'er hell, and earth, and sin  
              In the victorious Lamb;  
              The Lamb a lion is,  
              And all his foes shall slay,  
And fly upon the spoil, and seize,  
              And take his lawful prey.
- 12          The Spirit of his power  
              Into our souls shall come,  
And all our foes destroy, devour,  
              And all our sins consume:

The jealous Lord of hosts  
Shall full dominion have,  
Shall all, who in his merits trust,  
Ev'n to the utmost save.

13 Then let us all proceed,  
In Jesu's conquest share,  
Boldly march up with Christ our head,  
That thunder-bolt of war;  
Jesus hath all broke thro',  
Hell, earth, and sin, and death,  
And we shall more than conquer too,  
Who Jesu's Spirit breathe.

14 Thro' faith in our dear Lord  
We surely shall obtain  
The promise of a full reward,  
And here with Jesus reign;  
We without sin shall live,  
Before we hence remove,  
Our heavenly calling's prize receive,  
The crown of perfect love.

15 Our souls like God rais'd up  
Shall live no more to die,  
Our flesh dissolv'd shall rest in hope  
Of immortality:  
Jesus shall soon appear,  
With royal glory crown'd,  
Our dust the trump of God shall hear,  
And kindle at the sound.

16 Quicken'd by power divine,  
We all shall see, and know  
The Son of man's triumphant sign,  
The cross we bore below;  
Caught up we all shall rise,  
Our Master's glory share,  
And take our seats above the skies,  
And reign forever there.

**[CXLI.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXVIII.**  
**“The whole armour of God.”<sup>36</sup>**  
**Ephesians vi.**

- 1       Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
          And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
          Thro’ his eternal Son;  
          Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
          And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
          Is more than conqueror.
  
- 2       Stand then in his great might,  
          With all his strength endu’d,  
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 thro’ 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,  
Arm’d 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;

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<sup>36</sup>This hymn was published first by Charles as a broadsheet in 1742, and then appended shortly thereafter to John Wesley’s *Character of a Methodist* (Bristol: Farley, 1742). A manuscript precursor appears in MS Thirty, 22–27.



Indissolubly join'd,  
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 imprest.

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 thro' all the snares of death  
          To life eternal run.

7        But above all, lay hold  
          On faith's victorious shield,  
Arm'd with that adamant, and gold,  
          Be sure to win the field;  
          If faith surround your heart,  
          Satan shall be subdued;  
Repell'd his every fiery dart,  
          And quench'd 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-edg'd 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,  
          Stedfastly 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 shew 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,  
Ingrasping 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.

**[CXLII.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXIX.**  
**The Taking of Jericho.<sup>37</sup>**

- 1        Arise, ye men of war,  
          Prevent the morning ray,  
Prepare, your Captain cries, prepare,  
          Your Captain leads the way:  
          He calls you forth to fight,  
          Where yonder ramparts rise,  
Ramparts of a stupendous<sup>38</sup> height,  
          Ramparts that touch the skies.
- 2        Who dares approach those towers?  
          Who can those walls o’erturn?  
The city braves all human powers,  
          And laughs a siege to scorn.  
          Who shall the city take,  
          The Jericho within?  
Not all the powers of earth can shake  
          The strength of inbred sin.
- 3        Impregnable it stands,  
          Strong, and wall’d up to heav’n;  
But God into our Joshua’s hands,  
          The citadel hath given;  
          The fortress and its king,  
          And all his valiant men,  
Our Captain to the ground shall bring,  
          And on their ruins reign.
- 4        All power he hath to quell,  
          And conquer and o’erthrow,  
All pow’r in heaven, and earth, and hell,  
          To root out every foe,

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<sup>37</sup>Published previously as *The Taking of Jericho* (London: Strahan, 1742).

<sup>38</sup>Ori., “of stupendous”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

Thro' him divinely bold  
Let all his soldiers fight,  
Now of your Captain's strength take hold,  
And conquer in his might.

5       Ye people all pass on;  
      Ye men of war surround  
The city by your Captain won;  
      Attend the trumpet's sound:  
      The priests whom he hath chose  
      Pass on before the Lord,  
And each a ram's-horn trumpet blows,  
      The trumpet of the word.

6       The holy ark they bear,  
      The cov'nant of his grace,  
And tydings of great joy declare  
      To all the fallen race:  
      They make his mercies known,  
      His promises they shew:  
Go in the track your guides have shewn,  
      To certain conquest go.

7       In sight of God proceed,  
      Follow the ark divine,  
In all the ways and statutes tread,  
      Which he hath pleas'd t' enjoin:  
      Pray always, fast, and pray,  
      And watch to do his will;  
All his commands with joy obey,  
      All righteousness fulfil.

8       With patience persevere,  
      Still in his ways be found,  
Still to the city-walls draw near,  
      And day by day surround;  
      Continue in his word,  
      On all his means attend,  
Bearing the burthen of the Lord,  
      And hoping to the end.

- 9           Arise, your strength renew,  
              Your glorious toil repeat,  
Follow the ark, your Lord pursue,  
              And for his promise wait;  
              In deepest silence go;  
              Your Joshua cries, Be still,  
Assur'd his truth and pow'r to know,  
              And prove his perfect will.
- 10           Tried to the uttermost  
              His faithful word shall be,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trust,  
              Shall gain the victory:  
              But wait for your reward,  
              And give your clamours o'er,  
Tarry the leisure of your Lord,  
              Nor ever murmur more.
- 11           The solemn day draws nigh,  
              When sin shall have its doom,  
Faith sees it with an eagle's eye,  
              And cries, The day is come;  
              The seventh morn I see,  
              And hasten to be blest,  
Enjoy an instant victory,  
              An antedated rest.
- 12           The walls are compast round,  
              This circuit is the last:  
The ark stands still: the trumpets sound  
              A long-continued blast:  
              The people turn their eyes  
              On the devoted walls;  
And shout, the mighty Joshua cries,  
              And lo! The city falls!
- 13           Its proud, aspiring brow  
              Lies level with the ground,  
It lies, and not one stone is now  
              Upon another found.

The walls are flat, the deep  
Foundations are o'erthrown;  
The lofty fortress is an heap,  
And sin is trodden down.

14 The strength of sin is lost,  
And Babylon the great  
Is fallen, fallen to the dust,  
Has found its final fate.  
Partakers of our hope,  
We seize what God hath given,  
And trampling down all sin go up,  
And strait ascend to heav'n.

15 But shall not sin remain,  
And in its ruins live?  
No, Lord; we trust, and not in vain,  
Thy fulness to receive:  
Thy strength and saving grace,  
Thou shalt for us employ,  
The being of all sin erase,  
And utterly destroy.

16 Actual and inbred sin  
Shall feel thy two-edg'd sword:  
The city is, with all therein,  
Devoted to the Lord:  
Thy word cannot be broke,  
Thou wilt thine arm display,  
Thou wilt with one continual stroke  
Our sin forever slay.

17 Woman, and man, and beast,  
And ox, and ass, and sheep,  
All, all at once shall be opprest  
By death's eternal sleep;  
Never to rise again,  
Both young and old shall fall;  
Not one shall 'scape, not one remain,  
But die, and perish all.

18       The human beast and fiend  
          Thou, Lord, shalt take away,  
And make the old transgression end,  
          And all its relicks slay;  
          The proud and carnal will,  
          The selfish vain desire,  
Thou all our sins at once shalt kill,  
          And burn them all with fire.

**[CXLIII.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXX.**  
**For the Morning.**

1       Father, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
          My longing eyes and restless heart,  
Before the morning watch I rise,  
          And wait to taste how good thou art,  
T' obtain the grace I humbly claim,  
The saving power of Jesu's name.

2       The slumber from my soul I shake,  
          Warn'd by thy Spirit's inward call,  
And up to righteousness awake,  
          And pray that I no more may fall,  
Or give to sin and Satan place,  
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3       O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard  
          'Gainst every known or secret foe,  
A mind for all assaults prepar'd,  
          A sober, vigilant mind bestow,  
Ever appriz'd of danger nigh,  
And when to fight, and when to fly.



- 4 O never suffer me to sleep  
Secure within the verge of hell,  
But still my watchful spirit keep  
In lowly awe, and loving zeal,  
And bless me with that godly fear,  
And plant that guardian angel here.
- 5 Attended by the sacred dread,  
And wise from evil to depart,  
Let me from strength to strength proceed,  
And rise to purity of heart,  
Thro' all the paths of duty move,  
From humble faith to perfect love.

[CXLIV.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XXXI.

- 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.
- 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.

[CXLV.]

[Hymns for Believers.]

Hymn XXXII.

Before Work.

- 1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue,  
Thee, only thee resolv'd to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom hath assign'd  
O let me chearfully fulfil,  
In all my works thy presence find,  
And prove thine acceptable will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
And hide my simple heart above,  
Above the thorns of choaking care,  
The gilded baits of worldly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right-hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,  
And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.
- 5 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray,  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day.

- 6 For thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

[CXLVI.]

[Hymns for Believers.]

Hymn XXXIII.

**In an Hurry of Business.**

- 1 Help, Lord! The busy foe  
Is as a flood come in!  
Lift up a standard, and o'erthrow  
This soul-distracting sin:  
This sudden tide of care  
Stem by that bloody tree,  
Nor let the rising torrent bear  
My soul away from thee.
- 2 The praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart,  
From all intanglements beneath  
Call off my anxious heart:  
My feeble mind sustain  
By worldly thoughts opprest:  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thine own this moment seize,  
Gather my wandring spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace,  
Suffer'd no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

**[CXLVII.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXXIV.**  
**For a Family.**

- 1    Jesu, Lord, we look to thee,  
      Let us in thy name agree,  
      Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,  
      Bid our jars forever cease.
  
- 2    By thy reconciling love  
      Every stumbling-block remove,  
      Each to each unite, in dear,  
      Come, and spread thy banner here.
  
- 3    Make us of one heart and mind,  
      Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
      Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
      Altogether like our Lord.
  
- 4    Let us each for other care,  
      Each his brother's burthen bear,  
      To thy church the pattern give,  
      Shew how true believers live.
  
- 5    Free from anger, and from pride,  
      Let us thus in God abide,  
      All the depth of love express,  
      All the height of holiness.
  
- 6    Let us then with joy remove  
      To thy family above,  
      On the wings of angels fly,  
      Shew how true believers die.

**[CXLVIII.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXXV.**  
**Another [For a Family].**

- 1 Peace be to this habitation!  
Peace to every soul herein!  
Peace, the foretaste of salvation,  
Peace, the seal of cancel'd sin,  
Peace, that speaks its heavenly giver,  
Peace to earthly minds unknown,  
Peace divine, that lasts forever,  
Here erect its glorious throne!
  
- 2 On the son of peace descending,  
On the daughter of thy grace,  
Big with comforts never ending,  
Let the promise now take place:  
Each receive the gracious shower,  
Each the gospel-blessing prove,  
Witness of thy pardning power,  
Witness of thy perfect love.
  
- 3 Now thy love-infusing Spirit  
Shed in every heart abroad,  
Rise, thro' thy imputed merit,  
Every child a child of God!  
Each receive the constant witness,  
Each obtain the joyous rest,  
Taste in thee celestial sweetness,  
God residing in their breast.
  
- 4 Claim for thine each faithful servant,  
By the reconciling word,  
Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,  
Let them serve their heavenly Lord,  
For thy pardning love adore thee,  
Walk in sinless<sup>39</sup> liberty,  
Brethren to the King of Glory,  
Friends of God, and heirs with thee!

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<sup>39</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 5 Visit, Lord, with thy salvation  
Every providential guest,  
Every friend, and kind relation  
Take into thy people's rest:  
Conscious of thy sacred presence  
Let them feel the loving fear,  
Cry with blissful acquiescence  
God, the pardning God is here!
- 6 Prince of Peace, if thou art near us,  
Fix in all our hearts thy home,  
By thy last appearing chear us,  
Quickly let thy kingdom come:  
Answer all our expectation,  
Give our raptur'd souls to prove  
Glorious, uttermost salvation,  
Heavenly, everlasting love!

**[CXLIX.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXXVI.**  
**For New-Year's-Day.<sup>40</sup>**

- 1 The Lord of earth and sky  
The God of ages praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Antient of endless days,  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees  
We cumbred long the ground,  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare  
Another, and another year.

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<sup>40</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 108a; and MS Thirty, 53 (where it is specified for New Year's 1741).

- 3           When justice bared the sword  
              To cut the fig-tree down,  
              The pity of our Lord  
              Cried, Let it still alone!  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 4           Jesus, thy speaking blood  
              From God obtain'd the grace,  
              Who therefore hath bestow'd  
              On us a longer space,  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo, we see another year!
- 5           Then dig about our root,  
              Break up our fallow ground,  
              And let our gracious fruit  
              To thy great praise abound,  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

[CL.]

[Hymns for Believers.]

Hymn XXXVII.

An Hourly Act of Oblation.

- 1           God of almighty love,  
              By whose sufficient grace  
I lift my heart to things above,  
And humbly seek thy face;  
Thro' Jesus Christ the just  
My faint desires receive,  
And let me in thy goodness trust,  
And to thy glory live.
- 2           Whate'er I speak, or do,  
              Thy glory be my aim:  
My offerings all are offer'd thro'  
              The ever-blessed name:

Jesus, my single eye  
Is fixt on thee alone,  
Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high,  
Thy will by all be done.

3 Spirit of grace, inspire  
My consecrated heart,  
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,  
With all thou hast, or art:  
My feeble mind transform,  
And perfectly renew'd  
Into a saint exalt a worm,  
A worm into a god!

**[CLI.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXXVIII.**

1 How happy are they  
Who the Master obey!  
He calls them his friends,  
And never their joy, or their happiness ends.

2 At Jesus his feet  
Transported we sit,  
And all the day long  
We tell of his goodness, and sing the new song.

3 His goodness we praise,  
His mercy and grace,  
And zealously strive  
Who most his salvation to Jesus shall give.

4 Salvation to God,  
Who bought us with blood;  
Thro' Jesus his name  
Acceptance, and pardon, and heaven we claim.



- 5       By mercy alone  
          He made us his own:  
          His mercy is free;  
          How else could he love such a rebel as me!
- 6<sup>41</sup>      This still is the cry,  
          He hath lov'd us, but why  
          We never can tell,  
          The effects of his passion we only can feel.
- 7       We feel it, and pray  
          The world might obey  
          Our Saviour and King,  
          Whose mercy to all his salvation would bring.
- 8       O that all men would prove  
          His sweetness of love,  
          And come to receive  
          The pardon to all he so freely did give!
- 9       O that every knee  
          Might bow unto thee!  
          Their ransom and peace,  
          Thee, Jesus, let every sinner confess!
- 10      O hasten the day:  
          Thou hearst what we say:  
          Thy pleasure be done,  
          And answer thyself, for the prayer is thine own.

**[CLII.]**  
**[Hymns for Believers.]**  
**Hymn XXXIX.**

- 1       O love unknown!  
          God's only Son,  
          All earth and heaven's desire  
          Leaves for me his glorious throne,  
          Doth for me expire.

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<sup>41</sup>John Wesley marked stanzas 6–7 for deletion in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 2        See, sinners, see  
          He dies for me,  
For you his life he pours!  
          Blessings rain from yonder tree  
In eternal showers.
- 3        Come catch the blood,  
          And life of God,  
And lose your guilty fears,  
          Rise, releas'd from all your load,  
Jesus' cross appears!
- 4        Break hearts of stone  
          To hear him groan,  
To hear his dying prayer,  
          Father, look with pity down,  
And my murtherers spare.
- 5        He prays, and cries!  
          He bleeds, and dies!  
Appeas'd by sacred gore  
          God accepts his sacrifice,  
Man is curst no more.
- 6        O matchless grace!  
          The Prince of Peace  
Th' immortal King of heav'n  
          Suffers in his murtherers place,  
And we are all forgiven.

**[CLIII.]**

**[Hymns for Believers.]**

**Hymn XL.**

- 1        O that I could  
          Cast all my load  
Of guilt and grief and care  
          On the sin-atoning God,  
Who hangs expiring there!

- 2        O that my mind  
          On him reclin'd,  
      'Till all these storms are o'er,  
          Might abiding comfort find,  
      And disbelieve no more!
- 3        Thou slaughter'd Lamb,  
          If thine I am,  
      Fulfil my heart's desire,  
          Blow the spark into a flame,  
      And set me all on fire.
- 4        Look from the tree,  
          As when for me  
      Thou didst the death endure:  
          Let thy blood the med'cine be,  
      And all my sickness cure.
- 5        Pity my grief,  
          And *look* relief,  
      The worst of sinners spare;  
          Saviour of the dying thief,  
      Regard my latest prayer.
- 6        Regard *thy own*,  
          Repeat "'Tis done,"  
      Declare my sins forgiven,  
          Ransom'd by thy mortal groan  
      Receive me up to heaven.

[CLIV.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XLI.

- 1        How truly blest  
          The soul distrest  
      That can pour out a prayer  
          Into his Redeemer's breast,  
      And tell him all his care.

2           O when shall I  
              Find power to cry,  
A never-failing power!  
              Send me succour from the sky  
In my distressing hour.

3           For this alone  
              I make my moan,  
But want that grief sincere:  
              Let me in thy Spirit groan,  
'Till thou my God appear.

4           Thee, Jesus, thee  
              I long to see,  
To tell thee my desire,  
              Help my soul's infirmity,  
And grant what I require.

5           I ask not ease  
              In my distress,  
But 'till the pain is o'er,  
              Let me pray, and never cease:  
I ask, I want no more.

6           What shall I say  
              Who cannot pray,  
Or how my Lord conjure?  
              Let thy death the grace convey,  
And all my hardness cure.

7           Canst thou forget  
              Thy bloody sweat,  
Thy agony of passion,  
              Thy extended hands and feet,  
Thy dying exclamation?

8           To thee alone  
              The grief is known

Which thou for me didst bear?  
Let it break my heart of stone,  
And melt me into prayer.

9       The sight display  
Which turn'd the day  
Into a night of fears,  
Made the sun shrink in his ray,  
And shook the frightened spheres.

10       Thee, Saviour, thee  
Could I but see  
As for my sins expire,  
Surely that must raise in me  
The penitent desire.

11       Thy body torn,  
Thy soul forlorn,  
Must strengthen my petition,  
Force my stubbornness to mourn  
In tears of true contrition.

12       Now, Lord, appear  
As slaughter'd *here*,  
In thy last conflict crying—  
O "'Tis done!"—I see him near  
My love, my Jesus dying!

13       I feel applied  
The crimson tide,  
That makes my conscience pure,  
Saviour, keep me in thy side,  
And all my heaven is sure.

[CLV.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XLII.

- 1           Rejoice, and sing,  
              (The Lord is King)  
              And make a chearful noise,  
To God your ceaseless praises bring,  
              Again I say, Rejoice.
  
- 2           Ye sons of grace,  
              Your voices raise,  
              And rival those above,  
Delight in your Redeemer's praise,  
              And dwell upon his love.
  
- 3           The great I AM  
              From heaven he came,  
              To make that heaven our own:  
Bow every knee to Jesu's name  
              And kiss the incarnate Son.
  
- 4           The Son of God  
              Pour'd out his blood  
              And soul in sacrifice:  
Plunge all in that mysterious flood,  
              That bears you to the skies.
  
- 5           The victim slain  
              Arose again,  
              Returning from the dead:  
Ye saints, essay your choicest strain,  
              And shout your living head:
  
- 6           Who left the sky,  
              Went up on high,

And re-assum'd his own:  
Ye saints to yon bright regions fly,  
And light upon his throne.

- 7 His glorious reign  
He shall maintain;  
Your crowns from him receive,  
And live, redeem'd from death and pain,  
As long as God shall live.

[CLVI.]  
[Hymns for Believers.]  
Hymn XLIII.<sup>42</sup>  
“Come, for all things are now ready.”  
[Luke xiv. 7.]

- 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<sup>3</sup> 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.

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<sup>42</sup>Published previously in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 44–46. Manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 86–87; and MS Clarke, 98–100.

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

**[CLVII.]**  
**For One that is Sick, Before Using**  
**the Means of Recovery.**  
**[Hymn I.]<sup>43</sup>**

- 1 Virtue divine, balsamic word,  
All-quickning, all-informing soul,  
By whom Bethesda’s waters stirr’d,  
Could make the various lazars whole;

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<sup>43</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 108; MS Clarke, 124; and MS Shent, 151a.



- 2 Angel of covenanted grace,  
Come, and thy healing power infuse,  
Descend in thine own time, and bless,  
And give the means their hallow'd use.
- 3 Obedient to thy will alone,  
To thee in means I calmly fly;  
My life, I know, is not my own,  
To God I live, to God I die.
- 4 In heaven my heart and treasure is,  
Yet while I sojourn here beneath,  
I dare not wish for my release,  
Or once indulge the lust of death.
- 5 Thy holy will be ever mine;  
If thou on earth detain me still,  
I bow, and bless the grace divine,  
I suffer all thy holy will.
- 6 I come, if thou my strength restore,  
To serve thee with my strength renew'd;  
Grant me but this (I ask no more)  
To spend, and to be spent, for God.

**[CLVIII.]**  
**[For One that is Sick, Before Using**  
**the Means of Recovery.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>44</sup>

- 1 Hail great physician of mankind,  
Jesus thou art from every ill,  
Health in thine only name we find,  
Thy name doth in the med'cine heal.
- 2 Thy name the fainting soul restores,  
Strength to the languid body brings,  
Renews exhausted nature's powers,  
And bears us as on eagle's wings.

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<sup>44</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 108–9; MS Clarke, 125; and MS Shent, 151a–151b.

- 3 Faith in thy sovereign name I have,  
And wait its healing power to know,  
Assur'd, that it my flesh shall save,  
Till all thy work is done below.
- 4 Then, Saviour, for my spirit call,  
My spirit all conform'd to thine,  
And let this tabernacle fall,  
To rise re-built by hands divine.

**[CLIX.]**  
**[For One that is Sick, Before Using**  
**the Means of Recovery.]**  
**Hymn III.**<sup>45</sup>

- 1 Jesus, was ever love like thine,  
So strong, and permanent, and pure!  
Strange mystery this of love divine,  
That stripes should heal, and death should cure.
- 2 How costly was the medicine, Lord,  
The medicine which thy wounds supplied!  
That I might live, to health restor'd,  
My Lamb, my Good Physician died.
- 3 My God, my all, O Christ, thou art,  
On thee for every good I call,  
Thy death shall life and strength impart;  
O Christ, thou art my God, my all.
- 4 Let others to the creature fly,  
I still betake me to thy blood,  
I on thy only blood rely  
For life, for physic, and for food.
- 5 Thy blood did all my sorrows calm,  
And ease the anguish of my soul,  
And when I ask for Gilead's balm,  
It still is near to make me whole.

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<sup>45</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 109–10; MS Clarke, 125–27; and MS Shent, 151b–152a.

- 6 Thy powerful blood can cloath again  
My feeble flesh with strength renew'd,  
Sorrow, and malady, and pain  
Shall fly before thy powerful blood.
- 7 Whate'er my heavenly Father wills,  
Thro' faith in thee I still receive,  
Thy blood my every promise seals,  
And quicken'd by thy blood I live.
- 8 Thy blood shall wash me white as snow;  
It now hath brought me near to God,  
And all my gifts, and blessings flow  
Thro' the dear channel of thy blood.
- 9 To buy, and make me free indeed,  
The ransom of thy blood was given,  
For me thy blood on earth was shed,  
And now it interceeds in heaven.
- 10 It speaks to God, *my* God, for me,  
For me obtains whate'er is best;  
And lo! The bleeding Lamb I see,  
And in thy wounds forever rest.

[CLX.]  
**For One in Pain.**  
[Hymn I.]<sup>46</sup>

- 1 Pain, my old companion pain,  
Seldom parted from my side,  
Welcome to thy seat again,  
Here, if God permits, abide:  
Pledge of sure-approaching ease,  
Haste to stop my wretched breath,  
Rugged messenger of peace,  
Joyful harbinger of death.

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<sup>46</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 53–54; MS Clarke, 59–60; and MS Shent, 149a–149b.

- 2 Foe to nature as thou art,  
I embrace thee as my friend:  
Thou shalt bid my griefs depart,  
Bring me to my journey's end:  
Yes, I joyfully decay,  
Homeward thro' thy help I haste;  
Thou hast shook the house of clay;  
Surely it will fall at last.
- 3 Kind remembrancer, to thee  
Many a chearful thought I owe:  
Witness of mortality,  
Wise thro' thee my end I know;  
Warn'd by every pain I feel  
Of my dissolution near;  
Pleas'd the lessening hours I tell:  
Quickly shall the last be here.
- 4 Sacred, salutary ill,  
Thee though foolish man miscall,  
Mingled by my Father's skill;  
Sweet as honey is the gall:  
Who beneath thy pressure groan,  
Chief of ills who reckon thee,  
Sin alas! They ne'er have known:  
Sin is perfect misery.
- 5 Free from sin I soon shall live,  
Free from sin while here below,  
Only thou mayst still survive,  
'Till the joys of heaven I know,  
Of my starry crown possesst;  
All thy office then is o'er,  
When I gain the glorious rest,  
Pain and suffering are no more.

**[CLXI.]**  
**[For One in Pain.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>47</sup>

- 1     And shall I, Lord, the cup decline  
      So wisely mixt by love divine,  
          And tasted first by thee!  
      The bitter draught thou drankest up,  
      And but this single, sacred drop  
          Hast thou reserv'd for me.
  
- 2     Lo! I receive it at thy hand,  
      And bear by thy benign command  
          The salutary pain;  
      With thee to live I gladly die,  
      And suffer here, above the sky  
          With my dear Lord to reign.
  
- 3     Here only can I shew my love,  
      By suffering my obedience prove;  
          But when thy heaven I share,  
      I cannot mourn for Jesu's sake,  
      I cannot there thy cup partake,  
          I cannot suffer there.
  
- 4     Full gladly then for thee I grieve,  
      The honour of thy cross receive,  
          And bless the happy load:  
      Who would not in thy footsteps tread,  
      Who would not bow like thee, his head,  
          And sympathize with God!

**[CLXII.]**  
**[For One in Pain.]**  
**Hymn III.**<sup>48</sup>

- 1     Jesus, thy sovereign name I bless!  
      Sorrow is joy, and pain is ease

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<sup>47</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 173–74; MS Clarke, 163; and MS Shent, 149b–150a.

<sup>48</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 174–76; MS Clarke, 164–65; and MS Shent, 150a–150b.

To those that trust in thee:  
All things together work for good,  
To me, the purchase of thy blood,  
The much-lov'd sinner me.

- 2 A feeble helpless child of man  
I suffer, and *enjoy* my pain,  
And hidden sweetness prove;  
With pitying eyes, and outstretch'd hands,  
Before me still the Saviour stands,  
In majesty of love.
- 3 Gladly I drink thy mercy's cup,  
I fill my Lord's afflictions up,  
I now am truly great;  
Exalted by thy kind command,  
By sufferings plac'd at thy right-hand,  
I in thy kingdom sit.
- 4 With thee, O Christ, on earth I reign,  
In all the awful pomp of pain;  
But send my piercing eyes  
Th' eternal things unseen to see,  
The crown of life reserv'd for me,  
And glittering thro' the skies.
- 5 As sure as now thy cross I bear,  
I shall thy heavenly kingdom share,  
And take my seat above;  
Celestial joy is in this pain,  
It tells me, I with thee shall reign,  
In everlasting love.
- 6 The more my sufferings here increase,  
The greater is my future bliss;  
And thou my griefs dost tell:  
They in thy book are noted down;  
A jewel added to my crown  
Is every pain I feel.

7     So be it then, if thou ordain,  
      Crowd all my happy life with pain,  
          And let me daily die:  
      I bow, and bless the sacred sign,  
      And bear the cross, by grace divine,  
          Which lifts me to the sky.

**[CLXIII.]**  
**For One in a Declining State of Health.**  
**[Hymn I.]<sup>49</sup>**

1     God of my life, for thee I pine,  
      For thee I chearfully decline,  
          And hasten to decay,  
      Summon'd to take my place above,  
      I hear the call, "Arise, my love,  
          My fair-one come away!"

2     Obedient to the voice of God,  
      I soon shall quit this earthly clod,  
          Shall lay my body down;  
      Th' immortal principle aspires,  
      And swells my soul with strong desires  
          To grasp the starry crown.

3<sup>50</sup>   The more the outward man decays,  
      The inner feels thy strengthning grace,  
          And knows that thou art mine:  
      Partaker of my glorious hope,  
      I here shall after thee wake up,  
          Shall in thine image shine.

[4]   Thou wilt not leave thy work undone,  
      But finish what thou hast begun,  
          Before I hence remove;  
      I shall be, Master, as thou art,  
      Holy, and meek, and pure in heart,  
          And perfected in love.

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<sup>49</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 147a–147b; and MS Thirty, 96–97.

<sup>50</sup>Ori., "4". Next three stanzas: ori., "5", "6" and "7", respectively (error appears in both editions).

- [5] Thou wilt cut short thy work of grace,  
And perfect in a babe thy praise,  
    And strength for me ordain,  
Thy blood shall make me throughly clean,  
And not one spot of inbred sin  
    Shall in my flesh remain.
- [6] Dear Lamb, if thou for me couldst die,  
Thy love shall wholly sanctify,  
    Thy love shall seal me thine;  
Thou wilt from me no more depart,  
My all in life and death thou art,  
    Thou art forever mine.

[CLXIV.]  
[For One in a Declining State of Health.]  
Hymn II.<sup>51</sup>

- 1 Lamb, lovely Lamb, for sinners slain,  
In weakness, weariness, and pain  
    Thy tender care I prove:  
Continue still thy tender care,  
My spirit for thyself prepare,  
    And perfect me in love.
- 2 In stedfast faith on thee I call,  
Saviour, and sovereign Lord of all,  
    My brother, and my friend;  
Lead me my few remaining days,  
And finish thy great work of grace,  
    And love me to the end.
- 3 Till I from all my sins am freed,  
O may I lean my languid head  
    On thy dear, loving breast:  
Thou, Jesu, catch my parting breath,  
And let me smoothly glide thro' death  
    To my eternal rest.

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<sup>51</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 147b–148a; and MS Thirty, 97–98.



- 4 Saviour, bring near the joyful hour,  
The fulness of thy Spirit pour,  
And while I here remain,  
Christ let it be that lives, not I:  
Or now, permit me now to die;  
To die is greatest gain.
- 5 Come then, my health, my hope, my home,  
My love, my life eternal, come,  
Me to thyself receive;  
Soul, flesh, and spirit sanctify,  
And bid me live in thee to die,  
And die in thee to live.

[CLXV.]  
[For One in a Declining State of Health.]  
Hymn III.<sup>52</sup>

- 1 Jesu, my hope in life, and death,  
For thee I spend my latest breath,  
'Till join'd to those above;  
Thy faithful mercies I proclaim,  
I sing the glories of the Lamb,  
And gasp thy dying love.
- 2 Thy dying love hath seal'd my peace,  
Hath made my sins and sorrows cease,  
And sweetned all my pain:  
Thy dying love supports me now;  
And lo! With thee my head I bow,  
And die with thee to reign.
- 3 Out of the dust of death I rise,  
I feel a life that never dies,  
An hidden life divine,  
The earnest of my glorious bliss;  
And this is heaven, and only this,  
To know my Jesus mine.

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<sup>52</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 148a–148b; and MS Thirty, 98–99.

- 4    Thou art my own, I know thou art,  
I feel thee, Saviour, in my heart,  
      My utmost Saviour thou  
Hast seal'd me to redemption's day;  
And now I cannot fall away,  
      I cannot leave thee now.
- 5    Divinely confident I am,  
And more than conquer in thy name  
      Whate'er my hope withstands;  
Upheld by thee I all break thro';  
For who can loose thy grasp? For who  
      Can pluck me from thy hands?
- 6    Nor death, nor life can now disjoin,  
Nor fiends shall tear my spirit from thine,  
      Nor height, nor depth shall move,  
Nor this, nor any future hour,  
Nor all the creature's utmost power  
      Can part me from thy love.

**[CLXVI.]**  
**For a Sick Friend.**  
**[Hymn I.]**<sup>53</sup>

- 1    Most meek, and tender-hearted Lamb,  
Jesus, we call on thy dear name,  
      Nor shall we call in vain;  
In thee we have not an high-priest,  
Who cannot be like us distrest,  
      For *God-with-us* is man.
- 2    Thou feelest all the woes we feel,  
A sufferer in thy members still,  
      A Man of Griefs thou art:  
And now thou dost the sickness bear  
Of him, for whom we make our prayer,  
      And pour out all our heart.

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<sup>53</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 80–81; MS Clarke, 91–92; and MS Shent, 159a–159b.

- 3 Still, gracious Lord, delight to shed  
Thy blessings on his fav'rite head,  
Thy choicest blessings shower;  
Preserve his mind in perfect peace,  
And when his sufferings most increase,  
O let his joys be more.
- 4 Give him thy meek and quiet mind,  
Patient, and perfectly resign'd  
In all things let him be,  
Nothing desire above, beneath,  
Nor ease, nor pain, nor life, nor death,  
But to be all like thee.
- 5 Yet for thy des'late Sion sake,  
Ah! Do not now receive him back  
To thy celestial quire:  
A burning and a shining light,  
Detain him in our land of night,  
To set the world on fire.
- 6 Jesu, approach, and touch his hand,  
(We ask in faith) and now command  
The fever to depart;  
Now bid him in thine image rise,  
Possess of his high calling's prize,  
A pure and perfect heart.

**[CLXVII.]**  
**[For a Sick Friend.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>54</sup>

- 1 O God, thy truth, and power declare,  
We wait the answer of our prayer,  
We know it must be given:  
The prayer of faith can never fail,  
It enters now within the veil,  
And shuts, and opens heaven.

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<sup>54</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 99–100; MS Clarke, 114–15; and MS Shent, 159b–160a.

- 2 Lord, we believe the promise true,  
The prayer of faith can all things do,  
    When guided by thy will;  
It stops the parting spirit's flight,  
Or brings it back from realms of light,  
    To serve thy pleasure still.
- 3 In faith we wrestle for that soul:  
Stir up thy power, and make him whole,  
    Protract his happy days,  
And let him all thy goodness know,  
A guardian-angel here below,  
    A vessel of thy grace.
- 4 Long may he to thy glory live,  
Thy richest promises receive,  
    Wash'd by thy hallowing word  
From every wrinkle, every spot;  
Sinless in deed, and word, and thought,  
    In all things like his Lord.
- 5 We know thou wilt not long delay,  
We have the things for which we pray,  
    The prayer of faith is seal'd:  
And he thine utmost truth shall prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love,  
    With all thy fulness fill'd.
- 6 Author of faith, thy love we praise:  
O what omnipotence of grace  
    Hast thou on man bestow'd!  
Thy mouth, O Lord, hath strangely said  
"Concerning those my hands have made  
    Ye worms, *command your God!*"

**[CLXVIII.]**  
**After a Recovery.**  
**[Hymn I.]<sup>55</sup>**

- 1 All hail, thou lengthner of my days!  
Thy dear preserving love I praise,  
And thankfully receive  
The present of my life restor'd;  
O may I spend it for my Lord,  
And to thy glory live.
- 2 No other end of life I know,  
I would not live one hour below,  
But to shew forth thy praise,  
To suffer all thy gracious will,  
And all thy counsel to fulfil,  
And blazon all thy grace.
- 3 For this my soul exults in hope,  
Joyful to take her burthen up,  
And still her flesh to bear,  
Ready but now to take her flight,  
And spring into the realms of light,  
And see thy glory there.
- 4 Yet since thy will ordains it so,  
Thy heaven I can awhile forego,  
Thy heaven itself for thee:  
Thy good and perfect will to prove,  
To do thy will like those above  
Is heaven enough for me.

**[CLXIX.]**  
**[After a Recovery.]**  
**Hymn II.<sup>56</sup>**

- 1 God of my life, thy love I praise:  
What riches of restoring grace

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<sup>55</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 177; and MS Clarke, 166.

<sup>56</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Cheshunt, 172–73.

Hast thou on me, on me, bestow'd!  
In answer to thy people's prayer,  
My body breaths this ambient air,  
My soul is circumfus'd with God.

2 Thou, Lord, thy promise hast fulfill'd,  
The prayer of faith the sick hath heal'd,  
Thy strength is in my weakness shewn:  
Thy goodness here with joy I see,  
And give the glory all to thee;  
Thine is the work, and thine alone.

3 Thou only didst the souls incline,  
The gracious souls thou callest thine,  
In my distress to feel their part:  
Thy love infus'd the tender care,  
And bad thy dearest children bear  
My vileness on their faithful heart.

4 Thy Spirit in their hearts did cry;  
Thy Spirit would not let me die,  
'Till I had thy salvation seen:  
Thy Spirit shall the grace impart,  
And change, and purify my heart,  
And make me glorious all within.

5 *With* me he doth ev'n now reside,  
And *in* me he shall soon abide,  
Spirit of health, and power, and love;  
I shall obtain the perfect grace,  
In holiness behold thy face,  
And serve thee like thy hosts above.

6 The earnest in my heart I feel;  
Spirit of truth, apply thy seal,  
And stamp me with the stamp divine;  
Now, Lord, the glorious grace display,  
And seal me to redemption's day,  
And keep my soul forever thine.

[CLXX.]  
**For a Sick Child.**<sup>57</sup>

- 1 Jesu, great healer of mankind,  
Who dost our sorrows bear,  
Let an afflicted parent find  
An answer to his prayer.
- 2 I look for help in thee alone,  
To thee for succour fly;  
My son is sick, my darling son,  
And at the point to die.
- 3 By deep distress a suppliant made,  
By agony of grief,  
Most justly might thy love upbraid  
My lingring unbelief.
- 4 But thou art ready still to run,  
And grant our heart's desire:  
Lord, in thy healing power come down,  
Before my child expire.
- 5 Surely if thou pronounce the word  
If thou the answer give,  
My dying son shall be restor'd,  
And to thy glory live.
- 6 Rebuke the fever in this hour,  
Command it to depart;  
Now, let me now behold thy power,  
And give thee all my heart.
- 7 O save the father in the son,  
Restore him, Lord, to me;  
My heart the miracle shall own,  
And give him back to thee.

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<sup>57</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Clarke, 204–206; and MS Shent, 162a–162b.

- 8 I will, I will obey thy word,  
To thee my all resign,  
I, and my house will serve the Lord,  
And live forever thine.

[CLXXI.]  
**On the Death of a Child.**  
[Hymn I.]<sup>58</sup>

- 1 Wherefore should I make my moan,  
Now the darling child is dead?  
He to early rest is gone,  
He to paradise is fled:  
I shall go to him, but he  
Never shall return to me.
- 2 God forbids his longer stay,  
God recalls the precious loan,  
God hath taken him away,  
From my bosom to his own;  
Surely what he wills is best,  
Happy in his will I rest.
- 3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord!  
Let him do as seems him good:  
Be thy holy name ador'd,  
Take the gift awhile bestow'd,  
Take the child, no longer mine,  
Thine he is, forever thine.

[CLXXII.]  
**[On the Death of a Child.]**  
**Hymn II.**<sup>59</sup>

- 1 Glory to that victorious grace,  
Thro' which a worm can all things do!  
I stand o'erwhelm'd with vast amaze,  
And scarce believe the wonder true;

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<sup>58</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 204–5; MS Clarke, 210; and MS Shent, 162b.

<sup>59</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 205–7; MS Clarke, 211–13; and MS Shent, 163a–163b.



'Tis more than heart could e'er conceive,  
I know my child is dead—and live!

2 Where is the passionate regret,  
The fond complaint, and lingring smart?  
Can I my sucking child forget,  
So freely with my Isaac part,  
So chearfully my all resign,  
And triumph in the will divine!

3 Son of my womb, my joy, my hope,  
He liv'd, my yearning heart's desire,  
Yet lo! I gladly yield him up,  
No longer mine, if God require,  
And with a sudden stroke remove,  
Whom only less than God I love.

4 Nature would cry, my son, my son!  
O that I now had died for thee!  
But faith replies, his will be done,  
Who lent the blessing first to me;  
Lent, and resumes, it is the Lord!  
His will be done, his name ador'd!

5 With all my soul, O Lord, I give  
The child thy love hath snatch'd away;  
On earth I would not have him live,  
With me I would not have him stay;  
The sacrifice long since was o'er,  
I stand to what I gave before.

6 I all have left for Jesu's sake,  
And shall I grieve to part with one!  
No, if a wish could call him back,  
I would not have my darling son  
Brought from his everlasting rest,  
Snatch'd from his heavenly Father's breast.

7 Pass a few fleeting days, or years,  
And I shall see my child again;  
When Jesus in the clouds appears,  
With him I shall in glory reign,  
I and the children he hath given,  
Inseparably join'd in heaven.

**[CLXXIII.]**  
**Oblation of a Sick Child.**<sup>60</sup>

1 Father, thy will be done, not mine,  
Thy only will be done!  
To thee my Isaac I resign,  
I render up my son.

2 Without a murmuring wish I give  
The child thou gav'st to me;  
Or let him to thy glory live,  
Or let him die to thee.

3 I dare not deprecate the cross,  
Or of my loss complain,  
Assur'd my momentary loss  
Is his eternal gain.

4 I hear the providential word,  
I bless the will divine;  
Remove him from my bosom, Lord,  
And take him up to thine.

**[CLXXIV.]**  
**A Mother's Thanksgiving for the**  
**Death of Her Child.**

1 All praise to God on high,  
Who sets his heart on man,

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<sup>60</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 153a.

And beckons from the sky,  
And bids him turn again,  
Gathers unto himself his breath,  
And blesses by an early death.

2        Ev'n now his arms receive  
          The spirit of my child:  
          He gave him to believe,  
          He *shew'd* him reconcil'd,  
Cut short the sudden work of grace,  
And caught him up to see his face.

3        The hallowing Spirit's prayer  
          Breath'd from his sprinkled heart,  
          And cried, The new-born heir  
          Is ready to depart!  
And blessings on his friends approve  
The faith that sweetly works by love.

4        His faith is lost in sight,  
          His prayers are lost in praise,  
          Amidst the saints in light  
          He sings the Saviour's grace,  
Which strangely kept his conscience clean,  
Unspotted in a world of sin.

5        So early to remove  
          And quit the vale of tears,  
          A miracle of love  
          Throughout his *fourteen* years,  
Preserv'd his sacred innocence,  
And snatch'd him uncorrupted hence.

6        Who kept his garments white,  
          Hath call'd him to a crown,  
          And lo! From Sion's height  
          The happy spirit looks down,  
Beyond the range of fiends remov'd,  
Took from a world he never lov'd.

- 7           He cannot love it now,  
              Or feel its poisoning power,  
              To Satan's image bow,  
              Whom all mankind adore,  
Worship the learn'd, or scarlet beast,  
Or seek in creature-good his rest.
- 8           Nor pleasure soft can sooth  
              His unsuspecting heart,  
              Or tempt his heedless youth  
              From Jesus to depart,  
Nor grandeur turn his steps aside,  
That stately littleness of pride!
- 9           He cannot now aspire  
              With a malicious joy,  
              (While envious passions fire  
              The fond, applauded boy)  
Or cloak his honourable shame  
With Emulation's specious name.
- 10          Ambition in his breast  
              Shall never, never glow;  
              In garb angelic drest,  
              And deified below,  
It issued from the dark abodes,  
"The glorious fault of devil-gods!"
- 11          The soul superior soars  
              To heaven's unfolding scene,  
              The everlasting doors  
              Receive the stranger in,  
And angels hail the new-born heir,  
And kindred saints salute him there.
- 12          A royal coronet  
              Upon his head they place,  
              With stars of glory set,  
              And pearls of heavenly grace;

They robe him in the milk-white vest,  
And deck him for the marriage feast.

13        They bring his golden lyre,  
              And lo! He strikes the strings,  
              Amidst th' angelic quire  
              The song of Moses sings,  
Th' angelic quire, transported prove  
Diviner joys, and stronger love.

14        He lives to die no more,  
              He reigns above the sky,—  
              And I the blessing bore,  
              A joyful mother I  
My darling son have freely given  
T' exalt the happiness of heaven.

**[CLXXV.]**  
**Epitaph.**

1        Three innocents lie buried here,  
              Who in their dawn of day  
Rejoic'd before the Lord t' appear,  
              And 'scaped at once away.

2        At once their pardon they receiv'd  
              With Jesu's blood applied,  
His witnesses awhile they liv'd,  
              His witnesses they died.

3        Quicken'd at once they soon shall rise,  
              Their Saviour's joy to share:  
Reader, expect him from the skies,  
              And thou shalt meet him there.

[CLXXVI.]

**Epitaph on Mrs. Susanna Wesley.**<sup>61</sup>

- 1 In sure and stedfast hope to rise,  
And claim her mansion in the skies,  
A *Christian* here her flesh laid down,  
The cross exchanging for the crown.
- 2 True daughter of affliction she,  
Enur'd to pain and misery,  
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,  
A legal night of seventy years.
- 3 The Father then reveal'd his Son,  
Him in the broken bread made known,  
She knew, and felt her sins forgiven,  
And found the earnest of *her* heaven.
- 4 Meet for the fellowship above,  
She heard the call, "Arise, my love:"  
"I come," her dying looks replied,  
And lamb-like as her Lord she died!

[CLXXVII.]

**On the Death of Mrs. Elisabeth Witham.**<sup>62</sup>

- 1 And is the happy spirit fled?  
And is she number'd with the dead,  
Who live to God above?  
Make haste, my soul, her steps pursue,  
And fight like her thy passage through,  
To yon bright throne of love.

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<sup>61</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 80; and MS Clarke, 91.

<sup>62</sup>Charles included a manuscript version of this hymn in a letter to Sarah and Thomas Witham (December 18, 1747), surviving children of Elizabeth Witham. Mrs. Witham was an early supporter of the Wesley brothers in London, serving as a band leader and often hosting them in her home. She died November 29, 1747.

- 2 By her example fir'd I rise,  
My blissful mansion in the skies  
Determin'd to secure;  
And if I dare believe the word,  
And follow her as she her Lord,  
The glorious prize is sure.
- 3 The speaking saint, tho' dead, I hear,  
Who past her time in lowly fear,  
Her chearful time below:  
A daily death on earth she died,  
Her Jesus, and him crucified,  
Resolv'd alone to know.
- 4 Since first she felt the sprinkled blood,  
She never lost her hold of God,  
She never went astray;  
When stronger souls their Lord forsook,  
And shamefully threw off his yoke,  
And cast his cross away.
- 5 His welcome cross with joy she bore,  
And trod the path he trod before,  
And close pursu'd the Lamb:  
His faithful confessor she stood,  
And simply own'd the dying God,  
And gloried in his shame.
- 6 Regardless of their smile, and frown,  
She calmly on the world look'd down,  
With grief, and wonder mov'd  
That every tongue should not confess,  
And every heart *her* Lord embrace,  
Whom more than life she lov'd.
- 7 With all her heart she clave to God,  
Her love by her obedience shew'd,  
In all his statutes found,  
In all the channels of his grace,

Her soul rever'd the hallow'd place,  
And kiss'd the sacred ground.

8 The new-born babe desir'd the word,  
She flew with joy to meet her Lord,  
Assembled with his own:  
In vain the feeble body fail'd,  
The soul its tottering clay upheld,  
And liv'd by faith alone.

9 Before the morning watch her cry  
Prevail'd with God, and from the sky  
Brought showers of blessings down:  
Her treasure, heart, and life was there,  
And all her toil and all her care,  
T' ensure the starry crown.

10 For this she counted all things loss,  
And still took up her Master's cross,  
Her Master's joy to know:  
Above the reach of sense and pride,  
With Jesus fully crucified,  
And dead to all below.

11 Her meat his counsel to fulfil,  
Her whole delight to do his will,  
The task of love sincere  
With daily transport to repeat,  
And wash his dear disciples' feet,  
And serve his members here.

12 Her fervent zeal what tongue can tell?  
Her wise, and meek, tho' fervent zeal  
Poor precious souls to win:  
Her artless eloquence constrain'd,  
Her simple charity unfeign'd  
Compell'd them to come in.



- 13    Resolv'd, her house should serve the Lord,  
      The parent unto him restor'd  
          The children he had given,  
      Her care, and them, on God she cast:  
      The wife her husband sav'd at last,  
          And follow'd him to heaven.
- 14    Awhile she lay detain'd beneath,  
      To triumph in the toils of death,  
          The truth to testify,  
      To aid the church with mighty prayers,  
      And deal her blessings to her heirs,  
          And teach us how to die.
- 15    More than resign'd in mortal pain,  
      How joyfully did she sustain,  
          And bless the welcome load!  
      "Do what ye will with this weak clay,  
      Yet, O! The soul ye cannot stay,  
          Or keep me from my God.
- 16    "My God hath call'd me hence," she cried,  
      "The Lamb hath now prepar'd his bride,  
          And sign'd my soul's release;  
      I rest within the arms divine,  
      He is, he is forever mine,  
          The Lord my righteousness.
- 17    "In life and death I bless his name,  
      Who sent his servants to proclaim  
          The everlasting word:  
      That word hath sav'd me from all sin;  
      And O! My friends abide therein,  
          And ye shall see my Lord.
- 18    "Obedient faith in Jesu's blood,  
      This is the way that leads to God,  
          That saves your dying friend.

“To Jesus and his servants cleave,  
His word, and ordinance receive,  
And ye shall soon ascend.

- 19 “The gate shall soon unfold to you,  
The gate I now am passing thro’,  
My heavenly bliss to share:  
My mounting soul is on the wing,  
I hear the saints on Sion sing,  
And die to meet them there!”

[CLXXVIII.]

**Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.**

[Hymn I.]

**Moses’ Wish.<sup>63</sup>**

**Exodus xxxiii. 12 to xxxiv. 9.**

- 1 Ah! Lord, if thou hast bid me lead  
This people from their sins to thee,  
Why am I thus? Myself unfreed,  
Fast bound in sin and misery,  
Still unredeem’d for help I groan,  
And still I serve a God unknown.
- 2 Thou hast not to my soul declar’d  
Whom thou wilt with thy servant send;  
Who shall the helpless shepherd guard,  
Who shall the trembling guide defend:  
Yet hast thou call’d me by my name,  
Accepted in thy sight I am.
- 3 If then I have acceptance found,  
And grace, and favour in thy sight,  
Now let thy pard’ning grace abound,  
Now manifest thy clearest light;

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<sup>63</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 169a–169b.

Shew me thy way, thy life make known,  
Thy truth, and goodness, in thy Son.

4 Ah! Give me all thy grace to know,  
Thy grace to this thy people give;  
Lead them throughout their course below,  
And bid *me* in thy presence live;  
Thy presence all my steps attend:  
O love me, love me to the end.

5 Go with me thou in all my ways,  
And give my weary spirit rest;  
May I, may all the chosen race,  
Be with thy special presence blest:  
Or let us never hence remove,  
Without the convoy of thy love.

6 How shall it but by this be known  
Our sure acceptance in thy sight?  
We *have* found grace, we *are* thine own,  
For lo! We walk with God in light:  
Thy presence *shews* the holy seed,  
Thy presence makes us saints indeed.

7 Distinct by characters divine,  
Thy sons as priests, and kings, appear,  
In thy reflected light they shine,  
And bear thy glorious image here,  
The election of peculiar grace,  
The pure in heart, who see thy face.

[CLXXIX.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn II.<sup>64</sup>

1 O God, my hope, my heavenly rest,  
My all of happiness below,  
Grant my importunate request,  
To me, to me thy goodness shew:

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<sup>64</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 169b–170a.

Thy beatific face display,  
The brightness of eternal day.

- 2 Before my faith's inlighten'd eyes  
    Make all thy gracious goodness pass:  
Thy goodness is the sight I prize:  
    O might I see thy smiling face!  
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,  
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name.
- 3 There in *the place* beside thy throne,  
    Where all that find acceptance stand,  
Receive me up, into thy Son,  
    Cover me with thy mighty hand;  
Set me upon *the Rock*, and hide  
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.
- 4 O put me in the cleft, impower  
    My soul the glorious sight to bear;  
Descend in this accepted hour,  
    Pass by me, and thy name declare;  
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,  
And shew thyself—the God of love!

[CLXXX.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn III.<sup>65</sup>

- 1 Come down, all-glorious Lord, come down,  
    Stand with me on the mountain thou;  
Thy great mysterious name make known,  
    And manifest thy nature now;  
Now in my inmost soul proclaim  
Thy attributes, with thee the same.
- 2 The Lord, the Lord, and God of love,  
    All-merciful, all-gracious I!  
To man my yearning bowels move,  
    I would not have one sinner die,

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<sup>65</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 170a–170b.

But still pursue th' apostate race,  
Long-suffering, full of truth, and grace.

- 3 Mercy I keep for all mankind,  
    An infinite, exhaustless store,  
A sea unfathom'd, unconfin'd;  
    To all, to all my love runs o'er;  
Sinners may all my mercy prove;  
My first great attribute is love.
- 4 A pardning God of mercy, I  
    Iniquity, and sin forgive;  
Those, only those I leave to die,  
    Who will not come to me, and live  
Who will not in my mercy trust  
And find me good, shall find me just.
- 5 The guilty I will never clear,  
    But make on them mine anger known,  
Visit their sin in judgments here,  
    And scourge the Father in the Son;  
My wrath to distant heirs extends,  
And never, but in Jesus, ends.

[CLXXXI.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn IV.<sup>66</sup>

- 1 To thee, great God of love, I bow,  
    And prostrate in thy sight adore:  
By faith I see thee passing now:  
    I have; but still I ask for more:  
A glimpse of love cannot suffice,  
My soul for all thy presence cries.
- 2 I cannot see thy face, and live!  
    Then let me see thy face, and die:  
Now, Lord, my gasping spirit receive;  
    Give me, on eagle's wings to fly,

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<sup>66</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 170b–171a.

With eagle's eyes on thee to gaze,  
And plunge into the glorious blaze.

- 3 The fulness of my great reward  
A blest eternity shall be,  
But hast thou not *on earth* prepar'd  
Some better thing than this for me?  
What, but one drop! One transient sight!  
I want a sun, a sea of light.
- 4 Moses thy backward parts might view,  
But not a perfect sight obtain:  
The gospel doth thy fulness shew,  
To us by the commandment slain;  
The dead to sin shall find the grace;  
The pure in heart shall see thy *face*.
- 5 More favour'd than the saints of old,  
Who now thro' faith approach to thee,  
Shall all with open face behold  
In Christ the glorious deity,  
Shall see, and put the Godhead on,  
The nature of thy sinless Son.
- 6 This, this is our high calling's prize:  
Thine image in thy Son I claim,  
And still to higher glories rise,  
'Till all-transform'd I know thy name,  
And glide to all my heaven above,  
My highest heaven of Jesu's love.

[CLXXXII.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn V.<sup>67</sup>

- 1 Yet hear me, for thy people hear,  
If I have with my Lord found grace,  
To every rebel soul appear,  
And bear with the backsliding race;

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<sup>67</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 171a–171b.

Amongst thy stiffneck'd people go,  
And all thy patient pity shew.

- 2 Forgive us for thy mercy sake,  
Our multitude of sins forgive,  
And for thine own possession take,  
And bid us to thy glory live,  
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove  
Our faith by our obedient love.
- 3 The cov'enant of forgiveness seal,  
And all thy mighty wonders shew,  
Our inbred enemies expel,  
And conquering them to conquer go,  
'Till all of self<sup>68</sup> and pride is slain,  
And not one evil thought remain.
- 4 O put it in our inward parts  
The living law of perfect love,  
Write the new precept on our hearts;  
We cannot then from thee remove,  
Who in thy glorious image shine  
Thy people, and forever thine.

**[CLXXXIII.]**

**[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]**

**Hymn VI.**

- 1 Shepherd of souls, if thou indeed  
Hast rais'd me up thy flock to feed,  
(Thy meanest servant me)  
O may I all their burthens share,  
And gently in my bosom bear  
The lambs redeem'd by thee.
- 2 Thy Spirit send me from above,  
Spirit of meek long-suffering love,

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<sup>68</sup>John Wesley substituted "wrath" for "self" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

Of all-sufficient grace;  
Endue me with thy constant mind,  
So good, so obstinately kind  
To our rebellious race.

- 3 A faithful steward of my Lord,  
Give me to minister thy word,  
And in thy steps to tread;  
By every sore temptation tried,  
By sufferings fully qualified  
Thy ailing flock to lead.
- 4 O may thy bowels yearn in me,  
Whene'er a wandring sheep I see,  
'Till thou that sheep retrieve,  
And let me in thy Spirit cry  
Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why  
When Jesus bids thee live?
- 5 My bosom fill with soft distress,  
With sympathizing tenderness  
For every tempted soul:  
Still would I grieve, and suffer still,  
And all their pain and sickness feel,  
'Till thou hast made them whole.
- 6 But chiefly would I make my moan,  
And deep beneath the burthen groan  
Of those who did run well,  
But fainted in their evil day,  
And swerving from the narrow way  
By pride, or passion fell.
- 7 Here let me pour out all my tears,  
And spend in prayer my mournful years,  
That these may rise renew'd  
Who have, like me, their Lord denied,  
That these again may feel applied  
Thine all-atoning blood.



- 8 The love which brought thee from the skies,  
And made thy soul a sacrifice,  
    Jesu, on me bestow;  
Or let me, Lord, my life resign  
That these, who once were counted thine,  
    Again thy voice may know.
- 9 Shepherd, appear, the great the good,  
And O! Once more remove our load,  
    Repeat our sins forgiven,  
And mark the sheep with thy new name,  
And ascertain our lawful claim  
    To pardon, grace, and heaven.

[CLXXXIV.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn VII.

- 1 My Lord, by sinners crucified,  
By me ten thousand times denied,  
    (And yet thy bowels move,  
And yet thy heart relents for me)  
Alas! What shall I answer thee,  
    When ask'd, if thee I love?
- 2 How shall I in thy presence dare  
Th' abominable crime declare,  
    Or speak the horrid word?  
And yet compell'd I am to own,  
And cry with an heart-breaking groan,  
    *I do not love thee, Lord!*
- 3 My basest want of love I feel:  
The most apostate fiend in hell  
    Is not so vile as I:  
A man, a sufferer for *my* sake,  
Thou never didst *their* nature take,  
    Nor didst for devils die.

- 4 'Twas I that caus'd thy mortal pain,  
And made thee bow the head, in vain,  
    And waste thy precious blood:  
For O! This base ungrateful heart!  
I linger still with all to part,  
    I cannot love my God.
- 5 Not all thy passion's bleeding power,  
Before the acceptable hour,  
    This flinty breast can move:  
Yet may I not to thee appeal?  
Thou knowst I *would* thy goodness feel,  
    I would my Saviour love.
- 6 Jesus, pronounce the softning word,  
And make me fully willing, Lord,  
    The blessing to receive;  
My faithless heart in love renew,  
And then I shall, I shall prove true,  
    And to thy glory live.
- 7 Then shall my tongue delight to own  
The wonders thou for me hast done,  
    The blessings thou hast given,  
And gladly tell thee o'er and o'er,  
Thou knowst, O Lord, I love thee more  
    Than all thy earth and heaven.
- 8 Then shall I *labour* to approve  
My firm inviolable love,  
    Obedient to my God,  
And guide with all my power, and keep  
The tender lambs, and yearning sheep,  
    Which cost my Lord his blood.
- 9 Be this my whole imploy below,  
Before thy little flock to go,  
    And in thy steps to tread;  
Shepherd of souls, I fain would be  
Their faithful pastor under thee,  
    And feed as I am fed.

- 10 Happy, could I thro' life declare  
How dear to me thy followers are;  
But happier still might I  
Like thee my life at last give back,  
And suffer, Saviour, for thy sake,  
And for thy people die!

[CLXXXV.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn VIII.

- 1 O thou great Almighty Lord,  
How can I declare thy word,  
Least of all thy servants I,  
Weak as helpless infancy!  
Sunk in shame, and deep amaze,  
On thine out-stretch'd hand I gaze,  
Ask again, How can it be  
The great God should send by me!
- 2 But thou knowst this heart of mine:  
Fain I would the work decline,  
Most unworthy as I am,  
Most unfit to bear thy name:  
O how often have I cried,  
Send by whom thou wilt beside:  
Still I plead for my release,  
Let me, Lord, depart in peace.
- 3 Conscious to myself, I pray  
Take me from the evil day,  
From the thing I always fear  
Save thy weakest messenger;  
Jealous for thine honour be,  
Do not trust thy cause to me;  
Me, a man of lips unclean,  
Me, the sinfulness of men:

- 4    Weary, burthen'd, and opprest,  
      Stranger to delight, and rest,  
      How can I beneath my load  
      Preach redemption in thy blood?  
      Looking every fearful day  
      To become a cast-a-way,  
      How shall I in sorrow tell  
      News of joy unspeakable?
- 5    But thou knowst, a sharper pain  
      Every moment I sustain,  
      Saviour, for thy glorious cause,  
      Lest by me it suffer loss.  
      Do not, O my help, my hope,  
      Jesus, do not give me up,  
      Never let me live to be  
      A reproach to thine, and thee.
- 6    Jealous for thy own great name,  
      Let me not be put to shame;  
      Make my perseverance sure,  
      In the quiet grave secure:  
      Rid me of my life, and fear;  
      Safe retreat is conquest here,  
      Happy, and triumphant I,  
      Suffer'd to escape, and die!

**[CLXXXVI.]**

**[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]**

**Hymn IX.**

- 1    Master, thy promis'd help I claim,  
      Sent forth to testify thy name,  
          Which speaks a world forgiven,  
      Sent forth thy mercy to display,  
      And teach, as taught of thee, the way,  
          The living way to heaven.

- 2 Thy servant in the gospel, I  
For all my fellow-servants cry,  
    In never ceasing prayer:  
By us in each hard trial stand,  
Support us with thine out-stretch'd hand,  
    And all our burthens bear.
- 3 Thou seest the threatning of our foes;  
A world with restless rage oppose  
    Thy messengers, and thee:  
Beneath thy wings our weakness hide,  
And turn the furious blast aside,  
    And end the tyranny.
- 4 Thou seest, the dire malicious fiend  
Doth closely all our steps attend,  
    And watches all our ways:  
And lo! The powers of darkness join,  
*Thro' us* to frustrate the design  
    Of thy redeeming grace.
- 5 But worse than all thou seest within  
The cruel misbelieving sin,  
    Which tempts us to *depart*,  
Staggers our faith, and shakes our hope,  
And drinks our fainting spirits up,  
    And tears our aching heart.
- 6 Thou knowst the black desponding fear,  
The doubt we should not persevere  
    'Till all our course is run,  
The conflict in ourselves we have,  
Lest we the souls of others save,  
    And sadly lose our own.
- 7 We tremble in our evil day,  
Lest we ourselves should fall away,  
    And perish in our blood:

It is mine own infirmity!  
There's none hath felt it more than me,  
And still I bear my load.

- 8 But O thou faithful God of love,  
The cause of our distress remove,  
The heart to evil prone:  
Our doubts, and fears, and sins destroy,  
And fill with everlasting joy,  
And perfect us in one.

[CLXXXVII.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn X.

For a Lay-Preacher.

- 1 I thank thee, Lord of earth and heaven,  
That thou to me, ev'n me hast given,  
The knowledge of thy grace,  
(Which flesh and blood could ne'er reveal)  
And call'd a babe thy love to tell,  
And stammer out thy praise.
- 2 None of the *sacred* order I,  
Yet dare I not the grace deny  
Thou hast on me bestow'd,  
Constrain'd to *speak* in Jesu's name,  
And shew poor souls th' atoning Lamb,  
And point them to his blood.
- 3 I now believe, and therefore speak,  
And found myself, go forth to seek  
The sheep that wander still;  
For these I toil, for these I care,  
And faithfully to all declare  
The peace which all may feel.
- 4 My God supply thy servant's need,  
If thou hast sent me forth indeed

To make thy goodness known;  
Thy Son in sinners' hearts reveal,  
By gracious signs my mission seal,  
And prove the word thine own.

- 5 O for thy only Jesu's sake,  
Into those arms of mercy take  
Thy meanest messenger,  
And ever in thy keeping have,  
And grant me, Lord, at last to save  
Myself with all that hear.

[CLXXXVIII.]

[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]

Hymn XI.

- 1 O thou whose gracious word  
I to the world proclaim,  
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,  
Be jealous for thy name;  
From what I always fear  
My tempted soul defend,  
And keep thy meanest messenger,  
And keep me to the end.
- 2 Thou seest this feeble heart,  
Which trembles every day,  
Lest I myself from thee depart,  
And die a cast-away,  
Lest I the occasion give  
To all who hate thy cross,  
And to reproach thy people live,  
And to disserve thy cause.
- 3 Thou knowst the ten-fold rage  
Wherewith thy foe pursues,  
The men in our adulterous age  
Whom thou art pleas'd to use,

But never, never leave  
A soul employ'd by thee,  
Nor let the subtle fiend deceive,  
Or serve himself on me.

- 4        Rather my spirit take  
          To rest with thee above,  
For thy own name and glory's sake,  
          For thy own truth and love,  
          Let me from Satan fly  
          Into the arms divine,  
And all-renew'd this moment die,  
          To live forever thine.

**[CLXXXIX.]**

**[Hymns for a Preacher of the Gospel.]**

**Hymn XII.**

- 1        O that I was as heretofore  
          When first sent forth in Jesu's name  
I rush'd thro' every open door,  
          And cried to all, "Behold the Lamb!"  
Seiz'd the poor trembling slaves of sin,  
And forc'd the outcasts to come in.
- 2        The God who kills, and makes alive,  
          To me the quickning power impart,  
Thy grace restore, thy work revive,  
          Retouch my lips, renew my heart,  
Forth with a fresh commission send,  
And all thy servants steps attend.
- 3        Give me the faith which can remove,  
          And sink the mountain to a plain,  
Give me the child-like praying love,  
          That longs to build thine house again;  
The love which once my heart o'erpower'd,  
And all my simple soul devour'd.



- 4 I want an even strong desire,  
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,  
To save poor souls out of the fire,  
To snatch them from the verge of hell,  
And turn them to the pardning God,  
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.
- 5 I would the pretious time redeem,  
And longer live for this alone  
To spend, and to be spent for them  
Who have not yet my Saviour known,  
Fully on these my mission prove,  
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.
- 6 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,  
Into thy blessed hands receive,  
And let me live to preach thy word,  
And let me for thy glory live,  
My every sacred moment spend  
In publishing the sinner's friend.
- 7 Inlarge, inflame, and fill my heart  
With boundless charity divine,  
So shall I all my strength exert,  
And love them with a zeal like thine,  
And lead them to thine open side,  
The sheep, for whom their shepherd died.
- 8 Or if, to serve thy church and thee  
Myself be offer'd up at last,  
My soul brought thro' the purple sea  
With those beneath the altar cast  
Shall claim the palm to martyrs given,  
And mount the highest throne in heaven.

**[CXC.]**  
**For a Minister at His Coming to a Place.<sup>69</sup>**

Glory, Lord, to thee we give,  
Who hearst thy people's prayer,  
Thankful at thy hands receive  
Thy welcome messenger:  
Thee we praise, on thee we<sup>70</sup> call,  
Jesus, with thy servant come,  
Fix in him, in us, in all  
Thy everlasting home.

**[CXCI.]**  
**For the Same, at His Departure.<sup>71</sup>**

Forth in thy name, O Jesus, send  
The man we to thy grace commend,  
Our faithful minister secure,  
And make him to the day endure,  
When all thy flock shall meet in one  
Triumphant round thy glorious throne.

**[CXCII.]**  
**For a Minister, Going Forth to Preach.**

1 Jesus, the truth, and power divine,  
Send forth this messenger of thine,  
His hands confirm, his heart inspire,  
And touch his lips with hallow'd fire.

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<sup>69</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 76.

<sup>70</sup>Ori., "on thee call"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

<sup>71</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 76–77.

- 2 Be thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord,  
Thou by the hammer of thy word  
The rocky hearts in pieces break,  
And bid the son of thunder speak.
- 3 To those who would their Lord embrace,  
Give him to preach the word of grace,  
Sweetly their yielding bosom move,  
And melt them with the fire of love.
- 4 Let all with thankful hearts confess  
Thy welcome messenger of peace,  
Thy power in his report be found,  
And let thy feet behind him sound.

**[CXCIII.]**

**Written After a Deliverance.**

- 1 Jesus, thy saving name I bless,  
Deliver'd out of my distress,  
Thy faithfulness I prove;  
I magnify thy mercy's power:  
My refuge in the trying hour  
Was thy almighty love.
- 2 Snatch'd from the rage of cruel men,  
Brought up out of the lions' den,  
And thro' the burning flame:  
Jesus, thine out-stretch'd hand I see,  
Might, wisdom, strength ascribe to thee,  
And bless thy saving name.
- 3 Hereby thou favour'st me, I know,  
Because thou wouldst not let the foe  
My hunted soul destroy:

Better than life thy favour is,  
'Tis pure delight, and perfect bliss,  
And everlasting joy.

- 4 Sav'd by a miracle of grace,  
Lord, I with thankful heart embrace  
The token of thy love:  
This, this the comfortable sign,  
That I the first-born church shall join,  
And bless thy name above.

[CXCIV.]

**Another [Written After a Deliverance].**

- 1 Let all the God of Daniel praise  
Almighty to redeem,  
Who saves, as in the antient days,  
The men that trust in him.  
He hath the great deliverance wrought,  
His angel sent again,  
And shut the lions' mouths, and brought  
Us up out of their den.
- 2 Give glory to Elijah's God,  
Elijah's God and ours,  
Who hath around his servants stood,  
With all his heavenly powers:  
Beset we were by Satan's host,  
In human shape conceal'd,  
He baffled their tyrannic boast,  
And all their fury quell'd.
- 3 That God who sav'd the faithful three  
Let every soul admire:  
We too have seen the deity,  
And walk'd unburnt in fire:

Call'd down by faith, from heaven he came,  
The Son of man we knew:  
He kept us in the lambent flame,  
And strangely brought us thro'.

4 The floods with horrid discord rag'd,  
And lifted up their voice:  
Jehovah on our side engag'd,  
And still'd their angry noise,  
His word rebuk'd the swelling sea,  
Nor suffer'd it to o'erflow,  
"Hither proceed, allow'd by me,  
But dare no farther go."

5 Thou, Lord, beyond their reach didst bear,  
And sweetly hide above  
The objects of thy guardian care,  
And providential love:  
Thou didst the alien host defeat,  
And blast their vain design  
To slay, or shamefully intreat  
A messenger of thine.

6 For this with all thy saints we praise  
Thy majesty and power,  
And tell the wonders of thy grace,  
'Till time shall be no more.  
For this in sounds of glorious joy  
We shall our Saviour own,  
And all eternity employ  
In hymns around thy throne.

[CXCIV.]

**After Preaching (in a Church).<sup>72</sup>**

1 Jesu, accept the grateful song,  
My wisdom and my might,  
'Tis thou hast loos'd the stammering tongue,  
And taught my hands to fight.

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<sup>72</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 123a–124a; and MS Thirty, 100–3.

- 2    Thou, Jesus, thou my mouth hast been;  
      The weapons of thy war,  
Mighty thro' thee, I pull down sin,  
      And all thy truth declare.
- 3    Not without thee, my Lord, I am  
      Come up unto this place,  
Thy Spirit bad me preach thy name,  
      And trumpet forth thy praise.
- 4    Thy Spirit gave me utterance now,  
      My soul with strength endued,  
Hardned to adamant my brow,  
      And arm'd my heart with God.
- 5    Thy powerful hand in all I see,  
      Thy wondrous workings own,  
Glory, and strength, and praise to thee  
      Ascribe, and thee alone.
- 6    Gladly I own the promise true  
      To all whom thou dost send,  
"Behold, I always am with you,  
      Your Saviour to the end!"
- 7    Amen, amen, my God and Lord,  
      If thou art with me still,  
I still shall speak the gospel-word,  
      My ministry fulfil.
- 8    Thee I shall constantly proclaim,  
      Though earth and hell oppose,  
Bold to confess thy glorious name  
      Before a world of foes.
- 9    Jesus the name, high over all  
      In hell, or earth, or sky,  
Angels and men before it fall,  
      And devils fear, and fly.

- 10 Jesus the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given,  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
And turns their hell to heaven.
- 11 Balm into wounded spirits it pours,  
And heals the sin-sick mind;  
It hearing to the deaf restores,  
And eye-sight to the blind.
- 12 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head,  
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead.
- 13 O that the world might taste, and see  
The riches of his grace!  
The arms of love which compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.
- 14 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms  
Might every bosom move!  
Fly sinners, fly into those arms  
Of everlasting love.
- 15 The lover of your souls is near,  
Him I to you commend,  
Joyful the Bridegroom's voice to hear,  
Who calls a worm his friend.
- 16 He hath the bride, and he alone,  
Almighty to redeem,  
I only make his mercies known,  
I send you all to him.
- 17 Sinners, behold the Lamb of God,  
On him your spirits stay;  
He bears the universal load,  
He takes your sins away.

- 18 His only righteousness I shew,  
His saving grace proclaim;  
'Tis all my business here below  
To cry, Behold the Lamb!
- 19 For this a suffering life I live,  
And reckon all things loss;  
For him my strength, my all I give,  
And glory in his cross.
- 20 I spend myself, that you may know  
The Lord our righteousness,  
That Christ in you may live, and grow,  
I joyfully decrease.
- 21 Gladly I hasten to decay,  
My life I freely spend,  
And languish for the welcome day,  
When all my toil shall end.
- 22 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I might but gasp his name,  
Preach him to all, and cry in death  
Behold, behold the Lamb!

[CXCVI.]

**After Preaching to the Staffordshire Colliers.**<sup>73</sup>

- 1 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Triumphant with my Lord, and me,  
Look on the fields, and see them white,  
Already white to harvest see.

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<sup>73</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 48–49; MS Clarke, 54–55; and MS Thirty, 208–9.



- 2 Mov'd by the Spirit's softest wind,  
The sinners to their Saviour turn,  
Their hearts are all as one inclin'd,  
Their hearts are bow'd as waving corn.
- 3 The reaper too receives his hire,  
Fill'd with unutterable peace;  
But farther still his hopes aspire,  
And labour for eternal bliss.
- 4 'Till God the full delight reveals,  
And all the mighty joy is given,  
The earnest in his heart he feels,  
A glorious antepast of heaven.
- 5 The ripest fruit he gathers there,  
The fulness of his vast reward,  
Ordain'd the sower's joy to share,  
And reign triumphant with his Lord.
- 6 Herein the faithful word is shewn,  
Its just accomplishments we see,  
Another reaps what one hath sown;  
The proverb is fulfill'd in me.
- 7 Sent forth I am to reap the field,  
On which I had no pains bestow'd,  
My Lord broke up the ground, and till'd,  
And sow'd it with the seed of God.
- 8 Entred into his work I am;  
Not unto me the praise is due,  
Not unto me: I all disclaim,  
God, only God, is kind, and true.
- 9 Who wrought the work shall have the praise,  
Jesus hath labour'd for our good,  
He purchas'd all the fallen race,  
He watred all the earth with blood.

- 10 His grace hath brought salvation nigh,  
His grace hath roll'd away the stone:  
And now he hears these sinners cry,  
And deeply for redemption groan.
- 11 He hears, and he will soon redeem;  
Then let us all our voices raise,  
Worship, and strength ascribe to him,  
And might, and majesty, and praise.
- 12 Honour, and endless thanks, and love,  
And glory be to Jesus given,  
By saints below, and saints above,  
By all in earth, and all in heaven.

[CXCVII.]

**After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers.**<sup>74</sup>

[Hymn I.]

- 1 Ye neighbours, and friends of Jesus, draw near;  
His love condescends, by titles so dear  
To call, and invite you his triumph to prove,  
And freely delight you in Jesus his love.
- 2 The shepherd who died his sheep to redeem,  
On every side are gather'd to him,  
The weary and burthen'd, the reprobate race,  
And wait to be pardon'd thro' Jesus his grace.
- 3 The publicans all, and sinners draw near,  
They come at his call their Saviour to hear,  
Lamenting and mourning, their sin is so great,  
And daily returning, they fall at his feet.

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<sup>74</sup>Published previously as *Thanksgiving for Colliers* (London: Strahan, 1742). Manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 11–13; and MS Clarke, 12–15.

- 4 The poor, and the blind, the halt, and the lame,  
Are willing to find in Jesus his name  
Their help and salvation; which still they retrieve:  
There's no condemnation for them that believe.
- 5 The drunkards, and thieves, and harlots return;  
For him, that receives poor sinners, they mourn:  
The common blasphemer on Jesus doth call,  
His loving Redeemer who suffered for all.
- 6 The outcasts of men their Saviour pursue;  
In horror, and pain the profligate crew  
Cry out for a Saviour, a Saviour unknown,  
And look to find favour thro' mercy alone.
- 7 They seek him, and find, they ask, and receive  
The friend of mankind, who bids them believe:  
On Jesus they venture, his gift they embrace,  
And *forcibly* enter his kingdom of grace.
- 8 The blind are restor'd thro' Jesus his name,  
They see their dear Lord, and follow the Lamb;  
The halt they are walking, and running their race;  
The dumb they are talking of Jesus's praise.
- 9 The deaf hear his voice, and comforting word,  
It bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord,  
"Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art,"  
They listen, and heaven springs up in their heart.
- 10 The lepers from all their spots are made clean,  
The dead by his call are rais'd from their sin,  
In Jesu's compassion the sick find a cure,  
And gospel salvation is preach'd to the poor.
- 11 To us, and to them, is publish'd the word;  
Then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord,  
Who now is reviving his work in our days,  
And mightily striving to save us by grace.

- 12 O Jesus, ride on 'till all are subdued,  
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle thy blood,  
Display thy salvation, and teach the new song  
To every nation, and people, and tongue.

[CXCVIII.]

Another [After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers].  
[Hymn II.]<sup>75</sup>

- 1           Glory to Christ be given  
          By all in earth and heaven!  
Christ, my prophet, priest and King,  
          Thee with angel-quires I praise,  
Joyful hallelujahs sing,  
          Triumph in thy sovereign grace.
- 2           Thou hast the hungry fill'd,  
          Thou hast thy arm reveal'd:  
Thou in all the heathen's sight,  
          Hast thy righteousness display'd,  
Brought immortal life to light,  
          Ransom'd whom thy hands have made.
- 3           Ev'n now, all-loving Lord,  
          Thou hast sent forth thy word,  
Thou the door hast open'd wide  
          (Who can shut thy open door!)  
I the grace have testified,  
          Preach'd thy gospel to the poor.
- 4           Thy goodness gave success,  
          And blest it with increase.  
Not to me of Adam's race  
          Worst and vilest; not to me!  
Thine is all the work of grace,  
          All the praise be paid to thee.

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<sup>75</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 14–16; MS Clarke, 15–18; and MS Shent, 135b–136b.

- 5            Still at thy feet I lie,  
              The chief of sinners I:  
Let me but acceptance find,  
              Let me but thy love partake;  
Save me, Saviour of mankind,  
              Save me for thy mercy sake.
- 6            On thee for help I call,  
              Without thy help I fall,  
Fall a final cast-away:  
              O forbid, forbid it thou,  
Snatch me from the evil day,  
              Save me, or I perish now.
- 7            O that ev'n I might share,  
              The blessings I declare,  
Taste the glorious gospel-grace,  
              Rise from sin forever free,  
See in holiness thy face,  
              Live by faith, and die in thee!
- 8            O that the hour were come  
              Which calls my spirit home!  
O that I my wish might have,  
              Quietly lay down my head,  
Sink into an early grave,  
              Now be numbred with the dead!
- 9            Give me that second rest,  
              And take me to thy breast:  
Only let me cease from sin,  
              Then the welcome summons send:  
Bid me now be pure within,  
              Bid my useless warfare end.
- 10           A man of sin and strife  
              I want no longer life:  
Heaven-ward all my hope aspires,  
              Full of immortality,

Jesus, thee my soul requires,  
Gasps to be dissolv'd in thee.

11            Yet do I this resign,  
              Thy will be done, not mine:  
So I may but serve thy will,  
              Lengthen out my wretched span,  
Let me bear my burthen still,  
              Bear my sin, and drag my chain.

12            Still let me preach thy word  
              The prisoner of the Lord,  
Fully my commission prove,  
              'Till the perfect grace I feel,  
Saved and sanctified by love,  
              Stamp'd with all thy Spirit's seal.

13            Then, Lord, when pure in heart,  
              O let me then depart,  
With my children see thy face  
              (Children whom the Lord hath given)  
Take above the meanest place,  
              Least of all the saints in heaven.

[CXCIX.]

[After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers.]

Hymn III.<sup>76</sup>

1            Who are these that come from far,  
              Swifter than a flying cloud!  
Thick as flocking doves they are,  
              Eager in pursuit of God:  
Trembling as the storm draws nigh,  
              Hastning to their place of rest,  
See them to the windows fly,  
              To the ark of Jesu's breast!

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<sup>76</sup>The opening stanza of this hymn is based on Isaiah 60:8; Charles records the incident of preaching at Swalwell that spawned the poem in a journal letter for September 23, 1742. Manuscript precursors appear in MS Cheshunt, 49–50; MS Clarke, 55–56; and MS Shent, 137a.

- 2 Who are these but sinners poor,  
Conscious of their lost estate,  
Sin-sick souls, who for their cure  
On the Good Physician wait;  
Fallen who bewail their fall,  
Proffer'd mercy who embrace,  
Listning to the gospel-call,  
Longing to be saved by grace.
- 3 For his mate the turtle moans,  
For his God the sinner sighs;  
Hark, the music of their groans,  
Humble groans that pierce the skies!  
Surely God their sorrows hears,  
Every accent, every look,  
Treasures up their gracious tears,  
Notes their sufferings in his book.
- 4 He who hath their cure begun,  
Will he now despise their pain?  
Can he leave his work undone,  
Bring them to the birth in vain?  
No; we all who seek shall find,  
We who ask shall all receive,  
Be to Christ in spirit join'd,  
Free from sin forever live.

[CC.]

[After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers.]

Hymn IV.<sup>77</sup>

- 1 See how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace!  
Jesu's love the nations fires,  
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

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<sup>77</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 51; MS Clarke, 57–58; MS Shent, 137b; and MS Thirty, 210–11.

To bring fire on earth he came;  
Kindled in some hearts it is;  
O that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day;  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way,  
More and more it spreads, and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail,  
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise,  
He the door hath open'd wide,  
He hath giv'n the word of grace;  
Jesu's word is glorified:  
Jesus mighty to redeem,  
He alone the work hath wrought,  
Worthy is the work of him,  
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise  
Little as an human hand?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!  
Lo! The promise of a shower  
Drops already from above;  
But the Lord shall shortly pour  
All the Spirit of his love.

[CCI.]  
**Before Preaching to the  
Colliers in Leicestershire.**<sup>78</sup>

1 Jesu, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore,

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<sup>78</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 9–10; MS Clarke, 10–11; and MS Shent, 102a–103a.



- Open the door to preach thy word,  
The great, effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin, and Satan's power,  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 O that to these poor Gentiles now  
The door were open'd wide,  
O that their stiff-neck'd souls might bow  
To Jesus crucified!
- 4 Lover of souls, thou knowst to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear;  
Come then, and in thy people's eyes  
With all thy wounds appear.
- 5 Appear, as when of old confest  
The suffering Son of God,  
And let them see thee in thy vest  
But newly dipt in blood.
- 6 The stony from their hearts remove,  
Thou who for all hast died,  
Shew them the tokens of thy love,  
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 7 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree  
To trample down their sin;  
Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see  
To take thy murtherers in.
- 8 Thy side an open fountain is,  
Where all may freely go,  
And drink the living streams of bliss,  
And wash them white as snow.

- 9 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,  
And prove the record true;  
And all thy wounds to sinners cry  
I suffer'd this for you.
- 10 Swearers, and whoremongers and thieves,  
Before your Saviour fall,  
Receive the man who all receives,  
And paid the debt for all.
- 11 Lovers of pleasure more than God,  
For you he suffer'd pain:  
Railers, for you he spilt his blood;  
And shall he bleed in vain?
- 12 Misers, his life for you he paid,  
Your basest crime he bore;  
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,  
That ye might sin no more.
- 13 Ye liars, and blasphemers too,  
Who speak the phrase of hell,  
Ye murtherers all, he died for you,  
He loved your souls so well.
- 14 Ye monsters of unnatural vice  
Too horrible to name,  
To ransom you he paid the price,  
To pluck you from the flame.
- 15 Vilest of all th' apostate race,  
Who dare your God deny,  
Arians, your God did in your place,  
In yours, ye Deists, die.
- 16 Haters of God, your madness mourn,  
And God will yet forgive;  
To Jesus, friend of sinners, turn,  
Who died that ye might live.

- 17 The God of love, to earth he came,  
That you might come to heaven;  
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,  
And all your sins forgiven.
- 18 Believe, that Jesus died for thee;  
And sure as he hath died,  
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,  
And thou art justified.

**[CCII.]**

**Written Before Preaching at Portland.**

- 1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known,  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn,  
And turn at once from every sin,  
And to our Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,  
In this our gracious day,  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,  
And freely then release,  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,  
And then enrich the poor,  
The knowledge of our sickness give,  
The knowledge of our cure.

- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And make us feel our load,  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In thine atoning blood.
- 7 Our desp'rate state thro' sin declare,  
And speak our sins forgiven:  
By perfect holiness prepare,  
And take us up to heaven.

[CCIII.]

**Before Preaching in Cornwall.**

- 1 True witness of the Father's love,  
Celestial messenger divine,  
Come in thy Spirit from above,  
The hearts which thou hast made incline,  
Thy faithful record to receive  
That all may hear thy voice and live.
- 2 Send forth the everlasting word,  
The word of reconciling grace,  
That all may know their bleeding Lord,  
The freely proffer'd gift embrace,  
Hang on the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 3 Jesu, thou only hast the key,  
Open the great effectual door,  
Extend thy line from sea to sea,  
And glorify thy mercy's power,  
Redeem the wretched slaves of sin,  
And force thy rebels to come in.
- 4 Now to thy yoke their spirits bow,  
Thy way into their hearts prepare,  
Be present with thy servants now,  
With me thy meanest messenger,

Who humbly at thy bidding come,  
To call my fellow-exiles home.

- 5 Fisher of men ordain'd by thee,  
O might I catch them by thy love!  
Thy love be first bestow'd on me,  
And while the pleasing power I prove,  
My tongue shall eccho to my heart,  
And tell the world how good thou art.
- 6 Teach me to cast my net aright,  
The gospel-net of general grace,  
So shall I all to thee invite,  
And draw them to their Lord's embrace,  
Within thine arms of love include,  
And catch a willing multitude.
- 7 O might I every mourner chear,  
And trouble every heart of stone,  
Save, under thee, the souls that hear,  
Nor lose, in seeking them, my own,  
Nor basely from my calling fly,  
But for thy gospel live, and die.

[CCIV.]

**Another [Before Preaching in Cornwall].**

- 1 Unchangeable Almighty Lord,  
The promise of thy help I claim,  
Intrusted<sup>79</sup> with the gospel-word,  
I look to find thee still the same.
- 2 To me thy powerful presence shew,  
As when thro' thee in ages past  
His net the *human* fisher threw,  
And caught three thousand at a cast.

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<sup>79</sup>Ori., "Intrusted"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1755).

- 3 Long the lost souls of men I sought  
Thro' a dark, dismal, legal night,  
Yet nothing found, myself untaught  
To cast the gospel-net aright.
- 4 But let the terrors of thy law,  
The wrath, the curse at last remove,  
While with the cords of love I draw,  
Th' allurements of thy pardning love.
- 5 Give me to catch them by thy grace,  
Thy grace for every sinner free,  
Incline their willing hearts t' embrace  
Pardon, and life, and heaven in thee.
- 6 Speak but the word of grace and power,  
And lo! At thy benign command  
I draw them to the eternal shore,  
I bring them to the heavenly land.

**[CCV.]**  
**After Preaching.**

- 1 Not unto me, O Lord,  
Not unto me the praise,  
If I with power have spoke thy word,  
And testified thy grace.  
Thou didst thy power bestow,  
Thou didst thy servant find,  
And raise, and send me forth to shew  
Thy love to all mankind.
- 2 Thy messenger of peace  
I have to sinners shewn  
The blood that sign'd their soul's release,  
And did for all atone:

Thy Spirit the word applied  
And witness'd with the blood,  
And many a sprinkled rebel cried  
Thou art my Lord my God!

3       Thou only didst reveal,  
          How good in Christ thou art,  
And powerfully the message seal  
          On the believing heart:  
          Thine is the work of grace,  
          Lord, I the whole disclaim,  
All glory, love, and thanks, and praise  
          Be paid to Jesus' name.

4       Jesu, to thee alone,  
          I would the glory give:  
O may I never seek my own,  
          Or praise from man receive!  
          Thou wilt, I firmly trust,  
          My feeble heart secure,  
Exclude the sacrilegious boast,  
          And keep my conscience pure.

5       While with a single eye  
          I at thy glory aim,  
Thy love shall set me up on high,  
          In honour of thy name;  
          Until I take my place  
          Among the saints above,  
A witness of thy heavenly grace,  
          Thy everlasting love.

[CCVI.]

**Another [After Preaching].**<sup>80</sup>

1       Glory, and thanks, and praise  
          To him that hath the key!

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<sup>80</sup>A manuscript version of this hymn appears in Wesley's journal letter covering July 1–26, 1746 (on July 25).

Jesus, thy sovereign grace  
Gives us the victory,  
Baffles the world, and Satan's power,  
And open throws the gospel-door.

2 Sin, only sin could close  
That door of pardning love;  
But spite of all our foes  
Thou dost the bar remove,  
The door again thou openest wide  
And shewst thyself the crucified.

3 Thy miracles of grace  
We now repeated see,  
The dumb proclaims thy praise,  
The deaf attends to thee,  
Leaps as a bounding hart the lame,  
And shews the powers of Jesus' name.

4 The lepers are made clean,  
The blind their sight receive,  
Quicken'd the dead in sin,  
The humble poor believe  
The gospel of their sins forgiven,  
With God himself sent down from heaven.

5 Joyful again we hear  
The heart-reviving sound,  
Again the Comforter  
Within our coasts is found,  
The Saviour at the door is seen,  
Lift up your hearts, and take him in.

6 Lord, we the call obey,  
In thee alone confide,  
Rejoice to see thy day  
To feel thy blood applied,  
Our faith has made us whole, we know,  
And in thy peace to heaven we go.



[CCVII.]

**For Those who Begin to be Awakened.**

- 1 O thou who hast in mercy sought  
The souls that went astray,  
And snatch'd us from the pit, and brought  
To see this gospel-day:
- 2 Still in thy mercy's arms embrace  
Thy servants still defend,  
And carry on thy work of grace,  
And save us to the end.
- 3 For what thou hast already done,  
Jesus, thy name we bless,  
Redeem'd by thy dear name alone  
From outward wickedness.
- 4 Too long alas, we liv'd in sin,  
Unholy, and unjust,  
And wallow'd in the acts unclean  
Of drunkenness and lust.
- 5 By anger, malice, hatred, pride,  
By fraud and falshood we,  
By oaths and blasphemies defied  
Thy awful majesty.
- 6 Thy Spirit of grace we daily griev'd  
By riot, and excess,  
In pleasures and diversions liv'd,  
In *hellish harmlesness*.
- 7 Lovers of pleasure, more than God,  
We sought the things below,  
And eagerly the world pursued,  
And cared not thee to know.

- 8 Slaves to our lusts we all have been,  
Prophan'd thy day and name,  
Sported ourselves with hell and sin,  
And gloried in our shame.
- 9 Despisers of the gospel-word  
Too long alas, were we,  
And in thy helpless followers, Lord,  
We persecuted thee.
- 10 Haters of those that would be good,  
Nor in our evil join,  
By Satan urg'd to shed their blood  
Who pointed us to thine.
- 11 But O! Suffice the season past:  
We now our folly, mourn,  
And chuse the better part at last,  
And to our Saviour turn.
- 12 Our sinful state we partly see,  
But long to see it more,  
With broken hearts to mourn for thee,  
And tremble at thy power.
- 13 Fain would we love the God we fear,  
The Lord of earth and heaven,  
And feel the grace of which we hear,  
And know our sins forgiven.
- 14 Our sins tho' great and numberless,  
We now at last believe,  
O Son of man, O Prince of Peace,  
Thou canst on earth forgive.
- 15 Come then, the saving grace impart,  
Remove the mountain-load,  
Inspeak thy peace into our heart  
Which pants to feel thy blood.

- 16 Thy Spirit let us now receive,  
And Abba Father cry,  
And happy in thy service live,  
And in thy service die.

[CCVIII.]

**Naomi and Ruth.**

**Adapted to the Minister and People.**<sup>81</sup>

- 1 Turn again, my children turn,  
Wherefore would ye go with me?  
O forbear, forbear to mourn,  
Jesus wills it so to be:  
Why, when God would have us part,  
Weep ye thus, and break my heart?
- 2 Go, in peace my children go,  
Only Jesu's steps pursue:  
He shall pay the debt I owe,  
He shall kindly deal with you;  
He your sure reward shall be,  
Bless you for your love to me.
- 3 Surely you have kindly dealt  
With the living, and the dead;  
You have oft my burthen felt,  
When my tears were all my bread:  
Jesus lull you on his breast,  
Jesus give you endless rest!
- 4 Lo! Thy sister is gone back  
To her gods, and people dear;  
Weeping soul, a wretch forsake,  
Why shouldst thou my sorrows bear?  
Turn, and let thy troubles cease,  
Go, my child, and go in peace.

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<sup>81</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 59–61; and MS Clarke, 66–68.

- 5 O intreat me not to leave  
Thee my faithful guide and friend;  
Let me to my father cleave,  
Let me hold thee to the end:  
Thy own child in Christ I am,  
Following thee, as thou the Lamb.
- 6 Never will I cease to mourn,  
'Till my Lord thy tears shall dry,  
Never back from thee return,  
Never from my Father fly:  
Do not ask me to depart,  
Do not break thy children's heart.
- 7 Where thou go'est, I still will go,  
Thine shall be my soul's abode;  
Thine shall be my weal or woe,  
Thine my people and my God;  
Where thou die'st with joy will I  
Lay my weary head and die.
- 8 There will I my burial have,  
(If it be the Master's will)  
Sleeping in a common grave,  
'Till the quickning trump I feel,  
Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,  
Summon'd to our happy doom.
- 9 God do so to me, and more,  
If from thee, my guide, I part,  
'Till the mortal pang is o'er,  
Will I hold thee in my heart;  
And when I my breath resign,  
Then thou art forever mine.

[CCIX.]  
**Written at the Land's End.**<sup>82</sup>

- 1 Come, divine Immanuel come,  
Take possession of thy home,  
Now thy mercy's wings expand,  
Stretch throughout the happy land.
- 2 Carry on thy victory,  
Spread thy rule from sea to sea,  
Reconvert the ransom'd race,  
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.
- 3 Take the purchase of thy blood,  
Bring us to a pardning God;  
Give us eyes to see our day,  
Hearts the glorious truth t' obey;
- 4 Ears to hear the gospel-sound  
Grace doth more than sin abound.  
God appeas'd, and man forgiven,  
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.
- 5 O that every soul might be  
Suddenly subdued to thee!  
O that all in thee might know  
Everlasting life below.
- 6 Now thy mercy's wings expand,  
Stretch throughout the happy land;  
Take possession of thy home,  
Come, divine Immanuel, come!

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<sup>82</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 116b. Charles records the occasion of this hymn in his *MS Journal* (July 30, 1742).

[CCX.]  
**For a Person Called Forth to  
 Bear His Testimony.**<sup>83</sup>

- 1 O thou who at thy creature's bar  
 Thy glorious Godhead didst declare,  
     A true and good confession make;  
 Come in thy Spirit from above,  
 And arm me with thy faithful love,  
     For thy own truth and mercy's sake.  
 Call'd forth by thee thou knowst I am,  
 Thy truth and mercy to proclaim,  
     Thy Godhead, and eternal power,  
 The man whom God his *fellow* owns,  
 Whom angel-powers, dominions, thrones  
     Thro' all eternity adore.
- 2 Thee, high-enthron'd above all height,  
 Thee God of God, and light of light,  
     I come undaunted to confess,  
 With God essentially the same,  
 Jehovah, JAH, the great I AM,  
     The Lord of hosts, the Prince of Peace,  
 The sovereign, everlasting Lord,  
 The glorious, unbeginning Word,  
     The Son of God, the Son of man,  
 God over heaven and earth supreme,  
 Made flesh thy creature to redeem,  
     For me incarnated, and slain.
- 3 Slain for a sinful world, and me,  
 Our surety hung upon the tree;  
     Thy body bore our guilty load:  
 My Lamb for sin an offering made,  
 The debt of all mankind hath paid,  
     And bought, and sprinkled us with blood.  
 That blood applied by faith I feel,  
 And come its healing power to tell,  
     Thro' which I know *my* sins forgiven;  
 A witness I, that all may find

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<sup>83</sup>This poem was published first (without a title) as an appendix to John Wesley's *A Letter to the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of London* (London: Strahan, 1747), 30–32. It was given the present title in the 1748 edition of Wesley's *Letter*, and titled "For a Preacher of the Gospel" in the 1749 edition.

The peace deserv'd for all mankind,  
And walk with God, my God to heaven.

- 4 I come to testify the grace  
My Lord obtain'd for all our race,  
Enough ten thousand worlds to save;  
Salvation is in Jesu's name,  
Which every soul of man may claim,  
And all that seek the grace, shall have.  
Salvation from the power of sin,  
Salvation from the root within,  
Salvation into perfect love,  
(Thy grace to all hath brought it near)  
An uttermost salvation here,  
Salvation up to heaven above.
- 5 Thy power and saving grace to shew,  
A warfare at thy charge I go,  
Strong in the Lord, and thy great might,  
Gladly take up the hallow'd cross,  
And suffering all things for thy cause,  
Beneath that bloody banner fight.  
A spectacle to fiends and men,  
To all their fierce or cool disdain  
With calmest pity I submit;  
Determin'd nought to know beside  
My Jesus, and him crucified,  
I tread the world beneath my feet.
- 6 Superior to their smile, or frown,  
On all their goods my soul looks down,  
Their pleasures, wealth, and pomp, and state:  
The man that dares their god despise,  
The Christian, he alone is wise!  
The Christian, he alone is great!  
O God, let all my life declare  
How happy all thy servants are,  
How far above these earthly things,  
How pure when wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
How intimately one with God,  
An heaven-born race of priests and kings.

- 7 For this alone I live below,  
The power of godliness to shew,  
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.  
O that I may but faithful prove,  
Witness to all thy pardning love,  
And point them to th' atoning Lamb!  
Let me to every creature cry,  
The poor, and rich, the low and high,  
"Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!  
Damn'd, 'till by Jesus sav'd, thou art,  
'Till Jesu's blood hath wash'd thy heart,  
Thou canst not find the gate of heaven."
- 8 Thou, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,  
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,  
And loose a stammering infant's tongue;  
Prepare the vessel of thy grace,  
Adorn me with the robes of praise,  
And mercy shall be all my song.  
Mercy for those that know not God,  
Mercy for all, in Jesu's blood,  
Mercy that earth and heaven transcends;  
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light,  
The length and breadth, and depth, and height,  
Of love divine, which never ends.
- 9 A faithful witness of thy grace,  
Long may I fill th' allotted space,  
And answer all thy great design,  
Walk in the works by thee prepar'd,  
And find annex the vast reward,  
The crown of righteousness divine.  
When I have liv'd to thee alone  
Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done,"  
And let me take my place above,  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And all eternity employ  
In praise, and extasy, and love.