

## ***Intercession Hymns (1758)***<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #225]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

From the earliest days of the Methodist revival the Wesley brothers encouraged their people to gather once a week, usually at noon on Fridays, to share in intercessory prayer. The prayers could focus on particular needs but typically broadened to intercede for national affairs and humankind in general (see the example in Charles's *MS Journal*, June 13, 1740).

Such a recurrent practice was certain to find a form in Charles Wesley's verse. In early 1758 he gathered a set of forty hymns devoted to intercessory concerns ranging from war and peace to childbirth and education. Hymns 10–15 reflect the present context of England embroiled in the Seven Year's War (1756–63), with Frederick the Great emerging as their crucial ally. While most of the hymns are focused on God's aid within daily life, the last five echo the apocalyptic expectation of God's imminent ending of history that had surfaced strongly in Charles's various hymns in 1756.

This collection was issued in Bristol and republished with minor corrections the next year in Dublin. The sales were modest, as it was not reprinted until around the end of Charles's life.

### **Editions:**

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*. Bristol: Farley, 1758.

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**HYMNS  
OF  
INTERCESSION.**

**Hymn I.  
For All Mankind.**

- 1 Let God, who comforts the distress,  
Let Israel's consolation hear,  
Hear Holy Ghost, our joint request,  
And shew thyself the Comforter,  
And swell th' inexplicable groan,  
And breathe our wishes to the throne.
- 2 We weep with those that weep below,  
And burthen'd for th' afflicted sigh:  
The various scenes of human woe  
Excite our softest sympathy,  
Fill every heart with mournful care,  
And draw out all our souls in prayer.
- 3 We wrestle for the ruin'd race,  
By sin eternally undone,  
Unless thou magnify thy grace,  
And make thy richest mercy known,

And make thy vanquish'd rebels find  
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

- 4 Father of everlasting love,  
    To every soul thy Son reveal,  
Our guilt and suffering to remove,  
    Our deep original wound to heal,  
And bid the fallen race arise,  
And turn our earth to paradise.

**Hymn II.**  
**For Peace.**

- 1 Our earth we now lament to see  
    With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,  
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,  
    One wide-extended field of blood,  
Where men, like fiends, each other tear,  
In all the hellish rage of war.
- 2 As listed on Abaddon's side,  
    They mangle their own flesh, and slay:  
Tophet is mov'd, and opens wide  
    Its mouth for its enormous prey,  
And myriads sink beneath the grave,  
And plunge into the flaming wave.
- 3 O might the universal friend  
    This havock of his creatures see!  
Bid our unnatural discord end,  
    Declare us reconcil'd in thee,  
Write kindness on our inward parts,  
And chase the murderer from our hearts.
- 4 Who *now* against each other rise,  
    The nations of the earth constrain  
To follow after peace, and prize  
    The blessings of thy righteous reign,  
The joys of unity to prove,  
The paradise of perfect love.

**Hymn III.**  
**For the Church Catholic.**

- 1 All nations, tongues, and people bless,  
But chiefly, O thou Triune God,  
Protect thy Israel in distress,  
Throughout the world disperst abroad;  
Hated, opprest, thy church defend,  
And bless, and save them to the end.
  
- 2 Forth from the midst of Babel call  
Thy servants who thy word obey,  
Before thy plagues o'erwhelm them all  
That own the beastly Pontiff's sway,  
Before thy fiery breath consume  
The last great Antichrist of Rome.
  
- 3 Thou knowest, th' usurping man of sin  
O'er all thy *purer* churches reigns:  
This cruel Antichrist within,  
He holds our struggling souls in chains,  
Or sits sublime in Moses' chair,  
And *lords* it o'er thy people there.
  
- 4 Come, glorious God, our souls unbind,  
And let the reign of Satan cease,  
And let thy spouse on thee reclin'd  
Ascend out of the wilderness,  
From every spot and wrinkle clear,  
And perfect as her husband *here*.

**Hymn IV.**  
**For the Church of England.**

- 1 'Till then preserve the faithful seed,  
The remnant left in Britain's land,  
The desolate church, whose cause we plead,  
In whose defence we firmly stand,

Her breaches mourn, her burthens bear  
In all the agony of prayer.

- 2 Jesus, her ruinous walls rebuild,  
And let them with thy praise resound;  
With peace her palaces be fill'd,  
Plenty be in her temples found,  
Plenty of unbought milk and wine,  
Fulness of living bread divine.
- 3 Her slumbring guides and watchmen rouse,  
And on her rising ramparts place,  
Give them a voice to shake thy house,  
The rocks to break, the dead to raise,  
To bring them up from nature's grave,  
And the whole house of Israel save.
- 4 For this thou hear'st thy Spirit groan,  
O that thou wouldst thy power display,  
Divide the heavens, and come down,  
Convert our nation in a day,  
And spread our faith thro' earth abroad,  
And fill the universe with God.

**Hymn V.**

**For the Same [For the Church of England].**

- 1 If now thou dost thy work revive,  
If still thou dost thy church increase,  
Persist to save our souls alive,  
Jesus, stand by thy witnesses,  
And every cursed thing remove,  
And every bar to perfect love.
- 2 The vile abusers of thy grace,  
The men of lips and lives unclean,  
Above thy oracles who praise  
The dreams of Nicholas obscene,

Restrain by thy great arm alone,  
And drive their idol from his throne.

- 3 Who most withstand the gospel-word  
Of real, inward righteousness,  
Betray thee, while they call thee Lord,  
In words exalt, in deeds debase;  
Tell them, they shall no farther go  
To serve the interests of thy foe.
- 4 Root up the tares by Satan sown,  
The *whispering* hypocrites expel,  
And cast the *soft* accuser down,  
But spare the *men* inflam'd of hell,  
Nor let them *all* their burthen bear,  
Or gnaw their tongues in sad despair.
- 5 *The brethren*—false, by stealth crept in,  
Thy cause and people to disgrace,  
Deceiving and deceiv'd by sin,  
By Satan with his shining face,  
Detect them, Lord, and scatter wide  
The specious sons of gilded pride.
- 6 Let none within the pale be found  
But simple Israelites indeed,  
But men of upright hearts and sound,  
The humble, poor, and holy seed,  
Who truly are what they profess,  
Thy band of blood-bought witnesses.

### Hymn VI.

#### For the Ministers of the Gospel.

- 1 But more than all let those be clean  
Who bear the vessels of the Lord,  
Preserv'd from their besetting sin,  
The sin by God and man abhor'd,  
Which cast th' aspiring angels down,  
And robs thy servants of their crown.

- 2 Ah! Who are as thy servants blind,  
And ignorant of Satan's arts!  
(Their feeble inexperience'd mind  
Open to all his fiery darts)  
To every sin and error prone,  
Without thine utmost grace undone.
- 3 What but thy love's almighty power  
Can save a minister of grace,  
Can rescue in that perilous hour,  
When wond'ring crowds the preacher praise,  
And tempt the idol to blaspheme,  
As God's great work were *link'd* with him!
- 4 Thou everlasting strength divine,  
All things are possible to thee:  
Let every messenger of thine,  
Out of the depth of poverty,  
On Jesus every moment call,  
And feel that thou art all in all.

**Hymn VII.**

**For the Same [For the Ministers of the Gospel].**

- 1 Yet hear us, for the labourers hear,  
And speed, O God, the gospel-plough:  
Blest with a never-ceasing fear,  
To thee let all their spirits bow,  
And own, while humbled in the dust,  
God only wise, and strong, and just.
- 2 O may they never seek their own,  
Or trust, or in themselves delight,  
Let each despise himself alone,  
Less than the least in his own sight,  
Not worthy to declare thy word,  
Or serve the servants of his Lord.



- 3 While to the work their lives they give,  
Thy love of solitude inspire:  
Nightly let thy disciples leave  
The crowd, and to the mount retire,  
Secretly call'd to rest apart,  
And talk with Jesus in their heart.
- 4 Stir up the souls by them begot  
Ceaseless in their behalf to cry,  
And keep them, that they perish not,  
Thine all-sufficient grace supply;  
Preserve from twice ten thousand snares,  
And give them to their children's prayers.

**Hymn VIII.**

**For the Same [For the Ministers of the Gospel].**

- 1 Ah! Most compassionate high-priest,  
Thy tempted messengers defend,  
Honour'd, expos'd above the rest,  
To them thy timely succour send,  
With each in his temptation stay,  
Nor cast one helpless soul away.
- 2 Save them from pride, and worldly love,  
From envy, mean and base desire;  
Their lust of praise and power remove,  
Walk with thy servants in the fire,  
Appear their leader on the flood,  
And prop them with the arm of God.
- 3 Shew them, their strength and safety lies  
In closely copying after thee,  
In boldly labouring up the skies,  
In full divine conformity,  
In fervent zeal to do and bear,  
In all the powers of faithful prayer.

- 4 Ent'ring into their closet, Lord,  
Thee let them daily seek, and find,  
Studious to preach, and live thy word,  
To copy out thy perfect mind,  
To be as thou their Master art,  
Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart.

**Hymn IX.**

**For the Same [For the Ministers of the Gospel].**

- 1 Lord of the gospel-harvest send,  
More labourers forth into thy field,  
More pastors teach thy flock to tend,  
More workmen raise thy house to build,  
His work and place to each assign,  
And cloath their word with power divine.
- 2 But chiefly to thy mild command  
The masters of our Israel bow:  
Stars let them shine in thy right-hand  
(Eclips'd alas! And wandring now!)  
Who do not yet thy kingdom see,  
But ask, How can the mystery be?
- 3 Light of the world, thy beams impart,  
To make thy witnesses appear;  
Thy Spirit shining in the heart  
Appoints the gospel minister:  
Now, Lord, the gracious wonder shew,  
An angel on thy church bestow.
- 4 Mov'd by our long-continued cry,  
Some apostolic father raise,  
Our want of labourers to supply,  
T' admit the vessels of thy grace,  
To lay on hands, o'er-rul'd by thine,  
And recognize the call divine.

**Hymn X.**  
**For His Majesty King George.**

- 1 O thou, who hast in special grace  
    To us a nursing-father given,  
Still let thine arms of love embrace  
    The chosen delegates of heaven,  
Preserve, Almighty King of kings,  
And wrap him in thy mercy's wings.
  
- 2 From violent and perfidious foes  
    Cover his venerable head;  
The joy that from religion flows,  
    The Spirit in his heart be shed,  
To seal him thine adopted son,  
Heir of an everlasting throne.
  
- 3 Attentive to thy people's prayers,  
    Which evermore for him ascend,  
Thy mercy counts his hoary hairs,  
    Thy mercy shall his house defend;  
With blessings bless his sacred line,  
And crown with righteousness divine.

**Hymn XI.**  
**For the Prince of Wales.**

- 1 When late translated to the skies,  
    He gains the never-fading crown,  
O let his rightful heir arise,  
    To tread the world and Satan down,  
With every royal grace endow'd  
To build and guard the house of God.

- 2 Thro' him to Britain's realms restore  
The blessing of Josiah's sway,  
While faith's full purity and power  
Bring back that antient gospel-day,  
Abundant peace on earth is given,  
And righteousness comes down from heaven.

**Hymn XII.**  
**For the King of Prussia.<sup>2</sup>**

- 1 Head over all in earth and skies,  
Immortal Potentate, appear,  
While men and fiends against them rise,  
Be mindful of thy members here,  
Nor let thy changeless promise fail,  
Nor let th' infernal gates prevail.
- 2 By thee if rightful monarchs reign,  
If all things bow to thy command,  
Thy power, to strengthen and sustain,  
Be on the man of thy right-hand;  
Arm him with thine and Gideon's sword  
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 3 The champion of religion pure,  
To fall the last, he stands alone:  
His foes have made his ruin sure,  
And spoil'd his life, and seiz'd his throne:  
Thy church with him in hope o'erpower'd,  
And all thine heritage devour'd.
- 4 But is th' Almighty God restrain'd  
To save by many or by few?  
Almighty God, lay to thine hand,  
For now—he knows not what to do—\*  
Push'd to the last extremity,  
He sinks—he lifts his eyes to thee!

\* Written before the battle of Rosbach, Nov. 5.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup>Frederick the Great (1712–86).

<sup>3</sup>The battle of Rossbach (Nov. 5, 1757) was a major battle in the Seven Years' War, in which Frederick defeated the armies of France and Austria.

- 5 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,  
Thine own resistless strength put on,  
Preserve him for thine Israel's sake,  
To make thy power, and mercy known,  
Thy church t' exalt, thy foes to shame,  
And spread thro' earth thy saving name.

**Hymn XIII.**

**For the Same [For the King of Prussia].**

- 1 While yet we call, the prayer is seal'd,  
Thou answerest "Here am I to save!"  
Thou hast thy faithful word fulfill'd,  
Thy sovereign nod the victory gave,  
Whate'er subservient causes join,  
O King of kings, the work is thine.
- 2 Thee let thy prosperous servant own,  
Sole author of his strange success,  
Who liftest up, and castest down,  
But dost with all thy blessings bless  
The man that in his Maker trusts,  
And glories in the Lord of hosts.
- 3 Rais'd up thro' thee the righteous man,  
Call'd to thy foot, and girt by thee,  
Bid him a second Cyrus reign,  
And execute thy whole decree;  
Kings to his sword as dust bestow,  
As driven stubble to his bow.
- 4 Whom thou dost for thy glory chuse,  
Arm, and uphold with thy right hand:  
The loins of hostile monarchs loose,  
Nations subdue to his command,  
While nought his rapid course can stay,  
Nor earth, nor hell obstruct his way.

- 5 Before thy chosen servant go,  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And when his work is done below,  
And when he hath perform'd thy will,  
Turn on him, Lord, thy son embrace,  
And shew him all thy glorious face.

**Hymn XIV.**

**For the Same [For the King of Prussia].**

- 1 Still in the arms of faith and prayer,  
(The prayer that shuts and opens heaven)  
Thy champion to thy throne we bear;  
To him the farther grace be given:  
Sav'd from his foes, persist to bless,  
And save him from his own success.
- 2 While distant climes resound his name,  
And raise his glory to the skies,  
O might he all the praise disclaim,  
Little, and mean in his own eyes,  
And prostrate in the dust submit  
To lay his lawrels at thy feet.
- 3 Far from his generous bosom chase  
That cruel insolence of power,  
Which tramples on the human race,  
Restless to have, and conquer more,  
While bold above the clouds t' ascend,  
The hero sinks into a fiend.
- 4 Thou by the Christian hero stand,  
And guard the issues of his heart,  
Let mercy all his powers command,  
Mercy his inmost soul convert,  
Mercy, which came from heaven, to find  
To die—for him, and all mankind.

5     The sword, which he reluctant drew,  
       O may he soon rejoice to sheath,  
And rend'ring thee the glory due,  
       Sole arbiter of life and death,  
His Saviour and the world's confess,  
And triumph in eternal peace.

**Hymn XV.**  
**For the British Nation.**

1     Ah! Whither<sup>4</sup> should we fly  
       In peril and distress,  
While all the dogs of war are nigh,  
       The enemies of peace!  
Almighty God of love,  
       On thee our souls we cast:  
Hide thou our hunted lives above,  
       And save the land at last.

2     A leopard watches o'er  
       Our cities night and day,  
Prepar'd with unrelenting power  
       To spring upon the prey:  
The alien armies wait,  
       Lur'd by the scent of blood,  
As awful ministers of fate,  
       As thunder-bolts of God.

3     Yet if our sin demands,  
       Its just reward of pain,  
O let us fall into the hands  
       Of God, and not of man:  
His tender mercies wound,  
       Remorseless as the grave;  
But pity in thy wrath is found,  
       Which only strikes to save.

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<sup>4</sup>Ori. (in all edns.), "whether"; a misprint.

- 4           In measure then reprove,  
              In love thine own chastise,  
But baffle, and far off remove,  
              Our threat'ning enemies;  
              Blast their devices, Lord,  
              Nor let their counsel stand,  
Knap thou the spear, and wrest the sword  
              Out of the ruffians' hand.
- 5           Thyself the men refrain  
              Who our destruction seek,  
So shall they fiercely strive in vain  
              The secret bar to break:  
              Their bound they cannot pass,  
              If God assign their bound,  
And Jesus, as a wall of brass,  
              Our favour'd isle surround.
- 6           But *our* defence is sure,  
              Whate'er event betide,  
Beneath th' almighty shade secure  
              Thy faithful ones abide;  
              'Till all the tyranny,  
              Of earth and hell is o'er,  
Jesus, thy mighty name shall be  
              Our adamantine tower.
- 7           Tho' famine, plague, and sword  
              Hung o'er our sinful land,  
The means of swift prevention, Lord,  
              Are in thine only hand:  
              Or if the curse descend,  
              By sovereign love subdu'd,  
The curse shall bless, the ill shall end  
              In everlasting good.



**Hymn XVI.  
For the Magistrates.**

- 1 Fountain of power and dignity,  
    Thy delegates preserve and bless,  
Ordain'd, not by the crowd, but thee,  
    To curb the floods of wickedness,  
Commission'd ministers of thine,  
Cloath'd with authority divine.
- 2 Strengthen them in the gap to stand,  
    To bear the sword, and not in vain,  
To spread thy terror thro' the land,  
    And truth and righteousness maintain,  
And antient piety restore  
In all its purity and power.
- 3 The guardians of religion true,  
    Its witnesses vouchsafe to make:  
And when thee in the clouds we view,  
    And when thou dost the kingdom take,  
The good they did thy church reward  
As done unto her heavenly Lord.

**Hymn XVII.  
For the Nobility.**

- 1 Great builder of thy church below,  
    Who dost e'en now the wall repair,  
Shall none of all our nobles shew  
    His zeal, the happy toil to share,  
Shall none his lofty neck incline,  
Or in thy glorious service join?
- 2 Ah! Would'st thou in their hearts begin  
    The work of thy redeeming grace!  
The lords of earth, the slaves of sin  
    Out of their chains of darkness raise,

Of pleasure, ignorance, and vice,  
And turn their passions to the skies.

- 3 Endue with wisdom from above  
    Their souls, when precious in thy sight  
Their honour be thy pard'ning love,  
    Thy service their supreme delight,  
Their inconceivable reward,  
Their heav'n, contemplating the Lord!

**Hymn XVIII.  
For the Parliament.**

- 1 Spirit of heavenly counsel, come,  
    To teach our senators thy will,  
(To stay a sinking nation's doom,  
    The wisdom from above reveal)  
Nor let them join the impious crowd,  
Nor let them scorn to fear their God.
- 2 The wisdom that departs from sin,  
    The gracious principle infuse,  
To keep their hands and conscience clean,  
    To fit them for their Saviour's use;  
Now, Saviour, now to each impart  
A single eye and upright heart.
- 3 Now let the generous patriots rise  
    The burthen of our land to share,  
With pleasure, luxury, and vice  
    To wage an everlasting war,  
Bold to defend religion's cause,  
And glory in thy slighted cross.
- 4 Their first concern, their foremost aim,  
    Thy kingdom to advance below,  
While all united in thy name  
    Their zeal for thy vicegerent shew,  
Upon their hearts their country take,  
And love, and save her for thy sake.

**Hymn XIX.  
For the Fleet.**

- 1 Most patient God, regard our prayer,  
    If all the riches of thy grace  
Can save the reprobates that dare  
    Provoke thee daily to thy face,  
'Gainst highest heaven defiance breathe,  
And rush upon eternal death.
  
- 2 Blasphemers of thy awful name,  
    To Satan in one spirit join'd,  
Our nation's and our nature's shame,  
    The scum, and refuse of mankind,  
Whose horrid lives, and language, show  
How kindred fiends converse below.
  
- 3 These are the bulwark of our land,  
    Our last resource in danger's hour!  
But who shall quench the blazing brand,  
    The wretched slaves to Satan's power?  
What arm can our defenders save,  
Or pluck them from the *fiery* wave?
  
- 4 Answer, thou bleeding love divine,  
    Whose word is to thy rebels past;  
The forces of the world are thine,\*  
    And must be brought to God at last;  
Thine is th' abundance of the sea:  
Now, Lord, convert them all to thee.

**Hymn XX.  
For the Army.**

- 1 How, O thou sovereign Lord of hosts,  
    Can we thy slighted aid engage,

\* Isaiah LX. 5.

Who vainly swell with impious boasts,  
Who war with our Creator wage,  
But scorn beneath thy stroke to mourn,  
But will not to our smiter turn.

- 2 Thou canst not trust us with success,  
So proud, so contrary to thee,  
So sunk in vice and wickedness;  
Despisers of the deity,  
Our righteous recompence we find,  
Despis'd ourselves by all mankind.
- 3 Yet still thy ling'ring pity spares  
An army for destruction meet,  
A bundle of devoted tares—  
But mingled with the sacred wheat,  
The praying few, that know thy name,  
And keep the tares out of the flame.
- 4 Still may the righteous ten prevail,  
And skreen the wicked from their doom:  
Jesus, suspend thy fiery hail,  
Nor let thine utmost judgment come,  
The punishment our crimes require,  
The vengeance of eternal fire.
- 5 Yet if thou must thy foes chastize,  
And sweep them off to their own place,  
By whom thou wilt let Jacob rise,  
The remnant small, the sons of grace,  
Give the success, Almighty Lord,  
To Gideon's men, and Gideon's sword.
- 6 Bring back those wond'rous days of old,  
When thou didst for thy people fight,  
And faithful men, divinely bold,  
Put all the pagan hosts to flight,  
With heavenly panoply endued,  
The armies of the living God.

- 7 Muster, thy host, great God of war,  
Thy host of holy ones below,  
Put forth thy strength, thine arm make bare,  
Forth with the *thundring legion* go,  
Beneath thy bloody banner join,  
And bid them CONQUER IN THIS SIGN!
- 8 Then at thy reconciling word  
Throughout the earth let fightings cease,  
Be thou extoll'd, the common Lord,  
The Prince of universal peace,  
With glorious majesty appear,  
And fix thy heavenly kingdom here.

**Hymn XXI.**  
**For the Universities.**

- 1 Teacher divine, with melting eye  
Our ruin'd seats of learning see,  
Whose ruling scribes thy truth deny,  
And persecute thy saints, and thee,  
As hir'd by Satan to suppress,  
And root up every seed of grace.
- 2 As heretics and lollards *still*  
Thy faithful confessors they brand,  
With all their strength and knowing skill  
Thy Spirit and his work withstand,  
In league with hell thy throne t' o'erthrow,  
And raise the kingdom of thy foe.
- 3 Where knowledge vain, unsanctified  
Fills every synagogue and chair,  
Where pride and unbelief preside,  
And wage with heaven immortal war,  
The prophets' nursing-schools are these,  
Or sinks of desperate wickedness!

- 4 True prophets once they surely bred,  
And champions for th' Incarnate God,  
Who liv'd thy dying love to spread,  
Who seal'd the record with their blood,  
The truth, the way, the life of grace,  
Blasphem'd by their degenerate race.
- 5 But wilt thou let the fountains fail,  
Or flow thro' earth with streams impure?  
Thy gospel must at last prevail,  
Thy word from age to age endure,  
And learning fasten'd to the cross  
For ever serve thy glorious cause.

**Hymn XXII.**

**For the Same [For the Universities].**

- 1 Now, Lord, in answer to our prayer,  
Let learning and religion meet,  
Pleasant the city stands and fair,\*  
Of piety the antient seat,  
But O! The streams that murmur round  
Are naught, and barren is the ground.
- 2 Jesus, our true Elisha, Lord  
And God, the Saviour-God most high,  
Thyself give out the healing word,  
The gospel-cruse with salt supply,  
And charge the prophets' sons to bring,  
And cast the salt into the spring.
- 3 Out of themselves apostles raise,  
And pastors after thy own will,  
Whose word may minister the grace,  
Whose gospel may the waters heal,  
To earth its fruitfulness restore,  
Till curse, and death shall be no more.

\* Kings II. 19, &c.

**Hymn XXIII.**

**For All that Travel by Land or by Water.**

Beneath thy kind protection keep  
Whoe'er by land their way pursue,  
Or tempt the dangers of the deep,  
O let them there thy wonders view,  
Held in the hollow of thy hand,  
Brought thro' a thousand deaths to land.

**Hymn XXIV.**

**For All Women Labouring of Child.**

- 1 The women sad, whose hour is come,  
Or painfully approaches near,  
Preserve from a miscarrying womb,  
From all they feel, and all they fear;  
The curse into a blessing turn,  
And bid each struggling child be born.
- 2 Arrested by the pains of hell,  
The mothers rescue from the grave;  
Or to their parting souls reveal  
Thy love, and in child-bearing save:  
Up from the gates of death bring back,  
Or Rachel to thy bosom take.

**Hymn XXV.**

**For All Sick Persons.**

Who languish on a bed of pain,  
With various maladies of soul;  
Healer divine, in life detain,  
'Till thou hast made their spirits whole;  
Or let them here thy goodness see,  
Or fit, or take them up to thee.

**Hymn XXVI.  
For Young Children.**

Still, Lord, the little ones receive,  
Near every child *his* angel place:  
Or let them to thy glory live,  
Or caught from our contagious race,  
Exulting with their guardians fly,  
To live where they can never die.

**Hymn XXVII.  
For All Prisoners and Captives.**

The prisoners, as confin'd with them,  
Jesus, we offer up to thee:  
All-good, almighty to redeem,  
Lead captive their captivity,  
To perfect liberty restor'd  
Send forth the freemen of the Lord.

**Hymn XXVIII.  
For the Fatherless Children.**

Relieve whoe'er thy succour need,  
A Father to the orphans be,  
Who dost the hungry ravens feed,  
Provide for all that cry to thee,  
The poor and fatherless defend,  
Their sure, their everlasting friend.



**Hymn XXIX.  
For Widows.**

The widows desolate, distrest,  
    Into thine arms of mercy take,  
And tell them, leaning on thy breast,  
    Thou never wilt the soul forsake  
Whose humble faith in thee receives  
An husband that for ever lives.

**Hymn XXX.  
For Our Enemies, Persecutors, and Slanderers.**

Who hunt our souls with cruel scorn,  
    Who hate and vex us without cause,  
Our bitterest persecutors turn,  
    Like those that nail'd thee to thy cross:  
Freely by thee, by us forgiven,  
O let us meet our foes in heaven.

**Hymn XXXI.  
For Our Unconverted Relations.**

By wisdom meek, and patient pain,  
    By labour of unwearied love,  
Give us our household foes to gain;  
    Or if we first from earth remove,  
Yet grant our heart's extreme desire,  
And save them, save them as by fire!

**Hymn XXXII.  
For the Jews.**

- 1     Father of faithful Abraham hear,  
        Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed:  
Justly they claim the softest tear,  
        From us, adopted in their stead,  
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,  
And Christ by their rejection gain.
  
- 2     Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide  
        Thro' every nation under heaven,  
Blaspheming whom they crucified,  
        Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiven,  
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,  
Abhor'd of men, and curst of God.
  
- 3     But hast thou finally forsook,  
        For ever cast thine own away?  
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look  
        On him they pierc'd, and weep, and pray?  
Yes, gracious God, thy word is past,  
All Israel shall be sav'd at last.
  
- 4     Come then, thou great Deliverer come,  
        The veil from Jacob's heart remove,  
Receive thine antient people home,  
        That quicken'd by thy dying love,  
The world may there reception find  
Life from the dead for all mankind.

**Hymn XXXIII.  
For the Turks.**

- 1     Sun of unclouded righteousness,  
        With healing in thy wings arise,

A sad benighted world to bless,  
Which now in sin and error lies,  
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound,  
With chains of hellish darkness bound.

- 2 The smoke of the infernal cave,  
Which half the Christian world o'erspread,  
Disperse, thou heavenly light, and save  
The souls by *that impostor* led,  
That Arab-thief, as Satan bold,  
Who quite destroy'd thine Asian fold.
- 3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry,  
For those who spurn the sprinkled blood!  
Assert thy glorious deity,  
Stretch out thine arm, thou Triune God,  
The Unitarian fiend expel,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell.
- 4 Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Thou Three in One, and One in Three,  
Resume thine own for ages lost,  
Finish the dire apostacy,  
Thine universal claim maintain,  
And Lord of the creation reign.

**Hymn XXXIV.  
For the Heathen.**

- 1 Lord over all, if thou hast made,  
Hast ransom'd every soul of man,  
Why is the grace so long delay'd,  
Why unfulfil'd the saving plan,  
The bliss for Adam's race design'd  
When will it reach to all mankind?

- 2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,  
And not the God of Gentiles too?  
To Gentiles make thy goodness known,  
Thy judgment to the nations shew,  
Awake them by the gospel-call,  
Light of the world, illumine all.
- 3 The servile progeny of Ham  
Seize as the purchase of thy blood,  
Let all the heathen know thy name;  
From idols to the living God,  
The dark Americans convert,  
And shine in every pagan heart.
- 4 As light'ning lanc'd from east to west,  
The coming of thy kingdom be,  
To thee by angel-hosts confest,  
Bow every soul<sup>5</sup> and every knee,  
Thy glory let all flesh behold,  
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

**Hymn XXXV.**

**For the Arians, Socinians, Deists, Pelagians, &c.**

- 1 Sole self-existing God most high,  
From all eternity the same,  
Why wilt thou let thy foes deny  
Thy Godhead, and revile thy name?  
Jesus, Jehovah, Jah, descend,  
And bid the hour of darkness end.
- 2 The star\* (in thy right-hand no more)  
Which on th' imbitter'd waters fell,  
How has he shed his baleful power,  
Wasted the earth, and peopled hell,

\* Arius, see Rev[elation] VIII. 10.

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., "sort"; changed in 1759 edn. and following.

While millions drink the Arian lie,  
Or poison'd by Socinus, die!

- 3    Less pestilent the men who dare  
      Thy coming in the flesh gainsay,  
      And sitting in the scorner's chair  
      Cast all thine oracles away,  
      Led by their own *sufficient* light  
      To horrors of eternal night.
- 4    How long shall Antichrist blaspheme,  
      And trample on thy written will?  
      How long shall the Pelagian dream  
      The doom of fallen spirits seal;  
      And error in ten thousand forms  
      Destroy the souls of ransom'd worms?
- 5    Destroy the souls—which cannot end!  
      Tho' Satan may a while deceive,  
      That liar old, and murderous fiend,  
      Who tells them, "They at last shall live."  
      Extinguishes th' eternal fire,  
      And makes the deathless worm expire.
- 6    What but th' essential truth divine  
      Can all this gloom of hell disperse?  
      Jesus, the Father's glory, shine,  
      To teach our darkened universe,  
      In every new-born soul to prove,  
      That thou art God, and God is love!

**Hymn XXXVI.**  
**Thy Kingdom Come!**

- 1    O when shall we supremely blest  
      Enter the rapturous unrest,  
      Partake the triumph of the sky,  
      And holy, holy, holy, cry?

- 2 We render thanks with one accord  
To our Almighty God and Lord,  
Who was, and is, and is to come,  
Let Jesus all his power assume.
- 3 Jesus let his whole church adore  
The elders, and the living four,  
Worship divine to Christ be given  
By every citizen of heaven!
- 4 With all that angel-host, with all  
Those blessed saints we long to fall,  
And sing in extasies unknown,  
And praise him on his dazzling throne.
- 5 Honour, and majesty, and power,  
And thanks and blessing evermore,  
Who dost thro' endless ages live,  
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive.
- 6 For thou hast bid the creatures be,  
And still subsist to pleasure thee,  
From thee they came, to thee they tend,  
Their gracious source, their glorious end!

**Hymn XXXVII.**

**The Same [Thy Kingdom Come].<sup>6</sup>**

- 1 He comes! He comes! The judge severe!  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!  
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd,  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

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<sup>6</sup>A manuscript copy of this hymn, in John Wesley's hand, survives at MARC (MA 1977/157, JW III.8); there are no variants.

- 3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own,  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most-High,  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
For ever, and for ever reigns.

**Hymn XXXVIII.**  
**For the Same [Thy Kingdom Come].**

- 1 Rise, ye dearly purchas'd sinners,  
Fill'd with faith's assurance rise,  
Thro' the loss of Jesus winners,  
Lords of all in earth and skies,  
Sing, and triumph  
In his bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 To his meritorious passion  
All our happiness we owe,  
Pardon, holiness, salvation,  
Heaven above, and heaven below,  
Grace and glory  
From that open fountain flow.
- 3 Blest in our returning Saviour,  
When he hath prepar'd our place  
We shall reign with him for ever,  
Folded in his love's embrace:  
Come, Redeemer,  
Shew us all thy heavenly face!

- 4 Now reveal thy full salvation,  
Let thy brightest lightnings shine,  
In the thundring acclamation,  
While both saints and angels join;  
Sounds the trumpet,  
Flames unfurl the crimson sign!
- 5 With thine army of cross-bearers  
Lo! We wait, we long to rise,  
In thy royal triumph sharers,  
In thy joy beyond the skies:  
Come the kingdom,  
Saviour bring th' immortal prize!
- 6 Answer thy own bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home;  
All creation  
Travails,<sup>7</sup> groans, and bids thee come!

**Hymn XXXIX.**

**The Same [Thy Kingdom Come].<sup>8</sup>**

- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain!  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah,<sup>9</sup>  
God appears, on earth to reign!
- 2 Every eye shall now<sup>10</sup> behold him  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty,  
Those who set at nought<sup>11</sup> and sold him,  
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing<sup>12</sup>  
Shall the true Messiah see.

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<sup>7</sup>Ori. (in all edns.), "Travels"; almost certainly a misprint.

<sup>8</sup>A manuscript copy of this hymn, in John Wesley's hand, survives at MARC (MA 1977/157, JW III.8); variant readings are noted.

<sup>9</sup>In MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 this line is repeated three times.

<sup>10</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "then"; but suggests "now" as substitute.

<sup>11</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "once despised" instead of "set at nought."

<sup>12</sup>In MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 this line is repeated three times.



- 3 The dear<sup>13</sup> tokens of his passion  
Still his dazzling body bears,  
Cause of endless exultation  
To his ransom'd<sup>14</sup> worshippers;  
With what rapture<sup>15</sup>  
Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, Amen! Let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne!  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the<sup>16</sup> kingdom for thine own,  
Jah, Jehovah,<sup>17</sup>  
Everlasting God, come down.

**Hymn XL.**  
**The Same [Thy Kingdom Come].**

- 1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners in his patience here,  
Christ to all believers precious  
Lord of lords shall soon appear:  
Mark the tokens  
Of his heavenly kingdom near!
- 2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming,  
Nature's swift-approaching doom!  
War and pestilence and famine  
Signify the wrath to come,  
Cleaves the center,  
Nations rush into the tomb.
- 3 Close behind the tribulation  
Of these last tremendous days,  
See the flaming revelation,  
See the universal blaze!  
Earth and heaven  
Melt before the judge's face!

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<sup>13</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "red" instead of "dear."

<sup>14</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "faithful" instead of "ransom'd."

<sup>15</sup>In MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 this line is repeated three times.

<sup>16</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "thy" instead of "the."

<sup>17</sup>In MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 this line is repeated three times.

- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,  
Darken'd into endless night,  
When with angel-hosts surrounded,  
In his Father's glory bright  
Beams the Saviour,  
Shines the everlasting light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling,  
Hark on earth the doleful cry,  
Men on rocks and mountains calling,  
While the frowning judge draws nigh,  
Hide us, hide us,  
Rocks and mountains from his eye!
- 6 With what different exclamation  
Shall the saints his banner see!  
By the monuments of his passion,  
By the marks receiv'd for *me*.  
All discern him,  
All with shouts cry out 'Tis he!
- 7 Lo! 'Tis he! Our heart's desire  
Come for his espous'd below,  
Come to join us with his quire,  
Come to make our joys o'erflow:  
Palms of victory,  
Crowns of glory to bestow.
- 8 Yes, the prize shall now be given,  
We his open face shall see,  
Love, the earnest of our heaven,  
Love, our full reward shall be,  
Love shall crown us  
Kings thro' all eternity!