

## *All in All* (1761)<sup>1</sup>

[Baker List, #243]

### Editorial Introduction:

The relationship between John and Charles Wesley was strained through the 1750s, due in part to Charles's intervention in John's courtship of Grace Murray. Disagreement over use of the lay preachers added to the tension. Then, at the turn of the decade, a number of Methodist followers in London began claiming that they had received the blessing of instantaneous Christian perfection. While John encouraged these testimonies at first, Charles was suspicious from the beginning. He considered verbal claims to perfection to be vain boasting, maintaining that the truly perfect would testify only of their dependence upon Christ. As he put it in the closing stanza of his hymn "The Promise of Sanctification" (1741), they would "Be less than nothing in [God's] sight, And feel that Christ is all in all."

Charles's concern about the perfectionist controversy is likely what led him to publish (anonymously) in 1761 a volume of hymns selected from earlier publications: *Hymns for Those to Whom Christ is All in All* (note the echo of his 1741 hymn in the title). This publication is unusual. Charles typically left it to John to publish selected hymn collections. It is even more striking because John issued a collection himself the same year: *Select Hymns* (1761). A perusal of the preface and the hymns in *All in All* make clear an underlying concern about the perfectionist controversy. This undertone helps explain why John Wesley tended to ignore *All in All*, though he did include in *Hymns* (1780) a few hymns that Charles had crafted by excerpting larger pieces.

Textual comparison makes clear that Charles drew from the 1756 editions of *HSP* (1739), *HSP* (1740), and *HSP* (1742). He was likely drawing from similar recent printings of *HLS* (1745), *HSP* (1749), and *Redemption Hymns* (1747), but there are no relevant textual variants to confirm a specific edition.

In general, Charles made minimal editorial changes when incorporating text from these sources. His most common change was to substitute "thine" for "thy" in occurrences before words with an initial vowel or "h." He adopted this grammatical practice about 1745 and edited earlier works accordingly. There are similar instances of substituting "mine" for "my." Such stylistic changes are incorporated in the text below without annotation. The text also incorporates all cases where Charles has corrected metre or opted for alternative words. In these cases the textual variant has typically been added to the annotations of the hymn in its setting of first occurrence, and can be consulted there. These variants are annotated below only when they might reflect the dynamics of the perfectionist controversy.

One special situation deserves comment. The hymns in *All in All* to which Charles made the most correction are the translations of German hymns included in *HSP* (1739) and *HSP* (1740). The extra care which Charles took in correcting these hymns adds warrant to the assumption that John Wesley did the original translations. Charles's substantial changes have been annotated below to illustrate this dynamic. John ignored most of Charles's changes to these hymns in the instances he included in *Hymns* (1780).

### Editions:

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for Those to Whom Christ is All in All*. London: n.p., 1761.

[2<sup>nd</sup>] Bristol: Pine, 1765. [The only changes are corrections of errors in the 1761 edn.]

---

<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: Oct. 12, 2008.

## Table of Contents

Hymn I. [George Herbert] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 10–11	1–2
Hymn II. [Antoinette Bourignon] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 17–19	2–3
Hymn III. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 36–37	3–4
Hymn IV. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 86	4
Hymn V. [Wolfgang Christoph Dessler] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 100	4–5
Hymn VI. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 101–3	5
Hymn VII. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 107–8	6
Hymn VIII. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 108–10	7–8
Hymn IX. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 111–13	8–10
Hymn X. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 117–19	10–11
Hymn XI. [Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf] <i>CPH</i> (1737), 26; <i>HSP</i> (1739), 122–23	11–12
Hymn XII. [Antoinette Bourignon] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 123–24	12–13
Hymn XIII. [Paul Gerhardt] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 142–44	13–14
Hymn XIV. [Christian Friedrich Richter] <i>CPH</i> (1737), 51; <i>HSP</i> (1739), 145–46	14–15
Hymn XV. [Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf] <i>CPH</i> (1738), 62; <i>HSP</i> (1739), 146–47	15–16
Hymn XVI. [Johann Scheffler] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 159–61	16–17
Hymn XVII. [Joachim Lange] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 179–81	17–18
Hymn XVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 184–85	19–20
Hymn XIX. [Henry More] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 186–88	20–21
Hymn XX. [Gerhard Tersteegen] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 188–89	21–22
Hymn XXI. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 193–94	22–23
Hymn XXII. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 194–95	23
Hymn XXIII. [Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 195–96	23–24
Hymn XXIV. [Daniel Israel Lopez Laguna] <i>CPH</i> (1738), 6–7; <i>HSP</i> (1739), 196–98	24–25
Hymn XXV. [Johann Scheffler] <i>HSP</i> (1739), 198–200	26–27
Hymn XXVI. [Johann Joseph Winckler] <i>CPH</i> (1738), 65–66; <i>HSP</i> (1739), 200–201	27–28
Hymn XXVII. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 215–16	28–29
Hymn XXVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 217	29
Hymn XXIX. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 220–21	30
Hymn XXX. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 12–14, 32	31–32
Hymn XXXI. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 78–79	32–33
Hymn XXXII. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 102–3	33–34
Hymn XXXIII. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 103–4	34
Hymn XXXIV. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 127–28	34–35
Hymn XXXV. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 166–67	35–36
Hymn XXXVI. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 168–69	36–37
Hymn XXXVII. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 170–71	37–38
Hymn XXXVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 175–76	38–39
Hymn XXXIX. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 190–91	39–40
Hymn XL. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 192–94	40–42
Hymn XLI. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 206–7	42–43
Hymn XLII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 16–17	43–44
Hymn XLIII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 89–91	44–45
Hymn XLIV. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 95–96	45
Hymn XLV. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 127–28	46–47

Hymn XLVI. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 142	47
Hymn XLVII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 153	48
Hymn XLVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 157	48–49
Hymn XLIX. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 162–63	49–50
Hymn L. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 171	50
Hymn LI. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 212, 241	50–52
Hymn LII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 230–32	52
Hymn LIII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 249–50	53
Hymn LIV. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 263–64	54
Hymn LV. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 264–65	55
Hymn LVI. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 268–71	56–57
Hymn LVII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 275–76	58
Hymn LVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 276–77	58–59
Hymn LIX. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 277	59–60
Hymn LX. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 278–79	60–61
Hymn LXI. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 280–81	61–62
Hymn LXII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 282–83	62–63
Hymn LXIII. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 283–84	63–64
Hymn LXIV. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 289	64
Hymn LXV. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 3–5	65–66
Hymn LXVI. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 7–8	66–68
Hymn LXVII. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 11–12	68
Hymn LXVIII. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 19–21	69–70
Hymn LXIX. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 29–30	70
Hymn LXX. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 31–32	71
Hymn LXXI. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 34–36	71–73
Hymn LXXII. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 43	73–74
Hymn LXXIII. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 43–44	74
Hymn LXXIV. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 44–45	75
Hymn LXXV. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 49–51	76
Hymn LXXVI. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 51–52	77–78
Hymn LXXVII. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 60–61	78–79
Hymn LXXVIII. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 66–68	80–81
Hymn LXXIX. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 68–70	81–83
Hymn LXXX. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 222–23; <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:20–21	84–85
Hymn LXXXI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:186–87	85–86
Hymn LXXXII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:197–98	86
Hymn LXXXIII. <i>Act of Devotion</i> (1745), 105; <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:206–7	87
Hymn LXXXIV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:212–13	87–88
Hymn LXXXV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:216–17	88–89
Hymn LXXXVI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:217–18	89–90
Hymn LXXXVII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:219–20	90–91
Hymn LXXXVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:220	91
Hymn LXXXIX. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:232–33	91–93
Hymn XC. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:244–45	93–94
Hymn XCI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:245–46	94
Hymn XCII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:248	95
Hymn XCIII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:163–64	95–96
Hymn XCIV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:246–47	97
Hymn XCV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:251–52	97–98

Hymn XCVI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:289–90	98–99
Hymn XCVII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:300–301	99–100
Hymn XCVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:315–16	100–101
Hymn XCIX. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:329	101–2
Hymn C. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:331–32	102–4
Hymn CI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:10–11	104–5
Hymn CII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:19–21	105–6
Hymn CIII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:26	106–7
Hymn CIV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:29–31	107–8
Hymn CV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:87–88	108–9
Hymn CVI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:88–89	109–10
Hymn CVII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:92	111
Hymn CVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:93–94	112–13
Hymn CIX. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:128–30	113–14
Hymn CX. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:136	115
Hymn CXI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:136–37	115–16
Hymn CXII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:160–61	116–17
Hymn CXIII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:168	117–18
Hymn CXIV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:172–73	118–19
Hymn CXV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:173–74	119–20
Hymn CXVI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:220–22	120–22
Hymn CXVII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:242–43	122–23
Hymn CXVIII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:243–44	123–24
Hymn CXIX. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:247–48	124–26
Hymn CXX. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:257–59	126–27
Hymn CXXI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:263–64	127
Hymn CXXII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:264–66	128–29
Hymn CXXIII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:283	129
Hymn CXXIV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:313–14	129–31
Hymn CXXV. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:320	131–32
Hymn CXXVI. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:329–30	132–33
Hymn CXXVII. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:334–36	133–34
Hymn CXXVIII. <i>HLS</i> (1745), 88	135
Hymn CXXIX. <i>HLS</i> (1745), 89–90	136
Hymn CXXX. <i>HLS</i> (1745), 90–91	137
Hymn CXXXI. <i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:270–71	138–39
Hymn CXXXII. <i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:271–73	139–40
Hymn CXXXIII. [Wolfgang Christoph Dessler] <i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:273–75	140–42
Hymn CXXXIV. [Christian Friedrich Richter] <i>MSP</i> (1744), 3:275–78	142–44

### **Advertisement.**

The following hymns, it will be easily discerned, are peculiarly designed for the use of those, to whom Jesus Christ “is made of God, wisdom and righteousness and sanctification,” and who enjoy in their hearts, the earnest of their compleat and eternal “redemption.” In these is “the mind which was in Christ Jesus,” enabling them to “walk as he also walked.” These do experience not only the witness, but the fruit of his Spirit, even “love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance.” They “love the Lord their God with all their heart, and their neighbour as themselves.” They labour to “abstain from all appearance of evil,” and are “zealous of good works.” And they daily “grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

SELECT HYMNS.

\*Hymn I.<sup>2</sup>

- 1 “Come to judgment, come away!”  
(Hark, I hear the angel say,  
Summoning the dust to rise)  
“Haste, resume, and lift your eyes;  
Hear, ye sons of Adam, hear,  
Man, before thy God appear!”
- 2 Come to judgment, come away!  
This the last, the dreadful day!  
Sovereign author, judge of all,  
Dust obeys thy quick’ning call,  
Dust no other voice will heed:  
Thine the trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 Come to judgment, come away!  
Ling’ring man no longer stay;  
Thee let earth at length restore,  
Pris’ner in her womb no more;  
Burst the barriers of the tomb,  
Rise to meet thy instant doom!

\* J. & C. W. Vol. 1.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>2</sup>Source: George Herbert. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 10–11.

<sup>3</sup>I.e., John and Charles Wesley, *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (London, 1756) [combines consecutively *HSP* (1739) and *HSP* (1740)].

- 4 Come to judgment, come away!  
Wide dispers'd howe'er ye stray,  
Lost in fire, or air, or main,  
Kindred atoms meet again;  
Sepulchred where'er ye rest,  
Mix'd with fish, or bird, or beast.
- 5 Come to judgment, come away!  
Help, O Christ, thy work's decay:  
Man is out of order hurl'd,  
Parcel'd out to all the world;  
Lord, thy broken concert raise,  
And the music shall be praise.

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

- 1 World adieu, thou real cheat,  
Oft have thy deceitful charms  
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,  
Foolish hopes and false alarms;  
Now I see as clear as day,  
How thy follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thy entertaining sights,  
False thy promises renew'd,  
All the pomp of thy delights  
Does but flatter and delude:  
Thee I quit for heaven above,  
Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Farewel honour's empty pride!  
Thy own nice, uncertain gust,  
If the least mischance betide,  
Lays thee lower than the dust:  
Worldly honours end in gall,  
Rise to-day, to-morrow fall.
- 4 Foolish vanity, farewell,  
More inconstant than the wave!

---

<sup>4</sup>Source: Antoinette Bourignon. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 17–19.

Where thy soothing fancies dwell,  
Purest tempers they deprave:  
He, to whom I fly, from thee,  
Jesus Christ shall set me free.

5 Never shall my wand'ring mind,  
Follow after fleeting toys,  
Since in God alone I find  
Solid and substantial joys:  
Joys that never over-past,  
Thro' eternity shall last.

6 Lord, how happy is a heart  
After thee while it aspires!  
True and faithful as thou art,  
Thou shalt answer its desires:  
It shall see the glorious scene  
Of thine everlasting reign.

### Hymn III.<sup>5</sup>

1 Being of beings, God of love,  
To thee our hearts we raise;  
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine we pant to be,  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Made and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heav'nward our ev'ry wish aspires  
For all thy mercy's store:  
The sole return thy love requires,  
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask, we open then  
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:  
Turn and beget us, Lord, again,  
With all thy fulness fill!

---

<sup>5</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 36–37.



- 5     Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
       Shed in our hearts abroad;  
       So shall we ever live and move,  
       And be, with Christ, in God.

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

- 1     Father, I want a thankful heart;  
       I want to taste how good thou art,  
       To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,  
       And comprehend thy love to me;  
       The breadth, and length, and depth, and height  
       Of love divinely infinite.
- 2     Father, I long my soul to raise,  
       And dwell for ever on thy praise,  
       Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,  
       In extasy unspeakable;  
       While the full power of faith I know,  
       And reign triumphant here below.

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

- 1     Still let thy wisdom be my guide,  
       Nor take thy light from me away;  
       Still with me let thy grace abide,  
       That I from thee may never stray:  
       Let thy word richly in me dwell;  
       Thy peace and love my portion be,  
       My joy t' endure and do thy will  
       'Till perfect I am found in thee.
- 2     Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord,  
       Support my weakness with thy might:  
       Gird on my thigh thy conqu'ring sword,  
       And shield me in the threat'ning fight:

---

<sup>6</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 86; stanzas 7–8.

<sup>7</sup>Source: Wolfgang Dessler. This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 100; stanzas 5–6.

From faith to faith from grace to grace,  
So in thy strength shall I go on,  
'Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,  
And glory end what grace begun.

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

- 1 Where shall my wondring soul begin?  
How shall I all to heaven aspire?  
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,  
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;  
How shall I equal triumphs raise,  
And sing my great Deliverer's praise:
- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,  
Father, which thou to me hast shew'd,  
That I, a child of wrath, and hell,  
Should now be called a child of God!  
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,  
Blest with this antepast of heaven!
- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love,  
Or basely fear his gifts to own?  
Unmindful of his favours prove,  
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,  
Refuse his righteousness t' impart,  
By hiding it within my heart?
- 4 No; tho' the ancient dragon rage,  
And call forth all his host to war,  
Tho' earth's self-righteous sons engage;  
Them, and their god alike I dare:  
Jesus, the sinner's friend, proclaim,  
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

---

<sup>8</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 101–3; stanzas 1–4.

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

- 1           Thee, O my God and King,  
              My Father, thee I sing!  
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous sound,  
              Praise from earth and heav'n receive:  
Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
              Dead, by faith in Christ I live.
- 2           Father, behold thy son,  
              In Christ I am thy own,  
Stranger long to thee and rest,  
              See the prodigal is come:  
Open wide thine arms and breast,  
              Take the weary wand'rer home.
- 3           Thine eye observ'd from far,  
              Thy pity look'd me near:  
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,  
              Me thy mercy ran to find,  
Empty, poor, and void of thee,  
              Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.
- 4           Thou on my neck didst fall,  
              Thy kiss forgave me all:  
Still the gracious words I hear,  
              Words that made the Saviour mine,  
Haste, for him the robe prepare,  
              His be righteousness divine!
- 5           Thee then, my God and King,  
              My Father, thee I sing!  
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous sound,  
              Praise from earth and heaven receive,  
Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
              Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

---

<sup>9</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 107–8.

**Hymn VIII.**<sup>10</sup>

- 1           O filial deity,  
          Accept my new-born cry;  
See the travail of thy soul;  
          Saviour, and be satisfied;  
Take me now, possess me whole,  
          Who for *me*, for *me* hast died!
- 2           Of life thou art the tree,  
          My immortality!  
Feed this tender branch of thine,  
          Ceaseless influence derive;  
Thou the true, the heavenly vine,  
          Grafted into thee I live.
- 3           Of life the fountain thou,  
          I know—I feel it now!  
Faint and dead no more I droop:  
          Thou art in me: thy supplies  
Every moment springing up  
          Into life eternal rise.
- 4           Thou the good shepherd art,  
          From thee I ne'er shall part:  
Thou my keeper and my guide,  
          Make me still thy tender care,  
Gently lead me by thy side,  
          Sweetly in thy bosom bear.
- 5           Thou art my daily bread;  
          O Christ, thou art my head:  
Motion, virtue, strength to me,  
          Me thy living member, flow,  
Nourish'd I, and fed by thee,  
          Up to thee in all things grow.

---

<sup>10</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 108–10.

6           Prophet, to me reveal  
          Thy Father's perfect will.  
Never mortal spake like thee,  
          Human prophet like divine:  
Loud and strong their voices be,  
          Small, and still, and inward thine!

7           On thee, my priest, I call,  
          Thy blood aton'd for all.  
Still the Lamb as slain appears,  
          Still thou stand'st before the throne,  
Ever off'ring up thy prayers,  
          *These* presenting with thy own.

8           Jesus, thou art my King,  
          From thee my strength I bring!  
Shadow'd by thy mighty hand,  
          Saviour, who shall pluck me thence!  
Faith supports, by faith I stand  
          Strong as thy omnipotence.

9           O filial deity,  
          Accept my new-born cry!  
See the travail of thy soul,  
          Saviour, and be satisfied;  
Take me now, possess me whole,  
          Who for *me*, for *me* hast died.

### Hymn IX.<sup>11</sup>

1           Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,  
          My inward Comforter!  
Loos'd by thee my stamm'ring tongue  
          First assays to praise thee now,  
This the new, the joyful song,  
          Hear it in thy temple thou.

2           Long o'er my formless soul,  
          The dreary waves did roll;

---

<sup>11</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 111–13.

Void I lay, and sunk in night:  
Thou, the over-shadowing Dove,  
Call'd the chaos into light,  
Bad'st me be, and live, and love,

3           Thee I exult to feel,  
          Thou in my heart dost dwell:  
There thou bear'st thy witness true,  
          Shed'st the love of God abroad;  
I in Christ a creature new,  
          I, ev'n I am born of God.

4           Ere yet the time was come  
          To fix in me thy home,  
With me oft thou didst reside:  
          Now, my God, in me thou art;  
Here thou ever shall abide;  
          One we are, no more to part.

5           Fruit of the Saviour's prayer,  
          My promis'd Comforter!  
Thee the world cannot receive,  
          Thee they neither know nor see,  
Dead is all the life they live,  
          Dark their light, while void of thee.

6           Yet I partake thy grace  
          Thro' Christ my righteousness:  
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,  
          Mine the unction from above,  
Pardon written on my heart,  
          Light, and life, and joy, and love.

7           Thy gifts blest Paraclete,  
          I glory to repeat:  
Sweetly sure of grace I am,  
          Pardon to my soul applied,  
Int'rest in the spotless Lamb!  
          Dead for all, for me he died.

- 8           Thou art thyself the seal;  
              I more than pardon feel:  
Peace, unutterable peace,  
              Joy that ages ne'er can move,  
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,  
              All the confidence of love.
- 9           Pledge of the promise given,  
              My antepast of heaven:  
Earnest thou of joys divine,  
              Joys divine on me bestow'd,  
Heaven, and Christ, and all is mine,  
              All the plenitude of God.
- 10           Thou art my inward guide,  
              I ask no help beside:  
Arm of God, on thee I call,  
              Weak as helpless infancy;  
Weak I am—yet cannot fall,  
              Stay'd by faith, and led by thee!
- 11           Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,  
              My inward Comforter!  
Loos'd by thee my stamm'ring tongue  
              First assays to praise thee now;  
This the new, the joyful song,  
              Hear it in thy temple thou!

**Hymn X.**<sup>12</sup>

- 1   And can it be that I should gain  
          An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me?—Who caus'd his pain!  
          For me?—Who him to death pursu'd!  
Amazing love! How can it be  
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
- 2   'Tis myst'ry all: th' immortal dies!  
          Who can explore his strange design?

---

<sup>12</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 117–19.

In vain the first-born seraph tries  
 To sound the depths of love divine.  
 'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;  
 Let angel-minds enquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,  
 (So free, so infinite his grace)  
 Emptied himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
 For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,  
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night:  
 Thine eye diffus'd a quickning ray;  
 I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light,  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 Still the small inward voice I hear,  
 That whispers all my sins forgiven;  
 Still the atoning blood is near,  
 That quench'd the wrath of hostile heaven;  
 I feel the life his wounds impart,  
 I feel my Saviour in my heart.

6 No condemnation now I dread,  
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine:  
 Alive in him, my living head,  
 And cloath'd in righteousness divine,  
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne,  
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.

### Hymn XI.<sup>13</sup>

1 Jesu, to thee<sup>14</sup> my heart I bow,  
 Strange flames far from my soul remove;  
 Fairest among ten-thousand thou,  
 Be thou my Lord, my life my love.

---

<sup>13</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 26. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 122–23; stanzas 1–3, 5–6.

<sup>14</sup>Ori., “the”; a misprint; restored to reading of *HSP* (1739) in *All in All* (1765).



- 2 All heaven thou fill'st with pure desire;  
O shine upon my panting<sup>15</sup> breast;  
With sacred warmth my heart inspire,  
And let me thy hid sweetness taste.<sup>16</sup>
- 3 I see thy garments roll'd in blood,  
Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side;  
All hail, thou suff'ring, conqu'ring God!  
Now man doth<sup>17</sup> live; for God hath died.
- 4 Ye earthly loves, be far away;  
Saviour, be thou my love alone;  
No more may mine usurp the sway,  
But in me thy great will be done.
- 5 Yea, thou true witness, spotless Lamb,  
All things for thee I count but loss;  
My sole desire, my constant aim,  
My only glory is<sup>18</sup> thy cross.

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

- 1 O let thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which pants to have no other will  
But night and day to feast on thee.
- 2 While in these regions here below,  
No other good will I pursue;  
I'll bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its flatt'ring snares, adieu.
- 3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
Wherein my Saviour's footsteps shine,  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
Of any other love than thine.
- 4 To thee my earnest soul aspires,  
To thee I offer all my vows,

---

<sup>15</sup>“Panting” is Charles Wesley’s replacement for “frozen” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>16</sup>Charles Wesley has changed *HSP* (1739), which began “May I too thy ...”

<sup>17</sup>“Doth” is Charles Wesley’s replacement for “shall” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>18</sup>“Is” is Charles Wesley’s replacement for “be” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>19</sup>Source: Antoinette Bourignon. This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 123–24; stanzas 2–9.

Keep me from false and vain desires,  
My God, my Saviour, and my spouse.

- 5 Henceforth may no prophane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul;  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, or what else  
This short-enduring world can give,  
Tempt as you will, my heart repels,  
To Christ alone resolv'd to live.
- 7 Thee I can love, and thee alone  
With holy peace and inward bliss;  
To find thou tak'st me for thine own,  
O what a happiness is this!
- 8 Nothing on earth do I desire,<sup>20</sup>  
But thy pure love within my breast,  
This, this I always will require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

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

- 1 Thy everlasting truth,  
Father, thy ceaseless love  
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows,  
What best for each will prove:
- 2 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,  
Thou dost, O King of kings;  
What thy unerring wisdom chose,  
Thy power to being brings.
- 3 Thou every where hast way,  
And all things serve thy might;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light.

---

<sup>20</sup>Charles Wesley has changed *HSP* (1739), which began "Nor heav'n, nor earth ..."

<sup>21</sup>Source: Paul Gerhardt. This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 142–44; stanzas 5–8, 13–16.

- 4        When thou arisest, Lord,  
          What shall thy work withstand?  
When all thy children want thou giv'st,  
          Who, who shall stay thine hand?
- 5        Leave to his sovereign sway  
          To chuse and to command;  
So shalt thou wond'ring own, his way,  
          How wise, how strong his hand.
- 6        Far, far above thy thought  
          His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought,  
          That caus'd thy needless fear.
- 7        Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
          Our hearts are known to thee;  
O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
          Confirm the feeble knee!
- 8        Let us in life, and death,<sup>22</sup>  
          Thy stedfast truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath  
          Thy love and guardian care.

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

- 1        Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,  
          For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!  
My longing soul implores thy grace,  
          O make me in thy likeness shine!<sup>24</sup>
- 2        With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
          Thy will in all things may I see:  
In love be every wish resign'd,  
          And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3        When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
          With lamb-like patience arm my breast;

---

<sup>22</sup>Charles has changed *HSP* (1739), which read "in death."

<sup>23</sup>Source: Christian Friedrich Richter. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 51. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 145–46.

<sup>24</sup>Charles has changed *HSP* (1739), which began "O make in me ..."

When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.

- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various current flow;  
With stedfast eye mark every step,  
And follow thee, where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,  
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:  
In me thy strength'ning grace be shewn,  
O may I conquer thro' thy blood!
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,  
And all heaven's host adore their King,  
Shall I be found at thy right-hand,  
And free from pain thy glories sing?

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

- 1 All glory to th' Eternal Three,  
Of light and love the unfathom'd sea,  
Whose boundless pow'r, whose saving grace,  
Reliev'd me in my deep distress.
- 2 Still, Lord, from thy exhaustless store,  
Pure blessing and salvation shower;  
'Till earth I leave, and soar away  
To regions of unclouded day.
- 3 O guide me, lead me in thy ways:  
'Tis thine the sinking hand to raise!  
Oh may I ever lean on thee:  
'Tis thine to prop the feeble knee!
- 4 O Father, sanctify this pain,  
Nor let one tear be shed in vain!  
Soften, yet arm my breast: no fear,  
No wrath, but love alone be there.

---

<sup>25</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 62. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 146–47; stanzas 1–2, 4–6.

- 5 O leave not, cast me not away  
In fierce temptation's dreadful day;  
Speak but the word; instant shall cease  
The storm, and all my soul be peace!

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

- 1 O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea,  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Who would not his whole soul and mind  
With all his strength to thee unite?
- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;  
Before th' unsufferable blaze  
Angels with both wings veil their eyes:  
Yet free as air thy bounty streams  
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams  
Diffusive as thy sun's arise.
- 3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,  
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow,  
Terrible majesty is thine!  
Who then can that vast love express,  
Which bows thee down to me, who less  
Than nothing am, 'till thou art mine?
- 4 High-thron'd on heaven's eternal hill,  
In number, weight, and measure still.  
Thou sweetly ord'rest all that is:  
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
And guide my steps, that I with thee  
Enthron'd may reign in endless bliss.
- 5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows  
From thee; no want thy fulness knows:  
What but thyself canst thou desire?

---

<sup>26</sup>Source: Johann Scheffler. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 159–61.

Yes; self-sufficient as thou art,  
Thou dost desire my worthless heart,  
This, only this thou dost require.

- 6 Primeval beauty! In thy sight  
The first-born, fairest sons of light  
See all their brightest glories fade:  
What then to me thine eyes could turn  
In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,  
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade?
- 7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,  
And trembling own th' Almighty God,  
Sov'reign of earth, air, hell, and sky.  
But who is this that comes from far,  
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?  
'Tis God made man for man to die.
- 8 O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea,  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Who would not his whole soul and mind  
With all his strength to thee unite!

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

- 1 Jesu, thy light again I view,  
Again thy mercy's beams I see,  
And all within me wakes, anew  
To pant for thy immensity:  
Again my thoughts to thee aspire  
In fervent flames of strong desire.
- 2 But O! What offering shall I give  
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?  
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive  
An holy, living sacrifice:

---

<sup>27</sup>Source: Joachim Lange. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 179–81.

Small as it is, 'tis all my store;  
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

- 3 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul;  
No longer mine, but thine I am:  
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole,  
Chear it by hope, with love inflame.  
Thou hast my spirit; there display  
Thy glory to the perfect day.
- 4 Thou hast my flesh, thine hallow'd shrine,  
Devoted solely to thy will:  
Here let thy light for ever shine,  
This house still let thy presence fill:  
O source of life, live, dwell, and move  
In me, 'till all my life be love.
- 5 O never in these veils of shame,  
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!  
Cloath with salvation thro' thy name  
My soul, and may I put on thee.  
Be living faith my costly dress,  
And my best robe thy righteousness!
- 6 Send down thy likeness from above  
And let this my adorning be:  
Cloath me with wisdom, patience, love,  
With lowliness and purity,  
Than gold and pearls more precious far,  
And brighter than the morning-star.
- 7 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,  
Since I am call'd by thy great name:  
In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,  
Of all my works be thou the aim.  
Thy love attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be thy praise.

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

- 1    Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,  
      Come, and in me delight to rest;  
      Drawn by the lure of strong desire,  
      O come, and consecrate my breast;  
      The temple of my soul prepare,  
      And fix thy sacred presence there!
  
- 2    If now thine influence I feel,  
      If now in thee begin to live;  
      Still to my heart thyself reveal,  
      Give me thyself, for ever give:  
      A point my good, a drop my store;  
      Eager I ask, and pant for more.
  
- 3    Eager for thee I ask and pant;  
      So strong the principle divine  
      Carries me out with sweet constraint,  
      'Till all my hallow'd soul be thine:  
      Plung'd in the Godhead's deepest sea,  
      And lost in thine immensity.
  
- 4    My peace, my life, my comfort now,  
      My treasure and mine all thou art;  
      True witness of my sonship thou,  
      Engraving pardon on my heart;  
      Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,  
      Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
  
- 5    Come then, my God, mark out thine heir,  
      Of heaven a larger earnest give,  
      With clearer light thy witness bear,  
      More sensibly within me live;  
      Let all my powers thine entrance feel  
      And deeper stamp thyself the seal.
  
- 6    Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,  
      Come, and in me delight to rest!

---

<sup>28</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 184–85.



Drawn by the lure of strong desire  
O come and consecrate my breast;  
The temple of my soul prepare,  
And fix thy sacred presence there!

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

- 1 Father, if justly still we claim  
To us and ours the promise made,  
To us be graciously the same,  
And crown with living fire our head.
- 2 Our claim admit, and from above  
Of holiness the Spirit shower,  
Of wise discernment, humble love,  
And zeal, and unity, and power.
- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,  
Of power demonstrative impart,  
Such as may every conscience reach,  
And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,  
Searching the inmost of the mind,  
To purge all fierce and foul desire,  
And kindle life more pure and kind.
- 5 The Spirit of faith in this thy day  
To break the power of cancell'd sin,  
Tread down its strength, over'turn its sway,  
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe<sup>30</sup> of inward life,  
Which in our hearts thy laws may write,  
Then grief expires, and pain and strife,  
'Tis nature all, and all delight.
- 7 On all the earth thy Spirit shower,  
The earth in righteousness renew;  
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,  
And to thy scepter all subdue.

---

<sup>29</sup>Source: Henry More. This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 186–88; stanzas 6–15.

<sup>30</sup>Charles has changed *HSP* (1739), which read “breath.” John parallels this change in *Hymns* (1780).

- 8 Like mighty wind, or torrent fierce  
Let it opposers all o'er-run,  
And every law of sin reverse,  
That faith and love may make all one.
- 9 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place  
Its richer energy declare,  
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 10 Grant this, O holy God, and true,  
The antient seers thou didst inspire:  
To us perform the promise due,  
Descend and crown us now with fire.

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

- 1 Lo, God is here, let us adore  
And own how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel his power,  
And silent bow before his face.  
Who know his power, his grace who prove,  
Serve him with awe, with rev'ence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing:  
To him, enthron'd above all height,  
Heaven's host<sup>32</sup> their noblest praises bring:  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:  
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give;  
O take, O seal them for thine own.  
Thou art the God; thou art the Lord:  
Be thou by all thy works ador'd!
- 4 Being of beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;

---

<sup>31</sup>Source: Gerhard Tersteegen. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 188–89.

<sup>32</sup>Charles Wesley has changed *HSP* (1739), which read “hosts.” John Wesley parallels this change in *Hymns* (1780).

Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:  
To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

- 5 In thee we move: all things of thee  
Are full, thou source and life of all!  
Thou vast, unfathomable sea!  
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,  
Ye sons of men; for God is man!  
All may we lose, so thee we gain!
- 6 As flowers their op'ning leaves display,  
And glad drink in the solar fire,  
So may we catch thy every ray,  
So may thy influence us inspire;  
Thou beam of the eternal beam!  
Thou purging fire, thou quick'ning flame!

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

- 1 Son of the carpenter, receive  
This humble work of mine;  
Worth to my meanest labour give  
By joining it to thine.
- 2 Servant of all, to toil for man  
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:  
Thy majesty did not disdain  
To be employ'd for us.
- 3 Thy bright example I pursue  
To thee in all things rise,  
And all I think, or speak or do,  
Is one great sacrifice.
- 4 Careless thro' outward cares I go,  
From all distraction free:  
My hands are but engag'd below,  
My heart is still with thee.

---

<sup>33</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 193–94.

- 5 O when wilt thou, my life, appear!  
How gladly would I cry,  
'Tis done, the work thou gav'st me here,  
'Tis finish'd, Lord—and die!

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

- 1 Summon'd my labour to renew,  
And glad to act my part,  
Lord, in thy name my task I do,  
And with a single heart.
- 2 End of my every action thou!  
Thyself in all I see:  
Accept my hallow'd labour now;  
I do it unto thee.
- 3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,  
He views with gracious eyes;  
Jesus, this mean oblation join  
To thy great sacrifice.
- 4 Stamp't with an infinite desert,  
My work he then shall own;  
Well-pleas'd in me, when mine thou art,  
And I his fav'rite son!

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

- 1 Eternal depth of love divine  
In Jesus, God *with us*, display'd,  
How bright thy beaming glories shine!  
How wide thy healing streams are spread!  
With whom dost thou delight to dwell?  
Sinners, a vile and thankless race?<sup>36</sup>  
O God, what tongue aright can tell  
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

---

<sup>34</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 194–95.

<sup>35</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 195–96.

<sup>36</sup>Charles has changed *HSP* (1739), which read “a thankless.”

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

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

- 1 O God, my God, my all thou art:  
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,  
Thy sov'reign light within my heart,  
Thine all-enlivening power display.
- 2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,  
While in this desert land I live:  
And hungry as I am, and faint,  
Thy love alone can comfort give.

---

<sup>37</sup>Source: Daniel Israel Lopez Laguna. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 6–7. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 196–98.

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

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

- 1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,  
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
 Thee will I love with all my power,  
 In all my works, and thee alone!  
 Thee will I love 'till the pure fire  
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah! Why did I so late thee know,  
 Thee lovelier than the sons of men!  
 Ah, why did I no sooner go  
 To thee, the only ease in pain!  
 Asham'd I sigh and inly mourn  
 That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;  
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:  
 For wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,  
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd,  
 And now, if more at length I see,  
 'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd:  
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:  
 I thank thee whose enliv'ning voice  
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
 Nor suffer me again to stray:  
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace  
 Still to press forward in thy way:  
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,  
 Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light.
- 6 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,  
 Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires,

---

<sup>38</sup>Source: Johann Scheffler. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 198–200.

Give to my soul with filial fears,  
The love that all heaven's host inspires:  
That all my powers with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite.

- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;  
Thee will I love beneath thy frown  
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod;  
What tho' my flesh and heart decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day!

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

- 1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,  
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or undismay'd in deed and word  
Be a true witness of<sup>40</sup> my Lord?
- 2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God most high?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng,  
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue?  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross, endur'd, my God, by thee?
- 4 What then is he, whose scorn I dread?  
Whose wrath or hate make<sup>41</sup> me afraid?  
A man! An heir of death! A slave  
To sin! A bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let man rage; since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head:  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sure<sup>42</sup> refreshment prove.

---

<sup>39</sup>Source: Johann Joseph Winckler. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 65–66. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 200–201.

<sup>40</sup>“Of” is Charles Wesley’s replacement for “to” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>41</sup>“Make” is Charles Wesley’s replacement for “makes” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>42</sup>“Sure” is Charles Wesley’s replacement for “sweet” in *HSP* (1739). John Wesley adopts this change in *Hymns* (1780).



- 6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye  
Doth all mine inmost soul descry:  
Doth ought on earth my wishes raise?  
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?
- 7 The love of Christ doth me constrain  
To seek the wandring souls of men:  
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,  
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name,  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:  
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!  
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9 My life, my blood, I here present!  
If for thy truth they may be spent,  
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel Lord:  
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd!
- 10 Give me thy strength, O God of power!  
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar.  
Thy faithful witness will I be:  
'Tis fixt: I can do all thro' thee!

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

- 1 Parent of good, whose plenteous grace  
O'er all thy creatures flows,  
Humbly we ask thy power to bless  
The food thy love bestows.
- 2 Thy love provides the sober feast;  
A second gift impart,  
Give us with joy our food to taste,  
And with a single heart.
- 3 Let it for thee new life afford,  
For thee our strength repair,

---

<sup>43</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 215–16.

Blest by thine all-sustaining word,  
And sanctified by prayer.

4 Thee let us taste: nor toil below  
For perishable meat:  
The manna of thy love bestow,  
Give us thy flesh to eat.

5 Life of the world, our souls to feed  
Thyself descend from high:  
Grant us of thee, the living bread,  
To eat, and never die.

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

1 Blest be the God, whose tender care  
Prevents his children's cry,  
Whose pity providently near  
Doth all our wants supply.

2 Blest be the God whose bounteous store  
These chearing gifts imparts;  
Who veils in bread the secret power  
That feeds and glads our hearts.

3 Fountain of blessings, source of good,  
To thee this strength we owe,  
Thou art the virtue of our food,  
Life of our life below.

4 When shall our souls regain the skies,  
Thy heavenly sweetness prove;  
Where joys in all their fulness rise,  
And all our food is love.

---

<sup>44</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 217.

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

- 1 Abba, Father! Hear thy child,  
Late in Jesus reconcil'd!  
Hear and all the graces shower  
All the joy, and peace, and power,  
All my Saviour asks above,  
All the life of heaven, of love.
- 2 Lord, I will not let thee go,  
'Till THE BLESSING thou bestow;  
Hear my advocate divine,  
Lo! To his my suit I join:  
Join'd to his it cannot fail—  
Bless me, for I *will* prevail!
- 3 Stoop from thine eternal throne,  
See thy promise calls thee down!  
High and lofty as thou art  
Dwell within my worthless heart!  
My poor fainting soul revive;  
Here for ever walk and live.
- 4 Heavenly Adam, life divine,  
Change my nature into thine:  
Move and spread throughout my soul,  
Actuate and fill the whole:  
Be it I no longer now  
Living in the flesh, but thou.
- 5 Holy Ghost, no more delay,  
Come, and in thy temple stay;  
Now thine inward witness bear  
Strong, and permanent, and clear;  
Spring of life thyself impart,  
Rise eternal in my heart!

---

<sup>45</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 220–21; stanzas 8–12.

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

- 1 Abraham, when severely try'd,  
His faith by his obedience shew'd,  
He with the harsh command comply'd,  
And gave his Isaac back to God.
- 2 His son the father offer'd up,  
Son of his age, his only son,  
Object of all his joy and hope,  
And less belov'd than God alone.
- 3 The father curb'd his swelling grief,  
'Twas God requir'd, it must be done;  
He stagger'd not thro' unbelief,  
He bar'd his arms to slay his son.
- 4 O for a faith like his, that we  
The bright example may pursue,  
May gladly give up all to thee,  
To whom our more than all is due!
- 5 Now, Lord, for thee our all we leave,  
Our willing soul thy call obeys,  
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,  
Freedom, and life to win thy grace.
- 6 Is there a thing than life more dear,  
A thing from which we cannot part?  
We can, we now rejoice to tear  
The idol from our bleeding heart.
- 7 Jesu, accept our sacrifice,  
All things for thee we count but loss:  
Lo! At thy word our Isaac dies,  
Dies on the altar of thy cross.
- 8 Now to thyself the victim take,  
Nature's last agony is o'er,

---

<sup>46</sup>Stanzas 1–9 of this hymn first appeared in *HSP* (1740), 12–14; stanzas 1–2, 4, 7–12. Stanzas 10–14 of this hymn are an extract from *HSP* (1740), 32; stanzas 6–10.

- Freely thine own we render back,  
We grieve to part with all no more.
- 9 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,  
An<sup>47</sup> hundred-fold we here obtain,  
And soon with thee shall all receive,  
And loss shall be eternal gain.
- 10 Infinite God thy greatness spann'd  
These heavens, and meted out the skies,  
Lo! In the hollow of thy hand  
The measur'd waters<sup>48</sup> sink and rise.
- 11 Thee to perfection who can tell?  
Earth, and her sons beneath thee lie,  
Lighter than dust within thy scale,  
—Less than nothing in thine eye.
- 12 Yet in thy Son divinely great,  
We claim thy providential care:  
Boldly we stand before thy seat,  
Our Advocate hath placed us there.
- 13 With him we are gone up on high,  
Since he is ours, and we are his;  
With him we reign above the sky,  
Yet walk upon our subject seas.
- 14 We boast of our recover'd powers,  
Lords are we of the lands and floods,  
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,  
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

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

- 1 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give,  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?

---

<sup>47</sup>Ori., “And”; a misprint. Corrected to *HSP* (1740) reading in *All in All* (1765).

<sup>48</sup>Ori., “water”; a misprint. Corrected to *HSP* (1740) reading in *All in All* (1765).

<sup>49</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 78–79; stanzas 8–10.

- 2        Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
          I can hold out no more,  
I sink by dying love compell'd,  
          And own thee Conqueror.
- 3        Tho' late I all forsake,  
          My friends, my life resign,  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
          And seal me ever thine.
- 4        Come, and possess me whole,  
          Nor hence again remove,  
Settle, and fix my wav'ring soul  
          With all thy weight of love.
- 5        My one desire be this,  
          Thy only love to know,  
To seek, and taste no other bliss,  
          No other good below.
- 6        My life, my portion thou,  
          Thou all-sufficient art,  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
          Enter, and keep my heart.

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

- 1        Let heaven and earth agree  
          The Father's praise to sing,  
Who draws us to the Son, that he  
          May us to glory bring.
- 2        Honour and endless love  
          Let God the Son receive,  
Who saves us here, and prays above,  
          That we with him may live.
- 3        Be everlasting praise  
          To God the Spirit given,

---

<sup>50</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 102–3.

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

- 4 Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,  
We'll sing the One and Three,  
With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd  
To all eternity.

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

- 1 Father of mankind, be ever ador'd:  
Thy mercy we find, in sending our Lord  
To ransom and bless us: thy goodness we praise,  
For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.
- 2 O Son of his love, who deignedst<sup>52</sup> to die,  
Our curse to remove, our pardon to buy;  
Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save,  
Who openest heaven to all that believe.
- 3 O Spirit of love, of health, and of power,  
Thy working we prove, thy grace we adore;  
Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's blood,  
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

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

- 1 Saviour, who ready art to hear,  
(Readier than I to pray)  
Answer my scarcely utter'd prayer,  
And meet me on the way.
- 2 Talk with me, Lord: thyself reveal  
While here o'er earth I rove;  
Speak to my heart, and let it feel  
The kindling of thy love;

---

<sup>51</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 103–4.

<sup>52</sup>Changed to “deignest” in *All in All* (1765).

<sup>53</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 127–28.

- 3 With thee conversing, I forget  
All time, and toil, and care:  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.
- 4 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And make my heart rejoice;  
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,  
And echo to thy voice.
- 5 Thou callest me to seek thy face—  
'Tis all I wish to seek,  
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thee inly speak.
- 6 Let this my every hour employ,  
'Till I thy glory see,  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in thee.

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

- 1 Author of faith, appear!  
Be thou its finisher;  
Upward still for this we gaze,  
'Till we feel the stamp divine,  
Thee behold with open face,  
Bright in all thy glory shine.
- 2 Leave not thy work undone,  
But ever love thine own,  
Let us all thy goodness prove,  
Let us to the end believe;  
Shew thine everlasting love,  
Save us, to the utmost save.
- 3 O that our life might be<sup>55</sup>  
One looking up to thee!

---

<sup>54</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 166–67; stanzas 6–10.

<sup>55</sup>Ori., “he”; a misprint. Restored to *HSP* (1740) reading in *All in All* (1765).



Ever hast'ning to the day,  
When our eyes shall see thee near!  
Come, Redeemer, come away!  
Glorious in thy saints appear.

4           Jesu, the heavens bow,  
              We long to meet thee now!  
Now in majesty come down  
              Pity thine elect and come;  
Hear us in thy Spirit groan,  
              Take the weary exiles home.

5           Now let thy face be seen  
              Without a veil between:  
Come and change our faith to sight,  
              Swallow up mortality;  
Plunge us in a sea of light,  
              Christ be all in all to me.

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

1    High praise to thee, all-gracious God!  
          Unceasing praise to thee we pay:  
Naked and wallowing in our blood,  
          Unpitied, loath'd of all we lay.  
Thou saw'st, and from th' eternal throne  
Gav'st us thy dear, thine only Son.

2    Thro' thy rich grace, in Jesu's blood,  
          Blessing, redemption, life we find:  
Our souls wash'd in this cleansing flood,  
          No stain of guilt remains behind.  
Who can thy mercy's stores express?  
Unfathomable, numberless!

3    Now Christ in us doth live, and we,  
          Father, thro' him with thee are one:  
The banner of his love we see,  
          And fearless grasp the starry crown:

---

<sup>56</sup>Source: Ludwig Andreas Gotter. First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 168–69.

Unutterable peace we feel  
In him, and joys unspeakable.

- 4 Now hast thou given us, thro' thy Son,  
The power of living faith to see,  
Unconquerable faith alone,  
That gains o'er all the victory;  
Faith which nor earth nor hell can move,  
Unblameable in perfect love.
- 5 Fully the quick'ning Spirit impart,  
Thou who hast all our sins forgiven;  
O form the Saviour in my heart,  
Seal of thy love, and pledge of heaven:  
For ever be his name imprest  
Both on my hand and on my breast.
- 6 Thine is whate'er we are: thy grace  
In Christ created us anew,  
To sing thy never-ceasing praise,  
Thine unexhausted love to shew;  
And arm'd with thy great Spirit's aid,  
Blameless in all thy paths to tread.
- 7 Yea, Father, ours thro' him thou art  
For so is thine eternal will!  
O live, move, reign within my heart,  
My soul with all thy fulness fill:  
My heart, my all I yield to thee:  
Jesus be all in all to me.

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

- 1 Jesu, attend; thyself reveal!  
Are we not met in thy great name?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

---

<sup>57</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 170–71; stanzas 5–8.

- 2    Thou, God, that answerest by fire,  
      The Spirit of burning now impart,  
And let the flames of pure desire  
      Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 3    Truly our fellowship below  
      With thee and with thy Father is:  
In thee eternal life we know,  
      And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 4    In part we only know thee here,  
      But wait thy coming from above,  
And I shall then behold thee near,  
      And I shall all be lost in love!

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

- 1    Father, if *now* thy breath revives  
      In us the pure primeval flame,  
Thy power, which animates our lives,  
      Can make us in our deaths the same;
- 2    Can out of weakness make us strong,  
      Arming as in the antient days,  
Loosing the stammering infant's tongue,  
      And perfecting in babes thy praise.
- 3    Stedfast we then shall stand, and sure  
      Thine everlasting truth to prove,  
In faith's plerophory\* secure,  
      In all th' omnipotence of love.
- 4    Come, holy, holy, holy Lord,  
      The Father, Son, and Spirit come;  
Be mindful of thy changeless word,  
      And make the faithful soul thy home.

\* I.e. full assurance.

---

<sup>58</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 175–76; stanzas 5–12.

- 5 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake:  
In *us* thy glorious self reveal;  
Let *us* thy seven-fold gifts partake,  
Let *us* thy mighty working feel.
- 6 Near us, assisting Jesu, stand,  
Give us the opening heaven to see,  
Thee to behold at God's right hand,  
And yield our parting souls to thee.
- 7 My Father, O my Father, hear,  
And send the fiery chariot down,  
Let Israel's flaming steeds<sup>59</sup> appear,  
And whirl us to the starry crown.
- 8 We, we would die for Jesus too!  
Thro' tortures, fires, and seas of blood,  
All, all triumphantly break thro',  
And plunge into the depths of God!

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

- 1 Still may we continue thus,  
We in thee, and thou in us;  
Let us fresh supplies receive  
From thee, in thee ever live.
- Share the fatness of the root,  
Blossom, bud, and bring forth fruit,  
With immortal vigour rise,  
Tow'ring 'till we reach the skies.
- 2 Christ to all believers known,  
Living, precious corner-stone,  
Christ by mortals disallow'd,  
Chosen and esteem'd of God;
- Lively stones we come to thee,  
Built together let us be,

---

<sup>59</sup>Ori., "steads"; a misprint. Restored to *HSP* (1740) reading.

<sup>60</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 190–91; Pt. 2, stanzas 2–6.

Sav'd by grace thro' faith alone,  
Faith it is that makes us one.

- 3 Other ground can no man lay,  
JESUS TAKES OUR SINS AWAY!  
Jesus the foundation is:  
This shall stand, and only this.

Fitly fram'd in him we are,  
All the building rises fair:  
Let it to a temple rise,  
Worthy him who fills the skies.

- 4 Husband of thy church below,  
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,  
Unto thee betroth'd in love,  
Always faithful let us prove:

Never rob thee of our heart,  
Never give the creature part;  
Only thou possess the whole,  
Take my body, spirit, soul.

- 5 Stedfast let us cleave to thee,  
Love the mystic union be,  
Union to the world unknown,  
Join'd to God, in spirit one.

Wait we 'till the Spouse shall come,  
'Till the Lamb shall take us home,  
For his heaven the bride prepare,  
Solemnize our nuptials there.

#### Hymn XL.<sup>61</sup>

- 1 Christ, our head, gone up on high,  
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh,  
Advocate with God, give ear  
To thine own effectual prayer:

---

<sup>61</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 192–94.

Hear the sounds, thou once didst breathe,  
In thy days of flesh beneath,  
Now, O Jesu, let them be  
Strongly echo'd back to thee.

- 2 We, O Christ, have thee receiv'd,  
We the gospel-word believ'd,  
Justly then we claim a share  
In thine everlasting prayer.

One the Father is with thee;  
Knit us in like unity;  
Make us, O uniting Son,  
One, as thou and he are one.

- 3 If thy love to us hath given  
All the glories of his heaven,  
(From eternity thine own,  
Glory here in grace begun.)

Let us now the gift receive,  
By the vital union live,  
Join'd to God, and perfect be,  
Mystically one in thee.

- 4 Let it hence to all be known,  
Thou art with thy Father one,  
One with him in us be shew'd,  
Very God of very God.

Sent our spirits to unite,  
Sent to make us sons of light,  
Sent that we his grace may prove,  
All the riches of his love.

- 5 Thee he lov'd ere time begun,  
Thee the co-eternal Son;  
He hath to thy merit given  
Us, th' adopted heirs of heaven.

Thou hast will'd that we should rise,  
See thy glory in the skies,

See thee by all heaven ador'd,  
Be for ever with our Lord.

- 6 Thou the Father seest alone,  
Thou to us hast made him known;  
Sent from him we know thou art,  
We have found thee in our heart:

Thou the Father hast declar'd;  
He is here our great reward,  
Ours his nature and his name;  
Thou art ours, with him the same.

- 7 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are)  
Still to us his name declare;  
Thy revealing Spirit give,  
Whom the world cannot receive:

Fill us with the Father's love,  
Never from our souls remove,  
Dwell, in us, and we shall be  
Thine to all eternity.

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

- 1 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,  
And have thee all mine own:  
Thee, O mine all-sufficient good,  
I want, and thee alone.
- 2 Thy name to me, thy nature grant;  
This, only this be given,  
Nothing besides my God I want,  
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 3 Come, O my Saviour, come away,  
Into my soul descend,  
No longer from thy creature stay,  
My author, and my end.

---

<sup>62</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 206–7; stanzas 13–17.

4 The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd  
No longer be delay'd;  
Come my exceeding great reward,  
For whom I first was made.

[5]<sup>63</sup> Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And seal me thine abode,  
Let all I am in thee be lost,  
Let all I am be God!

**\*Hymn XLII.**<sup>64</sup>

1 What can we offer, our good Lord,  
(Poor nothings!) for his boundless grace!  
Fain would we his great name record,  
And worthily set forth his praise.  
Dear object of our growing love,  
To whom our more than all we owe,  
Open the fountain from above,  
And let it our full soul o'erflow.

2 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,  
Thy grace for every sinner free,  
Till all mankind shall learn thy name,  
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee.  
Open a door which earth and hell  
May strive to shut, but strive in vain:  
Let thy word richly in us dwell,  
And let our gracious fruit remain.

3 O multiply thy sower's seed,  
And fruit we every hour shall bear,  
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,  
Thine everlasting truth declare;

\* J. & C. W. Vol. 2.<sup>65</sup>

---

<sup>63</sup>Ori., "3"; a misprint.

<sup>64</sup>Source: August Gottlieb Spangenberg. This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 16–17; stanzas 11–13.

<sup>65</sup>I.e., John and Charles Wesley, *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1742), 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (London, 1756).



We all in perfect love renew'd  
Shall know the greatness of thy power,  
Stand in the temple of our God,  
As pillars, and go out no more.

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

- 1 The Lord unto my Lord hath said,  
Sit thou in glory, sit  
'Till I thine enemies have made  
To bow beneath thy feet.
- 2 Jesu, my Lord, mighty to save,  
What can my hopes withstand,  
When thee my advocate I have  
Enthron'd at God's right-hand?
- 3 Master, on thee my soul is stay'd,  
Thou wilt not quit thy claim;  
Thou only hast my ransom<sup>67</sup> paid,  
And only thine I am.
- 4 Come then, and claim me for thine own,  
Saviour, thy right assert,  
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,  
And reign within my heart.
- 5 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,  
And sitting at thy feet  
Thy laws with all my heart obey,  
With all my soul submit.
- 6 So shall I do thy will below,  
As angels do above,  
The virtue of thy passion shew,  
The triumphs of thy love.
- 7 Thy love the conquest more than gains:  
To all I shall proclaim,

---

<sup>66</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 89–91; stanzas 1–2, 6–7, 12–15.

<sup>67</sup>Ori., “ransom’d”; a misprint. Correct to *HSP* (1742) reading in *All in All* (1765).

Jesus the King, the Conqu'ror reigns,  
Bow down to Jesu's name.

- 8 To thee shall earth and hell submit,  
And every foe shall fall,  
'Till death expires beneath thy feet,  
And God is all in all.

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

- 1 Jesus hath died, that I might live,  
Might live to God alone,  
In him eternal life receive,  
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,  
The gift unspeakable,  
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,  
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire  
The perfect bliss to prove,  
My longing soul is all on fire  
To be dissolv'd in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from every boast,  
From every wish set free:  
Let all I am in thee be lost,  
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas! Cannot suffice,  
Unless thyself be given,  
Thy presence makes my paradise,  
And where thou art is heaven.

---

<sup>68</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 95–96; stanzas 9–13.

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

- 1 Let the world lament their dead,  
As sorrowing without hope,  
When a friend of ours is freed,  
We cheerfully look up,  
Cannot murmur or complain,  
For our dead we cannot grieve,  
Death to them, to us is gain,  
In Jesus we believe.
  
- 2 We believe that Christ our head,  
For us resign'd his breath,  
He was number'd with the dead,  
And dying conquer'd death;  
Burst the barriers of the tomb:  
Death could him no longer keep,  
He is the first-fruits become  
Of those in him that sleep.
  
- 3 God, who him to life restor'd,  
Shall all his members raise.  
Bring them quicken'd with their Lord,  
The children of his grace.  
We who then on earth remain,  
Shall not sooner be brought home,  
All the dead shall rise again,  
To meet their general doom.
  
- 4 Jesus, faithful to his word,  
Shall with a shout descend,  
All heaven's host their glorious Lord  
Shall pompously attend:  
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,  
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,  
With the great archangel's voice,  
And with the trump of God.

---

<sup>69</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 127–28.

- 5 First the dead in Christ shall rise,  
Then we who yet remain,  
Shall be caught up to the skies,  
And see our Lord again:  
We shall meet him in the air,  
All wrapt up to heaven shall be,  
See and love, and praise him there,  
To all eternity.
- 6 Who can tell the happiness,  
This glorious hope affords?  
Joy unutter'd we possess,  
In these reviving words;  
Happy while on earth we breathe,  
Mightier bliss ordain'd to know,  
Trampling down sin, hell and death,  
To the third heaven we go.

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

- 1 Believing on my Lord, I find  
A sure and present aid:  
On thee alone my constant mind  
Is every moment stay'd.
- 2 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,  
Or strong I here disclaim:  
I wash my garments in the blood  
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 3 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,  
On thee will I depend,  
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,  
Where faith in sight shall end.

---

<sup>70</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 142; stanzas 8–10.

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

- 1 Is it not enough that I  
Now can Abba Father cry?  
I am now a child of God,  
Bought and sprinkled with thy blood;  
Lord, it doth not yet appear,  
What I surely shall be here,  
When thou shalt unfold the word:  
Only make me as my Lord.
  
- 2 So I may thy Spirit know,  
Let him as he listeth blow:  
Let the manner be unknown,  
So I may with thee be one;  
Fully in my life express  
All the heights of holiness,  
Sweetly in my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love.

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

- 1 Jesus is our common Lord,  
He our loving Saviour is,  
By his death to life restor'd,  
Misery we exchange for bliss:
  
- 2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown;  
O 'tis more than tongues can tell!  
Only to believers known,  
Glorious and unspeakable!
  
- 3 Christ, our brother, and our friend,  
Shews us his eternal love;  
Never let our triumphs end,  
'Till we join the host above.

---

<sup>71</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 153; stanzas 4–5.

<sup>72</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 157; stanzas 3–6.

- 4 Let us walk with Christ in white,  
For our bridal-day prepare,  
For our partnership in light,  
For our glorious meeting there!

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

- 1 Christ, our head and common Lord,  
See the souls that wait on thee,  
Hear us all with one accord  
Sweetly in thy praise agree;  
Parted tho' in flesh we are,  
Join'd to thee our corner-stone,  
We are intimately near,  
Present, and in spirit one.
- 2 Let us now to thee aspire,  
Who thy life begin to know,  
Let the circulating fire  
Now in every bosom glow:  
Let the incense of our vows  
From thy golden censer rise,  
Fragrant thro' the higher house,  
Well-accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Come ye absent souls who love  
Jesus with a simple heart,  
Seek with us the things above,  
Never from the work depart:  
Never let us cease to sing  
The great riches of his grace,  
'Till we all behold our King  
Eye to eye, and face to face.
- 4 Quickly, we shall all appear  
At the judgment-seat above,  
We shall see our Jesus near,  
Him whom now unseen we love;

---

<sup>73</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 162–63.

We his dear, peculiar ones,  
Sharers of our Master's bliss,  
We shall sit upon our thrones,  
We shall see him as he is.

- 5 Partners of this heavenly hope,  
Travel on, and meet us there,  
We shall surely be caught up  
Meet the Saviour in the air:  
Yes; eternity's at hand,  
We shall soon be taken home  
With the Lamb on Sion stand—  
Come, desire of nations, come!

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

- 1 Come, then and loose my stamm'ring tongue  
Teach me the new, the joyful song,  
And perfect in a babe thy praise:  
I want a thousand lives t' employ  
In publishing the sounds of joy;  
The gospel of thy general grace.

- [2]<sup>75</sup> Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come,  
Give me thyself, and take me home,  
Be now the glorious earnest given:  
The counsel of thy grace fulfil,  
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will  
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

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

- 1 Save me for thine own great name,  
That all the world may know  
Daniel's God is still the same,  
And reigns supreme below:

---

<sup>74</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 171; stanzas 17–18.

<sup>75</sup>Ori., “3”; a misprint.

<sup>76</sup>Stanzas 1–3 of this hymn are an extract from *HSP* (1742), 212; stanzas 4–6. Stanzas 4–6 of this hymn are an extract from *HSP* (1742), 241; stanzas 5–7.

Him let all mankind adore,  
Spread his glorious name abroad,  
Tremble all, and bow before  
The great, the living God.

- 2 Absolute, unchangeable  
O'er all his works he reigns,  
His dominion cannot fail,  
But undisturb'd remains:  
His dominion standeth fast,  
Is, when time no more shall be,  
Still shall his dominion last  
Thro' all eternity.
- 3 He delivers by his love,  
He rescues souls from death,  
Signs he works in heaven above,  
And signs in earth beneath;  
Daniel he doth every hour  
From the lion's paw retrieve,  
I am sav'd from Satan's power,  
And lo! By grace I live.
- 4 Fain would I the truth proclaim  
That makes me free indeed,  
Glorify my Saviour's name,  
And all its virtues spread:  
Jesus all our wants relieves,  
Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
Saves, and to the utmost saves  
All those that come to him.
- 5 Jesu, lo! I come to thee,  
And wait to be sent forth;  
If thy Spirit send forth me,  
A worm shall shake the earth;  
I shall thy great name declare,  
Spread thy victories abroad,  
Be the weapons of thy war,  
The battle-ax of God.



6 Perfect then thy mighty pow'r  
In a weak, sinful worm,  
All my sins destroy, devour,  
And all my soul transform;  
Now apply the Spirit's seal,  
O come quickly from above,  
Empty me of self, and fill  
With all the life of love.

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

1 Jesu, the life, the truth, the way,  
In whom I now believe,  
As taught by thee in faith I pray,  
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,  
As by the choirs above,  
Who always see thee on thy throne,  
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,  
That I may do thy will,  
As angels who behold thy face,  
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Thee I shall serve without constraint,  
Shall every moment please:  
Those blessed spirits never faint,  
Nor from thy service cease.

5 From thee no more shall I depart,  
No more unfaithful prove,  
But love thee with a constant heart,  
For angels always love.

6 The graces of my second birth  
To me shall all be given,  
And I shall do thy will on earth,  
As angels do in heaven.

---

<sup>77</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 230–32; stanzas 1–3, 5, 7, 12.

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

- 1 In a land of corn and wine  
My lot is cast below,  
Comforts here and blessings join,  
And milk and honey flow:  
Jacob's well is in my soul,  
Gracious dew my heavens distil,  
Fill my spirit already full,  
And shall for ever fill.
  
- 2 Blest, O Israel, art thou,  
What people is like thee?  
Sav'd from sin by Jesus now  
Thou art, and still shall be;  
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,  
Jesus is thy flaming sword,  
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield  
To God's almighty word.
  
- 3 God's almighty word shall stand,  
Thine enemies shall fall,  
Fade away at his command,  
And sink and perish all:  
Liars shall they all be found  
All who cried "It cannot be,  
Sin should ever quit its ground,  
And have no place in thee."
  
- 4 God, the gracious God and true,  
Hath spoke the faithful word:  
He the mighty work shall do,  
Our trust is in the Lord:  
He the mountain shall remove,  
He the sinner shall restore.  
He shall perfect me in love,  
And I shall sin no more.

---

<sup>78</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 249–50; stanzas 5–7, 9. Charles makes several small changes in the opening stanza to change it from third person to first person in voice.

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

- 1    Father, supply my every need,  
      Sustain the life thyself has given;  
      Call for the never-failing bread,  
      The manna that comes down from heaven.
  
- 2    The gracious fruit of righteousness,  
      Thy blessings unexhausted store  
      In me abundantly increase,  
      Nor let me ever hunger more.
  
- 3    Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,  
      I wait to prove thy perfect will,  
      Be mindful of thy gracious word,  
      And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
  
- 4    Thy faithful mercies let me find,  
      In which thou causest me to trust;  
      Give me the meek and lowly mind,  
      And lay my spirit in the dust.
  
- 5    Open my faith's interior eye:  
      Display thy glory from above,  
      And all I am shall sink, and die,  
      Lost in astonishment and love.
  
- 6    Confound, o'erpower me with thy grace,  
      I would be by myself abhorr'd,  
      (All might, all majesty, all praise,  
      All glory be to Christ my Lord!)
  
- 7    Now let me gain perfection's height!  
      Now let me into nothing fall!  
      Be less than nothing in thy sight,  
      And feel that Christ is all in all.

---

<sup>79</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 263–64; stanzas 19–20, 23–24, 26–28.

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

- 1        Arise, my soul, arise,  
          Shake off thy guilty fears,  
          The bleeding sacrifice  
          In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my surety stands;  
My name is written on his hands.
  
- 2        He ever lives above  
          For me to interceed,  
          His all-redeeming love,  
          His precious blood to plead;  
His blood aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
  
- 3        Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
          Receiv'd on Calvary;  
          They pour effectual prayers,  
          They strongly speak for me;  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
  
- 4        The Father hears him pray,  
          His dear anointed one,  
          He cannot turn away  
          The presence of his Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
  
- 5        My God is reconcil'd,  
          His pard'ning voice I hear,  
          He owns me for his child,  
          I can no longer fear,  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry!

---

<sup>80</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 264–65.

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

- 1        Jesu, the truth, the way,  
          The life, in us appear,  
          Thy glorious arm display,  
          And bring salvation near,  
The great salvation thou hast wrought,  
Above the reach of human thought.
- 2        Flesh, earth, and hell deny  
          The freedom of thy sons,  
          And scornfully they cry  
          “Where are the perfect ones?”  
They dare thee all thy power to shew,  
“Thou canst not make us saints below.”
- 3        Answer their challenge, Lord,  
          Thy witnesses call forth,  
          Send out the quick’ning word  
          Renew the face of earth:  
Now the new heavens and earth create,  
Restore us to our first estate.
- 4        Lay to thy mighty hand,  
          The work is worthy thee,  
          A world of foes withstand,  
          And say, It cannot be!  
We cannot full redemption have,  
Thou canst not to the utmost save.
- 5        Arise, O jealous God,  
          Come quickly from above,  
          Thy law they have destroy’d,  
          Thy holy law of love,  
Thy perfect law of liberty,  
The law of life, which is in thee.
- 6        Eternal God, come down  
          With thy victorious cross,

---

<sup>81</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 268–71; stanzas 1–5, 7–8, 12–13, 15–16.

Thy genuine gospel own,  
Maintain thy righteous cause,  
No longer let thy foes blaspheme,  
Come, Jesu, mighty to redeem!

7 Thy controversy, Lord,  
Do thou thyself decide,  
And let thy faithful word  
Be to the utmost try'd;  
To thee we make our bold appeal,  
Declare the counsel of thy will.

8 The acceptable year  
Of Jesus is at hand:  
Pris'ners of hope appear,  
Go forth at his command,  
And shew yourselves from sin set free,  
The Spirit's cry is, Liberty!

9 We surely shall obtain  
(When Jesus enters in)  
A liberty from pain,  
A liberty from sin:  
We then shall more than conqu'rors be,  
The Spirit's cry is, Liberty!

10 The sin-atoning blood  
Its full effect shall have,  
Whom it hath brought to God,  
It inwardly shall save,  
From all iniquity release,  
And 'stablish us in perfect peace.

11 The holy one shall live,  
And in our hearts abide,  
To us a portion give  
Among the sanctified;  
We all shall say the work is done,  
We all are perfected in one.

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

- 1    Father of all, whose powerful voice  
      Call'd forth this universal frame,  
      Whose mercies over all rejoice,  
      Thro' endless ages still the same;  
      Thou by thy word upholdest all;  
      Thy bounteous love to all is shew'd,  
      Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,  
      And fillest every mouth with good.
  
- 2    In heaven thou reign'st enthron'd in light,  
      Nature's expanse beneath thee spread,  
      Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,  
      And hell's deep gloom are open laid:  
      Wisdom, and might, and love are thine,  
      Prostrate before thy face we fall,  
      Confess thine attributes divine,  
      And hail thee Sovereign Lord of all.
  
- 3    Thee, Sovereign Lord, let all confess,  
      That moves in earth or air, or sky,  
      Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,  
      Tremble before thy piercing eye.  
      All ye, who owe to him your birth,  
      In praise your every hour employ;  
      Jehovah reigns! Be glad, O earth,  
      And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

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

- 1    Son of thy Sire's eternal love,  
      Take to thyself thy mighty power;  
      Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,  
      Let all thy bleeding grace adore.

---

<sup>82</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 275–76; stanzas 1–3.

<sup>83</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 276–77; stanzas 4–6.

The triumphs of thy love display,  
In every heart reign thou alone,  
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,  
And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,  
Fountain of light, and love below,  
Abroad thine healing influence shower,  
O'er all the nations let it flow,  
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,  
In us the work of faith fulfil;  
So not heaven's host shall swifter move  
Than we on earth to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield  
Thy children's wants, a fresh supply,  
Thou cloath'st the lillies of the field,  
And hearest the young ravens cry:  
On thee we cast our care; we live  
Thro' thee, who know'st our every need,  
O feed us with thy grace, and give  
Our souls this day the living bread.

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

1 Eternal, spotless Lamb of God,  
Before the world's foundation slain,  
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood,  
O cleanse, and ever keep us clean.  
To every soul (all praise to thee)  
Our bowels of compassion move,  
And all mankind by this may see  
God is in us; for God is love.

2 Giver, and Lord of life, whose power  
And guardian care for all are free,  
To thee in fierce temptation's hour  
From sin and Satan let us flee.

---

<sup>84</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 277; stanzas 7–9.



Thine, Lord, we are and ours thou art,  
In us be all thy goodness shew'd,  
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart  
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

- 3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,  
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,  
In earth below, in heaven above,  
By all thy works be paid to thee.  
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,  
The power omnipotent is thine,  
And when created nature dies,  
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

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

- 1 O that the life-infusing grace,  
The pure and perfect peace of God,  
Might now descend on Israel's race,  
The church he purchas'd with his blood.
- 2 The souls peculiarly his own,  
On them the choicest gifts descend  
From him that sitteth on the throne,  
Antient of days which never end.
- 3 He was from all eternity,  
Pure essence, life, and light, and power,  
He is when time no more shall be;  
He is, and shall be evermore.
- 4 From God to all his church below,  
From the seven spirits before his throne,  
From Jesus let the blessing flow,  
Jesus is God's co-equal Son.
- 5 The true and faithful witness he,  
The first-begotten of the dead,  
Prince of the kings of earth—to thee  
Be everlasting homage paid.

---

<sup>85</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 278–79.

- 6    Amazing height of love divine!  
      We praise with all thy hosts above  
Th' unutterably great design,  
      The mystery of redeeming love.
- 7    From actual, and from inbred sin  
      Us thou hast wash'd in thine own blood,  
Thy blood hath made us more than clean,  
      Hath made us kings and priests to God.
- 8    Wherefore to thee all honour, praise,  
      Dominion, power, and thanks we give,  
While to the glory of thy grace  
      Thro' all eternity we live.

**Hymn LXI.**<sup>86</sup>

- 1    Say, which of you would see the Lord?  
      Ye all may now obtain the grace,  
Behold him in the written word  
      Where John unveils the Saviour's face.
- 2    Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks  
      To every soul that turns his ear,  
Amidst the golden candlesticks  
      He walks: and lo! He now is here.
- 3    Present to all believing souls,  
      They see him with an eagle's eye:  
Down to his feet a garment rolls,  
      Stain'd with a glorious crimson dye.
- 4    His form is as the Son of man,  
      His eyes are as a flame of fire;  
They dart a sin-consuming pain,  
      And life, and joy divine inspire.
- 5    As many waters, sounds his word,  
      Seven stars he holds in his right-hand,

---

<sup>86</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 280–81; stanzas 1–3, 5, 8–11.

Out of his mouth a two-edg'd sword  
Goes forth: before it who can stand?

6 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,  
Lay thy right-hand upon our soul,  
Scatter our fears, thy Spirit shed,  
And all our unbelief controul.

7 Tell us, "I am the first and last,  
Who liv'd and died for all am I!  
And lo! My bitter death is past,  
And lo! I live no more to die.

8 "I have the keys of death and hell."  
Amen! Thy record we receive,  
And wait, 'till thou our spirits seal,  
And all in all for ever live.

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

1 Lord of the harvest hear  
Thy needy servants cry;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in thy view,  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send<sup>88</sup> forth more  
Into thy church abroad,  
And let them speak thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel-word,  
The word of general grace,  
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,  
Saviour of human race.

---

<sup>87</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 282–83.

<sup>88</sup>Ori., "sent"; a misprint. Corrected to the *HSP* (1742) reading in *All in All* (1765).

5 O let them spread thy name,  
Their mission fully prove,  
Thine universal grace proclaim  
Thine all-redeeming love.

6 On all mankind, forgiven,  
Empower them still to call,  
And tell each creature under heaven,  
That thou hast died for all.

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

1 Jesu, thy wand'ring sheep behold!  
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see  
Poor souls, that cannot find the fold,  
'Till sought, and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,  
In pain, and weariness, and want,  
With no kind shepherd near to guide  
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,  
And sheep-redeeming shepherd art,  
Collect thy flock, and give them food,  
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of general grace,  
And great shall be the preachers' crowd,  
Preachers, who all the sinful race  
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth, and utterance give,  
Give them a trumpet-voice to call  
A world, who all may turn and live  
Thro' faith in him, that died for all.

[6] In every messenger reveal  
The grace they preach divinely free,

---

<sup>89</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 283–84; stanzas 1–8.

That each may by thy Spirit tell  
“He died for all, who died for me.”

- 7 A double portion from above  
Of that all-quick'ning Spirit impart,  
Shed forth thine universal love  
In every faithful pastor's heart.
- 8 Thy only glory let them seek,  
O let their hearts with love o'erflow,  
Let them believe, and therefore speak,  
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

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

- 1 Lord, we renounce whoe'er oppose,  
And fight against thy saving power:  
Consume not us among thy foes,  
Nor let thy two-edg'd sword devour.
- 2 O let us of thy strength take hold,  
Thine utmost promises embrace,  
The finisher of faith behold,  
The God of all-victorious grace.
- 3 To him that conquers in thy might,  
Thou wilt the hidden manna give,  
Thou hast obtain'd it as thy right,  
And he shall thy deserts receive.
- 4 Thou, Lord, will give him a white stone,  
A new mysterious name impart,  
To none but the receiver known,  
CHRIST IN A PURE AND SINLESS HEART.

---

<sup>90</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 289; stanzas 10–13.

**\*Hymn LXV.<sup>91</sup>**

- 1 All thanks be to God,  
Who scatters abroad  
Throughout every place,  
By the least of his servants his Sav'our of grace!  
Who the victory gave,  
The praise let him have,  
For the work he hath done,  
All honour and glory to Jesus alone.
- 2 Our conquering Lord  
Hath prosper'd his word,  
Hath made it prevail,  
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.  
His arm he hath bar'd  
And a people prepar'd  
His glory to shew,  
And witness the power of his Passion below.
- 3 He hath open'd a door  
To the penitent poor,  
And rescu'd from sin,  
And admitted the harlots and publicans in:  
They have heard the glad sound,  
They have liberty found  
Thro' the blood of the Lamb,  
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.
- 4 And shall we not sing,  
Our Saviour and King?  
Thy witnesses, we  
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee.

\* Redemption Hymns.<sup>92</sup>

---

<sup>91</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 3–5; stanzas 1–3, 5–8.

<sup>92</sup>I.e., [Charles Wesley,] *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ* (1747), 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (London: [Cock], 1756).

Thou Jesus, hast bless'd,  
And believers increas'd,  
Who thankfully own,  
We are freely forgiven thro' mercy alone.

5 Thy Spirit revives  
His work in our lives,  
His wonders of grace,  
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.  
O that all men might know  
Thy tokens below,  
Our Saviour confess,  
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

6 Thou, Saviour of all,  
Effectually call  
The sinners that stray;  
And O let a nation be born in a day!  
Thy sign let them see,  
And flow unto thee  
For the oil and the wine,  
For the blissful assurance of favour divine.

7 Our heathenish land  
Beneath thy command  
In mercy receive,  
And make us a pattern to all that believe:  
Then, then let it spread  
Thy knowledge and dread,  
'Till the earth is o'erflow'd,  
And the universe fill'd with the glory of God.

**Hymn LXVI.**<sup>93</sup>

1 Lo! I come with joy to do  
The Master's blessed will,  
Him in outward works pursue,  
And serve his pleasure still,

---

<sup>93</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 7–8.

Faithful to my Lord's commands,  
I still would chuse the better part,  
Serve with careful Martha's hands,  
And humble Mary's heart.

2 Careful, without care, I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil,  
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,  
Supported by his smile:  
Joyful thus my faith to shew,  
I find his service my reward;  
Every work I do below,  
I do it to the Lord.

[3]<sup>94</sup> Thou, O Lord, in tender love  
Dost all my burthens bear,  
Lift my heart to things above,  
And fix it ever there:  
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,  
'Midst busy multitudes alone,  
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,  
'Till all thy will be done.

4 To the desert or the cell,  
Let others blindly fly,  
In this evil world I dwell,  
Unhurt, unspotted, I:  
Here I find an house of prayer,  
To which I inwardly retire,  
Walking unconcern'd in care,  
And unconsum'd in fire.

5 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,  
Before I hence remove,  
Now my treasure and my heart  
Is all laid up above:  
Far above these earthly things  
(While yet my hands are here employ'd)  
Sees my soul the King of kings,  
And freely talks with God.

---

<sup>94</sup>Ori., "5"; a misprint.



6           O that all the art might know,  
              Of living thus to thee!  
              Find their heaven begun below,  
              And here thy goodness see:  
              Walk in all the works prepar'd  
By thee to exercise their grace,  
              'Till they gain the full reward,  
              And see thy glorious face.

**Hymn LXVII.**<sup>95</sup>

1    Love divine, all loves excelling,  
          Joy of heaven to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
          All thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesu, thou art all compassion,  
          Pure unbounded love thou art,  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
          Enter every trembling heart.

2    Come, Almighty to deliver,  
          Let us all thy life receive,  
Suddenly return, and never,  
          Never more thy temples leave,  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
          Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,  
          Glory in thy perfect love.

3    Finish then thy new creation,  
          Pure and sinless let us be,  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
          Perfectly restor'd in thee:  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
          'Till in heaven we take our place,  
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
          Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

---

<sup>95</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 11–12; stanzas 1, 3–4.

**Hymn LXVIII.**<sup>96</sup>

- 1 God of love, that hear'st the prayer,  
Kindly for thy people care,  
Who on thee alone depend,  
Save us, save us to the end!  
Save us in the prosperous hour  
From the flatt'ring tempter's power,  
From his unsuspected wiles,  
From the world's pernicious smiles.
  
- 2 Cut off our dependance vain  
On the help of feeble man,  
Every arm of flesh remove,  
Stay us on thy only love.  
Let us still afflicted be,  
Shelter'd in thy poverty,  
Cover'd with thy sacred shame,  
Kept by thine almighty name.
  
- 3 Men of worldly low design,  
Let not these thy people join,  
Dare thy hallow'd ark sustain,  
Touch it with their hands prophane.  
Saviour, compass us about,  
Keep the rich and noble out,  
'Till their all in heart they sell,  
'Till the worms their baseness feel.
  
- 4 Men of dignity and power,  
Let not them thy flock devour,  
Poison our simplicity,  
Drag us from our trust in thee.  
Save us from the great and wise,  
'Till they sink in their own eyes,  
'Till they to thy yoke submit,  
Lay their honour at thy feet.

---

<sup>96</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 19–21.

5 Never let the world break in,  
Fix a mighty gulph between,  
Keep us humble and unknown,  
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.  
Let us still to thee look up,  
Thee thy Israel's strength and hope,  
Nothing know or seek beside  
Jesus, and him crucified.

6 Dignified with worth divine  
Let us in thine image shine,  
High in heavenly places sit,  
See the moon beneath our feet.  
Far above created things,  
Look we down on earthly kings,  
Taste our glorious liberty,  
Find our happy all in thee.

**Hymn LXIX.**<sup>97</sup>

- 1 Ye heavens rejoice in Jesus's<sup>98</sup> grace,  
Let earth make a noise and echo his praise!  
Our all-loving Saviour hath pacified God,  
And paid for his favour the price of his blood.
- 2 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.
- 3 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's love.
- 4 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.

---

<sup>97</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 29–30.

<sup>98</sup>Ori., “Jesu's”; which throughs off the metre. Restored to *Redemption Hymns* (1747) reading in *All in All* (1765).

**Hymn LXX.**<sup>99</sup>

- 1 Rejoice evermore<sup>100</sup> with angels above,  
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love,  
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,  
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been,  
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin,  
The power of thy Spirit hath set our hearts free,  
And now we inherit all fulness in thee.
- 3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,  
And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy;  
To us it is given in Jesus to know  
A kingdom of heaven, an heaven below.
- 4 No longer we join, while sinners invite,  
Or envy the swine their brutish delight:  
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,  
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain.
- 5 O might they at last with sorrow return,  
The pleasures to taste for which they were born,  
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,  
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

**Hymn LXXI.**<sup>101</sup>

- 1 Thou God of harmony and love,  
Whose name transports the saints above,  
And lulls the ravish'd spheres,  
On thee in feeble strains I call,  
And mix my humble voice with all  
The heavenly choristers.

---

<sup>99</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 31–32.

<sup>100</sup>Ori., “overmore”; a misprint. Restored to *Redemption Hymns* (1747) reading in *All in All* (1765).

<sup>101</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 34–36.

- 2 If well I know the tuneful art  
To captivate an human heart,  
The glory, Lord, be thine:  
A servant of thy blessed will,  
I here devote my utmost skill  
To sound the praise divine.
- 3 With Tubal's wretched sons no more  
I prostitute my sacred power  
To please the fiends beneath,  
Or modulate the wanton lay,  
Or smooth with musick's hand the way  
To everlasting death.
- 4 Suffice for this the season past:  
I come, great God, to learn at last  
The lesson of thy grace:  
Teach me the new the gospel song,  
And let my hand, my heart, my tongue  
Move only to thy praise.
- 5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,  
And let my consecrated lyre  
Repeat the psalmist's part;  
His Son and thine reveal in me,  
And fill with sacred melody  
The fibres of my heart.
- 6 So shall I charm the list'ning throng,  
And draw the living stones along,  
By Jesu's tuneful name:  
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,  
And form a city in the skies,  
The New Jerusalem!
- 7 O might I with thy saints aspire,  
The meanest of that dazzling choir  
Who chaunt thy praise above,  
Mix'd with the bright musician-band,  
May I an heavenly harper stand,  
And sing the song of love.

- 8     What extacy of bliss is there  
       While all th' angelic concert share,  
          And drink the floating joys!  
       What more than extacy, when all  
       Struck to the golden pavement fall  
          At Jesu's glorious voice!
- 9     Jesus! The heaven of heaven he is,  
       The soul of harmony and bliss;  
          And while on him we gaze,  
       And while his glorious voice we hear,  
       Our spirits are all eye, all ear,  
          And silence speaks his praise.
- 10    O might I die that awe to prove,  
       That prostrate awe which dares not move  
          Before the great Three-One,  
       To shout by turns the bursting joy,  
       And all eternity employ  
          In songs around the throne.

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

- 1     All praise to our redeeming Lord,  
       Who joins us by his grace,  
       And bids us, each to each restor'd,  
          Together seek his face.  
       He bids us build each other up,  
          And gather'd into one,  
       To our high calling's glorious hope  
          We hand in hand go on.
- 2     The gift, which he on one bestows,  
       We all delight to prove,  
       The grace thro' every vessel flows  
          In purest streams of love.  
       Ev'n now we think, and speak the same,  
          And cordially agree,

---

<sup>102</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 43.

Concenter'd all thro' Jesu's name  
In perfect harmony.

- 3 We all partake the joy of one,  
The common peace we feel,  
A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
A joy unspeakable.  
And if our fellowship below,  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What height of rapture shall we know  
When round his throne we meet!

**Hymn LXXIII.**<sup>103</sup>

- 1 Praise the Lord, ye blessed ones,  
Your glorious Lord, and ours,  
Principalities and thrones,  
And all the heavenly powers;  
Angels that in strength excel,  
Here your utmost strength employ,  
Let your<sup>104</sup> ravish'd spirits swell  
With endless praise and joy.
- 2 Worms of earth on gods we call,  
And challenge you to sing,  
Sing the sovereign cause of all,  
The universal King;  
While eternal ages last,  
The transporting theme repeat,  
Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast  
Your crowns before his seat.
- 3 There with you we trust to lie,  
With you to rise again,  
Nearest him that rules the sky,  
And foremost of his train;  
We shall lead the heavenly choir,  
We shall give the key to you,  
Singing to our golden lyre,  
The song for ever new.

---

<sup>103</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 43–44.

<sup>104</sup>Ori., “you”; a misprint. Restored to *Redemption Hymns* (1747) reading in *All in All* (1765).

**Hymn LXXIV.**<sup>105</sup>

- 1        Father, in whom we live,  
          In whom we are, and move,  
The glory, power, and praise receive  
          Of thy creating love:  
          Let all the angel-throng  
          Give thanks to God on high,  
While earth repeats the joyful song,  
          And echoes to the sky.
- 2        Incarnate deity,  
          Let all the ransom'd race  
Render in thanks their lives to thee  
          For thy redeeming grace:  
          The grace to sinners shew'd,  
          Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,  
And cry Salvation to our God,  
          Salvation to the Lamb!
- 3        Spirit of holiness,  
          Let all thy saints adore  
Thy sacred energy and bless  
          Thine heart-renewing power:  
          Nor angel-tongues can tell  
          Thy love's extatic height,  
The glorious joy unspeakable,  
          The beatific sight!
- 4        Eternal Tri-une Lord,  
          Let all the hosts above,  
Let all the sons of men record,  
          And dwell upon thy love:  
          When heaven and earth are fled  
          Before thy glorious face,  
Sing all the saints thy love hath made,  
          Thine everlasting praise!

---

<sup>105</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 44–45.



**Hymn LXXV.**<sup>106</sup>

- 1 O wond'rous power of faithful prayer,  
 What tongue can tell th' almighty grace,  
 God's hands or bound or open are,  
 As Moses or Elias prays:  
 Let Moses in the Spirit groan,  
 And God cries out, "*Let me alone!*"
- 2 "Let me alone—that all my wrath  
 May rise, the wicked to consume:  
 While justice hears thy praying faith  
 It cannot seal the rebel's doom,  
 My Son is in my servant's prayer,  
 —And Jesus forces me to spare."
- 3 O blessed word of gospel-grace,  
 Which now we for our Israel plead;  
 A faithless and backsliding race,  
 Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed:  
 O do not then in wrath chastise,  
 —Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name,  
 In Jesu's power and Spirit pray,  
 Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim,  
 O turn thy threat'ning wrath away,  
 Our guilt and punishment remove,  
 And magnify thy pard'ning love.
- 5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,  
 Accept his all-availing prayer,  
 And send the peaceful answer down  
 In honour of our spokesman there,  
 Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,  
 And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

---

<sup>106</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 49–51; stanzas 1–4, 8.

**Hymn LXXVI.**<sup>107</sup>

- 1 Leader of faithful souls, and guide  
Of all that travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,  
Who would on thee alone rely,  
On thee alone our spirit stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth we know, is not our place;  
And hasten thro' the vale of woe,  
And restless to behold thy face,  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,  
But seek a city out of sight:  
Thither our steady course we steer,  
Aspiring to the plains of light,  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,  
This weary world we cast behind,  
From strength to strength we travel on,  
The New Jerusalem to find;  
Our labour this, our only aim,  
To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Thither in all our thoughts we tend,  
And still with longing eyes look up,  
Our hearts and prayers before us send,  
Our ready scouts of faith and hope,  
Who bring us news of Sion near,  
We soon shall see the towers appear.

---

<sup>107</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 51–52.

- 6 Thro' thee, who all our sins hast borne,  
    Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With songs to Sion we return,  
    Contending for our native heaven,  
That palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 7 Ev'n now we taste the pleasures there,  
    A cloud of spicy odours comes,  
Soft wafted by the balmy air,  
    Sweeter than Araby's perfumes;  
From Sion's top the breezes blow,  
And cheer us in the vale below.
- 8 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,  
    We urge our way with strength renew'd,  
The church of the first-born to join,  
    We travel to the mount of God,  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

**Hymn LXXVII.**<sup>108</sup>

- 1 Jesus, accept the praise,  
    That to thy name belongs,  
Matter of all our lays,  
    Subject of all our songs,  
Thro' thee we now together came,  
And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile  
    (But still in spirit join'd)  
T' embrace the happy toil,  
    Thou hast for each assign'd:  
And while we do thy blessed will,  
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on  
    In all thy pleasant ways,

---

<sup>108</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 60–61.

And arm'd with patience run  
With joy th' appointed race;  
Keep us, and every seeking soul,  
'Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4        There we shall meet again,  
            When all our toils are o'er,  
            And death, and grief, and pain,  
            And parting is no more:  
We shall with all our brethren rise,  
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5        O happy, happy day,  
            That calls thy exiles home!  
            The heavens shall pass away,  
            The earth receive its doom,  
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroy'd,  
And shout above the fiery void.

6        These eyes shall see them fall,  
            Mountains, and stars, and skies,  
            These eyes shall see them all  
            Out of their ashes rise;  
These lips his praises shall rehearse,  
Whose nod restores the universe.

7        According to his word,  
            His oath to sinners given,  
            We look to see restor'd  
            The ruin'd earth and heaven,  
In a new world his truth to prove,  
A world of righteousness and love.

8        Then let us wait the sound  
            That shall our souls release,  
            And labour to be found  
            Of him in spotless peace,  
In perfect holiness renew'd,  
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

**Hymn LXXVIII.**<sup>109</sup>

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear:  
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,  
Already sav'd from self-design,  
From every creature-love!  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,  
An happiness beyond the view  
Of those, that basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen:  
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
I neither have nor want.
- 4 I have no sharer of my heart,  
To rob my Saviour of a part,  
And desecrate the whole:  
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,  
And wait his coming from the sky,  
To wed my happy soul.
- 5 I have no babes to hold me here,  
But children more securely dear  
For mine I humbly claim:  
Better than daughters, or than sons,  
Temples divine of living stones,  
Inscrib'd with Jesu's name.
- 6 No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in this wilderness;

---

<sup>109</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 66–68.

A poor way-faring man,  
I lodge a while in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
'Till I my Canaan gain.

- 7 Nothing on earth I call my own,  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise,  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a country out of sight,  
A country in the skies.
- 8 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart is there,  
And my abiding home:  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.
- 9 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
I come to meet thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest:  
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,  
Receive me to thy breast.

**Hymn LXXIX.**<sup>110</sup>

- 1 God of all consolation, take  
The glory of thy grace,  
Thy gifts to thee we render back  
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- Not unto us, but thee! O Lord,  
Glory to thee be given,  
For every gracious thought and word,  
That brought us nearer heaven.
- 2 Further'd in faith, or hope, or love,  
The praise to thee we give,

---

<sup>110</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 68–70.

Thy gifts descending from above  
We only can receive:

The gift, the grace, the work is thine,  
If ours the ministry,  
We bow, and bless the hand divine,  
All, all descends from thee.

3 Thro' thee we now together came,  
In singleness of heart,  
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,  
And in thy name we part:

We part in body, not in mind,  
Our minds continue one,  
And each to each in Jesus join'd,  
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul,  
No power can make us twain,  
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,  
To sever us in vain.

Present we still in spirit are,  
And intimately nigh,  
While on the wings of faith and prayer,  
We each to other fly.

5 With Jesus Christ together we  
In heavenly places sit,  
Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see  
The moon beneath our feet.

Our life is hid with Christ in God,  
Our life shall soon appear,  
And spread his glory all abroad  
In all his members here.

6 The heavenly treasure now we have  
In a mean house of clay,  
Which he shall to the utmost save,  
And guard against that day.

Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he will keep them still,  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Sion's hill.

7 Him eye to eye we there shall see,  
Our face like his shall shine:  
O what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!

O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white array'd,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

8 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage thro',  
Bear in our faithful mind the end,  
And keep the prize in view:

Then let us hasten to the day  
When all shall be brought home:  
Come, O Redeemer, come away!  
O Jesus, quickly come!



**\*Hymn LXXX.**<sup>111</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.
- 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 wond'rous 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 departed wave.

\* C. W. Vol. 1.<sup>112</sup>

---

<sup>111</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 222–23. Appears here via *HSP* (1749), 1:20–21.

<sup>112</sup>I.e., Charles Wesley, *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1749), 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (Bristol: Farley, 1755), Vol. 1.

- 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.

**Hymn LXXXI.**<sup>113</sup>

- 1 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.
- 2 But thou, my Lord, art nigh 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.
- 3 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love  
Shall ev'ry obstacle remove,  
And make an open way;  
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,  
And bear me from the gulph beneath  
To everlasting day.
- 4 Lord, I believe thee true and good,  
My only trust is in thy blood!

---

<sup>113</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:186–87; stanzas 5–8.

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.

**Hymn LXXXII.**<sup>114</sup>

- 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 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.
- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise  
I render to my pard'ning 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.

---

<sup>114</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:197–98.

**Hymn LXXXIII.**<sup>115</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,  
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.

**Hymn LXXXIV.**<sup>116</sup>

- 1 Are there not in the labourer's day  
Twelve hours, wherein he safely may  
His calling's works pursue?

---

<sup>115</sup>First appeared in *Act of Devotion* (1745), 105. Appears here via *HSP* (1749), 1:206–7.

<sup>116</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:212–13.

Though sin, and Satan still are near,  
Nor sin, nor Satan can I fear  
With Jesus in my view.

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.

**Hymn LXXXV.**<sup>117</sup>

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

---

<sup>117</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:216–17.

- 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 know'st my simple heart:  
      Other comforts I despise,  
      Love be all my paradise.
- 7    Nothing else can I require,  
      Love fills up my whole desire:  
      All thy other gifts remove;  
      Still thou giv'st me all in love.

**Hymn LXXXVI.**<sup>118</sup>

- 1        Jesu, my truth, my way,  
          My sure, unerring light,  
      On thee my feeble soul I stay,  
          Which thou wilt lead aright!  
          My wisdom and my guide,  
          My Counsellor thou art,  
      O never let me leave thy side,  
          Or from thy paths depart.

---

<sup>118</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:217–18; stanzas 1–2, 5.

2 I lift mine eye to thee,  
My lovely, bleeding Lamb,  
That I may still enlighten'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 Teach me the happy art  
In all things to depend  
On thee, who never will 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.

**Hymn LXXXVII.**<sup>119</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 rapt'rous sound;  
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found.

4 My Jesus to know,  
And feel his blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste  
To the heavenly feast;  
That, that is the fulness: but this is the taste.

---

<sup>119</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:219–20.

6       And this I shall prove,  
          Till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens of Jesus's love.

**Hymn LXXXVIII.**<sup>120</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.

**Hymn LXXXIX.**<sup>121</sup>

1       Jesus the Conqueror reigns  
          In glorious strength array'd,  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
          And bids the earth be glad:

---

<sup>120</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:220.

<sup>121</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:232–33; stanzas 1–6.



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 spread 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,  
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.

**Hymn XC.**<sup>122</sup>

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 would'st 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.

---

<sup>122</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:244–45.

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.

**Hymn XCI.**<sup>123</sup>

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

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.

---

<sup>123</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:245–46.

**Hymn XCII.**<sup>124</sup>

- 1 Jesu, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree,  
Each to each unite, endear,  
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us each for other care,  
Each his brother's burden bear,  
To thy church the pattern give,  
Shew how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger, and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide,  
All the depth of love express,  
All the height of holiness.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove  
To thy family above,  
On the wings of angels fly,  
Shew how true believers die.

**Hymn XCIII.**<sup>125</sup>

- 1 Infinite, unexhausted love!  
Jesus and love are one:  
If still to me thy bowels move,  
They are restrain'd to none.
- 2 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.

---

<sup>124</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:248; stanzas 1a, 2b, 3–6.

<sup>125</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:163–64; stanzas 9–18.

- 3     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!
- 4     Thy sovereign grace to all extends,  
       Immense and unconfin'd,  
       From age to age it never ends,  
       It reaches all mankind.
- 5     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.
- 6     My trespass is grown up to heaven,  
       But far above the skies,  
       In Christ abundantly forgiven  
       I see thy mercies rise.
- 7     The depth of all-redeeming love  
       What angel-tongue can tell!  
       O may I to the utmost prove  
       The gift unspeakable!
- 8     Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence,  
       Deeper than inbred sin,  
       Jesus his love my heart shall cleanse,  
       When Jesus enters in.
- 9     Come quickly then, my Lord, and take  
       Possession of thine own,  
       My longing heart vouchsafe to make  
       Thine everlasting throne.
- 10    Assert thy claim, receive thy right,  
       Come quickly from above,  
       And *sink* me to perfection's height,  
       The *depth* of humble love.

**Hymn XCIV.**<sup>126</sup>

- 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     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.
- 4     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.
- 5     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.

**Hymn XCV.**<sup>127</sup>

- 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.

---

<sup>126</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:246–47; stanzas 1–2, 4–6.

<sup>127</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:251–52.

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!

**Hymn XCVI.**<sup>128</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,  
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?

---

<sup>128</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:289–90.

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.

**Hymn XCVII.**<sup>129</sup>

- 1 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.
- 2 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 pard'ning God,  
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

---

<sup>129</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:300–301; stanzas 3–8.



- 3 I would the precious 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

**Hymn XCVIII.**<sup>130</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.  
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!

---

<sup>130</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:315–16.

- 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<sup>131</sup> 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 glorify'd:  
 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<sup>132</sup> land!  
 Lo! The promise of a shower  
           Drops already from above!  
 But the Lord shall shortly pour  
           All the Spirit of his love.

**Hymn XCIX.**<sup>133</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.

---

<sup>131</sup>Ori., "its"; a misprint.

<sup>132</sup>Ori., "all thirsty"; a misprint. Restored to *HSP* (1749) reading in *All in All* (1765).

<sup>133</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:329.

- 3    Take the purchase of thy blood,  
      Bring us to a pard'ning 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 subdu'd 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!

**Hymn C.**<sup>134</sup>

- 1    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.
- 2    Superior to their smile, or frown,  
      On all their goods my soul looks down,  
          Their pleasures, wealth, and pomp, and state:

---

<sup>134</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:331–32; stanzas 5–9.

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 washed in Jesu's blood,  
How intimately one with God,  
An heaven-born race of priests and kings.

3 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 pard'ning 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."

4 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.

5 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.

**\*Hymn CI.**<sup>135</sup>

- 1 Saviour of all, what hast thou done,  
What hast thou suffered on the tree?  
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,  
Obedient unto death for me?  
The mystery of thy passion shew,  
The end of all thy griefs below.
- 2 Thy soul for sin an offering made  
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine,  
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,  
To change my human to divine,  
To cleanse from all iniquity,  
And make the sinner all like thee.
- 3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,  
My bleeding sacrifice expir'd:  
But didst thou not my pattern die,  
That by thy glorious Spirit fir'd,  
Faithful I might to death endure,  
And make the crown by suffering sure?
- 4 Thou didst the meek example leave,  
That I might in thy footsteps tread,  
Might like the Man of Sorrows grieve,  
And groan, and bow with thee my head,

\* C. W. V. 2.<sup>136</sup>

---

<sup>135</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:10–11.

<sup>136</sup>I.e., Charles Wesley, *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1749), 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (Bristol: Farley, 1756), Vol. 2.

Thy dying in my body bear,  
And all thy state of passion share.

5 Thy every perfect servant, Lord,  
    Shall as his patient master be,  
To all thine inward life restor'd,  
    And outwardly conform'd to thee,  
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,  
And grasp thro' death the glorious prize.

6 This is the streight, and royal way,  
    That leads us to the courts above;  
Here let me ever, ever stay,  
    Till on the wings of perfect love,  
I take my last triumphant flight,  
From Calvary's<sup>137</sup> to Sion's height.

**Hymn CII.**<sup>138</sup>

1 Master, I own thy lawful claim,  
    Thine, wholly thine I long to be,  
Thou seest at last I willing am,  
    Where'er thou go'est to follow thee,  
Myself in all things to deny;  
Thine wholly, thine to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,  
    For thee I chearfully forego,  
My covetous and vain desires,  
    My hopes of happiness below,  
My senses, and my passion's food,  
And all my lust of creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more  
    Shall lead my captive soul astray,  
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,  
    Thee, only thee resolv'd t' obey,  
My own, in all things to resign,  
And know no other will than thine.

---

<sup>137</sup>Ori., "Calvery's"; a misprint. Corrected in *All in All* (1765).

<sup>138</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:19–21; stanzas 1–4, 10–11.

- 4 Reason, blind leader of the blind,  
No more my sinking soul shall stay,  
The wisdom of the carnal mind  
That broken reed I cast away,  
And stand by trusting in thy might,  
And follow thy unerring light.
- 5 All power is thine in earth and heaven,  
All fulness dwells in thee alone;  
Whate'er I had was freely given,  
Nothing but sin I call my own,  
Other propriety disclaim,  
Thou only art the great I AM.
- 6 Wherefore to thee I all resign,  
Being thou art, and good, and power,  
Thy only will be done, not mine;  
Thee, Lord, let earth and heaven adore,  
Flow back the rivers to their sea,  
And let our all be lost in thee.

**Hymn CIII.**<sup>139</sup>

- 1 Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Our Saviour we adore,  
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,  
And magnify thy power.  
Thy power in human weakness shewn,  
Shall make us all entire:  
We now thy guardian presence own,  
And walk unburnt in fire.
- 2 Thee, Son of man, by faith we see,  
And glory in our guide,  
Surrounded, and upheld by thee,  
The fiery test abide.

---

<sup>139</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:26.

The fire our graces shall refine,  
'Till moulded from above  
We bear the character divine,  
The stamp of perfect love.

**Hymn CIV.**<sup>140</sup>

- 1 Come on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades thro' the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel,  
A while forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears  
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that happy place,  
The saints' secure abode,  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 See, where the Lamb in glory stands,  
Incircled with his radiant bands,  
And join th' angelic powers,  
For all that height of glorious bliss  
Our, everlasting portion is,  
And all that heaven is ours.
- 4 Who suffer for our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all, that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 5 Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead:

---

<sup>140</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:29–31.



Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last  
Triumphant with our head.

6 That great mysterious deity  
We soon with open face shall see:  
The beatific sight  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

7 The Father shining on his throne,  
The glorious co-eternal Son,  
The Spirit one and seven,  
Conspire our rapture to compleat,  
And lo! We fall before his feet,  
And silence heightens heaven.

8 In hope of that extatic pause,  
Jesus, we now sustain thy cross,  
And at thy footstool fall,  
'Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
'Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,  
And God is all in all.

**Hymn CV.**<sup>141</sup>

1 Head of thy church, whose Spirit fills,  
And flows thro' every faithful soul,  
Unites in mystic love, and seals  
Them one, and simplifies the whole.

2 Less than the least of saints, I join  
My littleness of faith to theirs,  
O King of all, thine ear incline,  
Accept our much availing prayers.

3 Come, Lord, the glorious Spirit cries,  
And souls beneath the altar groan,

---

<sup>141</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:87–88.

- Come, Lord, the bride on earth replies,  
And perfect all our souls in one.
- 4 Pour out the promis'd gift on all,  
Answer the universal *Come*,  
The fulness of the Gentiles call,  
And take thine antient people home.
- 5 To thee let all the nations flow,  
Let all obey the gospel-word,  
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,  
Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.
- 6 O for thy truth and mercy sake,  
The purchase of thy passion claim,  
Thine heritage the Gentiles take,  
And cause the world to know thy name.
- 7 Thee, Lord, let every tongue confess,  
Let every knee to Jesus bow:  
O! All-redeeming Prince of Peace,  
We long to see thy kingdom now.
- 8 Hasten that kingdom of thy grace,  
And take us to our heavenly home,  
And let us now behold thy face:  
Come, glorious God, to judgment come!

**Hymn CVI.**<sup>142</sup>

- 1 O thou our husband, brother, friend,  
Behold a cloud of incense rise,  
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,  
Grateful, unceasing sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace,  
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;  
Thy gifts abundantly increase,  
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

---

<sup>142</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:88–89.

- 3 Before thy sheep, great shepherd, go,  
And guide into thy perfect will;  
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,  
The work of faith with power fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure,  
O! Let us all be saints indeed,  
And pure as God himself is pure,  
Conform'd in all things to our head.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;  
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,  
Present us sanctified to God,  
And perfected in love below.
- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,  
That efficacious blood apply,  
And wash, and make us thoroughly clean,  
And change, and wholly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem,  
Cleanse by the water, and the word,  
And free from every touch of blame,  
And make the servants as their Lord.
- 8 Wash out the deep, orig'nal stain,  
And make us glorious all within,  
No wrinkle on our souls remain,  
No smallest spot of inbred sin.
- 9 Then, when the perfect life of love  
The bride and all her children live,  
Come down, and take us from above,  
And to thy heaven of heavens receive.

**Hymn CVII.**<sup>143</sup>

- 1 Author of faith, we seek thy face,  
For all who feel thy work begun;  
Confirm, and stablish them in grace,  
And bring thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou knowst their names,  
Be mindful of thy youngest care;  
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,  
And gently in thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lyon roaring for his prey,  
With ravening wolves on every side:  
Watch over them to tear, and slay,  
If found one moment from their guide.
- 4 Satan his thousand arts essays,  
His agents all their powers employ,  
To blast the blooming work of grace,  
The heavenly offspring to destroy.
- 5 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,  
And turn his sharpest dart aside:  
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,  
O save them from the plague of pride.
- 6 In safety lead thy little flock,  
From hell, the world, and sin secure;  
And set their feet upon the Rock,  
And make in thee their goings sure.

---

<sup>143</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:92; stanzas 1–5, 7.

**Hymn CVIII.**<sup>144</sup>

- 1 Shepherd of Israel, hear  
Our supplicating cry,  
And gather in the souls sincere,  
That from their brethren fly;  
Scatter'd thro' devious ways,  
Collect thy feeble flock,  
And join by thine atoning grace,  
And hide them in the Rock.
- 2 Thou every simple heart  
With pity dost behold:  
Ah! Bring again whom Satan's art  
Hath sever'd from the fold;  
The souls far off remov'd,  
Whose burthen still we bear,  
Ah! Give them back so dearly lov'd,  
To faith's almighty prayer.
- 3 O wouldst thou end the storm,  
That keeps us still apart;  
The thing impossible perform,  
And make us of one heart;  
One spirit, and one mind,  
The same that was in thee,  
O might we all again be join'd  
In perfect charity.
- 4 Jesu, at thy command,  
We know it shall be done:  
Take the two sticks into thy hand,  
The two shall then be one;  
One body, and one fold,  
We then shall sweetly prove,  
And live in thee, like those of old,  
The life of spotless love.

---

<sup>144</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:93–94; stanzas 1–2, 4–7.

5        God of all power, and grace,  
          Set up thy bloody sign,  
And gather those, that seek thy face,  
          And by thy Spirit join:  
          Thy few remaining sheep  
          In Britain's pastures bred,  
United to each other keep,  
          United to their head.

6        The soul-transforming word  
          In us, ev'n us fulfil:  
Join to thyself, our common Lord,  
          And all thy servants seal;  
          Confer the grace unknown,  
          The mystic charity:  
As thou art with thy Father one,  
          Unite us all in thee.

**Hymn CIX.**<sup>145</sup>

1        Hark, how the watchmen cry!  
          Attend the trumpet's sound,  
Stand to your arms; the foe is nigh,  
          The powers of hell surround:  
          Who bow to Christ's command  
          Your arms and hearts prepare;  
The day of battle is at hand,  
          Go forth to glorious war.

2        Ye now have took the field,  
          And fearlesly march on,  
Fight the good fight, hold fast your shield,  
          'Till Satan is cast down,  
          Cast down he soon shall be,  
          He shall, he shall submit,  
Compell'd with all his host to flee,  
          Or bruis'd beneath your feet.

---

<sup>145</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:128–30; stanzas 1, 5–9.

- 3        Only have faith in God,  
          In faith your foes assail,  
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,  
          But all the powers of hell:  
          From thrones of glory driven  
          By flaming vengeance hurl'd,  
They throng the air, and darken heaven,  
          And rule the lower world.
- 4        Angels your march oppose,  
          Who still in strength excel,  
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,  
          Countless, invisible:  
          With rage that never ends,  
          Their hellish arts they try,  
Legions of dire malicious fiends,  
          And spirits enthron'd on high.
- 5        On earth th' usurpers<sup>146</sup> reign,  
          Exert their baleful power,  
O'er the poor fallen sons of men  
          They tyrannize their hour.  
          But shall believers fear?  
          But shall believers fly?  
Or see the bloody cross appear,  
          And all their powers defy!
- 6        Jesu's tremendous name,  
          Puts all our foes to flight:  
Jesus the meek, the angry Lamb,  
          A lion is in fight,  
          By all hell's host withstood,  
          We all hell's host o'erthrow,  
And conquering them thro' Jesu's blood,  
          We still to conquer go.

---

<sup>146</sup>Ori., "usurper"; a misprint. Corrected to *HSP* (1749) reading in *All in All* (1765).

**Hymn CX.**<sup>147</sup>

- 1    How happy, gracious Lord, are we  
      Divinely drawn to follow thee,  
          Whose hours divided are  
      Betwixt the mount and multitude;  
      Our day is spent in doing good,  
          Our night in praise and prayer.
  
- 2    With us no melancholy void,  
      No moment lingers unemploy'd,  
          Or unimprov'd below;  
      Our weariness of life is gone,  
      Who live to serve our God alone,  
          And only thee to know.
  
- 3    The winter's night, and summer's day  
      Glides imperceptibly away,  
          Too short to sing thy praise,  
      Too few we find the happy hours,  
      And haste to join those heavenly powers  
          In everlasting lays.
  
- 4    With all who chaunt thy name on high,  
      And holy, holy, holy cry,  
          A bright harmonious throng,  
      We long thy praises to repeat,  
      And restless sing around thy seat  
          The new eternal song.

**Hymn CXI.**<sup>148</sup>

- 1    Meet and right it is to sing,  
      At every time and place,  
      Glory to our heavenly King,  
          The God of truth and grace:

---

<sup>147</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:136.

<sup>148</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:136–37.



Join we then with sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join,  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,  
Eternal praise be thine!

- 2 Thee the first-born sons of light  
In choral symphonies  
Praise by day, day without night,  
And never, never cease:  
Angels, and archangels all  
Sing the mystic Three in One,  
Sing, and stop, and gaze and fall  
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.
- 3 Vying with that happy choir  
Who chaunt thy praise above,  
We on eagles' wings aspire,  
The wings of faith and love:  
Thee they sing with glory crown'd,  
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb,  
Lower if our voices sound,  
Our subject is the same.
- 4 Father, God, thy love we praise,  
Which gave thy Son to die,  
Jesus full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify,  
Spirit, Comforter divine,  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
'Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

**Hymn CXII.**<sup>149</sup>

- 1 Surrounded by an host of foes,  
Storm'd by an host of foes within,  
Nor swift to fly, nor strong t' oppose,  
Single against hell, earth, and sin,

---

<sup>149</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:160–61.

Single, yet undismay'd I am:  
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

2 What though a thousand host engage,  
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake,  
I have a shield shall quell their rage,  
Shall drive the alien armies back,  
Pourtray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb:  
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,  
Me from this evil world to free,  
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,  
And save from all iniquity,  
My Lord and God, from heaven he came:  
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

4 Salvation in his name there is,  
Salvation from sin, death, and hell,  
Salvation into glorious bliss,  
How great salvation who can tell!  
But all he hath for mine I claim:  
I dare believe in Jesu's<sup>150</sup> name.

**Hymn CXIII.**<sup>151</sup>

1 Light of life, seraphic fire,  
Love divine, thyself impart,  
Every fainting soul inspire,  
Shine in every drooping heart,  
Every mournful sinner cheer,  
Scatter all our guilty gloom;  
Son of God appear, appear,  
To thine human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour,  
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;  
Fill us with the glorious power  
Rooting out the seeds of sin:

---

<sup>150</sup>Ori., "Jesus's"; throughs off metre. Restored to *HSP* (1749) reading in *All in All* (1765).

<sup>151</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:168.

Nothing more can we require,  
We will covet nothing less:  
Thou art all our heart's desire,  
All our joy, and all our peace.

- 3 Whom but thee have we in heaven,  
Whom have we on earth but thee?  
Only thou to us be given,  
All besides is vanity:  
Grant us love, we ask no more,  
Every other gift remove;  
Pleasure, fame, and wealth, and power,  
Still we all enjoy in love.

**Hymn CXIV.**<sup>152</sup>

- 1 Omnipotent, omniscient Lord,  
Present in heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Spirit, and soul-dividing Word,  
Searcher of hearts unsearchable,  
Behold us with thine eyes of flame,  
And tell *me* what by grace I am.
- 2 We would not our own souls deceive,  
Or fondly rest in grace begun:  
Thy wise discerning unction give,  
And make us know, as we are known,  
Search, and try out our hearts, and reins,  
And shew if sin in us remains.
- 3 Thy thoughts and ways are not as ours,  
Thou only know'st what is in man;  
Ev'n now we taste the heavenly powers;  
But tell us, are we born again?  
Are we redeem'd from inbred sin?  
What saith the oracle within?
- 4 Shine on the work thyself hast wrought,  
If thou hast wrought the work in *me*:

---

<sup>152</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:172–73.

Or shew us, if we know thee not:  
Am I, my God, stopt short of thee?  
The powerful, quick conviction dart,  
And shine in every naked heart.

5 Thou wouldst not have thy children stray,  
Thou never canst mislead the blind;  
If brought into thy perfect way,  
O let us now the witness find,  
And shout to hear thy speaking blood,  
And echo to the voice of God.

6 Touching this thing we all agree,  
Father, to ask in Jesu's name,  
That each his true estate may see:  
In faith we now the promise claim;  
Now, now for Jesu's sake reveal  
Our inward heaven, or inward hell.

7 Send forth thy pure, unerring light,  
Jesus, the truth, the life, the way,  
And guide our helpless spirits right,  
That all may see thy perfect day,  
May all thy glorious fullness prove,  
Thy depth of everlasting love.

**Hymn CXV.**<sup>153</sup>

1 Come, thou omniscient Son of man,  
Display thy sifting power;  
Come with the winnowing Spirit's fan,  
And throughly purge the floor.

2 The chaff of sin, th' accursed thing  
Far from our souls be driven;  
The wheat into thy garner bring,  
And lay us up for heaven.

---

<sup>153</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:173–74.

- 3 Now let us by thy word be tried,  
Search out our reins and heart,  
Spirit, and soul, O Lord, divide,  
And joints and marrow part.
- 4 Look thro' us with thine eyes of flame,  
The clouds and darkness chase;  
And shew me what by sin I am,  
And what I am by grace.
- 5 We would not of ourselves conceive  
Above what thou hast done:  
But still to thee the matter leave,  
'Till thou shalt make it known.
- 6 We would not, Lord, ourselves conceal,  
But walk in open day;  
We pray thee, all our sin reveal,  
And purge it all away.
- 7 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,  
Far from our hearts remove,  
As dust before the whirlwind flies,  
Disperse it by thy love.
- 8 Then let us all thy fulness know,  
From every sin set free:  
Sav'd to the utmost, sav'd below,  
And perfectly like thee.

**Hymn CXVI.**<sup>154</sup>

- 1 How can a sinner *know*  
His sins on earth forgiven?  
How can my Saviour shew  
*My* name inscrib'd in heaven?  
What we ourselves have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible.

---

<sup>154</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:220–22.

- 2        We, who in Christ believe  
           That he for us hath died,  
           His unknown peace receive,  
           And feel his blood applied:  
 Exults for joy our rising soul,  
           Disburthen'd of her load,  
 And swells, unutterably full  
           Of glory, and of God.
- 3        His love, surpassing far  
           The love of all beneath,  
           We find within, and dare  
           The pointless darts of death.  
 Stronger than death, or sin, or hell  
           The mystic power we prove,  
 And conquerors of the world we dwell  
           In heaven, who dwell in love.
- 4        The pledge of future bliss  
           He now to us imparts,  
           His gracious Spirit is  
           The earnest in our hearts:  
 We antedate the joys above,  
           We taste th' eternal powers,  
 And know that all those heights of love  
           And all those heavens are ours.
- 5        'Till he our life reveal,  
           We rest in Christ secure:  
           His Spirit is *the seal*,  
           Which made our pardon sure:  
 Our sins his blood hath blotted out,  
           And<sup>155</sup> sign'd our soul's release:  
 And can we of his favour doubt,  
           Whose blood declares us his?
- 6        We by his Spirit prove,  
           And know the things of God,  
           The things which of his love  
           He hath on us bestow'd:

---

<sup>155</sup>Ori., "An"; a misprint. Restored to *HSP* (1749) reading in *All in All* (1765).

Our God to us his Spirit gave,  
And dwells in us, we *know*,  
The witness in ourselves we have,  
And all his fruits we shew.

7       The meek and lowly heart,  
          Which in our Saviour was,  
          He doth to us impart,  
          And signs us with his cross:  
Our nature's course is turn'd, our mind  
Transform'd in all its powers,  
And both the witnesses are join'd,  
The Spirit of God with ours.

8       Whate'er our pard'ning Lord  
          Commands, we gladly do,  
          And guided by his word,  
          We all his steps pursue:  
His glory is our sole design,  
We live our God to please,  
And rise with filial fear divine  
To perfect holiness.

**Hymn CXVII.**<sup>156</sup>

1       Come all, whoe'er have set  
          Your faces Sion-ward,  
          In Jesus let us meet,  
          And praise our common Lord:  
In Jesus let us still walk on,  
'Till all appear before his throne.

2       Nearer and nearer still  
          We to our country come,  
          To that celestial hill,  
          The weary pilgrim's home:  
The New Jerusalem above,  
The seat of everlasting love.

---

<sup>156</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:242–43.

3       The ransom'd sons of God,  
          All earthly things we scorn,  
          And to our high abode  
          With songs of praise return;  
From strength to strength we still proceed,  
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4       The peace and joy of faith  
          We every moment feel,  
          Redeem'd from sin, and wrath,  
          And death, and earth, and hell;  
We to our Father's house repair,  
To meet our elder brother there.

5       Our brother, Saviour, head,  
          Our all in all is he;  
          And in his steps who tread,  
          We soon his face shall see;  
Shall see him with our glorious friends,  
And then in heaven our journey ends.

**Hymn CXVIII.**<sup>157</sup>

1       Come, let us anew  
          Our journey pursue,  
          With vigour arise,  
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2       Of heavenly birth,  
          Tho' wand'ring on earth,  
          This is not our place,  
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3       At Jesus's<sup>158</sup> call  
          We gave up our all;  
          And still we forego,  
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

---

<sup>157</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:243–44.

<sup>158</sup>Ori., “Jesu's”; throughs off metre. Restored to *HSP* (1749) reading in *All in All* (1765).



- 4        No longing we find  
          For the country behind,  
          But onward we move,  
And still we are seeking a country above.
- 5        A country of joy  
          Without any alloy,  
          We thither repair,  
Our heart, and our treasure, already are there.
- 6        We march hand in hand  
          To Immanuel's land;  
          No matter what cheer  
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.
- 7        The rougher our way,  
          The shorter our stay,  
          The troubles that come  
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.
- 8        The fiercer the blast,  
          The sooner 'tis past,  
          The tempests that rise  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

**Hymn CXIX.**<sup>159</sup>

- 1        My brethren belov'd,  
          Your calling ye see:  
In Jesus approv'd,  
          No goodness have we:  
No riches or merit,  
          No wisdom or might,  
But all things inherit  
          Thro' Jesus's right.
- 2        Our God would not have,  
          One reprobate die:

---

<sup>159</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:247–48.

Who all men would save  
Hath no man pass'd by:  
His boundless compassion  
On sinners doth call:  
He offers salvation  
Thro' mercy to all.

3 Yet not many wise  
His summons obey;  
And great ones despise  
So vulgar a way;  
And strong ones will never  
Their helplessness own,  
Or stoop to find favour  
Thro' mercy alone.

4 And therefore our God  
The outcasts hath chose,  
His righteousness shew'd  
To heathen like us:  
When wise ones rejected  
His offers of grace,  
His goodness elected  
The foolish and base.

5 To baffle the wise,  
And noble, and strong,  
He bad us arise,  
An impotent throng:  
Poor ignorant wretches  
We gladly embrace  
A prophet that teaches  
Salvation by grace.

6 The things that were not  
His mercy bids live;  
His mercy unbought  
We freely receive;

His gracious compassion  
We thankfully prove,  
And all our salvation  
Ascribe to his love.

**Hymn CXX.**<sup>160</sup>

- 1       Thee Jesus alone  
          The fountain I own  
Of my life and felicity here,  
          And chearfully sing  
          My Redeemer and King,  
'Till his sign in the heavens appear.
- 2       With thanks I rejoice  
          In thy fatherly choice  
Of my state and condition below;  
          If of parents I came,  
          Who honour'd thy name,  
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.
- 3       I sing of thy grace  
          From my earliest days,  
Ever near to allure, and defend:  
          Hitherto thou hast been  
          My preserver from sin,  
And I know thou wilt save to the end.
- 4       Oh! The infinite cares,  
          And temptations, and snares,  
Thy hand hath conducted me thro'!  
          Oh! The blessings bestow'd  
          By a bountiful God,  
And the mercies eternally new!
- 5       What a mercy is this,  
          What an heaven of bliss!  
How unspeakably happy am I,

---

<sup>160</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:257–59; stanzas 3–7, 12, 14.

Gather'd into the fold,  
With thy people inroll'd,  
With thy people to live, and to die!

6 All honour and praise  
To the Father of grace,  
To the Spirit, and Son, I return,  
The business pursue  
He hath made me to do,  
And rejoice, that I ever was born.

7 My remnant of days  
I spend in his praise  
Who died the whole world to redeem;  
Be they many, or few,  
My days are his due,  
And they all are devoted to him.

**Hymn CXXI.**<sup>161</sup>

1 Father at thy footstool see  
We who now are one in thee,  
Draw us by thy grace alone,  
Give, O give us to thy Son.

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,  
Let us in thy name be join'd,  
Each to each unite and bless,  
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,  
Shed thine over-shadowing love,  
Love, the sealing grace impart,  
Dwell within our single heart.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be to us what Adam lost,  
Let us in thy image rise,  
Give us back our paradise.

---

<sup>161</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:263–64; stanzas 1–4.

**Hymn CXXII.**<sup>162</sup>

- 1 Author of friendship's sacred tie,  
 Regard us with a gracious eye,  
     Our souls whom thou hast join'd in one,  
 Join'd by the unction from above  
 In bonds of pure seraphic love,  
     United in thy love alone.  
 Searcher of hearts unsearchable,  
 To thee, great God, we dare appeal,  
     To thee we dare our cause commend;  
 Thou know'st our simpleness of heart,  
 And as thou didst the grace impart,  
     O keep us, keep us to the end.
- 2 Our friendship sanctify, and guide,  
 Unmixt with selfishness, and pride,  
     Thy glory be our single aim:  
 In all our intercourse below  
 Still let us in thy footsteps go,  
     And never meet but in thy name.  
 Fix on thyself our single eye;  
 Oh! May we on thyself rely  
     For all the help which each conveys,  
 The help as from thy hands receive,  
 And still to thee all glory give,  
     All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.
- 3 Witnesses of th' all-cleansing blood,  
 Long may we work the works of God,  
     And do thy will like those above  
 Together spread the gospel-sound,  
 And scatter peace, on all around,  
     And joy, and happiness, and love.  
 True yoke-fellows, by love compell'd  
 To labour in the gospel-field,  
     Our all let us delight to spend

---

<sup>162</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:264–66; stanzas 1–2, 4.

In gathering in thy lambs and sheep,  
Assur'd that thou our souls will keep,  
Will keep us faithful to the end.

**Hymn CXXIII.**<sup>163</sup>

- 1 Center of our hopes thou art,  
End of our enlarg'd desires:  
Stamp thine image on our heart,  
Fill us now with holy fires,  
Cemented by love divine,  
Seal our souls for ever thine.
- 2 All our works in thee be wrought,  
Levell'd at one common aim,  
Every word, and every thought  
Purge in the refining flame,  
Lead us thro' the paths of peace  
On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us all together rise,  
To thy glorious life restor'd  
Here regain our paradise,  
Here prepare to meet our Lord,  
Here enjoy the earnest given,  
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

**Hymn CXXIV.**<sup>164</sup>

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

---

<sup>163</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:283; stanzas 2–4.

<sup>164</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:313–14.

- 2           Who in Jesus confide,  
              We are bold to out-ride  
The storm of affliction beneath,  
              With the prophet we soar  
              To that heavenly shore,  
              And out-fly all the arrows of death.
- 3           By faith we are come  
              To our permanent home,  
By hope we the rapture improve,  
              By love we still rise  
              And look down on the skies:  
For the heaven of heavens is love.
- 4           Who on earth can conceive,  
              How happy we live  
In the city of God the great King!  
              What a concert of praise  
              When our Jesus's grace  
              The whole heavenly company sing!
- 5           What a rapturous song,  
              When the glorify'd throng  
In the spirit of harmony join!  
              Join all the glad quires  
              Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
              And the burthen is mercy divine!
- 6           Hallelujah they cry  
              To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM,  
              To the Lamb that was slain,  
              And liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
- 7           The Lamb on the throne  
              Lo! He dwells with his own,  
And to rivers of pleasure he leads,  
              With his mercy's full blaze,  
              With the sight of his face,  
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

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

**Hymn CXXV.**<sup>165</sup>

1        O Father receive  
          Our heartiest praise,  
For bidding us live  
          To witness thy grace,  
For bringing us hither  
          Thy goodness to prove,  
And triumph together  
          In Jesus's love.

2        Our confident trust  
          In him we declare,  
Thro' Jesus the just  
          Accepted we are.  
Redeem'd by his passion,  
          We joyfully join  
T' ascribe our salvation  
          To mercy divine.

3        Thee, Lord, we adore,  
          And dwell on thy praise,  
Preserv'd by the power  
          Of Jesus's grace;  
Thee, Jesus, the giver  
          Of all we proclaim,  
And publish for ever  
          Thy wonderful name.

4        Thy name is release  
          From sorrow, and sin,  
'Tis pardon, and peace,  
          And goodness brought in;

---

<sup>165</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:320.



It speaks us forgiven,  
Sinks into the soul,  
And spreads the pure leaven,  
And hallows the whole.

**Hymn CXXVI.**<sup>166</sup>

- 1 Jesu, soft harmonious name,  
Every faithful heart's desire,  
See thy followers, O Lamb,  
All at once to thee aspire;  
Drawn by thy uniting grace,  
After thee we swiftly run,  
Hand in hand we seek thy face,  
Come, and perfect us in one.
- 2 Mollify our harsher will,  
Each to each our tempers suit  
By thy modulating skill,  
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:  
Sweetly on our spirits move,  
Gently touch the trembling strings,  
Make the harmony of love,  
Music for the King of kings.
- 3 See the souls that hang on thee,  
Sever'd tho' in flesh we are,  
Join'd in spirit, all agree,  
All thy only love declare;  
Spread thy love to all around:  
Hark, we now our voices raise,  
Joyful consentaneous sound,  
Sweetest symphony of praise!
- 4 Jesu's praise is all our song;  
While we Jesu's praise repeat,  
Glide our happy days along,  
Glide with down upon their feet:

---

<sup>166</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:329–30.

Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,  
'Till we take our seats above,  
Live we all as angels here,  
Only sing, and praise, and love.

**Hymn CXXVII.**<sup>167</sup>

- 1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,  
Great builder of thy church below,  
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,  
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,  
And wait thy sanctifying word,  
And thee their utmost Saviour own,  
Unite, and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all thy mind express,  
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses!  
Thy power unto salvation shew,  
And perfect holiness below:
- 4 The fulness of thy<sup>168</sup> grace receive;  
And simply to thy glory live:  
Strongly reflect the light divine,  
And in a land of darkness shine.
- 5 In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians liv'd in days of old;  
(Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach—and love.)
- 6 O make them of one soul and heart,  
The all-conforming mind impart;  
Spirit of peace, and unity,  
The sinless mind that was in thee.

---

<sup>167</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:334–36; stanzas 1–2, 6–13, 15–16.

<sup>168</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in *All in All* (1765).

- 7 Call them into thy wond'rous light,  
Worthy to walk with thee in white;  
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and shew  
The glorious spotless church below.
- 8 From every sinful wrinkle free,  
Redeem'd from all iniquity;  
The fellowship of saints make known;  
And Oh! My God, might I be one!
- 9 O might my lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesu's witnesses;  
O that my Lord would count me meet  
To wash his dear disciples' feet!
- 10 This only thing do I require,  
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,  
Freely what I receive to give,  
The servant of thy church to live.
- 11 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,  
And ask according to thy will,  
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,  
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 12 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,  
"Thy prayer is heard, it shall be so."  
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I  
Shall with thy people live, and die.

**\*Hymn CXXVIII.**<sup>169</sup>

- 1 O the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth of dying love!  
Love that turns our faith to sight,  
And wafts to heaven above:  
Pledge of our possession, this,  
This which nature faints to bear;  
Who shall then support the bliss,  
The joy, the rapture there!
  
- 2 Flesh and blood shall not receive  
The vast inheritance;  
God we cannot see, and live  
The life of feeble sense;  
In our weakest nonage, here,  
Up into our head we grow,  
Saints before our Lord appear,  
And ripe for heaven below.
  
- 3 We his image shall regain,  
And to his stature rise,  
Rise into<sup>170</sup> a perfect man,  
And then ascend the skies,  
Find our happy mansions there,  
Strong to bear the joys above,  
All the glorious weight to bear  
Of everlasting love.

\* Sacrament.<sup>171</sup>

---

<sup>169</sup>First appeared in *HLS* (1745), 88.

<sup>170</sup>Note that Charles Wesley has changed “unto” in *HLS* (1745) to “into” here.

<sup>171</sup>I.e., John and Charles Wesley, *Hymns on the Lord’s Supper* (Bristol: Farley, 1745).

**Hymn CXXIX.**<sup>172</sup>

- 1 Lift your<sup>173</sup> eyes of faith and see  
 Saints and angels join'd in one,  
 What a countless company  
 Stands before yon daz'ling throne!  
 Each before his Saviour stands,  
 All in milk-white robes array'd,  
 Palms they carry in their hands,  
 Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints begin the endless song,  
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays,  
 Glory doth to God belong,  
 God, the glorious Saviour praise,  
 All salvation from him came,<sup>174</sup>  
 Him who reigns enthron'd on high,  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb  
 Let the morning stars reply.
- 3 Angel-powers the throne surround,  
 Next the saints in glory they  
 Lull'd with the transporting sound,  
 They their silent homage pay,  
 Prostrate on their face before  
 God, and his Messiah fall,  
 Then in hymns of praise adore,  
 Shout the Lamb, that died for all.
- 4 Be it so they all reply,  
 Him let all our orders praise,  
 Him that did for sinners die,  
 Saviour of the favour'd race:  
 Render we our God his right,  
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,  
 Honour, majesty, and might,  
 Praise him, praise him evermore!

---

<sup>172</sup>First appeared in *HLS* (1745), 89–90.

<sup>173</sup>Ori., “you”; a misprint. Charles is correcting the metre of the *HLS* (1745) wording, which read “Lift up your ....”

<sup>174</sup>Note that Charles has changed the *HLS* (1745) order, which read: “All from him salvation came.”

**Hymn CXXX.**<sup>175</sup>

- 1    What are these array'd in white,  
      Brighter than the noon-day sun,  
Foremost of the sons of light  
      Nearest the eternal throne?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
      Nobly for their Master stood,  
Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
      Followers of the dying God.
  
- 2    Out of great distress they came,  
      Wash'd their robes, by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
      Blood that washes white as snow,  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
      Serve their Maker day and night,  
God resides among his own,  
      God doth in his saints delight.
  
- 3    More than conquerors at last,  
      Here they find their trials o'er,  
They have all their sufferings past,  
      Hunger now and thirst no more;  
No excessive heat they feel  
      From the sun's directer ray,  
In a milder clime they dwell,  
      Region of eternal day.
  
- 4    He that on the throne doth reign,  
      Them the Lamb shall always feed,  
With the tree of life sustain,  
      To the living fountains lead,  
He shall all their sorrows chace,  
      All their wants at once remove,  
Wipe the tears, from every face,  
      Fill up every soul with love.

---

<sup>175</sup>First appeared in *HLS* (1745), 90–91.

**\*Hymn CXXXI.**<sup>176</sup>

- 1 Who is as the Christian great,  
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood,  
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,  
Soars aloft, and walks with God.
- 2 Who is as the Christian wise!  
He his nought for all hath given,  
Bought the pearl of greatest price,  
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.
- 3 Who is as the Christian blest.  
He hath found the long-sought stone,  
He is join'd to Christ his rest,  
He and happiness are one.
- 4 Earth and heaven together meet,  
Gifts in him and graces join,  
Make the character compleat,  
All immortal, all divine.
- 5 Lo! His cloathing is the Sun,  
The bright Sun of righteousness,  
He hath put salvation on,  
Jesus is his beauteous dress.
- 6 Lo! He feeds on living bread,  
Drinks the fountain from above,  
Leans on Jesu's breast his head;  
Feasts for ever on his love.
- 7 Angels here his servants are,  
Spread for him their golden wings,  
To his throne of glory bear,  
Seat him by the King of kings.

\* M. & S. P. Vol. 3.<sup>177</sup>

---

<sup>176</sup>First appeared in *MSP* (1744), 3:270–71.

<sup>177</sup>I.e., John Wesley, *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* (Bristol: Farley, 1744), vol. 3.

- 8 Who shall gain that heavenly height,  
Who his Saviour's face shall see?  
I, who claim it in his right,  
Christ hath bought it all for me.

**Hymn CXXXII.**<sup>178</sup>

- 1 Happy the soul, whom God delights  
To honour with his sealing grace,  
On whom his hidden name he writes,  
And decks him with the robes of praise,  
And bids him calmly wait to prove  
The utmost powers of perfect love.
- 2 I cannot, dare not now deny  
The things my God hath freely given,  
That happy favour'd soul am I,  
Who find in Christ a constant heaven,  
He makes me all his sweetness know,  
He makes my cup of joy o'erflow.
- 3 His grace to me salvation brings,  
His grace hath set me up on high,  
He bears me still on eagle's wings,  
He makes me ride upon the sky,  
With him in heavenly places sit,  
And see the moon beneath my feet.
- 4 An hidden life in Christ I live,  
And exercis'd in things divine,  
My senses all his love receive:  
I see the King in beauty shine,  
Fairer than all the sons of men,  
Thrice happy in his love I reign.
- 5 His love is manna to my taste,  
His love is musick to my ear,

---

<sup>178</sup>First appeared in *MSP* (1744), 3:271–73.



I feel his love, and hold him fast,  
In extacies too strong to bear,  
I smell the odour of his name,  
And all wrapt up in love I am.

6 O that the world might taste, and see  
How good the Lord my Saviour is!  
Take, Jesu, take thy love from me  
So they may share the glorious bliss;  
Thy love, (if we a while should part)  
Would soon flow back into my heart.

7 O might I feel the utmost power  
Of love, and into nothing fall!  
Infinite love, bring near the hour,  
Infinite God be all in all,  
Cover the earth thou boundless sea,  
And swallow up our souls in thee!

**Hymn CXXXIII.**<sup>179</sup>

1 O how happy am I here,  
How beyond expression blest,  
When I feel my Jesus near,  
When in Jesu's love I rest,  
Peace, and joy, and heaven I prove  
Heaven on earth in Jesu's love!

2 Nothing else but love I know,  
Worldly joys and sorrows end,  
Men may rage, my feeble foe,  
Thou, O Jesus, art my friend:  
Man may smile; I trust in thee  
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Thou my faithful friend and true  
Reachest out thy gracious hand:  
What can men or devils do  
While by faith in thee I stand!

---

<sup>179</sup>Source: Wolfgang Christoph Dessler. First appeared in *MSP* (1744), 3:273–75.

Stand immoveably secure,  
Love hath made my footsteps sure.

- 4 Satan stirs a tempest up,  
Calm I wait till all is past;  
See the anchor of my hope  
On the Rock of Ages cast!  
Never can that anchor fail,  
Entred now within the veil.
- 5 Shouldst thou o'er the desert lead,  
Will me farther griefs to know,  
After thee with steady tread,  
Leaning on thy love I'd go,  
Drink the fountain from above,  
Eat the manna of thy love.
- 6 O how wonderful thy ways!  
All in love begin and end:  
Whom thy mercy means to raise  
First thy justice bids descend,  
Sink into themselves, and rise  
Glorious all above the skies.
- 7 There I shall my lot receive,  
Soon as from the flesh I fly,  
Happy in thy love I live,  
Happier in thy love I die:  
Lo! The prospect opens fair!  
I shall soon be harbour'd there!
- 8 Light of life, to thee I haste,  
Glad to quit this dark abode,  
On thy truth and mercy cast,  
Longing to be lost in God,  
Ready at thy call to say,  
Lo! I come, I come away!
- 9 Ministerial spirits come,  
Spread your golden wings for me,

Waft me to my heavenly home,  
Land me in eternity;  
Bear, me to my glorious rest,  
Take me to my Saviour's breast.

**Hymn CXXXIV.**<sup>180</sup>

- 1 Melt happy soul, in Jesu's blood,  
Sink down into the wounds of God,  
And there for ever dwell:  
I now have found my rest again,  
The spring of life, the balm of pain  
In Jesu's wounds I feel.
- 2 Thirsty so long, and weak, and faint,  
I here enjoy whate'er I want,  
The sweet refreshing tide  
Brings life and peace to dying souls;  
And still the gushing comfort rolls  
From Jesu's wounded side.
- 3 Swift as the panting hart I fly,  
I find the fountain always nigh,  
And heavenly sweetness prove,  
Pardon, and power, and joy, and peace,  
And pure delight and perfect bliss,  
And everlasting love.
- 4 The world can no refreshment give:  
Shall I its deadly draughts receive,  
Scoup'd from the hellish lake?  
Nay, but I turn to the pure flood  
Which issues from the throne of God,  
And living water take.
- 5 Soon as I taste the liquid life,  
Sorrow expires, and pain, and strife,  
And suffering is no more:

---

<sup>180</sup>Source: Christian Friedrich Richter. First appeared in *MSP* (1744), 3:275–78.

My inmost soul refresh'd I feel,  
And fill'd with joy unspeakable  
The bleeding Lamb adore.

- 6 I now the broken cisterns leave;  
My all of good from God receive,  
And drink the crystal stream:  
The crystal stream doth freely flow  
Thro' hearts which only Jesus know,  
And ever pant for him.
- 7 Jesus alone can I require,  
No mixture of impure desire  
Shall in my bosom move:  
I fix on him my single eye,  
His love shall all my wants supply,  
His all-sufficient love.
- 8 How vast the happiness I feel,  
When Jesus doth himself reveal,  
And his pure love impart,  
Holy delight, and heavenly hope,  
And everlasting joy spring up,  
And overflows my heart.
- 9 He pours his Spirit into my soul,  
The thirsty land becomes a pool,  
I taste the unknown peace,  
Such as the world will not believe;  
No carnal heart can e'er conceive  
Th' unutterable bliss.
- 10 Light in thy only light I see,  
Thee, and myself, I know thro' thee,  
Myself a sinful clod,  
A worthless worm without a name,  
A burning brand pluck'd from the flame,  
And quench'd in Jesu's blood.

- 11 The light of thy redeeming love,  
Like sun-beams darted from above  
Doth all my sins display,  
Countless as dancing motes, and small;  
But O! The love that shews them all,  
Shall chase them all away.
- 12 The Son of righteousness shall rise,  
Thy glory streaming from the skies  
Shall in my soul appear,  
I know the cloudless day shall shine,  
And then my soul is all divine,  
And I am perfect here.