

## *Collection of Psalms and Hymns (1737)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #8]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

This collection grew out of the worship practice of the Oxford Methodists and John Wesley's pastoral practice in Georgia, where he encouraged supplementing Sunday worship with fasting and private worship on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. Creation of the collection was possibly suggested by a collection published anonymously ten years earlier for distribution by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.<sup>2</sup> Given his active involvement with the SPCK, including distributing their books in his Georgia parish, Wesley likely knew this work. He would also have understood the anonymous collector's insistence (pp. 3–4) that the collection was designed for personal use outside of public services, since the Church of England discouraged singing anything beyond the approved psalms in formal worship. Wesley surely hoped that his own collection would find such use, but he had also cautiously begun introducing hymns in formal worship—particularly during the communion service.<sup>3</sup> His ultimate goal in this and all subsequent volumes with the same title was to supplement broadly Anglican patterns of worship, in both Sunday and other settings. This purpose found its most formal expression in 1784, as Wesley prepared resources for the newly organized Methodist Episcopal Church in North America. Among the items Wesley sent over was the *Sunday Service*, a slight abridgement of the *Book of Common Prayer* of the Church of England. He appended to the *Sunday Service* a version of the *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* series focused specifically on Sunday worship—*CPH* (1784).

Wesley published this initial collection anonymously. An introduction to its production is provided in Robert Stevenson, "John Wesley's First Hymn-book," *Patterns of Protestant Church Music* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1953).

None of the pieces in the collection are original to John Wesley, but he translated five from the German and altered or adapted nearly all of the others. For some indication of the type of revisions that Wesley made in his sources see Frank Baker, "The Sources of John Wesley's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, Charleston, 1737," *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society* 31 (1957–58): 186–93.

Wesley never reprinted this collection in its current form. However he included nearly two thirds of the items (44/70) in the enlarged *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1741), while placing 17 items in the alternative *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1739).

### **Editions:**

[John Wesley, editor.] *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. Charlestown: Timothy, 1737.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: December 13, 2018.

<sup>2</sup>*A Collection of Psalms and Divine Hymns, Suited to the great Festivals of the Church, for Morning and Evening and other Occasions* (London: J. Downing, 1727).

<sup>3</sup>See Carlton R. Young, *Music of the Heart* (Carol Stream, IL: Hope Publishing, 1995), 39–41. This novel practice was one of the charges laid against Wesley by some in the congregation in Georgia; see *Works*, 18:555.

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**Psalms and Hymns  
For Sunday.**

**I.  
Psalm XXXIII.<sup>4</sup>**

- 1 Ye holy souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice:  
Great is your theme, your songs be new  
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,  
His works of nature and of grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true!
- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,  
And the whole earth his goodness proves;  
His word the heavenly arches spread:  
How wide they shine from north to south!  
And by the spirit of his mouth  
Were all the starry armies made.
- 3 Thou gatherest the wide-flowing seas;  
Those watry treasures know their place  
In the vast store-house of the deep:  
He spake, and gave all nature birth;  
And fires and seas and heaven and earth  
His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 Let mortals tremble and adore  
A God of such resistless power,  
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:  
Vain are your thoughts and weak your hands,  
But his eternal counsel stands,  
And rules the world from age to age.

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<sup>4</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 88–89.

**II.**  
**Psalm XLVI.**<sup>5</sup>

- 1 On God supreme our hope depends,  
Whose omnipresent sight  
Even to the pathless realms extends  
Of uncreated night.
- 2 Plung'd in the abyss of deep distress  
To him we rais'd our cry:  
His mercy bad our sorrows cease  
And fill'd our tongue with joy.
- 3 Tho' earth her ancient seat forsake,  
By pangs convulsive torn,  
Tho' her self-ballanc'd fabrick shake  
And ruin'd nature mourn:
- 4 Tho' hills be in the ocean lost  
With all their trembling load,  
No fear shall e'er disturb the just,  
Or shake his trust in God.
- 5 Nations remote and realms unknown  
In vain resist his sway;  
For lo! Jehovah's voice is shewn  
And earth shall melt away.
- 6 Let war's devouring surges rise  
And swell on every side:  
The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,  
And Jacob's God our guide.

**III.**  
**Psalm XLVII.**<sup>6</sup>

- 1 O for a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sovereign King!

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<sup>5</sup>Source: David Lewis, ed., *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 255–56. By Henry Pitt, sent by John Wesley to Lewis; cf. Wesley, *Works*, 25:195–97.

<sup>6</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 124–25.

- Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high;  
His heavenly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their king,  
Let mortals learn their strains:  
Let all the earth his honours sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge guide the song.  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
He lov'd that chosen race;  
But now he calls the world his own.  
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 Remotest nations are the Lord's;  
There Abraham's God is known:  
While powers and princes, shields and swords  
Bow down before his throne.

**IV.**  
**Psalm C.**<sup>7</sup>

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid  
Made us of clay and form'd us men;  
And when like wandring sheep we stray'd  
He brought us to his fold again.

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<sup>7</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 256–57 (stanzas 2 alt., 3, 5, 6).

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command.  
Vast as eternity thy love:  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

V.  
**Psalm CXIII.**<sup>8</sup>

- 1 Ye priests of God, whose happy days  
Are spent in your Creator's praise,  
Still more and more his fame express!  
Ye pious worshippers proclaim  
With shouts of joy his holy name;  
Nor satisfied with praising, bless.
- 2 Let God's high praises still resound,  
Beyond old time's too scanty bound  
And thro' eternal ages pierce,  
From where the sun first gilds the streams  
To where he sets with purpled beams,  
Thro' all the wide stretch'd universe.
- 3 The various tribes of earth obey  
Thy awful and imperial sway;  
Nor earth thy sovereign power confines;  
Above the sun's all-cheering light  
Above the stars and far more bright  
Thy pure essential glory shines.
- 4 What mortal form'd of fading clay,  
What native of eternal day  
Can with the God of heaven compare?  
Yet angels round thy glorious throne

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<sup>8</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 251–53 (stanzas 1–5; doxology in stanza 6 is new).

Thou stoop'st to view: nor they alone;  
Even earth born men thy goodness share.

5 The poor thou liftest from the dust;  
The sinner, if in thee he trust,  
From depths of guilt and shame thou'lt raise,  
That he in peace and safety plac'd  
With power and love and wisdom grac'd  
May sing aloud his Saviour's praise.

6 To Father, Son and Holy-Ghost  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And suffering saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is and so shall last  
When earth and heaven shall be no more.

## VI.

### Part of Psalm CXV.<sup>9</sup>

1 Not unto us: we all disclaim:  
Glory alone to God's great name  
Whose truth shall stand for ever fast,  
Whose love to endless ages last.

2 Thou reignest, Lord, enthroned above!  
Yet dost thy humble sons approve:  
Thou all events disposest still;  
For all obey thy sovereign will.

3 The silent dead no praises give:  
But we who by thy mercy live,  
While we have breath wilt offerings bring,  
And grateful hallelujahs sing.

4 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honour, praise and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

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<sup>9</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 254–57 (stanzas 1, 3, 14); stanza 4 from Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 312 (Book 3, no. 32).



VII.  
Psalm CXVI.<sup>10</sup>

- 1 O thou, who when I did complain,  
Didst all my griefs remove,  
O Saviour, do not now disdain  
My humble praise and love.
- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give  
And hear me when I pray'd,  
I'll call upon thee while I live,  
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death with all his ghastly train  
My soul encompass round,  
Anguish and sin, and dread and pain  
On every side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd  
And did for succour flee:  
O save (in my distress I said)  
The soul that trusts in thee!
- 5 How good thou art! How large thy grace!  
How easy to forgive!  
The helpless thou delight'st to raise:  
And by thy love I live.
- 6 Then, O my soul, be never more  
With anxious thoughts distressed,  
God's bounteous love doth thee restore  
To ease and joy and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears  
My feet from falling free,  
Redeem'd from death and guilty fears  
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

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<sup>10</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 257–59 (stanzas 1–7).

**VIII.**  
**Psalm CXVII.**<sup>11</sup>

- 1 Ye nations, who the globe divide,  
Ye numerous nations scatter'd wide,  
    To God your grateful voices raise:  
To all his boundless mercy's<sup>12</sup> shewn,  
His truth to endless ages known  
    Require our endless love and praise.
- 2 To him who reigns inthron'd on high,  
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,  
    Our guilt and errors to remove;  
To that blest Spirit who grace imparts,  
Who rules in all believing hearts,  
    Be ceaseless glory, praise and love!

**IX.**  
**Psalm CXLVI.**<sup>13</sup>

- 1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath  
And when my voice is lost in death  
    Praise shall employ my nobler powers.  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life and thought and being last,  
    Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: he made the sky  
    And earth and seas with all their train:  
His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves th' opprest; he feeds the poor,  
    And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,  
The Lord supports the fainting mind,  
    He sends the labouring conscience peace,

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<sup>11</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 259–60.

<sup>12</sup>Ori., “mercies”; corrected in *HSP* (1739), 139.

<sup>13</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 384–85 (stanzas 1, 3, 4 alt., 6).

He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet<sup>14</sup> release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

**X.**  
**Psalm CXLVII.**<sup>15</sup>

- 1 Praise ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise,  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames  
He counts their numbers, calls their names  
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Great is the Lord and great his might  
And all his glory's infinite  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 4 Sing to the Lord exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds around the sky,  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 5 He makes the grass the hills adorn  
And cloathes the smiling fields with corn.  
The beasts with food his hands supply  
And the young ravens when they cry.

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<sup>14</sup>Ori., "sweat"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 89.

<sup>15</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 385–86 (omitting stanza 2; and adding Thomas Ken's doxology, originally st. 14 of "A Morning Hymn" in *A Manual of Prayers*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 145.

- 6    What is the creature's skill or force?  
      The spritely man or warlike horse?  
      The piercing wit, the active limb?  
      All are too mean delights for him.
- 7    But saints are lovely in his sight  
      He views his children with delight:  
      He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
      And looks and loves his image there.
- 8    Praise God from whom all blessings flow.  
      Praise him all creatures here below:  
      Praise him above, ye heavenly host  
      Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

**XI.**

**Hymn to God the Father.**<sup>16</sup>

- 1    Hail, Father, whose creating call  
      Unnumber'd worlds attend,  
      Jehovah, comprehending all,  
      Whom none can comprehend!
- 2    In light unsearchable inthron'd  
      Which angels dimly see;  
      The fountain of the God-head own'd  
      And foremost of the Three.
- 3    From thee thro' an eternal now,  
      The Son, thine offspring, flow'd;  
      An everlasting Father thou,  
      As everlasting God.
- 4    Nor quite display'd to worlds above,  
      Nor quite on earth conceal'd:  
      By wondrous, unexhausted love  
      To mortal man reveal'd.

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<sup>16</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Father," *Weekly Miscellany* 85 (July 27, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: E. Say, 1736), 1–3.

- 5 Supreme and all sufficient God,  
When nature shall expire  
And worlds created by thy nod  
Shall perish by thy fire.
- 6 Thy name Jehovah be ador'd  
By creatures without end,  
Whom none but thy essential Word  
And Spirit comprehend.

**XII.**  
**Hymn to God the Son.**<sup>17</sup>

- 1 Hail, God the Son, in glory crown'd  
Ere<sup>18</sup> time began to be,  
Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the round  
Of wide eternity!
- 2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame  
Display their author's power,  
And each exalted seraph flame,  
Creator, thee adore!
- 3 Thy wondrous love the God-head shew'd  
Contracted to a span,  
The co-eternal Son of God,  
The mortal Son of man.
- 4 To save mankind from lost estate,  
Behold his life-blood stream!  
Hail, Lord Almighty to create!  
Almighty to redeem!
- 5 The Mediator's Godlike sway,  
His church beneath sustains:  
Till nature shall her judge survey  
The King Messiah reigns.

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<sup>17</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Son," *Weekly Miscellany* 87 (Aug. 10, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: E. Say, 1736), 3–4.

<sup>18</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 6 Hail with essential glory crown'd  
When time shall cease to be,  
Thron'd with thy<sup>19</sup> Father thro' the round  
Of whole eternity!

**XIII.**

**Hymn to God the Holy-Ghost.<sup>20</sup>**

- 1 Hail, Holy-Ghost, Jehovah, third  
In order of the Three;  
Sprung from the Father and the Word  
From all eternity.
- 2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er th' abyss  
Of formless<sup>21</sup> waters lay,  
Spoke into order all that is,  
And darkness into day.
- 3 In deepest hell or heaven's height  
Thy presence who can fly?  
Known is the Father to thy sight,  
Th' abyss of deity.
- 4 Thy power thro' Jesus' life display'd  
Quite from the virgin's womb,  
Dying his soul an offering made,  
And rais'd him from the tomb.
- 5 God's image which our sins destroy  
Thy grace restores below.  
And truth and holiness and joy  
From thee, their fountain, flow.
- 6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third  
In order of the Three,  
Sprung from the Father and the Word  
From all eternity.

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<sup>19</sup>Ori., "the"; corrected to agree with Samuel's published form in *CPH* (1743), 124.

<sup>20</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Holy Ghost," *Weekly Miscellany* 88 (Aug. 17, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: E. Say, 1736), 4–6.

<sup>21</sup>Ori., "firmless"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 98.

**XIV.**  
**Hymn to the Trinity.**<sup>22</sup>

- 1 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee!  
Supreme, essential One, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three.
- 2 Inthron'd in everlasting state  
Ere<sup>23</sup> time its round began,  
Who join'd in council to create  
The dignity of man.
- 3 To whom Isaiah's vision shew'd  
The seraphs veil their wings,  
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God  
Th' angelick army sings.
- 4 To thee by mystick powers on high  
Were humble praises given,  
When John beheld with favour'd eye  
Th' inhabitants of heaven.
- 5 All that the name of creature owns  
To thee in hymns aspire:  
May we as angels on our thrones  
For ever join the choir!
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential One, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three.

**XV.**  
**God's Eternity.**<sup>24</sup>

- 1 Rise, O my soul and leave the ground,  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,

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<sup>22</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to the Trinity," *Weekly Miscellany*, 89 (Aug. 24, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: E. Say, 1736), 6–7.

<sup>23</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>24</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 143 (Book 2, no. 17).

And rouse up every tuneful sound  
To praise th' eternal God.

- 2 Long ere<sup>25</sup> the lofty skies were spread  
Jehovah fill'd his throne;  
Ere<sup>26</sup> Adam form'd or angels made  
The Maker lived alone.
- 3 Thy boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime,  
Eternity's thy dwelling place,  
And ever is thy time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal now  
And sees our ages wast.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too  
And vast destruction come;  
The creatures, look how old they grow!  
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea wast all away,  
And flame melt down the skies,  
My God shall live an endless day,  
When th' old creation dies.

**XVI.**  
**From the German.**<sup>27</sup>

- 1 O God, thou bottomless abyss,  
Thee to perfection who can know?  
O height immense! What words suffice  
Thy countless attributes to shew!  
Unfathomable depths thou art!  
I plunge me in thy mercy's sea;  
Void of true wisdom is my heart:

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<sup>25</sup>Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>26</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>27</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* ([Herrnhut]: Wäsen-hause, 1735), 8–10 (#9, by Ernst Lange).



With love embrace and cover me.  
While thee, all-infinite, I set  
    Before my ravish'd eye,  
My weakness bends beneath the weight:  
    I sink, I faint, I die!

2 Eternity thy fountain was,  
Which like thee, no beginning knew;  
Thou wast ere time began his race,  
Ere glow'd with stars th' eternal blue.<sup>28</sup>  
Greatness unspeakable is thine  
Greatness whose undiminish'd ray  
When short-liv'd worlds are lost, shall shine,  
When earth and heaven are fled away.  
Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,  
    Of life the boundless sea,  
What lives and moves, lives by thy word  
    What is, is all from thee!

3 Thy parent hand, thy forming skill  
Firm fixt this universal chain:  
Else empty, barren darkness still  
Had held his unmolested reign.  
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky  
Or shuns or meets the wandring thought  
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,  
By thee was to perfection brought.  
High is thy power above all height:  
    Whate'er thou wil'st is done:  
Thy wisdom equal to thy might  
    Only to thee is known.

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,  
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;  
Vain man! Thy wisdom, folly own:  
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.  
What his dim eye could never see  
Is plain and naked to thy sight;

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<sup>28</sup>Ori., "blew"; corrected in *HSP* (1739), 162.

What thickest darkness veils, to thee  
Shines clearly as the morning light.  
In light thou dwell'st: light that no shade  
    No changes ever knew:  
And heaven above and hell beneath  
    Are open to thy view.

5    Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth  
    Th' immortal armies of the sky:  
    Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;  
    Thou thunder'st, and amaz'd they fly.  
    With down cast eye th' angelic choir  
    Appear before thy awful face,  
    Trembling they strike the golden lyre  
    And thro' heaven's vault resound thy praise.  
    In earth, air, skies, in all thou art:  
        Creation feels thy nod,  
    Whose hand imprest on every part  
        The image of its God.

6    Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;  
    Justice and truth before thee stand:  
    Yet nearer to thy sacred throne  
    Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.  
    Each evening shews thy tender love,  
    Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;  
    Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move;  
    Thy willing mercy flies a pace.  
    Father, to thy indulgent care  
        This light, this breath we owe:  
    And all we have, and all we are,  
        From thee, great fountain, flow.

7    Parent of good, thy bounteous hand  
    Incessant blessings down distills,  
    And all in air or sea, or land  
    With plenteous food and gladness fills.

All things in thee, live, move and are,  
Thy power infus'd does all sustain;  
Even those thy daily favours share  
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.  
Thy sun thou bid'st his genial ray  
    On all impartial pour;  
To all who hate or bless thy sway  
    Thou send'st the fruitful show'r.

- 8 Yet while at length, who scorn'd thy might  
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,  
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright  
Of those who to thy love aspire!  
All creatures praise th' eternal name!  
Ye hosts that to his courts belong,  
Cherubick quires, seraphick flames,  
Awake the everlasting song.  
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,  
    Th' almighty power is thine,  
And when created nature dies  
    Thy ceaseless glories shine.

**XVII.**  
**Hymn to Christ.**<sup>29</sup>

- 1 Jesu, behold the wise from far,  
Led to thy cradle by a star  
    Bring gifts to thee, their God and King;  
O guide us by thy light, that we  
The way may find, and so to thee  
    Our hearts, our all for tribute bring.
- 2 Jesu, the pure, the spotless Lamb,  
Who to the temple humbly came,  
    Duteous the legal rights to pay,  
O make our proud, our stubborn will

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<sup>29</sup>Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 31, stanzas 2–7 (pp. 330–31).

All thy wise, gracious laws fulfill,  
What e'er rebellious nature say.

[3]<sup>30</sup> Jesu, who on the fatal wood  
Pour'dst forth thy life's last drop of blood  
Nail'd to th' accursed shameful cross;  
O may we bless thy love, and be  
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee  
All shame, all grief, all pain, all loss!

4 Jesu, who by thine own love slain,  
By thine own power took'st life again  
And Conqueror from the grave did'st rise,  
O may thy death our hearts revive,  
And at our death a new life give,  
A glorious life that never dies.

5 Jesu, who to thy heaven again  
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign  
Of men and angels sovereign King,  
O may our parting souls take flight  
Up to that land of joy and light  
And there for ever grateful sing.

6 All glory to the sacred Three,  
One undivided Deity,  
All honour, power and love and praise;  
Still may thy blessed name shine bright  
In beams of uncreated light  
Crown'd with its own eternal rays.

**XVIII.**  
**Adoption.**<sup>31</sup>

1 Behold what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!

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<sup>30</sup>Ori., "4"; a misprint.

<sup>31</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 47–48 (Book 1, no. 64, omitting stanza 2).

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we shall be made  
But when we see our Saviour here  
We shall be like our head.
- 3 Lord, arm us with this hope  
All trials to endure:  
O purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As thou our God art pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love  
I share a<sup>32</sup> filial part,  
Show'r down thy influence, Holy Dove,  
And rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath thy throne:  
O let us Abba, Father, cry  
And thou the kindred own!

**XIX.**  
**The Christian Race.**<sup>33</sup>

- 1 Awake our souls (away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone)  
Awake, and run the heavenly race  
And put a chearful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a streight and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint:  
But we forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God thy matchless power  
Is ever new, and ever young,  
And firm endures while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee the overflowing spring

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<sup>32</sup>Ori. omitted the "a"; corrected in *CPH* (1741), 20.

<sup>33</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 33–34 (Book 1, no. 48).

Our souls shall drink a fresh supply:  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away and droop and die.

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

**XX.**  
**Praise.**<sup>34</sup>

- 1 O King of Glory, King of Peace,  
Thee only will I love;  
Thee that my love may never cease  
Incessant will I move.
- 2 For thou hast granted my request,  
For thou my cries hast heard;  
Mark'd all the workings of my breast,  
And hast in mercy spar'd.
- 3 Therefore with all my strength and art  
Thy mercy will I sing:  
To thee the tribute of my heart  
My soul, my all I bring.
- 4 What tho' my sins against me cried  
Thou did'st the sinner spare:  
In vain th' accuser loud replied;  
For love had charm'd thy ear.
- 5 The seven whole days, not one in seven,  
Unwearied will I praise,  
And in my heart as in thy heaven  
Thy throne triumphant raise.
- 6 Soften'd and vanquish'd by my tears  
Thou could'st no more withstand,

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<sup>34</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 140 (#117), much altered.

But when stern justice call'd for fears  
Disarm'd her lifted hand.

- 7 Small is it in this humble sort  
Thy mercy's fame to raise;  
For even eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!

## XXI.

### Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.<sup>35</sup>

- 1 What equal honours shall we bring  
To thee O Lord, our God the Lamb?  
Since all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name.
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,  
Worthy to rise and live and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 Honour immortal must be paid  
Instead of scandal and of scorn.  
While glory shines around his<sup>36</sup> head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men!  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

## XXII.

### Hymn to the Holy-Ghost.<sup>37</sup>

- 1 Come Holy Spirit, send down those beams  
Which gently flow in silent streams

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<sup>35</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 46–47 (Book 1, no. 63, omitting stanza 4).

<sup>36</sup>Ori., “this”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 24.

<sup>37</sup>Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickee* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 35, stanzas 1, 2, 4, 6 (pp. 377–78.), much altered.

From thy eternal throne above:  
Come thou, enricher of the poor,  
Thou bounteous source of all our store,  
Fill us with faith and hope and love.<sup>38</sup>

2 Come thou, our soul's delightful guest,  
The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,  
The fainting sufferer's best relief:  
Come thou, our passions cool allay:  
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,  
And turns to peace and joy all grief.<sup>39</sup>

3 Lord, wash our sinful stains away,  
Water from heaven our barren clay,  
Our sickness cure, our bruises heal:  
To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,  
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,  
And there enthron'd for ever dwell.

4 All glory to the sacred Three  
One everlasting Deity,  
All love and power and might and praise;  
As at the first, ere<sup>40</sup> time begun,  
May the same homage still be done  
When earth and heaven itself decays.

**XXIII.**  
**The Offices of Christ.**<sup>41</sup>

1 We bless the prophet of the Lord,  
That comes with truth and grace;  
Jesus, thy spirit and thy word  
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'ence our high priest above;  
Who offer'd up his blood:  
Live, Lord, and carry on thy love  
By pleading with our God.

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<sup>38</sup>Line revised in *CPH* (1741) to: "Fill us with faith, with hope, and love."

<sup>39</sup>Ori., "turns to peace all joy and grief"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 26.

<sup>40</sup>Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>41</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 248 (Book 2, No. 132).



- 3 We honour our exalted King;  
How sweet are thy commands!  
O guard our souls from hell and sin  
In thy almighty hands.
- 4 Hosannah to thy glorious name  
Who sav'st by different ways!  
Thy mercies lay a sovereign claim  
To our immortal praise.

**XXIV.**  
**Hymn for Sunday.**<sup>42</sup>

- 1 Behold we come, dear Lord, to thee  
And bow before thy throne,  
We come to offer all our vows,  
Our souls to thee alone.
- 2 What e'er we have, what e'er we are,  
Thy bounty freely gave:  
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,  
And wilt hereafter save.
- 3 But O! Can all our store afford  
No better gifts for thee?  
Thus we confess thy riches, Lord,  
And thus our poverty.
- 4 'Tis not our tongues or knees can pay  
The mighty debt we owe:  
Far more we should, than we can say,  
Far lower should we bow.
- 5 Come then my soul, bring all thy powers  
And grieve thou hast no more,  
Bring every day thy choicest hours  
And thy great God adore.
- 6 But above all prepare thy heart  
On this his own blest day,

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<sup>42</sup>Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 1, (pp. 3–4).

In its sweet task to bear a part,  
And sing and love and pray!

**XXV.**  
**Triumph Over Death.**<sup>43</sup>

- 1 And must this body die?  
This well wrought frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on a fresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives  
And often from the skies  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape and every face  
Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love:  
O may we bless thy grace below,  
And sing thy power above.
- 6 Saviour accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

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<sup>43</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 230–31 (Book 2, no. 110).

**XXVI.**

**From the German.**<sup>44</sup>

- 1 Jesu, to thee my heart I bow,  
Strange flames far from my soul remove:  
Fairest among ten thousand thou,  
Be thou my Lord, my life,<sup>45</sup> my love.
- 2 All heav'n thou fill'st with pure desire;  
O shine upon my frozen breast;  
With sacred warmth my heart inspire,  
May I too thy hid sweetness tast.
- 3 I see thy garments roll'd in blood,  
Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side:  
All hail, thou suffering, conquering God,  
Now man shall live; for God hath died.
- 4 O kill in me this rebel sin,  
And triumph o'er my willing breast:  
Restore thy image Lord, therein,  
And lead me to my<sup>46</sup> Father's rest.
- 5 Ye earthly loves be far away!  
Saviour, be thou my love alone;  
Ne'er<sup>47</sup> more may mine usurp the sway,  
But in me thy great will be done!
- 6 Yea, thou, true witness, spotless Lamb,  
All things for thee I count but loss;  
My sole desire, my constant aim,  
My only glory be thy cross!

**XXVII.**

**Thanksgiving for God's  
Particular Providence.**<sup>48</sup>

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,

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<sup>44</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* ([Herrnhut]: Wäsen-hause, 1735), 215–16 (#225, stanzas 1, 10–12, 16–17; by Zinzendorf). A manuscript version of this translation can be found in JW's hand at the end of his "Georgia Diary 2" (covering May 1736–Feb 1737; held at The Pitts Theological Library, Emory University, John Wesley Papers, 1/2), p. 6 counting from back.

<sup>45</sup>Manuscript version reverses "my life" and "my Lord."

<sup>46</sup>Manuscript version has "thy" instead of "my."

<sup>47</sup>"Ne'er" changed to "No" in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>48</sup>Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 453 (August 9, 1712), stanzas 1, 3–7, 10–11, 13.

- Why my cold heart, art thou not lost  
In wonder, love and praise?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd  
And all my wants redrest,  
While in the silent womb I lay  
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear  
Ere<sup>49</sup> yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe  
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a chearful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 8 Thro' every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And after death in distant worlds  
The pleasing theme renew.
- 9 Thro' all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise:

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<sup>49</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

But O! Eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

**XXVIII.**  
**A Morning Hymn.**<sup>50</sup>

- 1 My God how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new:  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distill like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours:  
Thy sovereign word restores the light  
And quickens all my drooping powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days:  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

**XXIX.**  
**Heaven Begun on Earth.**<sup>51</sup>

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,  
Join in a song with sweet accord  
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God:  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky

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<sup>50</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 65 (Book 1, no. 81).

<sup>51</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 155–57 (Book 2, no. 30, omitting stanzas 2, 9).

- And calms the roaring seas.
- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love:  
Thou shalt send down thy heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see thy face  
And never, never sin;  
There from the rivers of thy grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,  
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound  
And every tear<sup>52</sup> be dry:  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
To fairer<sup>53</sup> worlds on high.

**XXX.**

**The Names of Christ.**<sup>54</sup>

- 1 Join all the names of love and power  
That ever men or angels<sup>55</sup> bore;  
All are too mean to speak thy worth,  
*Saviour*, or set thy glories forth.
- 2 But O! What condescending ways  
Thou take'st to teach thy heavenly grace:<sup>56</sup>  
My eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love thou bear'st for me.<sup>57</sup>

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<sup>52</sup>Ori., "fear"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1743), 136.

<sup>53</sup>Ori., "farer"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 117.

<sup>54</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 122–23 (Book 1, no. 149, omitting stanzas 3, 6, 7, 9), several alterations.

<sup>55</sup>Changed to "man or angel" in *CPH* (1741), 112.

<sup>56</sup>Line revised to "He takes to teach his sovereign" in *CPH* (1741), 112.

<sup>57</sup>"Thou bear'st for" changed to "he bears to" in *CPH* (1741), 112.

- 3 Great *Prophet*, let me bless thy name!  
 By<sup>58</sup> thee the joyful tidings came,  
 Of wrath appeas'd, of<sup>59</sup> sins forgiven,  
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 4 My bright *Example* and my *Guide*,  
 I would be walking near thy side:  
 O never let me run astray,  
 Nor follow the forbidden way.
- 5 Jesus my great *High Priest* has died,  
 I seek no sacrifice beside;  
 Thy<sup>60</sup> blood did once for all atone,  
 And now it pleads before thy<sup>61</sup> throne.
- 6 My *Lord*, my *Conqueror* and my *King*,  
 Thy scepter and thy sword I sing,  
 Thine is the victory and I sit  
 A joyful subject at thy feet.
- 7 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,  
 The *Captain of Salvation* leads:  
 March on, nor fear to win the day,  
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.
- 8 Should death and hell and powers unknown  
 Put on their forms of mischief on,  
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
 Salvation in more powerful<sup>62</sup> ways.

**XXXI.**

**Solomon's Song, Ch. 2 Ver. 8, &c.**<sup>63</sup>

- 1 The voice of my beloved sounds,  
 Over the rocks and rising grounds,  
 O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief  
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see

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<sup>58</sup>“By” changed to “from” in *CPH* (1741), 112.

<sup>59</sup>“Of” changed to “and” in *CPH* (1741), 112.

<sup>60</sup>“Thy” changed to “his” in *CPH* (1741), 112.

<sup>61</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in *CPH* (1741), 112.

<sup>62</sup>“Powerful” changed to “sovereign” in *CPH* (1741), 113.

<sup>63</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 52–53 (Book 1, no. 69).

With eyes of love he looks at me,  
Now in the gospel's clearest glass  
He shews the beauties of his face.

- 3 Gently he draws my heart along  
Both with his beauties and his tongue;  
Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,  
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wintry state is gone  
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,  
The sacred turtle dove we hear  
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 Th' immortal vine of heavenly root  
Blossoms and buds and gives her fruit;  
Lo<sup>64</sup> we are come to taste the wine;  
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.
- 6 And when I hear my Jesus say  
Rise up, my love, make haste away!  
My heart would fain out-fly the wind,  
And leave all earthly loves behind.

**XXXII.**

**[Solomon's Song, Chap. 2,] Verse 14, &c.<sup>65</sup>**

- 1 Dear Lord, my thankful heart revives  
The hope thine invitation gives:  
To thee my joyful lips shall raise  
The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.
- 2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:  
Nor<sup>66</sup> let a motion or a word,  
Or thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 3 Till the day breaks and shadows flee,  
Till the sweet dawning<sup>67</sup> light I see,

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<sup>64</sup>Ori., "So"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 123.

<sup>65</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 53–54 (Book 1, no. 70, stanzas 4–5, 7–8).

<sup>66</sup>Ori., "Not"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 123.

<sup>67</sup>Ori., "drawing"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 123.



Thine eyes to me-ward ever turn,  
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

- 4 Be like a hart on mountains green;  
Leap o'er these<sup>68</sup> hills of fear and sin:  
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide  
My love, my Saviour from my side.

**XXXIII.**  
**Sincere Praise.**<sup>69</sup>

- 1 Almighty Maker, God!  
How glorious is thy name!  
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,  
Thro'out creation's frame!
- 2 In native white and red,  
The rose and lilly stand:  
And free from pride their beauties spread  
To shew thy skillful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky  
With unambitious song,  
And bears her Maker's praise on high  
Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 Fain would I rise and sing  
To my Creator too;  
Fain would my heart adore my King  
And give him praises due.
- 5 But pride that busy sin,  
Spoils all that I perform,  
Curs'd pride that creeps securely in  
And swells a haughty worm.
- 6 Thy glories I abate,  
Or praise thee with design,

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<sup>68</sup>“These” changed to “those” in *CPH* (1741), 123.

<sup>69</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 49–51 (omitting stanzas 2, 8).

Part of thy favours I forget,  
Or think the merit mine.

7 Create my soul anew,  
Else all my worship's vain.  
This wretched heart will ne'er prove true,  
Till it be form'd again.

8 Descend, celestial fire  
And seize me from above!  
Wrap me in flames of pure desire  
A sacrifice to love.

9 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days,  
And to my God my soul ascend  
In sweet perfumes of praise!

**XXXIV.**

**O Ye Spirits and Souls of the  
Righteous, Bless Ye the Lord.<sup>70</sup>**

1 Hail, glorious angels, heirs of light,  
Ye high born sons of fire!  
Whose hearts burn chaste,<sup>71</sup> whose flames shine bright,  
All joy, yet all desire.

2 Hail, holy saints, who long in hope  
And expectation sat,  
Till for its King, heaven did set ope  
Its everlasting gate.

3 Hail, great apostles of the Lamb,  
Who brought that early ray,  
Which from our sun reflected came,  
And made a glorious day.

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<sup>70</sup>Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hicke* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 38, stanzas 3–6, 8–10 (pp. 419–20).

<sup>71</sup>In one surviving copy the word “chaff” appears; in the other copy, the word “chast”; It is corrected to “chaste” in *CPH* (1741), 120.

- 4 Hail, generous martyrs, whose strong hearts  
Bravely rejoiced to prove,  
How weak, pale death, are all thy darts  
Compair'd to those of love.
- 5 Hail, beauteous virgins, whose pure love  
Renounc'd all low desires,  
Who wisely fixt your hearts above,  
And burnt with heavenly fires.
- 6 Hail, all ye happy spirits above,  
Who make that glorious ring  
About the sparkling throne of love  
And there for ever sing.
- 7 Great Lord, among their crowns of praise  
Accept this little wreath,  
Which while their lofty notes they raise  
We humbly sing beneath.

**XXXV.**

**The Shortness of Life.<sup>72</sup>**

- 1 Time, what an empty vapour 'tis!  
And days how swift they are!  
Swift as an Indian arrow flies  
Or as a shooting star!
- 2 The present moments just appear,  
Then glide away in haste,  
That we can never say, They're here!  
But only say, They're past!
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing  
And death is ever nigh;  
The moment when our lives begin  
We all begin to die.

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<sup>72</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 181–82 (Book 2, no. 58).

- 4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favours share:  
Yet with the bounties of thy grace  
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,  
And we are cloath'd by love,  
While grace stands pointing out the road  
That leads our souls above.
- 6 Thy goodness runs an endless round!  
All glory to the Lord!  
Thy mercy never knows a bound,  
Be thy great name ador'd!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song,  
And when we close our eyes,  
Let following times thy praise prolong,  
Till time and nature dies.

**XXXVI.**  
**Christ Our Wisdom, &c.**<sup>73</sup>

- 1 Buried in shadows of the night  
We lie, till Christ restores the light  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears  
Till thy atoning blood appears:  
Then we awake from deep distress  
And sing, the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,  
He sets the prisoners free and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.

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<sup>73</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78 (Book 1, no. 97).

- 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;  
Thou art our mighty all, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

**XXXVII.**  
***Gloria Patri.***<sup>74</sup>

- 1 Blest be the Father and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joys above  
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
Forth from thy wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
Makes living springs of grace arise  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son  
And God the Spirit we adore;  
That sea of life, and love unknown  
Without a bottom or a shore.

**XXXVIII.**  
**Hymn to Christ.**<sup>75</sup>

- 1 O Jesu, why, why dost thou love  
Such worthless things as we  
Why is thy heart still toward us  
Who seldom think on thee?

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<sup>74</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 309 (Book 3, no. 26).

<sup>75</sup>Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickes (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 30, stanzas 1–3, 6–8 (pp. 316–17).

- 2 Thy bounty gives us all we have  
And we thy gifts abuse:  
Thy bounty gives us even thy self,  
And we thy self refuse.
- 3 And why alas, why do we love  
Such wretched things as these?  
These that withdraw us from our Lord  
And his pure eyes displease?
- 4 Break off and raise thy manly eye  
Up to those joys above,  
Behold all these our Lord prepares  
To gain and crown thy love.
- 5 Alas, O Lord, we cannot love  
Unless thou draw our heart!  
Thou who vouchsaf'st to make us know,  
O make us do our part.
- 6 Still do thou love me, O my Lord,  
That I may still love thee:  
Still make me love thee, O my God  
That thou may'st still love me.

**XXXIX.**  
**Prayer.**<sup>76</sup>

- 1 How swiftly wafted in a sigh,  
Thou God that hear'st the prayer,  
Do our requests invade the sky  
And pierce thy bending ear!
- 2 My suit is made, my prayer is o'er,  
If I but lift my eye;  
Thou gracious Father, canst no more  
Not hear, than thou canst die.

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<sup>76</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 95–96 (#78), paraphrased.

- 3     How shall we thy great arm revere  
        Which gives this all to be,  
        Connects the center with the sphere  
        And spans infinity?
- 4     Whate'er our ardent souls require,  
        Whate'er we wish is there;  
        Thy power exceeds our scant desire  
        And blames our partial prayer.
- 5     O! How unbounded is thy love  
        Which when thou could'st not die,  
        Descending from thy throne above  
        Put on mortality!
- 6     Thou leav'st thy Father's blissful face  
        Our guilt and curse to assume,  
        To burst the bars that stop'd thy grace  
        And make thy bounty room.
- 7     Then still let prayer with me remain,  
        This my companion be;  
        So shall I all my wants obtain,  
        Obtain all heaven in thee!

**XL.**  
**From the German.**<sup>77</sup>

- 1     O Jesu, source of calm<sup>78</sup> repose,  
        Thy like nor man nor angel knows,  
        Fairest among ten thousand fair!  
        Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,  
        Whom thickest darkness compast round  
        Find light and life if thou appear.
- 2     Effulgence of the light divine,  
        Ere<sup>79</sup> rolling planets knew to shine,  
        Ere<sup>80</sup> time its ceaseless course began;

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<sup>77</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* ([Herrnhut]: Wäsen-hause, 1735), 32–33 (#30, stanzas 1, 3–5, 8, 13; by Johann Freylinghausen). A manuscript version of this translation can be found in JW's hand at the end of his "Georgia Diary 2" (covering May 1736–Feb 1737; held at The Pitts Theological Library, Emory University, John Wesley Papers, 1/2), pp. 3–4 counting from back.

<sup>78</sup>Manuscript version has "sweet" instead of "calm."

<sup>79</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>80</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Thou when the appointed hour<sup>81</sup> was come  
Did'st not disdain<sup>82</sup> the virgin's womb,  
But God with God wert man with man:

3 The world, sin, death oppose in vain,  
Thou by thy dying, death hast slain,  
My great Deliverer and my God!  
In vain does the old dragon rage,  
In vain all hell its powers engage:  
None can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfill  
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,  
To thy dread scepter will I bow:  
With duteous reverence at thy feet,  
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit,  
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thy image Lord in me,  
Lowly and gentle may I be;  
No charms to thee but these<sup>83</sup> are dear:  
No anger may'st thou ever find;  
No pride in my unruffled mind  
But faith and heav'n-born peace are<sup>84</sup> there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind  
That life and all things cast behind,  
Springs forth, obedient to thy call,  
A heart that no desire can move,  
But still t' adore and praise<sup>85</sup> and love,  
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

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<sup>81</sup>Manuscript version has "time" instead of "hour."

<sup>82</sup>"Disdain" changed to "abhor" in *HSP* (1739); as in manuscript version.

<sup>83</sup>Changed to "No charms but these to thee" in *HSP* (1739); as in manuscript version.

<sup>84</sup>"Are" changed to "be" in *HSP* (1739); as in manuscript version.

<sup>85</sup>"And praise" changed to "believe" in *HSP* (1739).



**Psalms and Hymns  
For Wednesday or Friday.**

**I.  
Psalm XXXVIII.<sup>86</sup>**

- 1    Amidst thy wrath remember love,  
      Restore thy servant, Lord!  
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove  
      Like an avenger's sword!
- 2    My sins a heavy burden are,  
      And o'er my head are gone:  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
      Too great for me t' atone.
- 3    My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
      My head still bending down:  
And I go mourning all the day,  
      Father, beneath thy frown.
- 4    All my desire to thee is known,  
      Thine eye counts every tear,  
And every sigh and every groan  
      Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 5    Thou art my God, my only hope;  
      O hearken to my cry;  
O bear my fainting spirits up;  
      When Satan bids me die.
- 6    Lord, I confess my guilt to thee,  
      I grieve for all my sin;  
My helpless impotence I see,  
      And beg support divine.

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<sup>86</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 104–6 (omitting stanzas 2, 5, 8; several alterations).

7 O God, forgive my follies past;  
Be thou for ever nigh!  
O Lord of my salvation haste,  
And save me, or I die!

**II.**  
**Psalm LI.**<sup>87</sup>

1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse from sin:  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:  
Thy saving strength, O Lord restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford:  
And let a wretch come near thy throne  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
Look down O Lord with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways:  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

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<sup>87</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 143–44 (omitting stanza 5).

7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song,  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

**III.**  
**Psalm XC.**<sup>88</sup>

1 Thro' every age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:  
High was thy throne ere<sup>89</sup> heaven was made,  
Or earth thy humble foot-stool laid.

2 Long had'st thou reign'd ere<sup>90</sup> time began  
Or dust was fashion'd into man:  
And long thy kingdom shall endure,  
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man is born to die,  
Made up of guilt and vanity:  
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just:  
Dust as thou art, return to dust.

4 Death like an over-flowing stream  
Sweeps us away, our life's a dream:  
An empty tale, a morning flower,  
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

5 Our age to seventy years is set:  
How short the term, how frail the state!  
Or if to eighty we arrive,  
We rather sigh and groan than live.

6 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till from the chains of sin set free  
We find immortal life in thee!

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<sup>88</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 228–29 (omitting stanzas 4, 7).

<sup>89</sup>Ori., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

<sup>90</sup>Ori., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

**IV.**  
**The Same [Psalm XC].<sup>91</sup>**

- 1 Lord if thine eye surveys our faults  
And justice grow severe,  
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,  
And burns beyond our fear.<sup>92</sup>
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust:  
By one offence to thee  
Adam with all his sons have lost  
Their immortality.
- 3 Life like a vain amusement flies,  
A fable or a song,  
By swift degrees our nature dies,  
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount  
To three score years and ten:  
And all beyond that short account,  
Is sorrow, toil and pain.
- 5 Almighty God reveal thy love,  
And not thy wrath alone!  
O let our sweet experience prove  
The mercies of thy throne.
- 6 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art  
T' improve the hours we have:  
That we may act the wiser part,  
And live beyond the grave.

**V.**  
**A Thought in Affliction.<sup>93</sup>**

- 1 Wilt thou, O Lord, regard my tears  
The fruit of guilt and fear?

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<sup>91</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 231–32 (omitting stanza 5).

<sup>92</sup>Ori., “fears”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 7.

<sup>93</sup>Source: David Lewis, ed., *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 134–36 (stanzas 5–6, 8–10).

- Me, who thy justice have provok'd,  
O will thy mercy spare?
- 2 Yes: for the broken, contrite heart  
Saviour, thy sufferings plead:  
O quench not then the smoking flax,  
Nor break the bruised reed!
- 3 Thy poor unworthy servant view,  
Resign'd to thy decree;  
Ordain me or to live or die,  
But live or die in thee.
- 4 Upon thy gracious promise, Lord,  
My humbled soul is cast!  
O bear me safe thro' life, thro' death,  
And raise me up at last!
- 5 Low as this mortal frame must lie  
This mortal frame shall sing,  
Where is thy victory, O grave,  
And where, O death, thy sting!

**VI.**  
**On the Crucifixion.**<sup>94</sup>

- 1 From whence these dire portents around,  
That earth and heav'n amaze?  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,  
Why hides the sun his rays?
- 2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head  
With sacred horror nod,  
Beneath the dark pavilion spread  
Of<sup>95</sup> legislative God.
- 3 Thou, earth, thy lowest center shake  
With Jesu sympathize!

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<sup>94</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: E. Say, 1736), 136–37 (omitting stanza 4).

<sup>95</sup>Ori., “O”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 17.

Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,  
'Tis thy Creator dies!

4 See streaming from th' accursed tree  
His all atoning blood!  
Is this the infinite! 'Tis he,  
My Saviour and my God!

5 For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me the death is born!  
My sin gave sharpness to the nail  
And pointed every thorn!

6 Let sin no more my soul inslave?  
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain?  
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

**VII.**  
**Discipline.**<sup>96</sup>

1 O throw away thy rod!  
O throw away thy wrath!  
My gracious Saviour and my God,  
O take the gentle path.

2 Thou seest my heart's desire  
Still unto thee is bent!  
Still does my longing soul aspire  
To an entire consent.

3 Not ev'n<sup>97</sup> a word or look  
Do I approve or own,  
But by the model of thy book,  
Thy sacred book alone.

4 Altho' I fail, I weep,  
Altho' I halt in pace<sup>98</sup>

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<sup>96</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 173–74 (#151).

<sup>97</sup>Ori., “e'en”; changed in *HSP* (1739), 77.

<sup>98</sup>Ori., “peace”; a misprint, corrected in *HSP* (1739), 77.

Yet still with trembling steps I creep  
Unto the throne of grace.

- 5 O then let wrath remove;  
For love will do the deed;  
Love will the conquest gain with love  
Even stony<sup>99</sup> hearts will bleed.
- 6 For love is swift of foot,  
Love is a man of war;  
Love can resistless arrows shoot,  
And hit the mark from far.
- 7 Who can escape his bow?  
That which hath wrought on thee,  
Which brought the King of Glory low,  
Must surely work on me.
- 8 O throw away thy rod,  
What tho' man frailties hath?  
Thou art our Saviour and our God:<sup>100</sup>  
O throw away thy wrath!

**VIII.**  
**On the Crucifixion.**<sup>101</sup>

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark how he groans! While nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend!  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! The precious ransom's paid;  
Receive my soul, he cries:

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<sup>99</sup>Ori., "strong"; a misprint, corrected in *HSP* (1739), 77.

<sup>100</sup>Changed to read "my Saviour and my God" in *HSP* (1739), 78

<sup>101</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., a manuscript recovered after the rectory at Epworth was destroyed by fire. John Wesley omits stanzas 2 & 6 of the six-stanza original.

See where he bows his sacred head!  
He bows his head and dies.

- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain  
And in full glory shine;  
O Lamb of God was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine!

**IX.**  
**A Sinner's Prayer.**<sup>102</sup>

- 1 Thou Lord my power and wisdom art  
O do not then reject my heart!  
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust I am  
That calls—O put me not to shame:
- 2 Thy glories, Lord, in all things shine,  
Thine is the deed, the praise is thine.  
A feeble helpless creature, I  
Do at thy pleasure live or die.
- 3 Lord well I know, I merit grief,  
Yea endless fears without relief:  
Yet O! T' exact thy due forbear,  
And spare, a feeble creature, spare.
- 4 Still if I wail not (still to wail  
Nature denies and flesh would fail)  
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good  
My want of tears with store of blood.

**X.**  
**Judgment.**<sup>103</sup>

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear  
I view my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear.

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<sup>102</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 137–38 (#115, stanzas 1–2), 128–29 (#107, stanzas 3–4).

<sup>103</sup>Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 513 (Oct. 18, 1712).



- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found  
And mercy may be sought,  
My soul with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When thou O Lord shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!
- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart  
Timely my sins lament,  
And early with repentant tears  
Eternal woe prevent!
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart;  
Ere<sup>104</sup> yet it be too late!  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans  
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to secure;  
Who knows thy only Son has died;  
To make that pardon sure.

## XI.

### Christ's Compassion to the Tempted.<sup>105</sup>

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our high priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.

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<sup>104</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

<sup>105</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 99–100 (Book 1, no. 125, omitting stanza 3).

- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax  
But raise it to a flame,  
The bruised reed he never breaks  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power:  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

**XII.**  
**Frailty.**<sup>106</sup>

- 1 Lord, how in silence I despise  
The giddy worldling's snare,  
This beauty, riches, honour, toys  
Beneath a moment's care?
- 2 Hence painted dust, and gilded clay!  
You have no charms for me:  
Delusive breath be far away!  
I waste no thought on thee.
- 3 But when abroad at once I view  
Both the world's hosts and thine,  
These simple, sad, afflicted, few,  
Those numerous, gay and fine!
- 4 Lost my resolves, my scorn is past,  
I boast my strength no more.  
A willing slave they bind me fast  
With unresisted power.

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<sup>106</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 62–63 (#46), paraphrased.

- 5 O brook not this! Let not thy foes  
Profane thy hallow'd shrine:  
Thine is my soul, by sacred vows  
Of strictest union thine!
- 6 O hear my just, tho' late request,  
Once more the captive free,  
Renew thy image in my breast,  
And claim my heart for thee.

**XIII.**  
**Unfruitfulness.**<sup>107</sup>

- 1 Long have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord,  
But still how weak my faith is found  
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place;  
Yet hear almost in vain:  
How small a portion of thy grace  
Can my hard heart retain!
- 3 My gracious Saviour and my God  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne?
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hope of joys above!  
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.

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<sup>107</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 274–75 (Book 2, no. 165).

- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high,  
There knowledge grows without decay  
And love shall never die.

**XIV.**  
**From the German.**<sup>108</sup>

- 1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!  
My longing heart implores thy grace  
O make in me thy likeness shine.
- 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:  
When grief my wounded soul assails  
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
How e'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 winepress<sup>109</sup> trod:  
In me thy strengthening 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.

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<sup>108</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* ([Herrnhut]: Wäsen-hause, 1735), 707–8 (#781, omitting stanza 3; by Christian Friedrich Richter).

<sup>109</sup>Ori., “vinepress”; changed in *HSP* (1739), 146.

**XV.**  
**Faith in Christ.**<sup>110</sup>

- 1     How sad our state by nature is,  
        Our sin how deep it stains!  
        And Satan binds our captive souls  
        Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2     But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
        Sounds from thy sacred word,  
        Here ye<sup>111</sup> despairing sinners come  
        And trust upon the Lord.
- 3     My soul obeys th' almighty call  
        And runs to this relief:  
        I would believe thy promise, Lord!  
        O help my unbelief.
- 4     To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
        Incarnate God, I fly:  
        Here let me wash my spotted soul  
        From crimes of deepest dye.<sup>112</sup>
- 5     Stretch out thy arm, victorious King,  
        My reigning sins subdue:  
        Drive the old dragon from his seat  
        With his infernal crew.
- 6     A guilty, weak and helpless worm  
        Into thy arms I fall;  
        Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
        My Jesus and my all.

**XVI.**  
**Longing.**<sup>113</sup>

- 1     With bended<sup>114</sup> knees and aking eyes  
        Weary and faint to thee my cries,

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<sup>110</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 211–12 (Book 2, no. 90).

<sup>111</sup>“Ye” changed to “the” in *CPH* (1741), 19.

<sup>112</sup>Ori., “die”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 19.

<sup>113</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 142–45 (#119).

<sup>114</sup>“Bended” changed to “bending” in *HSP* (1739).

- To thee my tears, my groans I send;  
O when shall my complainings end?
- 2    Wither'd my heart like barren ground  
      Accurst of God: my head turns round,  
      My throat is hoarse; I faint, I fall,  
      Yet falling still for pity call.
- 3    Eternal streams of pity flow  
      From thee their source to earth below:  
      Mothers are kind, because thou art,  
      Thy tenderness o'erflows their heart.
- 4    Lord of my soul, bow down thine ear!  
      Hear, bowels of compassion, hear!  
      O give not to the winds my prayer!  
      Thy name, thy hallow'd name is there.
- 5    Look on my sorrows! Mark them well:  
      The shame, the pangs, the flames,<sup>115</sup> I feel!  
      Consider, Lord, thine ear incline:  
      Thy Son hath made my sufferings thine.
- 6    Thou, Jesu, on th' accursed tree  
      Didst bow thy dying head for me:  
      Incline it now! Who made the ear  
      Can he, can he<sup>116</sup> forget to hear?
- 7    See thy poor dust in pity see  
      It stirs, it creeps, it aims at thee!  
      Haste, save it from the greedy tomb!  
      Come, every atom bids thee come!
- 8    'Tis thine to help! Forget me not!  
      O be thy mercy ne'er forgot!  
      Lock'd is thy ear? Yet still my plea  
      May speed, for mercy keeps the key.
- 9    Thou tarriest while I sink, I die,  
      And fall to nothing! Thou on high

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<sup>115</sup>“Flames” changed to “fires” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>116</sup>“Can he, can he” changed to “Shall he, shall he” in *HSP* (1739).

See'st me undone! Yet am I stil'd  
By thee (lost as I am) thy child!

- 10 Yet thou art good;<sup>117</sup> and yet abide  
Thy promises; they speak, they chide,  
They in my bosom pour my tears,  
And my complaint present as theirs.
- 11 Hear, Jesu! Hear my broken heart!  
Broken so long, that every part  
Hath got a tongue which ne'er shall cease,  
Till thou pronounce, depart in peace.
- 12 My Lord,<sup>118</sup> my Saviour, hear my cry,  
By these thy feet at which I lie;  
Pluck out thy dart: regard my sighs:  
Now heal my heart,<sup>119</sup> or now it dies.

## XVII.

### Salvation by Grace.<sup>120</sup>

- 1 Lord, we confess our numerous faults,  
How great our guilt has been!  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise  
For ever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways  
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,  
Which our own hands have done;  
But we are saved by sovereign grace  
Abounding thro' thy Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin;

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<sup>117</sup>“Yet thou art good” changed to “Yet sin is dead” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>118</sup>“Lord” changed to “love” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>119</sup>“Heart” changed to “soul” in *HSP* (1739).

<sup>120</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 88 (Book 1, no.

'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are wash'd<sup>121</sup> from sin:

5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death  
Who hung upon the tree  
Thy Spirit is sent down to breathe<sup>122</sup>  
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew  
And justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too  
And see our Father's face.

**XVIII.**  
**Inconstancy.**<sup>123</sup>

1 Lord Jesu, when, when shall it be,  
That I no more shall break with thee?  
When will this war of passions cease,  
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent and sin again:  
Now I revive and now am slain:  
Slain with the same unhappy dart,  
Which, O! Too often wounds my heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be  
A garden seal'd to all but thee?  
No more expos'd, no more undone:  
But live and grow to thee alone!

4 Guide thou, my<sup>124</sup> Lord, guide thou my course  
And draw me on with thy sweet force?  
Still make me walk, still make me tend  
By thee my way, to thee my end.

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<sup>121</sup>“Wash'd” changed to “cleans'd” in *CPH* (1741), 24.

<sup>122</sup>Ori., “to breath”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 24.

<sup>123</sup>Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickes (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 4, stanzas 1–3 (pp. 42–44) & Hymn 13, stanza 6 (p. 122).

<sup>124</sup>“My” is changed to “O” in *CPH* (1743), 32.



**XIX.**  
**Christ Our Righteousness.**<sup>125</sup>

- 1    How heavy is the night  
      That hangs upon our eyes!  
      Till Christ with his reviving light  
      Upon our souls arise!
- 2    Our guilty spirits dread  
      To meet the wrath of heaven:  
      But in thy righteousness array'd  
      We see our sins forgiven.
- 3    Unholy and impure  
      Are all our thoughts and ways:  
      Thy hand infected nature cure  
      With sanctifying grace.
- 4    The powers of hell agree  
      To hold our souls in vain:  
      Thou set'st the sons of bondage free,  
      And break'st the cursed chain.
- 5    Lord, we adore thy ways  
      To bring us near to God,  
      Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace  
      And thine atoning blood.

**XX.**  
**From the German.**<sup>126</sup>

- 1    My soul before thee prostrate lies,  
      To thee, her source my spirit flies,  
      My wants I mourn, my chains I see  
      O let thy presence set me free!
- 2    Lost and undone for aid I cry;  
      In thy death, Saviour, let me die!

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<sup>125</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78–79 (Book 1, no. 98).

<sup>126</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* ([Herrnhut]: Wäsen-hause, 1735), 724–25 (#804, omitting stanza 5; by Christian Friedrich Richter). A manuscript version of this translation can be found in JW's hand at the end of his "Georgia Diary 2" (covering May 1736–Feb 1737; held at The Pitts Theological Library, Emory University, John Wesley Papers, 1/2), pp. 4–6 counting from back.

Griev'd with thy grief, pain'd with thy pain,  
Ne'er may I feel self-love again.

- 3 Jesu, vouchsafe my heart and will  
With thy meek lowliness to fill;  
No more her power let nature boast,  
But in thy will may mine be lost!
- 4 I feel well that I love thee, Lord:  
I exercise me in thy word:  
Yet vile affections claim a part,  
And thou hast only half my heart.
- 5 In life's short day let me yet more  
Of thy enlivening power implore:  
My mind must deeper sink in thee;  
My foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.
- 6 Ye sons of men, here nought avails  
Your strength, here all your wisdom fails;  
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?  
Thou only, Lord, supreme of men.
- 7 And well I know<sup>127</sup> thy tender love:  
Thou never didst unfaithful prove:  
And well I know<sup>128</sup> thou stand'st by me,  
Pleas'd from my self to set<sup>129</sup> me free.
- 8 Still I do<sup>130</sup> watch and labour still  
To banish every thought of ill,  
Till thou in thy good time appear  
And sav'st me from the fowler's snare.
- 9 Already springing hope I feel;  
God will destroy<sup>131</sup> the power of hell:  
God from the land of wars and pain  
Leads me, where peace<sup>132</sup> and safety reign.
- 10 One only care my soul shall know,  
Father, all thy commands to do:

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<sup>127</sup>Manuscript version begins instead "Yet know I well."

<sup>128</sup>Manuscript version begins instead "Yet know I well."

<sup>129</sup>Manuscript version has "make" instead of "set."

<sup>130</sup>Changed to "Still will I ..." in *HSP* (1739), 95; as in manuscript version.

<sup>131</sup>Manuscript version has "hath destroyed" instead of "will destroy."

<sup>132</sup>Manuscript version has "rest" instead of "peace."

Ah deep engrave it on my breast,  
That I in thee ev'n now am blest;

- 11 When my warm'd thoughts I fix on thee  
And plunge me in thy mercie's sea,  
Then ev'n on me thy face shall shine  
And quicken this dead heart of mine.
- 12 So ev'n in storms my zeal shall grow,  
So shall I thy hid sweetness know,  
And feel (what endless age shall prove)  
That thou, my Lord, my God art love!

**Psalms and Hymns  
For Saturday.**

**I.  
Psalm XIX.<sup>133</sup>**

- 1 Behold the lofty sky  
Declares its Maker God,  
And all his starry works on high  
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light  
Still keep their course the same,  
While night to day and day to night  
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land  
Their general voice is known:  
They shew the wonders of his hand,  
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye happy lands rejoice  
Where he reveals his word:

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<sup>133</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 53–54 (omitting stanza 7).

We are not left to nature's voice  
To bid us know the Lord.

- 5 His statutes and commands  
Are set before our eyes;  
He puts his gospel in our hands  
Where our salvation lies:
- 6 His laws are just and pure  
His truth without deceit,  
His promises for ever sure,  
And his rewards are great.
- 7 While of thy works I sing  
Thy glory to proclaim,  
Accept the praise, my God and King  
In my Redeemer's name.

## II.

### The Same [Psalm XIX].<sup>134</sup>

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,  
And all the wide, etherial sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.  
Th' unwearied sun from day to day  
Does his Creator's power display  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
While all the stars that round her burn  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

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<sup>134</sup>Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 465 (Aug. 23, 1712).

- 3    What tho' in solemn silence all  
      Move round this dark terrestrial ball?  
      What tho' no real voice nor sound  
      Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
      In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
      And utter forth a glorious voice,  
      For ever singing as they shine,  
      The hand that made us is divine!

**III.**  
**The Same [Psalm XIX].<sup>135</sup>**

- 1    Great God, the heav'ns well order'd frame  
      Declares the glory of thy name,  
          There thy rich works of wonder shine:  
      A thousand starry beauties there,  
      A thousand radiant marks appear  
          Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2    From night to day from day to night  
      The dawning and the falling light  
          Lectures of heavenly wisdom read:  
      With silent eloquence they raise  
      Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
          And neither sound nor language need.
- 3    Yet their divine instructions run  
      Far as the journeys of the sun,  
          And every nation knows their voice:  
      The sun like a young bridegroom drest  
      Breaks from the chamber of the east  
          Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4    Wheree'er he spreads his beams abroad  
      He smiles and speaks his Maker God:  
          All nature joins to shew thy praise:

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<sup>135</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 57–59 (omitting stanzas 6–7).

Thus God in every creature shines;  
Fair are the book of nature's lines;  
    But fairer is thy book of grace.

5 I love the volumes of thy word:  
What joy and light those leaves afford  
    To souls benighted and distrest;  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;  
    Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?  
O cleanse me from my secret faults,  
    And from presumptuous sins restrain:  
Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
If I have read thy book of grace  
    And book of nature not in vain.

**IV.**  
**Psalm LXV.**<sup>136</sup>

1 On thee the race of man depends,  
Far as the earth's remotest ends;  
Where the Creator's name is known  
By nature's feeble light alone.

2 At thy command the morning ray  
Smiles in the east and leads the day;  
Thou guid'st the sun's declining wheels  
Over the tops of western hills.

3 Seasons and times obey thy voice;  
The evening and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with showers,  
Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.

4 'Tis from the watry stores on high  
Thou giv'st the thirsty ground supply;

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<sup>136</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 163–65 (using stanzas 2, 7–12).

Thou walk'st upon the clouds, and thence  
Dost thy enriching drops dispence.

- 5 The desart grows a fertile field;  
Abundant fruit the valleys yield  
The vallies shout with chearful voice,  
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 6 The pastures smile in green array,  
Where lambs and larger cattle play:  
The larger cattle and the lamb,  
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 7 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;  
O'er every field thy glories shine:  
Thro' every month thy gifts appear,  
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

**V.**  
**Psalm CIV.**<sup>137</sup>

**Part I.**

- 1 Thee, Lord, my soul aspires to sing,  
Almighty, everlasting King,  
Creator! Wondrous to survey  
Thy works excite the grateful lay.  
From thy bright throne beyond yon height  
Spread plains of empyrean light,  
The spheres assume the second place,  
Swift moving thro' th' eternal<sup>138</sup> space.
- 2 Beneath more close compacted lie  
The regions of th' inferior sky.  
Here float the clouds, the thunders roll,  
And tempests whirl from pole to pole.  
Here thy obedient spirits find  
The stores of vengeance for mankind:  
And pleas'd thy orders to perform  
Lance the hot bolt, or drive the storm.

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<sup>137</sup>Source: Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 82–90, altered.

<sup>138</sup>“Eternal” changed to “ethereal” in *CPH* (1741), 80.

- 3 Till thou restrain'd it like a robe  
The deep involv'd the shapeless globe;  
And now tho' the proud surges rise,  
Range the wide<sup>139</sup> waste, and threat the skies,  
Fix'd is their bound, their tumults end;  
Yet where thou bidst the main extend,  
Awed by thy voice aloof they roar,  
Or gently leave th' uninjured shore.
- 4 Mean while the piercing liquid strains  
Thro' the tall mountains secret veins;  
Thence down the silver currents flow  
And wander thro' the vales below.  
And while their streams fresh moisture yield  
To the dry cattle of the field,  
Lo, trees project their branches fair  
And lodge the songsters of the air.

**Part II.**

- 1 Thou send'st, thy creatures to sustain,  
The former and the latter rain:  
See streight herbs, flowers and fruits appear,  
And various plenty crowns the year.  
Grass for the beast, the olive grows  
For man, and the rich vintage flows  
His life and vigour to sustain  
Waves o'er the field the ripening grain.
- 2 Lord, how dost thou all-bounteous send,  
Unnumber'd blessings without end!  
"Thro' all the earth thy glories shine,  
Thy works pronounce thy power divine."  
To their full growth by just degrees  
Majestick rise the forest trees  
Up to the clouds their arms they throw.  
Their roots the center seek below.

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<sup>139</sup>Ori., "wise"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 80.



- 3 The nations of the feather'd kind  
Here hospitable shelter find  
The stork in the tall fir trees height  
Here leaves her brood, and wings her flight.  
And where their shadowy gloom they throw  
Wide waving o'er the mountain's brow  
Earth's feebl' tribes rejoice to share  
Thy tender love and guardian care.

**Part III.**

- 1 The moon to run her destin'd space  
Fills her pale orb with borrow'd rays;  
The appointed sun with just career  
Metes out the day, the month, the year.  
His lamp withdrawn then rav'ning stray  
Wild beasts, outrageous for their prey;  
The lion roars his wants aloud  
And roaring, seeks his meat from God.
- 2 When the east glows with opening day  
Back to their dens they haste away:  
Nor sooner are the shades of night  
Fled from the sun's returning light,  
Than<sup>140</sup> the strong husbandman renews  
His toil, his daily task pursues,  
Till evening calls again to rest,  
Both toiling man and weary beast.
- 3 How various is thy praise display'd  
O Lord, in all thy hands have made!  
Lost in amazement down we fall;  
In wisdom thou hast made them all!  
How on the earth thy riches shower  
Incessant, unexhausted store;  
New every morn thy gifts appear;  
Great God, thy goodness fills the year!

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<sup>140</sup>Ori., "then"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 82.

4 And yet, lo other scenes disclose!  
The sea no less thy goodness shews,  
Here the finn'd race unnumber'd stray,  
Dive deep, or on the surface play.  
Here huge leviathan may reign  
Sole tyrant of the watry plain.  
He moves; the boiling deeps divide:  
He breathes a storm and spouts a tide.

**Part IV.**

1 These all own thy paternal care,  
In thee they live and move and are!  
The copius good thy hand bestows  
Enjoy, and praise thee as it flows.  
But thy blest influence once withdrawn,  
No more joy, light or comfort dawn:  
Dire pain succeeds and sad decay,  
And death demands his destin'd prey.

2 Yet unimpair'd the species all  
Stand, while the individuals fall;  
Thy timely care each chasm supplies,  
One rising as another dies.  
Hence thro' the whole creation known  
Still shall thy guardian power be shown  
Till at thy word devouring flame  
Consume the universal frame.

3 Ev'n in that lov'd that dreadful day  
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,  
Thou still, my soul, shalt sound abroad  
Praise to thy Father, and thy God.  
Praise thou the Lord: he is thy friend,  
The cause of all things and their end!  
O'er earth, seas, heav'n, let time prevail  
The Rock thou build'st on, cannot fail.

**VI.**  
**Psalm CXIV.**<sup>141</sup>

- 1    When Israel, freed from Pharoah's hand,  
      Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
      The tribes with chearful homage own  
      Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2    Across the deep their journey lay;  
      The deep divides to make them way:  
      Jordan beheld their march and fled  
      With backward current to his head.
- 3    The mountains shook like frightened sheep.  
      Like lambs the little hillocks leap:  
      Not Sinai on the<sup>142</sup> base could stand,  
      Conscious of sovereign pow'r at hand.
- 4    What pow'r could make the deep divide?  
      Make Jordan backward roll his tide?  
      Why did ye leap, ye little hills?  
      And whence the fright that Sinai feels?
- 5    Let every mountain, every flood  
      Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
      The King of Israel: see him here,  
      Tremble thou earth; adore and fear!
- 6    He thunders, and all nature mourns;  
      The rock to standing pools he turns;  
      Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
      And fires and seas confess the Lord.

**VII.**  
**Psalm CXLVIII.**<sup>143</sup>

**Part I.**

- 1    Let every creature join  
      To praise th' eternal God,

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<sup>141</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 299–300.

<sup>142</sup>“The” changed to “his” in *CPH* (1741), 85.

<sup>143</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 394–96.

Ye heavenly hosts the song begin  
And sound his name abroad.

- 2    Thou sun with golden beams  
      And moon with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye sparkling flames  
      Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3    He built those worlds above  
      And fixt their wondrous frame,  
By his command they stand or move  
      And ever speak his name.
- 4    Ye vapours, when ye rise  
      Or fall in showers, or snow,  
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies  
      His power and glory shew.
- 5    Wind, hail and flashing fire  
      Agree to praise the Lord,  
When ye in vengeful storms conspire  
      To execute his word.
- 6    By all his works above  
      His honours be exprest:  
But those who taste his saving love  
      Should sing his praises best.

**Part II.**

- 1    Let earth and ocean know  
      They owe their Maker praise:  
Praise him, ye watry worlds below  
      And monsters of the seas.
- 2    From mountains near the sky  
      Let his loud praise resound;  
From humble shrubs and cedars high  
      And vales and fields around.

- 3 Ye lions of the wood  
And tamer beasts that graze,  
Ye live upon his daily food,  
And he expects your praise.
- 4 Ye birds of lofty wing,  
On high his praises bear:  
Or sit on flowry boughs<sup>144</sup> and sing  
Your Maker's glory there.
- 5 Ye creeping ants and worms  
His various wisdom shew;  
And flies in all your shining forms  
Praise him that drest you so.
- 6 By all the earth born race  
His honours be exprest:  
But those that know his heavenly grace.  
Should learn to praise him best.

**Part III.**

- 1 Monarchs of wide command,  
Praise ye th' eternal King:  
Judges, adore that sovereign hand  
Whence all your honours spring.
- 2 Let vigorous youth engage  
To sound his praises high,  
While growing babes and withering age  
Their feebler<sup>145</sup> voices try.
- 3 United zeal be shown  
His wondrous fame to raise:  
God is the Lord; his name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.
- 4 Let nature join with art  
And all pronounce him blest:

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<sup>144</sup>Ori., "bows"; corrected in *CPH* (1741), 91.

<sup>145</sup>"Feebler" changed to "feeble" in *CPH* (1743), 117.

But saints who dwell so near his heart  
Should sing his praises best.

**VIII.**  
**Universal Praise.**<sup>146</sup>

- 1 Hark, my dull soul, how every thing  
Strives to adore our bounteous King!  
Hark, each a double tribute pays:  
First sings its part and then obeys.
- 2 Here nature's sprightliest, sweetest quire  
Their Lord with chearful notes admire  
And every day they chant their lauds,  
Th' ecchoing grove their song applauds.
- 3 What tho' their voices lower be,  
The streams too have their melody,  
Both night and day they warbling run,  
They never pause but still sing on.
- 4 All the gay flow'rs that paint the spring  
Hither their silent musick bring;  
If heaven bless them thankful they  
Do smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 5 Awake from shame my sluggish heart,  
Awake and gladly sing thy part,  
Learn ev'n of birds and springs and flowers  
How to employ thy nobler powers.
- 6 O call whole nature to thy aid  
Since it was he whole nature made:  
Join we in one eternal song,  
We who to one God all belong.
- 7 Live thou for ever, glorious Lord,  
Live thou by all thy works ador'd,

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<sup>146</sup>Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 6, omitting stanza 5 (pp. 69–70). Wesley revises throughout, rendering the meter of the hymn problematic. He revises again, to restore the original meter (but not quite the original words) in *CPH* (1741), 101–2.

Great One in Three and Three in One  
May all things bow to thee alone.

**IX.**

**Sun, Moon and Stars,  
Praise Ye the Lord.<sup>147</sup>**

- 1 Regent of all the worlds above,  
Thou, sun, whose rays adorn our sphere  
And with unwearied swiftness move  
To form the circle of the year:
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies  
Who decks thy orb with borrow'd rays;  
Or may the sun forget to rise  
When he forgets his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,  
Whose paler fires and female light  
Are softer rivals of the noon:
- 4 Arise, and to that sovereign power  
Waxing and waining honours pay,  
Who had thee rule the dusky hours  
And half supply the absent day.
- 5 Ye glittering stars that gild the skies  
When darkness has her curtain drawn,  
That keep the watch with wakeful eyes,  
When business, cares and day are gone:
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your<sup>148</sup> Lord,  
Dispers'd thro' all the heav'nly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford  
So rich a pavement for his feet.

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<sup>147</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 45–47, altered.

<sup>148</sup>“Your” changed to “our” in *CPH* (1743), 129.

- 7    Thou heav'n of heav'ns supremely bright,  
      Fair palace of the court divine,  
      Where with inimitable light  
      The Godhead condescends to shine:
- 8    Praise thou thy great inhabitant,  
      Who scatters lovely beams of grace  
      On every angel, every saint,  
      Nor veils the lustre of his face.
- 9    O God of glory, God of love,  
      Thou art the sun that mak'st our days:  
      Mid'st all thy wondrous works above  
      Let earth and dust attempt thy praise!

**X.**

**Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator.**<sup>149</sup>

**Part I.**

- 1    Author of being, source of light,  
      With never fading beauties bright.  
      Thou, fullness, goodness, rolling round  
      Thy own fair orb without a bound.  
      Ei, or Jao, thee we hail,  
      Great essence that canst never fail!  
      By Grecian or barbarick name,  
      Thy steadfast being still the same!
- 2    Thee may thy humble suppliants call  
      Or truth, or good, or one, or all!  
      Thee, when fair morning greets the skies  
      With rosy cheeks and humid eyes,  
      Thee, when<sup>150</sup> the sweet declining day  
      Now sinks in purple waves away,  
      Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,  
      And teach the world to praise and love.

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<sup>149</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., from the manuscript, altered. When John Wesley published this hymn in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 39–45, he prefaced it with a *new* dialogue between Plato and Eupolis the provides the supposed occasion for the hymn.

<sup>150</sup>Ori., “ween”; a misprint.



- 3 Lo! Yonder azure vault on high,  
Lo! Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,  
Lo! Earth on its firm basis plac'd,  
And round with circling waves embrac'd;  
All these creating power confess,  
All these their mighty Maker bless;  
And still thy powerful hands sustain  
Both earth and heav'n, both firm and main.

**Part II.**

- 1 Scarce can our daring thought arise  
To thy pavilion in the skies;  
Nor can a mortal tongue declare  
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.  
Nor solitary dost thou reign,  
But circled with a glorious train,  
The sons of God, the sons of light,  
For ever joying in thy sight!
- 2 For thee their silver harps are strung,  
While ever beauteous, ever young,  
Th' angelick forms their voices raise,  
And thro' heav'n's arch resound thy<sup>151</sup> praise.  
The feather'd souls that swim the air,  
And bath in liquid ether there;  
The lark, precentor of their quire,  
Leading them higher still and higher.
- 3 Listen and learn th' angelick notes  
Repeating in their warbling throats:  
And ere<sup>152</sup> to soft repose they go  
They teach them to their lords below.  
On the green turf, their mossy nest,  
The ev'ning anthem swells their breast.  
Thus, like thy golden chain from high,  
Thy praise unites the earth and sky!

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<sup>151</sup>Ori., "they"; a misprint, corrected in *HSP* (1739), 2.

<sup>152</sup>Ori., "e're"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

**Part III.**

- 1    Thou, sole from sole, command'st the sun  
      Round on the burning axles run;  
      The stars like dust around him fly  
      And strew the area of the sky,  
      He drives so swift his race above  
      That mortals can't perceive him move:  
      So smooth his course, oblique or streight,  
      Olympus shakes not with his weight.
  
- 2    As the fair queen of solemn night  
      Fills at his vase her orb of light,  
      Imparted lustre; thus we see  
      The solar virtue shines by thee.  
      Eiresione we'll no more  
      Imaginary power adore,  
      Since oil and wool and chearing wine  
      And life-sustaining bread are thine.
  
- 3    The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,  
      Flower and herb and shrub that grows  
      Or on Thessalian Tempe's plain,  
      Or where the rich Sabeans reign:  
      That treat the tast, or smell, or sight,  
      For food, for medecine, or delight,  
      All planted by thy parent care  
      Do spring and smile and flourish there.

**Part IV.**

- 1    O ye sweet nurses of soft dreams,  
      Ye reedy brooks and winding streams,  
      Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles\* sheen,  
      Or sliding thro' the meadows green;  
      Or where thro' matted sedge you creep  
      Slow trav'ling to your parent deep,

\*i.e., *shining* or *smooth*.

Resound his praise by whom you rose  
That sea, which never ebbs or flows.

- 2 Ye trees, whose roots descend as low  
As high in air your branches grow,  
That pour a venerable shade  
For thought and friendly converse made:  
Your leavy arms to heaven extend,  
And bend your heads, in homage bend:  
Cedars and pines that wave above,  
Waving adore your parent Jove.
- 3 No evil can from thee proceed,  
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed;  
As darkness is not from the sun,  
Nor mount the shades till he is gone.  
Even then the pious on his guard  
Stands undismay'd, for all prepar'd:  
Whate'er befall, his mind's at rest;  
Since what thou send'st, must needs be best.
- 4 O Father King, whose heavenly face  
Shines still serene on all thy race,  
Can we forget thy guardian care,  
How slow to punish, glad to spare!  
We thy magnificence adore;  
We thy unceasing aid implore:  
Nor vainly for thy help we call,  
Nor can we want; for thou art ALL.