

***Pocket Hymn Book (1785)***<sup>1</sup>

[Baker List, #438]

**Editorial Introduction:**

In 1780 John Wesley issued *A Collection of Hymns for the People Called Methodists*. This was the largest collection that he ever published (with 525 hymns), and Wesley clearly desired that it would become the standard text of his Methodist people for private use and in their society gatherings.<sup>2</sup> One major obstacle stood in the way of this desire—the cost of the volume, at 4 shillings. It was in part because many of his people could not afford this cost that Wesley continued to reprint *Select Hymns* (1765), with editions in 1780, 1783, and 1787, which was less than a third the length of the 1780 *Collection*, and sold for 1 shilling, six pence. But *Select Hymns* did not mirror well the content of the 1780 *Collection*, lacking even such Methodist favourites as “O for a Thousand Tongues.”

This created an opportunity for Robert Spence, a bookseller with Methodist connections in York, to offer another solution. In 1781 he published an abridgement of Wesley’s 1780 *Collection*, reducing it by two-thirds (to 174 hymns), while retaining the most popular hymns among Methodists.<sup>3</sup> Spence took this step without approval, and drew Wesley’s displeasure.<sup>4</sup> But since he was not an itinerant preacher, Spence was not accountable to injunctions by Conference against publishing materials without Wesley’s approval.<sup>5</sup> While his 1781 publication had limited success, Spence reframed it in 1783 in two ways that greatly increased its popularity. First, he added about fifty hymns by other authors popular in evangelical circles. Second, he printed the new collection on smaller pages (duodecimo), making it easier to carry. He titled the transformed volume a *Pocket Hymn Book, designed as a constant companion for the pious*, and sold it for 1 shilling a copy.<sup>6</sup>

These revisions turned Spence’s *Pocket Hymn Book* into a commercial success. As Thomas Wride, one of Wesley’s itinerants, complained the following year, it “makes *great* way among our societies. I have seen six at a time in a private house.”<sup>7</sup> Part of Wride’s concern was that “the sale of such books must proportionably lessen the sale of Mr. Wesley’s, and render Mr. Wesley less able to help such as for years past have been helped by the profit of the books sold for Mr. Wesley.” Wride’s suggested solution was for Wesley to issue a smaller collection of hymns, printed in a size that could fit in a pocket, and selling for 1 shilling. He was confident that such a volume, if diligently spread by the preachers, would soon render Spence’s text “out of date.”

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: December 10, 2018.

<sup>2</sup>The unique situation of the Methodists in North America organizing as a church led Wesley to publish in 1784 a volume for their formal worship: *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the Lord’s Day*.

<sup>3</sup>*A Collection of Hymns from Various Authors, Designed for General Use* (York: Printed for R. Spence, Bookseller in High Ousegate. 1781).

<sup>4</sup>See Richard Burdekin, *Memoir of ... Robert Spence* (York: Longman, 1840), 33–34.

<sup>5</sup>See the summary of the 1761 Conference (JW, *Works*, 10:291); the Minutes of the 1765 Conference, Q. 24 (10:311); and the Minutes of the 1781 Conference, Q. 25 (10:516).

<sup>6</sup>*Pocket Hymn-Book, designed as a constant companion for the pious; collected from various authors* (York: Printed for R. Spence, in Ousegate, 1783).

<sup>7</sup>Thomas Wride to Wesley, July 3, 1784 (MARC, PLP 115/9/35); for all quotations in this paragraph.

Within a couple of months of receiving Wride's letter Wesley did prepare for publication a small collection, printed in an appropriate size to be titled *A Pocket Hymn Book for the Use of Christians of all Denominations* (1785). But as he made clear in the Preface, Wesley was not trying to abridge the 1780 *Collection*, selecting the most popular hymns. Instead he chose to supplement the 1780 *Collection* by devoting *Pocket Hymn Book* (1785) to other worthy hymns from earlier collections that had not made it into the 1780 *Collection*. Time would soon prove that there was little market for such a supplement, and this volume was never reprinted. Instead, Wesley would issue a much different *Pocket Hymn Book* in 1787.

In keeping with Wesley's announced purpose, all but one of the 220 hymns in *Pocket Hymn Book* (1785) had appeared in his earlier collections. The sole new item (shown in blue font in the Table of Contents) was a hymn published in 1771 by one of Wesley's associates, Thomas Olivers, titled *A Hymn to the God of Abraham*. Spence had included a four-stanza extract from this hymn by Olivers in *Pocket Hymn Book* (1783); Wesley apparently wanted to provide his Methodists with a more complete (though still abridged) version.

Surprisingly, in light of his announced purpose, nearly a fifth of the hymns in *Pocket Hymn Book* (1785) are taken from the 1780 *Collection*. In three cases this may have been because Spence included in *Pocket Hymn Book* (1783) an abridged form of a hymn in the 1780 *Collection* and Wesley wished to reenforce among his people the full form.<sup>8</sup> In total, Wesley included in *Pocket Hymn Book* (1785) twenty-four hymns from his earlier collections that Spence had placed *Pocket Hymn Book* (1783).<sup>9</sup> This leaves 195 hymns in this collection by Wesley that had no overlap with that of Spence.

Finally it should be noted that while Wesley derived all of the hymns in *Pocket Hymn Book* (1785)—except that by Thomas Olivers—from his earlier collections, he extracted or divided several of the hymns in ways that left them with a new first line. Indeed, this collection includes forty-eight instances of the first appearance in a Wesley collection of a hymn with its specific first line. These instances are indicated in red font in the Table of Contents.

## Editions:

John Wesley. *Pocket Hymn Book*. London: Paramore, 1785.

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<sup>8</sup>See particularly Hymn 3 (compare to Spence, pp. 7–8), Hymn 63 (compare to Spence, p. 36), and Hymn 213 (compare to Spence, pp. 188–89).

<sup>9</sup>Hymns 3, 5, 7, 8, 15, 47, 50, 63, 72, 89, 91, 93, 103, 104, 109, 118, 121, 126, 147, 156, 181, 198, 213, 220.

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**To the  
Reader.**

1. In the hymn book which I published about four years since,<sup>1</sup> although it was larger than was at first intended, there was no room for very many of our hymns which were no way inferior to those contained therein. A collection of these, as I found many desired it, I have now published in a smaller volume, including very few of those which were published in the other.

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<sup>1</sup>I.e., *Collection of Hymns* (1780).

2. Several of these I omitted before because I was afraid they would not be understood by a common congregation. But if some do not understand them, I make no doubt but many others will, and I trust profit thereby. And the deeper the meaning is, the more it will profit those that do understand them.

John Wesley

London,  
October 1, 1784

**A  
POCKET  
HYMN BOOK.**

**PART 1.  
Containing Introductory Hymns.**

**Section 1.  
*Exhorting sinners to turn to God.***

**Hymn 1.<sup>2</sup> (Passion Tune.)**

- 1 All ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh:  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety he is,  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 2 For what you have done  
His blood must atone:  
The Father hath punished for you his dear Son.  
The Lord in the day  
Of his anger did lay  
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 3 He answered for all,  
O come at his call,  
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.  
But lift up your eyes  
At Jesus's cries:  
Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.

---

<sup>2</sup>First appeared in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 8–10; appears here via *HSP* (1749), 1:87–88.

- 4        He dies to atone  
          For sins not his own;  
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done.  
          Ye all may receive  
          The peace he did leave,  
Who made intercession, “My Father forgive!”
- 5        For you and for me  
          He prayed on the tree;  
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.  
          The sinner am I,  
          Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 6        My pardon I claim,  
          For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus’s name.  
          He purchased the grace,  
          Which now I embrace;  
O Father, thou know’st he hath died in my place.
- 7        His death is my plea,  
          My Advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me:  
          Acquitted I was,  
          When he bled on the cross,  
And by losing his life he hath carried my cause.

**Hymn 2.**<sup>3</sup> (Wednesbury.)

- 1        Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,  
          Display thy saving power;  
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,  
          And know their gracious hour.
- 2        Ah give them Lord, a longer space,  
          Nor suddenly consume;  
But let them take the proffered grace,  
          And flee the wrath to come.

---

<sup>3</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 24–25; stanzas 5–12.

- 3 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look  
(All goodness as thou art)  
Like that which faithless Peter's broke,  
Or my obdurate heart.
- 4 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,  
And crucified afresh,  
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Open their eyes, and ears, to see  
Thy cross, to hear thy cries:  
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,  
For thee he weeps, and dies.
- 6 All the day long he meekly stands  
His rebels to receive,  
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,  
And bids you turn and live.
- 7 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye  
He will with blood efface;  
Even now he waits the blood t' apply,  
Be saved, be saved by grace.
- 8 Be saved from hell, from sin and fear:  
He speaks you now forgiven,  
Walk before God, be perfect here,  
And then come up to heaven.

**Hymn 3.**<sup>4</sup> (Invitation.)

- 1 Sinners obey the gospel word,  
Haste to the supper of my Lord!  
Be wise to know your gracious day!  
All things are ready, come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kiss his late returning son;  
Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

---

<sup>4</sup>First appeared in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 44–46; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,  
Just now the stony to remove;  
T' apply and witness with the blood,  
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate;  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Is ready with their shining host;  
All heaven is ready to resound,  
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"
- 6 Come then, ye sinners to your Lord,  
In Christ to paradise restored,  
The proffered benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel grace.
- 7 A pardon written with his blood,  
The favour and the peace of God;  
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joys of penitence:
- 8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,  
The meltings of a broken heart;  
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,  
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:
- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
The unutterable tenderness;  
The genuine, meek humility,  
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"
- 10 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
The sight that veils the seraph's face;  
The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love!

**Hymn 4.<sup>5</sup>** (Invitation.)

**Primitive Christianity.**

- 1 Happy the souls that first believed,  
To Jesus and each other cleaved:  
Joined by the unction from above,  
In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They lived and spake and thought the same,  
They joyfully conspired to raise  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 With grace abundantly endued,  
A pure believing multitude,  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.
- 4 O what an age of golden days!  
O what a choice peculiar race!  
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,  
Anointed kings and priests to God!
- 5 Where shall I wander now to find  
The successors they left behind?  
The faithful whom I seek in vain,  
Are 'minished from the sons of men.
- 6 Ye different sects who all declare,  
Lo here is Christ, or Christ is there,  
Your stronger proofs divinely give,  
And show me where the Christians live.
- 7 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;  
Ye want the genuine mark of love:  
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show,  
For sure thou hast a church below.
- 8 The gates of hell cannot prevail;  
The church on earth can never fail;  
Ah, join me to thy secret ones!  
Ah, gather all thy living stones!

---

<sup>5</sup>This is an extract from "Primitive Christianity" in *Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion* (1743), 52–53; [Part I], stanzas 1, 2a, 4b, 6–14. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 16.

- 9 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,  
Till thou collect them with thine eye;  
Draw by the music of thy name,  
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,  
And cries in all thy banished ones:  
Greatest of gifts thy love impart,  
And make us of one mind and heart.
- 11 Join every soul that looks to thee,  
In bonds of perfect charity:  
Now, Lord, thy glorious fulness give,  
And all in all forever live.

## Section 2.

### *1. Describing the goodness of God.*

#### Hymn 5.<sup>6</sup> (York.)

#### God's Love to Mankind.

- 1 O God, of good the unfathomed sea,  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Who would not his whole soul and mind,  
With all his strength to thee unite?
- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;  
Before th' unsufferable blaze  
Angels with both wings veil their eyes:  
Yet free as air thy bounty streams  
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams  
Diffusive as the sun's arise.
- 3 Astonished at thy frowning brow,  
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow,  
Terrible majesty is thine!  
Who then can that vast love express,  
Which bows thee down to me, who less  
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

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<sup>6</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Scheffler, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 159–61. Appears here via *All in All* (1761), 16–17.



- 4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,  
In number, weight, and measure still  
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:  
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
And guide my steps, that I with thee  
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.
- 5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows  
From thee; no want thy fulness knows;  
What but thyself canst thou desire?  
Yes: self-sufficient as thou art,  
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;  
This, only this thou dost require.
- 6 Primeval beauty! in thy sight  
The first-born, fairest sons of light  
See all their brightest glories fade:  
What then to me thine eyes could turn,  
In sin conceived, of woman born,  
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade?
- 7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,  
And trembling own the Almighty God,  
Sovereign of earth, air, hell, and sky;  
But who is this that comes from far,  
Whose garments rolled in blood appear?  
'Tis God made man, for man to die.
- 8 O God, of good the unfathomed sea,  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Who would not his whole soul and mind,  
With all his strength to thee unite?

**Hymn 6.**<sup>7</sup> (Passion.)

- 1 O God of all grace,  
Thy goodness we praise,  
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place.

---

<sup>7</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:226–27; stanzas 1–3, 6, 9–10.

- 2       With joy we approve  
          The design of thy love:  
      'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.
- 3       Tongue cannot explain  
          The love of God-man,  
      Which the angels desire to look into in vain.
- 4       He came from above,  
          Our curse to remove:  
      He hath loved, he hath loved us, because he *would* love.
- 5       He hath ransomed our race;  
          O how shall we praise,  
      Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace?
- 6       Nothing else will we know,  
          In our journey below,  
      But singing thy grace to thy paradise go.

**2. Describing death.**

**Hymn 7.**<sup>8</sup> (Lamps.)

- 1       And am I born to die?  
          To lay this body down?  
      And must my trembling spirit fly  
          Into a world unknown?  
          A land of deepest shade,  
          Unpierced by human thought!  
      The dreary regions of the dead,  
          Where all things are forgot!
- 2       Soon as from earth I go,  
          What will become of me?  
      Eternal happiness or woe  
          Must then my portion be!  
          Waked by the trumpet's sound,  
          I from my grave shall rise,  
      And see the judge with glory crowned,  
          And see the flaming skies!

---

<sup>8</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 52–53; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 41.

- 3        How shall I leave my tomb?  
          With triumph or regret?  
A fearful or a joyful doom?  
          A curse, or blessing meet?  
          Will angel-bands convey  
          Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away  
          To meet its sentence there?
- 4        Who can resolve the doubt  
          That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damned cast out,  
          Or numbered with the blest?  
          I must from God be driven,  
          Or with my Saviour dwell,  
Must come at his command to heaven,  
          Or else depart to hell.
- 5        O thou who wouldst not have  
          One wretched sinner die,  
Who diedst thyself my soul to save  
          From endless misery!  
          Show me the way to shun  
          Thy dreadful wrath severe,  
That when thou comest on thy throne,  
          I may with joy appear!
- 6        Thou art thyself the way,  
          Thyself in me reveal;  
So shall I pass my life's short day  
          Obedient to thy will;  
          So shall I love my God,  
          Because he first loved me,  
And praise thee in thy bright abode  
          To all eternity.

### ***3. Describing judgment.***

#### **Hymn 8.<sup>9</sup> (Wood's Tune.)**

- 1        Thou God of glorious majesty,  
          To thee, against myself to thee,  
          A worm of earth I cry:

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<sup>9</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:34–35; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 58.

An half-awakened child of man,  
An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand  
Secure, insensible;  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come,  
To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
Eternal bliss to ensure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

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

**Hymn 9.**<sup>10</sup> (Brockmer.)

**Part 1.**

- 1 Woe to the men on earth who dwell,  
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown,  
When God doth all his wrath reveal,  
And shower his judgments down.
- 2 Sinners expect those heaviest showers,  
To meet your God prepare!  
For lo! the seventh angel pours  
His vial on the air.
- 3 Lo from their seats the mountains leap,  
The mountains are not found,  
Transported far into the deep,  
And in the ocean drowned.
- 4 Who then shall live and face the throne,  
And face the Judge severe?  
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,  
O where shall I appear?
- 5 Now, only now against that hour,  
We may a place provide;  
Beyond the grave, beyond the power  
Of hell our spirits hide.
- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,  
May view the final scene;  
For lo! the everlasting Rock  
Is cleft to take us in.

**Hymn 10.**<sup>11</sup>

**Part 2.**

- 1 By faith we find the place above,  
The Rock that rent in twain:  
Beneath the shade of dying love,  
And in the clefts remain.

---

<sup>10</sup>This is an extract from *Hymn on the Lisbon Earthquake* (1756), 1:10–11. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 62.

<sup>11</sup>This is an extract from *Hymn on the Lisbon Earthquake* (1756), 1:11–12. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 63.

- 2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee;  
We sink into thy side;  
Assured that all who trust in thee  
Shall evermore abide.
- 3 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,  
The latest lightning glare,  
The mountains melt, the solid ground  
Dissolve as liquid air:
- 4 The huge celestial bodies roll  
Amidst the general fire;  
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,  
And all in smoke expire.
- 5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns  
When nature is destroyed;  
And no created thing remains,  
Throughout the flaming void.
- 6 Sublime upon his azure throne,  
He speaks th' almighty word;  
His fiat is obeyed! 'tis done,  
And paradise restored.
- 7 So be it! let this system end!  
This ruinous earth and skies!  
The New Jerusalem descend,  
The new creation rise!
- 8 Thy power omnipotent assume!  
Thy brightest majesty!  
And when thou dost in glory come,  
My Lord, remember me!

***4. Describing heaven.***

**Hymn 11.**<sup>12</sup> (West-Street.)

- 1 How weak the thoughts and vain  
Of self-deluding men!  
Men who fixed to earth alone  
Think their houses shall endure;  
Fondly call their lands their own,  
To their distant heirs secure!

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<sup>12</sup>This is an extract from *Earthquake Hymns* (1750), 2:16–18; stanzas 1, 5–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 65.

- 2           How happy then are we  
              Who build, O Lord, on thee!  
What can our foundation shock?  
              Though the shattered earth remove,  
Stands our city on a Rock,  
              On the Rock of heavenly love.
- 3           A house we call our own,  
              Which cannot be o'erthrown:  
In the general ruin sure,  
              Storms and earthquakes it defies,  
Built immovably secure,  
              Built eternal in the skies.
- 4           High on Immanuel's land,  
              We see the fabric stand;  
From a tottering world remove,  
              To our steadfast mansion there:  
Our inheritance above  
              Cannot pass from heir to heir.
- 5           Those amaranthine bowers,  
              Unalienably ours,  
Bloom our infinite reward;  
              Rise, our permanent abode;  
From the founded world prepared,  
              Purchased by the blood of God.
- 6           O! might we quickly find  
              The place for us designed;  
See the long-expected day  
              Of our full redemption here!  
Let the shadows flee away!  
              Let the new-made world appear!
- 7           High on thy great white throne,  
              O King of saints come down!  
In the New Jerusalem,  
              Now triumphantly descend;  
Let the final trump proclaim,  
              Joys begun which ne'er shall end!

**Hymn 12.**<sup>13</sup> (Hotham.)

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

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<sup>13</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 90–91; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 74.



**Hymn 13.**<sup>14</sup> (Mitcham.)

- 1    Come let us join our friends above  
      That have obtained the prize,  
      And on the eagle-wings of love  
      To joy celestial rise;  
      Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
      With those to glory gone:  
      For all the servants of our King  
      In earth and heaven are one.
  
- 2    One family we dwell in him,  
      One church above, beneath,  
      Though now divided by the stream,  
      The narrow stream of death:  
      One army of the living God,  
      To his command we bow;  
      Part of his host hath crossed the flood,  
      And part is crossing now.
  
- 3    Ten thousand to their endless home  
      This solemn moment fly:  
      And we are to the margin come,  
      And we expect to die:  
      His militant, embodied host  
      With wishful looks we stand,  
      And long to see that happy coast,  
      And reach the heavenly land.
  
- 4    Our old companions in distress  
      We haste again to see,  
      And eager long for our release  
      And full felicity:  
      Even now by faith we join our hands  
      With those that went before,  
      And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
      On the eternal shore.
  
- 5    Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
      Like theirs, with glory crowned,  
      And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
      To hear his trumpet sound:

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<sup>14</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 1–2.

O that we now might grasp our guide!  
O that the word were given!  
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven!

**Hymn 14.**<sup>15</sup> (Brockmer.)

- 1 How happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven:  
A country far from mortal sight;  
Yet, O! by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here,  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear:  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past;  
But, O! the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that Jerusalem above  
With singing I repair,  
While in the flesh, my hope and love,  
My heart and soul are there:  
There my exalted Saviour stands,  
My merciful high priest,  
And still extends his wounded hands  
To take me to his breast.
- 4 What is there here to court my stay,  
To hold me back from home,  
While angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come?

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<sup>15</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 2–4.

Shall I regret my parted friends,  
Still in the vale confined?  
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,  
They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now,  
And if I first attain,  
They too their willing head shall bow,  
They too the prize shall gain:  
Now on the brink of death we stand,  
And if I pass before,  
They all shall soon escape to land,  
And hail me on the shore.

6 Then let me suddenly remove,  
That hidden life to share;  
I shall not lose my friends above,  
But more enjoy them there.  
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,  
His boundless love proclaim,  
And solemnize in songs divine  
The marriage of the Lamb.

7 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day:  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

8 O would he more of heaven bestow,  
And let the vessel break,  
And let our ransomed spirits go  
To grasp the God we seek:  
In rapturous awe on him to gaze  
Who bought the sight for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
Through all eternity.

**Hymn 15.**<sup>16</sup> (Wednesbury.)

- 1 And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it droop, or die,  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high:  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
(That only bliss for which it pants)  
In my Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain:  
I suffer out my threescore years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.
- 3 Surely he will not long delay:  
I hear his Spirit cry,  
"Arise my love, make haste away,  
Go, get thee up, and die.  
O'er death who now has lost his sting,  
I give the victory;  
And with me my reward I bring,  
I bring my heaven for thee."
- 4 Lord, I the welcome word receive,  
Thee on the mount adore,  
For thy dear sake content to live  
Some painful moments more:  
I live in holy grief and joy,  
On Pisgah's top I stand,  
And life's important point employ,  
To view the promised land.

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<sup>16</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 4–6.

- 5 O what hath Jesus bought for me!  
Before my ravished eyes  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise:  
They flourish in perpetual bloom,  
Fruit every month they give;  
And to the healing leaves who come,  
Eternally shall live.
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who reap the pleasures there;  
They all are robed in purest white,  
And conquering palms they bear:  
Adorned by their Redeemer's grace  
They close pursue the Lamb,  
And every shining front displays  
Th' unutterable name.
- 7 They drink the deifying stream,  
They pluck th' ambrosial fruit,  
And each records the praise of him  
Who tuned his golden lute:  
At once they strike the harmonious wire,  
And hymn the great Three-One:  
He hears; he smiles; and all the choir  
Fall down before his throne.
- 8 O what an heaven of heavens is this,  
This swoon of silent love!  
How poor the world's sublimest bliss  
Compared with joys above!  
With joys above may I be blest,  
And earthly bliss I scorn;  
Or sing triumphantly distressed  
Till I to God return.
- 9 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away:  
I come, to find them all again  
In that eternal day.

**5. Describing hell.**

**Hymn 16.**<sup>17</sup> (Burford.)

- 1 Terrible thought! shall I alone,  
Who may be saved, shall I,  
Of all alas! whom I have known  
Through sin forever die?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,  
With whom I once did live,  
Joyful at God's right hand appear,  
A blessing to receive;
- 3 Shall I amidst a ghastly band,  
Dragged to the judgment seat,  
Far on the left, with horror stand,  
My fearful doom to meet?
- 4 While they enjoy their Saviour's love,  
Must I in torments dwell?  
And howl (while they sing hymns above)  
And blow the flames of hell?
- 5 Ah! no; I still may turn and live;  
For still his wrath delays:  
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,  
And offers me his grace.
- 6 I will accept his offers now,  
From every sin depart,  
Perform my oft-repeated vow,  
And render him my heart.
- 7 I will improve what I receive,  
The grace through Jesus given;  
Sure if with God on earth I live,  
To live with God in heaven.

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<sup>17</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns for Children* (1763), 54–55; stanzas 1–3, 7–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 78.

**PART 2.**

***Describing true religion.***

**Hymn 17.<sup>18</sup> (Chester.)**

**Marks of Faith.**

- 1       How shall a slave released,  
          From his oppressive chain,  
          Distinguish ease and rest,  
          From weariness and pain?  
Can he his burden borne away  
          Infallibly *perceive*?  
Or I before the judgment day,  
          My pardoned sin believe?
- 2       Redeemed from all his woes,  
          Out of his dungeon freed,  
          Ask how the prisoner knows  
          That he is free indeed!  
How can he tell the gloom of night,  
          From the meridian blaze;  
Or I discern the glorious light  
          That streams from Jesu's face?
- 3       A wretch for years consigned  
          To hopeless misery,  
          The happy change must find  
          From all his pain set free:  
And must not I the difference know  
          Of joy and anxious grief,  
Of grace and sin, of weal and woe,  
          Of faith, and unbelief?

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<sup>18</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:222–24; stanzas 1–2, 4–8.

4        Yes, Lord, I now perceive,  
          And bless thee for the grace,  
          Through which redeemed I live,  
          To see thy smiling face:  
Alive I am, who once was dead,  
          And freely justified,  
I *know* thy blood for me was shed,  
          I feel it now applied.

5        By sin no longer bound,  
          The prisoner is set free,  
          The lost again is found,  
          In paradise, in thee;  
In darkness, chains, and death I was,  
          But lo! to life restored,  
Into thy wondrous light I pass,  
          The freeman of the Lord.

6        In comfort, power and peace,  
          Thy favour, Lord, I prove,  
          In faith and joy's increase,  
          And self-abasing love:  
Thou dost my pardoned sin reveal,  
          My life and heart renew;  
The pledge, the witness, and the seal,  
          Confirm the record true.

7        The Spirit of my God,  
          Hath certified him mine,  
          And all the tokens showed,  
          Infallibly divine:  
Hereby the pardoned sinner knows  
          His sins on earth forgiven,  
And thus my faithful Saviour *shows*,  
          My name inscribed in heaven.

**Hymn 18.**<sup>19</sup> (Chester.)

1        Yet hear ye souls that cleave  
          To earth and misery,  
          The joyful news receive,  
          And yield to be set free;

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<sup>19</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:227–28; stanzas 1–2, 4–6.



Redeemed from pride and guilty shame,  
The grace of Jesus prove,  
The virtue of your Saviour's name,  
The humbling power of love.

2 His blood by faith applied,  
Shall wash you white as snow,  
And all the justified,  
Themselves and Jesus know;  
Who honour God, themselves despise,  
With deep humility;  
And none so vile in their own eyes,  
As those that Jesus see.

3 His truth, and love, and power,  
Shall his own gifts maintain:  
But may ye not implore,  
The Saviour's grace in vain?  
What if ye seek and never find,  
The pardon in his blood?  
What if the Saviour of mankind,  
Be neither just nor good?

4 Hath he not spoke the word,  
"Who ask shall all receive!"  
Believe our faithful Lord,  
Ye abject souls believe!  
The hellish doubt reject, disclaim,  
And on our God rely;  
Our God continues still the same,  
Nor can himself deny.

5 We now affix our seal,  
That God is good and true,  
His faithful love we feel,  
And ye may feel it too;  
*We know*, ye all the grace may take,  
Ye all the truth may prove,  
And twice ten thousand souls we stake  
On Jesu's faithful love.

**Hymn 19.**<sup>20</sup> (Chester.)

- 1       Ye simple souls that stray  
          Far from the path of peace,  
          (That unfrequented way  
          To life and happiness)  
How long will ye your folly love,  
          And throng the downward road,  
And hate the wisdom from above,  
          And mock the sons of God?
- 2       Madness and misery,  
          Ye count our life beneath;  
          And nothing great can see,  
          Or glorious in our death:  
As born to suffer and to grieve,  
          Beneath your feet we lie,  
And utterly contemned we live,  
          And unlamented die.
- 3       Poor pensive sojourners,  
          O'erwhelmed with griefs and woes;  
          Perplexed with needless fears,  
          And pleasure's mortal foes;  
More irksome than a gaping tomb,  
          Our sight ye cannot bear,  
Wrapped in the melancholy gloom,  
          Of fanciful despair.
- 4       So wretched, and obscure,  
          The men whom ye despise,  
          So foolish, weak, and poor,  
          Above your scorn we rise:  
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost  
          Can witness better things,  
For he whose blood is all our boast,  
          Hath made us priests and kings.
- 5       Riches unspeakable,  
          In Jesu's love we know,  
          And pleasures from the well  
          Of life our souls o'erflow:

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<sup>20</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 21–22.

From him the Spirit we receive  
Of wisdom, grace, and power,  
And alway sorrowful we live  
Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our servants are,  
And keep in all our ways,  
And in their hands they bear,  
The sacred sons of grace;  
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,  
They all our steps attend;  
And God himself our Father is,  
And Jesus is our friend.

7 With him we walk in white,  
We in his image shine;  
Our robes are robes of light,  
Our righteousness divine:  
On all the groveling kings of earth,  
With pity we look down,  
And claim in virtue of our birth  
A never-fading crown.

### **PART 3.**

#### **Section 1.**

*For mourners convinced of sin.*

**Hymn 20.**<sup>21</sup> (Brentford.)

#### **A Poor Sinner.**

1 How happy is the man,  
Who sees his misery,  
Whoever feels his nature's chain,  
Nor murmurs to be free.

2 Who waits in patient hope,  
And languishing for home,

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<sup>21</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 37–38; stanzas 1–2a, 4–6.

With cheerful confidence looks up,  
And says, My Lord will come.

3 He neither hopes nor fears  
Evil or good below,  
But sighs for God, and lets his tears  
In secret silence flow.

4 O that I thus resigned  
Might bear my nature's load!  
O that in me were such a mind  
To leave the whole to God!

5 With him to trust my cause,  
And quietly endure,  
Till he remove the hallowed cross,  
And all my sickness cure!

6 I would (but thou canst tell)  
I would be humble, Lord,  
My burden every moment feel,  
And tremble at thy word.

7 I would be stripped of all,  
And calmly wait thy stay;  
Poor at thy feet, and helpless fall,  
And weep my life away.

8 I would be truly still,  
Nor set a time to thee,  
But act according to thy will,  
And speak, and think, and be.

9 I would with thee be one,  
And till the grace is given,  
Incessant pray, Thy will be done,  
In earth, as 'tis in heaven.

**Hymn 21.**<sup>22</sup> (Chester.)

**At Waking.**

1 Again my mournful sighs,  
Prevent the rising morn;  
Again my wishful eyes,  
Look out for his return:

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<sup>22</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:44–45; stanzas 1, 3–5.

I weep and languish for relief,  
And long my Lord to find;  
But wake, alas! to all the grief,  
And load I left behind.

2       Is there no balm of love  
          Within thy bosom found,  
          My anguish to remove,  
          And heal my spirit's wound?  
Or, wilt thou, Lord, my cure disclaim,  
          Who need of healing have?  
Because the sinner's chief I am  
          Wilt thou refuse to save?

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

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

**Hymn 22.**<sup>23</sup> (Chapel.)

1       Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
          Who preachest still the gospel-word,  
          In these thy Spirit's days;  
My helpless soul with pity see,  
And set me now at liberty,  
          By justifying grace.

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<sup>23</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:96–98; stanzas 1–2, 5–8, 10–11.

- 2     Where two or three thy presence claim,  
      Assembled in thy saving name,  
          Thy saving power is near:  
      Sure as thou art in heaven above,  
      Thou in the Spirit of thy love,  
          And God in thee is here.
- 3     Myself alas! I cannot raise,  
      Or lift my heart in prayer and praise,  
          Or rectify my will;  
      I own, cut off from human hope,  
      To lift a fallen spirit up,  
          With man impossible.
- 4     But O! thou seest my desperate case,  
      Pronounce the word of pardoning grace,  
          And call me Lord to thee;  
      Inspeak the power into my heart,  
      And say this moment, Loosed thou art  
          From thine infirmity.
- 5     Lay but thine hand upon my soul,  
      And instantaneously made whole,  
          My soul by faith shall rise;  
      Shall rise by faith and upright stand,  
      And answer all thy just command,  
          In all its faculties.
- 6     Strait as the rule, the written word,  
      My soul in righteousness restored,  
          Thine image shall retrieve,  
      That ancient rectitude divine;  
      And in a land of darkness shine,  
          And to thy glory live.
- 7     Thine, Jesus, thine alone I am;  
      And *ought* I not my Lord to claim,  
          With all thy righteousness?  
      I ought, I *do* thy love receive,  
      And now thou dost my sins forgive,  
          And bid my bondage cease.

8 The Sabbath of my soul I see,  
The day of gospel-liberty,  
No more enthralled, oppressed;  
And lo! in holiness I rise,  
To claim the rest of paradise,  
And heaven's eternal rest!

**Hymn 23.**<sup>24</sup> (Canterbury.)

**Daniel 9.**

1 O God, the great, the fearful God,  
To thee we humbly sue for peace,  
Groaning beneath a nation's load,  
And crushed by our own wickedness;  
Our guilt we tremble to declare,  
And pour out our sad souls in prayer.

2 Thee we revere, the faithful Lord,  
Keeping the cov'nant of thy grace,  
True to thine everlasting word,  
Loving to all who seek thy face;  
And keep thy kind commands, and prove  
Their faith by their obedient love.

3 But we have only evil wrought,  
Have done to our good God despite,  
Rebellious with our Maker fought,  
And sinned against the gospel-light;  
Departed from his righteous ways,  
And fallen, fallen from his grace.

4 The rich, and poor, the high and low,  
Have trampled on thy mild command;  
The floods of wickedness o'erflow,  
And deluge all our guilty land;  
People and priests, lie drowned in sin,  
And Tophet yawns to take us in.

5 But O, forgivenesses are thine,  
Far above all our hearts conceive;  
The glorious property divine,  
Is still to pity and forgive;

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<sup>24</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 3–6; stanzas 1–3, 5, 8, 14, 16–19.

With thee is full redemption found,  
And grace doth more than sin abound.

- 6 O Lord, according to thy love,  
Thy utmost power of love we pray,  
Thine anger and thy plague remove;  
Turn from Jerusalem away  
The curse and punishment we feel,  
Thou know'st we are thy people still.
- 7 Now then acknowledge us for thine,  
Regard thine humbled servant's prayer,  
And cause on us thy face to shine,  
The ruins of thy church repair!  
O for the sake of Christ, the Lord,  
Let all our souls be now restored.
- 8 My God, incline thine ear and hear,  
Open thine eyes our wastes to see,  
Thy fallen, des'late Sion cheer,  
The city which is named by thee  
Not for our cry the grace be shown,  
But hear, in Jesus hear thine own.
- 9 All our desert we own is hell,  
But spare us for thy mercy's sake,  
We humbly to thy grace appeal,  
And Jesu's wounds our refuge make:  
O let us all thy mercy prove,  
The riches of thy pardoning love.
- 10 O Lord, attend, O Lord forgive,  
O Lord regard our prayer, and do:  
Hasten my God, and bid us live,  
The fulness of thy mercy show:  
Thy city, and thy people own,  
And perfect all our souls in one.



**Hymn 24.**<sup>25</sup> (Athlone.)

**A Mere Sinner.**

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

**Hymn 25.**<sup>26</sup> (Athlone.)

**The Same [A Mere Sinner].**

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

**Hymn 26.**<sup>27</sup> (Snowsfields.)

- 1 Jesu, thy word forever lives,  
A new accomplishment receives  
    In sinners lost like me,  
Thy word doth all my soul express;  
In every picture of distress  
    I read my misery.
- 2 Written for me the gospel-page,  
The word of God from age to age  
    Steadfast remains and sure:

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<sup>25</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:94.

<sup>26</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:94.

<sup>27</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:94–96; stanzas 1–2, 4–8.

Thou show'st my wants; but help them too,  
Thy miracles of healing show,  
And let me read my cure.

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

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

5 A leper at thy feet I fall;  
And still for mercy, mercy call,  
Till I am purged from sin;  
With pity see my desperate case,  
And O! put forth thy hand of grace,  
And touch my nature clean.

6 Borne by the prayer of faith I lie;  
And long to meet thy pitying eye,  
And feebly gasp to heaven:  
O make in me thy power appear,  
And answer, Son, be of good cheer,  
Thy sins are all forgiven.

7 O Son of man, thy power make known,  
That all with me may gladly own,  
Thou canst on earth forgive,  
Bid me take up my bed, and go,  
Cause me to walk with thee below,  
And then to heaven receive.

**Hymn 27.**<sup>28</sup> (Snowsfields.)

- 1 O Saviour, cast a pitying eye,  
A sinner at thy feet I lie,  
And will not hence depart,  
Till thou regard my ceaseless moan;  
O speak, and take away the stone,  
The unbelieving heart.
- 2 Till thou the mountain-load remove,  
I groan beneath my want of love,  
O hear my bitter cry:  
Without thy love I cannot live,  
Give Jesu, friend of sinners, give  
Me love, or else I die.
- 3 Dost thou not all my sufferings know,  
Dost thou not see mine eyes o'erflow,  
My lab'ring bosom move?  
Why do I all this burden bear?  
Need I to thee the cause declare?  
Thou know'st, I cannot love.
- 4 Thou then, O God, thine hand lay to,  
And let me all the means look through,  
And trust to thee alone;  
To thee alone for all things trust,  
And say to thee, Who sav'st the lost,  
Thine only will be done.

**Hymn 28.**<sup>29</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1 Jesu, go not far from me,  
For sin is hard at hand,  
I have none to help but thee,  
Enable me to stand:  
Hear out of the deep my cry,  
And help me now as heretofore,  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.

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<sup>28</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:55–56; stanzas 1–3, 8.

<sup>29</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:180–81.

- 2 God of my salvation hear,  
In this my time of need;  
See the day of battle near,  
And screen my naked head;  
Send me succour from on high  
And hide me till the storm is o'er;  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.
- 3 Thou hast oft my refuge been,  
And thou art still the same;  
Snatch me from the jaws of sin,  
O quench the violent flame;  
Bring the great salvation nigh,  
Stir up thine interposing power;  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.
- 4 Help on thee, thou mighty one,  
For all mankind is laid;  
Let it now on me be shown,  
Be thou my present aid,  
O come quickly, and stand by  
My soul throughout the trying hour  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.
- 5 Help me now, but let me still  
My want of help confess;  
Hang upon thy arm, and feel  
My utter helplessness;  
Only this be all my cry,  
Till thou my ruined soul restore  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.

**Hymn 29.**<sup>30</sup> (Kingswood.)

**For One Convinced of Inordinate Affection.**

- 1    Woe is me! that wretched man  
      More than my God I prize!  
Well I know them void and vain,  
      Yet pant for earthly joys:  
Downward still my wishes move,  
      Though fairer than earth's sons thou art:  
Touch me, Jesus, with thy love,  
      And vindicate my heart.
  
- 2    Happiness is not in me,  
      Though every creature cry,  
Still the airy form I see  
      Whene'er I turn my eye;  
After shadows still I rove,  
      Nor can I with my idols part:  
Touch me, Jesus, with thy love,  
      And vindicate my heart.
  
- 3    God arise, thou jealous God,  
      And all thy foes subdue;  
Claim the purchase of thy blood,  
      Create my soul anew;  
Let it now no longer rove,  
      Now let me taste how good thou art:  
Touch me, Jesus, with thy love,  
      And vindicate my heart.
  
- 4    Saviour, purify my soul,  
      As thou my God art pure,  
Make my wounded spirit whole,  
      And all my sickness cure;  
From thee never let me move,  
      Thou my sufficient portion art:  
Touch me, Jesus, with thy love,  
      And vindicate my heart.

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<sup>30</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 55–56; stanzas 1–2, 5–7.

- 5 From all filthiness of flesh,  
And spirit make me clean;  
Stamp thy image, Lord, afresh,  
And purge me from all sin;  
Thee my God, my all I prove,  
Ah! never more from me depart:  
Fill, O Jesu, with thy love,  
My vindicated heart.

**Hymn 30.**<sup>31</sup> (Found[e]ry.)

**1 Tim. 1:15.**

- 1 Jesu, sin-atoning Lamb,  
Jesu, lover of thy foe,  
Let me feel thy sovereign name,  
Let me all its virtue know:  
Hear my cry out of the deep,  
Haste, and help a friendless soul;  
Seek and save a wandering sheep,  
Make a sin-sick sinner whole.
- 2 Burdened am I, and oppressed,  
Till thou dost remove my load;  
Weary, till thou give me rest,  
Guilty till I feel thy blood;  
See me, a mere sinner see,  
Miserable, poor, and blind,  
Till I lose my all in thee,  
Till in thee my all I find.
- 3 Trembling, I expect my fate,  
If thou as my judge appear;  
If thou art my advocate,  
Jesus, what have I to fear?  
Jesus is the sinner's friend,  
Sinners Jesus came to save;  
Jesus, I on thee depend,  
Peace and power in thee I have.

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<sup>31</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 93–94; stanzas 1–2, 5–6.

4 I the golden sceptre see  
    (Self-despairing as I was)  
Now, ev'n now, reached out to me;  
    I receive thy pardoning grace.  
Of thy grace I cannot doubt;  
    Sinners to thy wounds who fly  
Thou in nowise wilt cast out:  
    Lo! I come, the sinner I!

**Hymn 31.**<sup>32</sup> (Brentford.)

**Discipline.**

1 O throw away thy rod,  
    O throw away thy wrath!  
My gracious Saviour and my God,  
    Oh, 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 even a word or look  
    Do I approve or own,  
But by the model of thy book,  
    Thy sacred book alone.

4 Although I fail, I weep;  
    Although I halt in pace,  
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  
    Ev'n stony 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.

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<sup>32</sup>By George Herbert; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 45–46; appears here via *HSP* (1739), 77–78.

- 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 though man frailties hath?  
Thou art my Saviour, and my God!  
O! throw away thy wrath!

**Hymn 32.**<sup>33</sup> (Hamilton.)

**Salvation by Grace.**

- 1 Jesu, great Redeemer, hear  
A feeble sinner's cry,  
Thou in my behalf appear,  
And bring salvation nigh:  
To my Lord what shall I say?  
Saviour, I of thee have need;  
Take, O take my sins away,  
And make me free indeed.
- 2 Thee all-lovely as thou art,  
Should I profess to love,  
Surely my rebellious heart,  
The falsehood would disprove:  
Thee my heart cannot obey  
Till from every evil freed:  
Take, O take [my sins away,  
And make me free indeed.]<sup>34</sup>
- 3 Should I say, that ought in me  
Of good doth now abide,  
Self-condemned I now should be;  
My all is self and pride.  
Guilty, guilty must I say,  
Nothing, Lord have I to plead:  
Take, O take [my sins away,  
And make me free indeed.]

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<sup>33</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 27–28.

<sup>34</sup>Orig., ends this and next three stanzas: “Take, O take ....”



- 4 No desire or will have I  
Thy mercy to embrace;  
From thine arms of love I fly,  
And slight thy proffered grace;  
But thou didst my ransom pay,  
But thy blood for me was shed;  
Take, O take [my sins away,  
And make me free indeed.]
- 5 Thy salvation to obtain,  
Out of myself I go,  
Freely thou must heal my pain,  
Thy unbought mercy show:  
For myself I cannot pray;  
Let thy Spirit intercede:  
Take, O take [my sins away,  
And make me free indeed.]
- 6 Not because I willing am,  
On me this grace be showed;  
But thou art the atoning Lamb  
Therefore apply thy blood;  
Therefore, Lord, no more delay,  
Therefore heal my soul and lead;  
Take, O take my sins away,  
And make me free indeed.

**Hymn 33.**<sup>35</sup> (Wednesbury.)

**Psalm 55:6.**

- 1 O that I had the silver wings  
Of the mild, holy dove,  
To bear me far from earthly things,  
And every creature-love.
- 2 Then would I swiftly fly away  
To Christ, and be at rest;  
On him my fluttering spirit stay,  
And hide me in his breast.
- 3 Jesu, my hiding-place, to thee  
I know not how to fly,  
Long have I struggled to be free,  
Nor found deliverance nigh.

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<sup>35</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 33–34; stanzas 1–10.

- 4 Full oft in fruitless, fond desire  
I to the desert ran,  
But could not from myself retire,  
Or 'scape the inner man.
- 5 I took the morning's wings and fled  
For rest to worlds unknown;  
Sin found me in the secret shade,  
And claimed me for its own.
- 6 O who shall bid this self depart,  
This world of sin exclude?  
Empty and make my peaceful heart,  
An holy solitude?
- 7 'Tis not the desert or the cell  
Can hide me from my pain;  
I carry with me my own hell  
While wrath and pride remain.
- 8 Baffled, o'ercome, I yield at last,  
I yield to self-despair,  
My unavailing strife is past,  
And void returns my prayer.
- 9 I cannot pray, I cannot praise,  
For grace I cannot call,  
I cannot *feel* my want of grace,  
My soul is stripped of all.
- 10 A vile, unworthy worm, my eyes  
I dare not lift to heaven,  
Let him who sees me from the skies,  
Speak if I am forgiven.

**Hymn 34.**<sup>36</sup> (Wednesbury.)

- 1 Omniscient God, whose eyelids try,  
The self-deceiving sons of men,  
To thee how shall I dare draw nigh,  
A man of lips and heart unclean!

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<sup>36</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 35–36; stanzas 1, 3–9.

Thou know'st I mean not what I say,  
Thou know'st I only seem to pray.

- 2 O my abominable heart!  
Its secrets all to thee are known,  
The sin from which I cannot part,  
The sin that claims me for its own;  
Thou seest it all, my nature's shame,  
Thou seest, what I should die to name.
- 3 The foul reproach I groan to bear,  
And vainly struggle to get free,  
Yet still I breathe a tainted air,  
Tainted, alas! by sin and me;  
And wish for wings to flee away,  
And ever in the desert stay.
- 4 O that I had a cottage there,  
To lodge a poor, wayfaring man!  
Far from the world of noise and care,  
Of grief, anxiety, and pain;  
O could I from my people roam,  
And be where none but God could come!
- 5 Me as a bowl if now he turn,  
To foreign climes with violence toss,  
I would not for a moment mourn  
My kindred, or my country's loss;  
A voluntary exile I  
Would there consent to live and die.
- 6 O might I have my one request,  
My fond and foolish heart's desire,  
And get me hence, and be at rest,  
Into the deepest shades retire,  
Be clean forgot, and out of mind—  
O where shall I the desert find?
- 7 Can earth afford that secret place?  
Long have I sought it out in vain,  
And fled before the human face,  
And dragged to distant worlds my chain:

Yet still I found the carnal mind,  
I could not leave myself behind.

- 8 'Tis vain, I find, from sin to flee  
For rest, to earth's remotest bound,  
The deep cries out, 'Tis not in me!  
Happiness is not to be found,  
Save only, Jesus, in thy breast:  
Thou art the soul's eternal rest.

**Hymn 35.**<sup>37</sup> (Hewart.)

**In Temptation.**

- 1 Jesu, hear a sinner's prayer,  
Lo! I flee unto thee,  
Cast on thee my care.
- 2 If, O Lord, I have found favour  
In thy sight, be my might,  
Be my loving Saviour.
- 3 To my soul in sore temptation,  
Let thine aid, be conveyed,  
Show me thy salvation.
- 4 Christ the tempted, hear my crying,  
Sinner's friend, succour send,  
See, my soul is dying.
- 5 Lord, I cannot cease from sinning,  
Till thou art in my heart,  
Ending as beginning.
- 6 Every moment I am falling  
Into hell, till thou seal  
My effectual calling.
- 7 Alpha and Omega, save me;  
Enter in, bid my sin,  
Bid my nature leave me.

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<sup>37</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 47; stanzas 1–7.

**Hymn 36.**<sup>38</sup> (Birstal.)

- 1 Nothing, alas! have I to plead,  
I am not fit to live;  
Yet if thy justice strike me dead,  
Thy mercy shall revive.
- 2 This is the way to find my Lord,  
Thyself hast made it known;  
Be it according to thy word,  
On me thy will be done.
- 3 Slay me, and I shall live indeed,  
With thy dead men arise;  
From all the life of nature freed  
In love's sweet paradise.
- 4 Now, Lord, thy death, thy life bring in,  
While at thy feet I bow;  
Enter at once, and cast out sin,  
Destroy and save me now.

**Hymn 37.**<sup>39</sup> (Cary's.)

- 1 Lay to thine hand, O God of grace,  
O God, the work is worthy thee;  
See at thy feet, of all our race  
The chief, the vilest sinner see;  
And let me all thy mercy prove,  
Thine utmost miracle of love.
- 2 Speak, and an holy thing and clean  
Shall strangely be brought out of me,  
My Ethiop soul shall change her skin,  
Redeemed from all iniquity;  
I, even I shall then proclaim,  
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.
- 3 Thee I shall then forever praise,  
In spirit and in truth<sup>40</sup> adore,  
While all I am declares thy grace,  
And born of God I sin no more;

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<sup>38</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 70–71; stanzas 15–18.

<sup>39</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 79–80; stanzas 8–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 153.

<sup>40</sup>Orig., “and truth”; a misprint because it changed the metre.

The pure and heavenly nature share,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

**Hymn 38.**<sup>41</sup> (Happy Magdalen.)

- 1 O compassionate high priest,  
Full of truth and grace for me,  
Mark the heavings of my breast,  
See my sin and misery!  
Surely all to thee is known,  
Though thou dost not yet appear,  
Noted is my every groan,  
Counted is my every tear.
- 2 I have not a priest unmoved  
With the feeling of my woe,  
Who himself was never proved,  
Who my sufferings cannot know:  
Touched most sensibly thou art  
With my soul's infirmities,  
Still the Saviour's gentle heart  
Doth with sinners sympathize.
- 3 Though he now triumphant reigns,  
Still as in the days of flesh,  
All his agonies and pains  
In our souls he feels afresh:  
Though exalted to a throne,  
Thou dost in our sorrows share,  
Thou hast not forgot thine own:  
Thine own flesh and blood we are.
- 4 Friend of sinners, in thy heart,  
Tell me, doth there not remain  
One unarmed and tender part,  
Capable of human pain?  
Lord, I wait for the reply:  
Groan an answer from within,  
Tell me, Comforter, that I,  
I shall be redeemed from sin.

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<sup>41</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 81–82; stanzas 1–4.

**Hymn 39.**<sup>42</sup> (Happy Magdalen.)

- 1 Hoping against hope I wait  
For redemption in thy blood;  
Help me in my lost estate,  
Take away my heavy load;  
Save me from this tyranny,  
O bring near the joyful hour,  
From all sin my spirit free,  
All the guilt and all the power.
  
- 2 Grant, O grant my last request,  
Nothing do I ask beside,  
Only give my spirit rest,  
Rest from wrath, desire and pride;  
Bring into thy perfect peace,  
Give me faith to enter in,  
Let me with thy people cease  
From my own dead works of sin.
  
- 3 Power I want, a constant power,  
My own evil to eschew,  
Till my heart can sin no more,  
Till I am a creature new:  
Let me in thy wounds abide,  
Till the perfect grace is given;  
Give me this, I ask beside,  
Nothing or in earth or heaven.

**Hymn 40.**<sup>43</sup> (Kingswood.)

**The Good Samaritan.**

- 1 O thou Good Samaritan,  
In thee is all my hope,  
Only thou canst succour man,  
And raise the fallen up:

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<sup>42</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 82; stanzas 5–7.

<sup>43</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 102–3; stanzas 6–9, 11.

Hearken to my dying cry,  
My wounds compassionately see,  
Me a sinner pass not by,  
Who gasp for help to thee.

2 Still thou journeyest where I am,  
And still thy bowels move,  
Pity is with thee the same,  
And all thy heart is love:  
Stoop, to a poor sinner stoop,  
And let thy healing grace abound,  
Heal my bruises, and bind up  
My spirit's every wound.

3 Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,  
In mercy haste to me,  
At the point of death I lie,  
And cannot come to thee:  
Now thy kind relief afford,  
The wine and oil of grace pour in,  
Good Physician, speak the word  
And heal my soul of sin.

4 Pity to my dying cries  
Hath drawn thee from above,  
Hovering over me with eyes  
Of tenderness and love:  
Now, even now I see thy face,  
The balm of Gilead I receive;  
Thou hast saved me by thy grace,  
And bid the sinner live.

5 Perfect thou the work begun,  
And make the sinner whole,  
All thy will on me be done,  
My body, spirit, soul:  
Still preserve me safe from harms,  
And kindly for thy patient care:  
Take me, Jesu, to thine arms,  
And keep me ever there.



**Hymn 41.**<sup>44</sup> (Bradford.)

- 1 Forgive me, O long-suffering God,  
The hurry of my peevish grief,  
Though fainting underneath my load,  
And staggering oft through unbelief;  
Thee for my Lord, I fain would own,  
And say, Thine only will be done.
- 2 Forgive me then my follies past,  
The fond impatience of my prayers,  
My rash complaints and eager haste,  
My faithless doubts, and fruitless cares;  
Thou know'st till thou thy life bring in,  
I cannot, cannot cease from sin.
- 3 Can life and death together dwell?  
Can Christ with Belial e'er agree?  
Darkness with light, and heaven with hell?  
Can both at once have place in me?  
Can I be Christ's and sin's abode?  
A den of thieves and house of God?
- 4 No, Jesus, no! thou holy one,  
When thou shalt come into my heart,  
I know that thou wilt reign alone,  
And sin forever shall depart;  
Thy love shall cast out all my fear,  
Lest sin should come when thou art there.
- 5 In patient hope for this I wait,  
Till all old things are passed away,  
Till thou shalt all things new create,  
And I behold thy perfect day;  
The mark of mine election show,  
And be in Christ a creature new.

**Hymn 42.**<sup>45</sup> (Marienburn.)

- 1 My time, O God, is in thine hand,  
Thou know'st my feebleness of soul,  
Able thou art to make me stand,  
Thou canst this moment speak me whole;

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<sup>44</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 105–7; stanzas 1–2, 7–9.

<sup>45</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 107–8; stanzas 2–7.

Or keep me thus till my last hour,  
To show forth all thy saving power.

- 2 I leave it all to thee alone,  
    Thy counsellor I cannot be,  
To thee thy every work is known,  
    And secret things belong to thee;  
Thy manner and thy time is best,  
But let me enter into rest.
- 3 The hireling longeth for his hire,  
    The watcher for the break of day:  
But O my restless heart's desire,  
    Let me not murmur at thy stay;  
Be stopped my mouth, and fail my tongue:  
But let thy Spirit groan, *How long!*
- 4 The thing thou dost I know not now,  
    But I shall know hereafter, Lord:  
To thy dread sovereign will I bow,  
    Thy will be done, thy name adored;  
Act for the glory of thy name,  
Lo! in thy gracious hands I am.
- 5 Act for thine own, and Sion's sake,  
    And let thy will in me be done;  
If but one soul may comfort take  
    By hearing me so deeply groan,  
Still let me all my burden feel,  
And groan, and weep, and suffer still.
- 6 If but one tempted soul may find  
    Relief by my afflicted state,  
I would be patient and resigned,  
    Still in the iron furnace wait;  
Still let the sin, the grief, the pain,  
The thorn in my weak flesh remain.

**Hymn 43.**<sup>46</sup> (Welch.)

**Tarry Thou the Lord's Leisure.**

- 1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,  
    Comfort my people, saith our God!  
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,  
    His golden sceptre, not his rod;  
And own, when now the cloud's removed,  
He only chastened whom he loved.
- 2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap,  
    The Lord shall comfort all that mourn,  
Who now go on our way and weep,  
    With joy we doubtless shall return;  
And bring our sheaves with vast increase,  
And have our fruit to holiness.
- 3 Then let us patiently attend,  
    And wait the leisure of our Lord,  
Surely we all shall in the end  
    Experience his abiding word:  
Shall all his gracious power declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

**Hymn 44.**<sup>47</sup> (Evesham.)

**Part 1.**

- 1 When gracious Lord, when shall it be,  
That I shall find my all in thee!  
The fulness of thy promise prove,  
The seal of thine eternal love?
- 2 A poor blind child I wander here,  
If haply I may feel thee near;  
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,  
Amid the blaze of gospel-day.

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<sup>46</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 109–10; stanzas 6–8.

<sup>47</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 204–5; stanzas 1–3, 9. Appears here via an extract from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 157; stanzas 1–4.

- 3 Thee only thee I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind:  
Thou only thou to me be given,  
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 When from the arm of flesh set free,  
Jesu, my soul shall fly to thee:  
Jesu, when I have lost my all,  
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

**Hymn 45.**<sup>48</sup>

**Part 2.**

- 1 Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,  
Ready the outcasts to receive:  
Though all my simpleness I own,  
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 2 Ah wherefore did I ever doubt!  
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out,  
An helpless soul that comes to thee,  
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord I am sick, my sickness cure;  
I want, do thou enrich the poor;  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop:  
O lift the abject sinner up!
- 4 Lord I am blind, be thou my sight!  
Lord I am weak, be thou my might!  
A helper of the helpless be,  
And let me find my all in thee!

**Hymn 46.**<sup>49</sup> (Cary's.)

- 1 Expand thy wings celestial Dove,  
And brooding o'er my nature's night,  
Call forth the rays of heavenly love,  
Let there in my dark heart be light;  
And fill th' illustrated abyss,  
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

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<sup>48</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 205–6; stanzas 10–13. Appears here via an extract from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 157; stanzas 5–8.

<sup>49</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:3–4, 198–99 (#3, #4, and #635 combined). Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 117.

- 2 Let there be light, (again command)  
And light there in our hearts shall be,  
We then through faith shall understand  
Thy great mysterious majesty;  
And by the shining of thy grace,  
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.
- 3 Father of everlasting grace,  
Be mindful of thy changeless word;  
We worship toward that holy place  
In which thou dost thy name record;  
Dost make thy gracious nature known,  
That living temple of thy Son.
- 4 Thou dost with sweet complaisance see,  
The temple filled with light divine!  
And art thou not well-pleased with me,  
Who turning to that heavenly shrine,  
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,  
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?
- 5 With all who for redemption groan,  
Father, in Jesu's name we pray;  
And still we cry and wrestle on,  
Till mercy takes our sins away:  
Hear from thy dwelling place in heaven,  
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

**Hymn 47.**<sup>50</sup> (Brockmer's.)

- 1 With glorious clouds encompassed round,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
Will the unsearchable be found,  
Or God appear to me?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,  
Himself to worms impart?  
Answer thou Man of grief and love,  
And speak it to my heart?

<sup>50</sup>First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 171–72; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 3 In manifested love explain  
Thy wonderful design;  
What meant the suffering Son of man?  
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,  
And live and die below,  
That I might now perceive thee near,  
And my Redeemer know?
- 5 Come then, and to my soul reveal  
The heights and depths of grace;  
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,  
That dear disfigured face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confessed,  
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb;  
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,  
And tell me all thy name.
- 7 Jehovah, in thy person show,  
Jehovah crucified;  
And then the pardoning God I know,  
And feel the blood applied.
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,  
Whom angels dimly see;  
And gaze, transported at the sight,  
To all eternity.

**Hymn 48.**<sup>51</sup> (West-Street.)

- 1 O Lamb of God, to thee,  
In deep distress I flee,  
Thou didst purge my guilty stain;  
Didst for all atonement make;  
Take away my sin and pain,  
Save me for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 Thy mercy is my prop,  
And bears my weakness up;

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<sup>51</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 33–34.

Full of evil as I am,  
Fuller thou of pardoning grace;  
Jesus is thy healing name,  
Saviour of the sinful race.

3 For thine own sake, I pray,  
Take all my sins away;  
Other refuge have I none,  
None do I desire beside!  
Thou hast died for all to atone,  
Thou for me, for me hast died;

4 Hast died that I might live,  
Might all thy life receive;  
Hasten, Lord, my heart prepare  
Bring thy death and sufferings in;  
Tear away my idols, tear,  
Save me, save me from my sin.

5 O bid it all depart  
This unbelief of heart;  
All my mountain-sins remove,  
Wrath, concupiscence, and pride,  
Cast them out by perfect love,  
Save me, who for me hast died.

6 This, this is all my plea,  
Thy blood was shed for me;  
Shed to wash my conscience clean,  
Shed to purify my heart;  
Shed to purge me from all sin,  
Shed to make me as thou art.

7 O that the cleansing tide  
Were now, even now applied;  
Plunge me in the crimson flood,  
Drown my sins in the Red Sea;  
Bring me now, even now to God,  
Swallow up my soul in thee!

**Hymn 49.**<sup>52</sup> (York.)

- 1 Blessing, and praise, and thanks, and love,  
To God who draws us from above,  
    And stirs us up to seek his face!  
For what thou hast already done,  
Father, we bless thy name alone,  
    And look to taste thy pardoning grace;  
We who among the flesh-pots lay,  
The dawning of a gospel-day,  
    Have seen, and rise to meet our God;  
Our God hath heard his people's groans,  
Hath out of Egypt called his sons,  
    And lo! we wait to pass the flood.
  
- 2 Prisoners of hope we meekly stand,  
To see the wonders of thy hand,  
    Thy saving power divine to see:  
Father, till thou our pardon seal,  
Till thou in us thy Son reveal,  
    Our eyes, our hearts are all to thee;  
O that the blood were now applied!  
O that into the crimson tide  
    Our sins might sink, and rise no more!  
Now, Lord, thy pardoning mercy show,  
And bring thy ransomed people through,  
    And land us on the heavenly shore.

**Hymn 50.**<sup>53</sup> (Wood's.)

**Part 1.**

- 1 Thou great mysterious God unknown,  
Whose love hath gently led me on,  
    Even from my infant days,  
Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
And tell me if I ever knew,  
    Thy justifying grace.

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<sup>52</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 45–46.

<sup>53</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 26–27; stanzas 1–5.



- 2 If I have only known thy fear,  
And followed with an heart sincere,  
Thy drawings from above,  
Now, now the Father's grace bestow,  
And let my sprinkled conscience know,  
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of thy love, I would not stop,  
A stranger to the gospel-hope,  
The sense of sin forgiven;  
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,  
Without thy inward witness live  
That antepast of heaven.
- 4 If now the witness were in me,  
Would he not testify of thee,  
In Jesus reconciled?  
And should I not with faith draw nigh,  
And boldly Abba, Father! cry,  
I know myself thy child.
- 5 Ah never let thy *servant* rest  
Till of my part in Christ possessed,  
I on thy mercy feed;  
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,  
Yet raised by him who died for all,  
To eat the children's bread.

**Hymn 51.**<sup>54</sup>

**Part 2.**

- 1 O may I cast my rags aside,  
My filthy rags of virtuous pride,  
And for acceptance groan:  
My works and righteousness disclaim,  
With all I have, or can, or am,  
And trust in God alone.
- 2 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,  
Or sin, or righteousness remove,

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<sup>54</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 27; stanzas 6–8.

Thy glory to display;  
Mine heart of unbelief convince,  
And now absolve me from my sins,  
And take them all away.

- 3 Father, in me reveal thy Son,  
And to my inmost soul make known  
How merciful thou art;  
The secret of thy love reveal,  
And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell,  
Forever in my heart.

**Hymn 52.**<sup>55</sup> (Shepherd of Israel.)

- 1 O how shall a sinner perform  
The vows he hath vowed to the Lord?  
A sinful and impotent worm,  
How can I be true to my word?  
I tremble at what I have done,  
But look for my help from above,  
The power that I never have known,  
The virtue of Jesus's love.
- 2 My solemn engagements are vain,  
My promises empty as air,  
My vows I shall break them again,  
And plunge in eternal despair;  
Unless my omnipotent God  
The sense of his goodness impart,  
And shed by his Spirit abroad  
That love of himself in my heart.
- 3 O lover of sinners extend,  
To me thy affectionate grace,  
Appear my affliction to end,  
Afford me a glimpse of thy face:  
That light shall enkindle in me,  
A flame of reciprocal love,  
And then I shall cleave unto thee,  
And then I shall never remove.

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<sup>55</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:193–94.

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

**Section 2.**

***For mourners convinced of backsliding.***

**Hymn 53.<sup>56</sup> (Angel.)**

- 1 God of eternal majesty,  
High as thou art, from heaven look down,  
Holy, and just, we cry to thee,  
Behold us from thy glorious throne!
- 2 Where is thy strength to conquer sin?  
Thy zeal to save a fallen race?  
Thy bowels sounding from within?  
Thy mercies, and thy pardoning grace?
- 3 Thy pity, and paternal care,  
The tender yearnings of thy heart?  
Are they restrained? Is fury there?  
Ah no! Thou still our Father art.
- 4 Our Lord, and our Redeemer now  
Thou art, and wilt be still the same;  
Our everlasting Father thou;  
Jehovah is thy glorious name!
- 5 Why then, O Lord, if ours thou art,  
Why hast thou suffered us to rove?  
Withdrawn thy Spirit from our heart,  
And left us to our want of love?

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<sup>56</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 12–13; stanzas 1–3, 5–6, 8.

- 6 Yet, Lord, for thee again we mourn:  
Now let our prayers thine aid engage,  
Now for thy servant's sake return,  
And cheer thy drooping heritage.

**Hymn 54.**<sup>57</sup> (Dedication.)

- 1 O my God, my God, forgive!  
All thy wrath I cannot bear;  
Cannot suffer on and live;  
If thy purpose is to spare;  
If thou canst so greatly save,  
Now redeem me from the grave.
- 2 See thy creature most distressed,  
Stretched upon the rack of fears;  
Mark the earthquake in my breast,  
Mark the torrent of my tears:  
All my pangs unspeakable:  
See, and O! vouchsafe to feel!
- 3 O thou gracious Son of God;  
O thou loving Man of Grief!  
Lighten now my mountain-load.  
Now afford me some relief;  
In my end if hope there be,  
If thou yet canst pardon me.
- 4 Quench this cruel hell of doubt,  
All this unbelief remove;  
Wilt thou cast a sinner out,  
One that hangs upon thy love?  
Feebly gasping after grace,  
Canst thou drive me from thy face?
- 5 Break not off my weakest hold,  
Do not to my haters leave;  
To my fierce oppressors sold,  
Once again my soul retrieve;  
For thy truth and mercy sake,  
Cast my sins behind thy back.

---

<sup>57</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:136–37.

6     Might I find thy pard'ning love,  
          Then I all things could sustain,  
      Glory (if my God approve)  
          In the frown of hostile man;  
      Bless the sacred infamy,  
      Scorned by man, and prized by thee.

**Hymn 55.**<sup>58</sup> (Foundery.)

1     Still, O Lamb, to thee I pray,  
          I the vile backslider I:  
      Take, O take my sins away,  
          Haste the balmy blood to apply;  
      Bid the power of sin depart,  
      Drop thy blood upon my heart.

2     Weary, weary and oppressed,  
          Shall I come to thee in vain?  
      Wilt thou, Lord, deny me rest?  
          Canst thou leave me to my pain?  
      Crushed by my own misery,  
      Perishing for want of thee?

3     Lord, I cannot let thee go,  
          Till thou give me back my peace;  
      Wilt thou not the grace bestow?  
          Wilt thou not my sins dismiss?  
      From the guilt, and power set free,  
      Justify the damned in me!

4     If thou all compassion art,  
          If to me thy bowels move,  
      Trouble and make soft my heart,  
          Melt it by thy pardoning love;  
      Now from all my sins release,  
      Loose, and bid me go in peace.

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<sup>58</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:133–34.

**Hymn 56.**<sup>59</sup> (Dedication.)

- 1 Turn, thou friend of sinners, turn  
    On my soul thy gracious eye,  
Let me for thy glory mourn,  
    For thine injured honour cry:  
Melt me by thy pitying look,  
Me who have my Lord forsook.
  
- 2 Come thou greater than my heart,  
    Come, and now the stone remove,  
Now the bitter grief impart,  
    Grief at having grieved thy love;  
Thee so faithlessly denied,  
Thee so often crucified.
  
- 3 Worldly grief be far away,  
    Trouble at my sufferings here!  
Huge affliction, sore dismay,  
    Burning shame, and racking fear:  
These are but my lightest load:  
I have sinned against my God.
  
- 4 O that this might swallow up  
    All my pains, and griefs, and fears,  
I have made my God to stoop,  
    Made thee lose thy precious tears:  
Made thee shed thy blood again,  
Die ten thousand times in vain.
  
- 5 Help me, O thou Man of Woe,  
    Now to feel my misery;  
Now the gracious token show,  
    Let me now lament for thee;  
Grieve for all that I have done,  
Weep for thy dear sake alone.

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<sup>59</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:135–36; stanzas 1–5.

**Hymn 57.**<sup>60</sup> (Mourner's.)

**For the Morning.**

- 1 Where is my God, my joy, my hope,  
The dear desire of nations where?  
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,  
To thee directs her morning prayer;  
And spreads her arms of faith abroad,  
To embrace my hope, my joy, my God!
- 2 Mine eyes prevent the morning ray,  
Looking, and longing for thy word;  
Come, O my Jesus, come away,  
And let my heart receive its Lord;  
Which pants and struggles to be free,  
And breaks to be detained from thee.
- 3 Appear in me bright Morning-Star,  
And scatter all the shades of night!  
I saw thee once, and came from far,  
But quickly lost thy transient light;  
And now again in darkness pine,  
Till thou throughout my nature shine.
- 4 In patient hope I now take heed  
To the sure word of promised grace,  
Whose rays a feeble lustre shed,  
Faint, glimmering through the darksome place;  
Till thou thy glorious light impart,  
And rise, the Day-Star in my heart.
- 5 Come, Lord, be manifested here,  
And all the devil's works destroy;  
Now without sin in me appear,  
And fill with everlasting joy:  
Thy beatific face display,  
Thy presence is the perfect day.

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<sup>60</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:202–3.

**Hymn 58.**<sup>61</sup> (Magdalen.)

- 1 Fallen as I am, once more,  
Friend of sinners look on me;  
To my lost estate restore,  
Let me know my misery;  
Let me now, even now begin,  
As when first I sought thy face,  
Saw the sinfulness of sin,  
Felt the want of pardoning grace.
  
- 2 Give me back my guilty load,  
Give me back my earnest moans;  
Restless thirstings after God,  
Deep, unutterable groans,  
Plaintive wailings, humble fears,  
Griefs which tongue could not declare,  
All the eloquence of tears,  
All the prevalence of prayer.
  
- 3 Saviour, Prince enthroned on high,  
Penitence and peace to give,  
Cast, O cast a pitying eye,  
Breathe, and these dry bones shall live:  
I shall at thy word repent,  
Let but thy good Spirit blow,  
My hard heart shall then relent,  
Water from the rock shall flow.
  
- 4 Look with that soul-piercing look,  
(Full of goodness as thou art)  
Look as when thy pity broke  
Poor, unfaithful Peter's heart!  
Kindly for my sin upbraid,  
Me who have my Lord denied,  
Him who suffered in my stead,  
Him, who for his murderer died.

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<sup>61</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:103–4; stanzas 6–9.



**Hymn 59.**<sup>62</sup> (St. Paul's.)

- 1 Ah, Lord! if I again may dare  
For mercy to look up,  
Snatch from the whirlpool of despair,  
And give me back my hope.
- 2 Jesus, the forfeiture restore,  
On me the grace bestow,  
On even ground to stand once more,  
Against my mortal foe.
- 3 Today, while it is called today,  
My stubborn soul convert;  
Strike the hard rock, and strike away  
The stony from my heart.
- 4 O bid me look on thee and mourn  
For all my follies past,  
Or let me now to dust return,  
And sin and breathe my last.

**Hymn 60.**<sup>63</sup> (Funeral Tune.)

- 1 In trouble I seek thee, O God,  
Compelled by the burden I bear,  
Constrained by the stroke of thy rod,  
I pour out a penitent prayer:  
Ah! do not abhor my sad moan,  
Extorted, alas! by distress,  
But hear, and with pity look down,  
And send me an answer of peace.
- 2 What must a poor prodigal do  
Thy forfeited grace to regain?  
My trouble I only can show,  
And tell thee my sorrow and pain:  
I only for mercy can cry,  
And groan with the sense of my load,  
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,  
I die in my sins, and my blood.

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<sup>62</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:109; stanzas 15–18.

<sup>63</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:141–42.

3 I own I have sinned in thy sight,  
Have sinned against knowledge and love,  
And done thy good Spirit despite;  
Yet look on my surety above!  
His passion alone is my plea,  
His free, inexhaustible grace:  
My Advocate answered for me,  
And Jesus hath died in my place.

4 O Father of mercies restore,  
For Jesus's merits alone,  
And heal a backslider once more,  
And give me again to thy Son:  
If still thou art able to spare,  
If infinite mercy thou art,  
Reply to my penitent prayer,  
And whisper thy peace to my heart.

**Hymn 61.**<sup>64</sup> (Chester.)

1 O that the love of God,  
Which once I sweetly felt,  
Again were shed abroad  
This stony heart to melt!  
Love only can the conquest win,  
My desperate soul restore,  
And save me from the guilt of sin,  
And save me from the power.

2 This base, unworthy breast  
I smite, alas! in vain,  
But cannot find thy rest,  
But cannot love again,  
Till thou the Spirit of holiness,  
The loving Spirit send,  
To heal my wounds, and seal my peace,  
And bid my sorrows end.

3 Consider, gracious Lord,  
How short my time below,

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<sup>64</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:142.

And now repeat the word,  
And loose and let me go;  
From sin, the world, and Satan's chain,  
My struggling spirit free,  
And let me find my peace again,  
And live, and die in thee.

**Hymn 62.**<sup>65</sup> (Foundery.)

- 1 Lord, to thee what shall I say?  
Shall I promise still to obey?  
Aggravate my guilt and pain,  
Make to break my vows again?  
Lord, I know not what to do:  
Only thou the way canst show;  
When, and as thou wilt restore,  
Lift me up to fall no more.
- 2 Till that welcome day I see,  
Let me sorrow after thee;  
Weeping at thy footstool lie,  
Still for mercy, mercy cry,  
Or still make my speechless moan,  
Groan the Spirit's deepest groan;  
Gasp thy favour to retrieve,  
Die to see thy face—and live!

**Hymn 63.**<sup>66</sup> (Canterbury.)

- 1 Weary of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the rod:  
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;  
I have an Advocate above,  
A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace!  
More full of grace than I of sin,  
Yet once again I seek thy face;

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<sup>65</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:145; stanzas 5–6.

<sup>66</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:158–59; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 179.

Open thine arms, and take me in,  
And freely my backsliding heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore;  
O for thy truth and mercy's sake!  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart an house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert!  
The veil of sin again remove!  
Drop thy warm blood upon my heart,  
And melt it by thy dying love!  
This rebel heart by love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,  
And kindle my relentings now:  
Fill all my soul with filial fears;  
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow!  
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,  
The iron sinew in my neck!

6 Ah give me Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at the approach of sin!  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant and root it deep within!  
That I may dread thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend thee more!

**Hymn 64.**<sup>67</sup> (Palmi's.)

**Part 1.**

1 O thou that dost the churches bear,  
The stars in thy right hand uphold,  
Who walkest now with jealous care  
Amidst the candlesticks of gold.

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<sup>67</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 284–85; stanzas 1–6.

- 2 Poor, guilty, abject worms to thee  
In our declining state we call,  
See thy degenerate people, see,  
Nor let our tottering Sion fall.
- 3 Our works of faith thou once didst know;  
Our patient hope, and labouring love;  
We would not bear the Romish foe,  
We dared that Antichrist reprove.
- 4 We tried him by the written word,  
Through all his snares and fetters broke;  
As Satan's successor abhorred,  
And cast away his iron yoke.
- 5 Him, and his god, and sin, and death  
We more than conquered through thy name:  
The witnesses resigned their breath,  
And clapped their hands amidst the flame.
- 6 For their dear, suffering Saviour's sake,  
Immovable the champions stood,  
Nor fainted at the rack, or stake,  
But watered all the church with blood.

**Hymn 65.**<sup>68</sup> (Evesham.)

**Part 2.**

- 1 Yet O! how quickly, Lord, hast thou  
Whereof thy people to reprove?  
Fallen, alas! thou seest us now,  
We now have left our former love.
- 2 Our wine with water mixed, our gold  
Is dim, our shipwrecked faith is dead!  
No more our tokens we behold,  
Our martyrs all to heaven are fled.
- 3 O could we call to mind the grace,  
The glorious grace from which we fell!  
Live o'er again the ancient days,  
And do the works thou lov'st so well!

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<sup>68</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 285–86; stanzas 7–12.

- 4 O that we might through thee repent,  
And timely turn to thee and live!  
So should thy grace our doom prevent,  
Thou wouldst abundantly forgive.
- 5 Before thou dost in vengeance come,  
Our candlestick far off remove,  
And fix th' unalterable doom;  
O let us weep, believe, and love.
- 6 Call on us, by thy Spirit call,  
Yet once again our church restore;  
Show us thy grace is over all,  
And lift us up to fall no more.

#### **PART 4.**

##### **Section 1.**

*[1.] For believers rejoicing and praising God.*

**Hymn 66.**<sup>69</sup> (West-Street.)

##### **To the Holy Ghost.**

- 1 Hear, Holy Spirit hear,  
My inward Comforter!  
Loosed by thee my stammering tongue,  
First essays to praise thee now:  
This the new, the joyful song,  
Hear it in thy temple thou!
- 2 Long o'er my formless soul,  
The dreary waves did roll;  
Void I lay, and sunk in night:  
Thou the overshadowing Dove,  
Call'dst the chaos into light,  
Bad'st me be, and live, and love.

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<sup>69</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 111–13; stanzas 1–2, 7, 9–11. Appears here via *All in All* (1761), 8–10.

- 3 Thy gifts, blest<sup>70</sup> Paraclete,  
I glory to repeat:  
    Sweetly sure of grace I am,  
Pardon to my soul applied,  
    Interest in the spotless Lamb;  
Dead for all, for me he died.
- 4 Pledge of the promise given,  
My antepast of heaven;  
    Earnest thou of joys divine,  
Joys divine on me bestowed,  
    Heaven, and Christ, and all is mine,  
All the plenitude of God.
- 5 Thou art my inward guide,  
I ask no help beside:  
    Arm of God, on thee I call,  
Weak as helpless infancy!  
    Weak I am, but cannot fall,  
Staid by faith, and led by thee!
- 6 Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,  
My inward Comforter!  
    Loosed by thee, my stamm'ring tongue  
First essays to praise thee now;  
    This the new, the joyful song,  
Hear it in thy temple thou!

**Hymn 67.**<sup>71</sup> (Judas Maccabeus.)

- 1 Lord, and am I yet alive,  
    Not in torments, not in hell!  
Still doth thy good Spirit strive,  
    With the chief of sinners dwell?  
Yes: I still lift up mine eyes,  
    Will not of thy love despair,  
Still in spite of sin I rise,  
    Still to call thee mine, I dare.

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<sup>70</sup>Orig., “best”; a misprint.

<sup>71</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 150–51; stanzas 1, 3. Appears here via *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 85.

- 2 Turn aside a sight to admire,  
I the living wonder am!  
See a bush that burns with fire,  
Unconsumed amidst the flame!  
See a stone that hangs in air!  
See a spark in ocean dwell!  
Kept alive with death so near,  
I am, I am out of hell!

**Hymn 68.**<sup>72</sup> (Trinity.)

**To God the Father.**

- 1 Hail, Father! whose creating call  
Unnumbered worlds attend;  
Jehovah, comprehending all,  
Whom none can comprehend.
- 2 In light unsearchable enthroned,  
Which angels dimly see;  
The fountain of the Godhead owned  
And foremost of the Three.
- 3 From thee, through an eternal now,  
The Son, thine offspring flowed;  
An everlasting Father thou,  
An everlasting God.
- 4 Nor quite displayed to worlds above,  
Nor quite on earth concealed;  
By wondrous, unexhausted love  
To mortal man revealed.
- 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 adored,  
By creatures without end,  
Whom none but thy essential Word,  
And Spirit comprehend.

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<sup>72</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 11–12.



**Hymn 69.**<sup>73</sup> (Trinity.)

**To God the Son.**

- 1 Hail, God the Son! in glory crowned,  
Ere<sup>74</sup> time began to be,  
Throned with thy Sire, through 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 Godhead showed,  
Contracted to a span,  
The coeternal 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.
- 6 Hail, with essential glory crowned,  
When time shall cease to be,  
Throned with thy Father through the round  
Of whole eternity!

**Hymn 70.**<sup>75</sup> (Trinity.)

- 1 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>73</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 12–13; appears here via *CPH* (1743), 123–24.

<sup>74</sup>Orig., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

<sup>75</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 13; appears here via *CPH* (1741), 98–99.

- 2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er the abyss  
Of formless 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,  
The abyss of deity.
- 4 Thy power, through Jesu's life displayed,  
Quite from the virgin's womb;  
Dying, his soul an offering made,  
And raised 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,  
One with the Father, and the Word,  
To all eternity.

**Hymn 71.**<sup>76</sup> (Trinity.)

- 1 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee!  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In coeternal Three.
- 2 Enthroned in everlasting state,  
Ere<sup>77</sup> time its round began,  
Who joined in council to create,  
The dignity of man.
- 3 To whom Isaiah's vision showed  
The seraphs veil their wings,  
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,  
The angelic army sings.

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<sup>76</sup>By Samuel Wesley Jr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 14.

<sup>77</sup>Orig., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 4 To thee, by mystic powers on high,  
Were humble praises given,  
When John beheld with favoured eye  
The inhabitants of heaven.
- 5 All that the name of creature owns,  
To thee in hymns aspire;  
May we as angels on our thrones,  
Forever join the choir!
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential One, adored,  
In coeternal Three.

**Hymn 72.**<sup>78</sup> (Liverpool.)

- 1 Father how wide thy glory shines,  
How high thy wonders rise;  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill:  
And on the wings of every hour,  
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands,  
On all thy creatures writ;  
They show the labour of thy hands,  
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms;  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms:
- 5 Here the whole deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice or the grace.

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<sup>78</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 28.

- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains,  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O, may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song;  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

**Hymn 73.**<sup>79</sup> (Triumph.)

- 1 Ye heavens rejoice  
In Jesus's grace,  
Let earth make a noise  
And echo his praise!  
Our all-loving Saviour  
Hath pacified God,  
And paid for his favour  
The price of his blood.
- 2 Ye mountains and vales  
In praises abound,  
Ye hills and ye dales  
Continue the sound;  
Break forth into singing  
Ye trees of the wood,  
For Jesus is bringing  
Lost sinners to God.
- 3 Atonement he made  
For every one,  
The debt he hath paid,  
The work he hath done;  
Shout all the creation  
Below and above,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus his love.

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<sup>79</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 29–30.

4 His mercy hath brought  
Salvation to all,  
Who take it unbought,  
He frees them from thrall;  
Throughout the believer  
His glory displays,  
And perfects forever  
The vessels of grace.

**Hymn 74.**<sup>80</sup> (Olney.)

1 Father in whom we live,  
In whom we are, and move,  
The glory, power, and praise receive  
Of thy creating love:  
Let all the angel-throng  
Give thanks to God on high,  
While earth repeats the joyful song,  
And echoes to the sky.

2 Incarnate deity,  
Let all the ransomed race  
Render in thanks their lives to thee  
For thy redeeming grace;  
The grace to sinners showed  
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,  
And cry Salvation to our God,  
Salvation to the Lamb!

3 Spirit of holiness,  
Let all thy saints adore  
Thy sacred energy, and bless  
Thine heart-renewing power:  
Not angel tongues can tell  
Thy love's ecstatic height;  
The glorious joy unspeakable,  
The beatific sight!

4 Eternal Triune Lord,  
Let all the hosts above,  
Let all the sons of men record,  
And dwell upon thy love;

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<sup>80</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 44–45.

When heaven and earth are fled  
Before thy glorious face,  
Sing all the saints thy love hath made,  
Thine everlasting praise!

**Hymn 75.**<sup>81</sup>

**(For a Musician.)**

**Part 1.**

- 1    Thou God of harmony and love,  
      Whose name transports the saints above,  
          And lulls the ravished spheres:  
      On thee in feeble strains I call,  
      And mix my humble voice with all  
          Thy heavenly choristers.
- 2    If well I know the tuneful art,  
      To captivate an human heart,  
          The glory, Lord, be thine:  
      A servant of thy blessed will,  
      I here devote my utmost skill,  
          To sound the praise divine.
- 3    With Tubal's wretched sons no more,  
      I prostitute my sacred power,  
          To please the fiends beneath;  
      Or modulate the wanton lay,  
      Or smooth with music's hand the way  
          To everlasting death.
- 4    Suffice for this the season past;  
      I come, great God, to learn at last  
          The lesson of thy grace:  
      Teach me the new, the gospel-song,  
      And let my heart, my hand, my tongue  
          Move only to thy praise.
- 5    Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,  
      And let my consecrated lyre  
          Repeat the psalmist's part:

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<sup>81</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 34–35; stanzas 1–6.

His Son, and thine, reveal in me,  
And fill with sacred melody  
The fibres of my heart.

- 6 So shall I charm the list'ning throng,  
And draw the living stones along,  
By Jesu's tuneful name:  
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,  
And form a city in the skies,  
The New Jerusalem!

**Hymn 76.**<sup>82</sup>

**[(For a Musician.)]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 O might I with thy saints aspire,  
The meanest of that dazzling choir,  
Who chant thy praise above;  
Mixed with the bright musician-band,  
May I an heavenly harper stand,  
And sing the song of love.
- 2 What ecstasy of bliss is there,  
While all the angelic concert share,  
And drink the floating joys!  
What more than ecstasy, when all  
Struck to the golden pavement fall  
At Jesu's glorious voice!
- 3 Jesus! the heaven of heavens he is,  
The soul of harmony and bliss!  
And while on him we gaze,  
And while his glorious voice we hear,  
Our spirits are all eye, all ear;  
And silence speaks his praise.
- 4 O might I die that awe to prove,  
That prostrate awe which dares not move  
Before the great Three-One!  
To shout by turns the bursting joy,  
And all eternity employ  
In songs around the throne!

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<sup>82</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 35–36; stanzas 7–10.

**Hymn 77.**<sup>83</sup> (St. Paul's.)

- 1 Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit, we  
Our kind preserver praise,  
While in thy threefold gifts we see,  
And taste thy threefold grace;  
Thou feed'st the needy sons of men,  
Thou dost our strength renew,  
With corn, and wine, and oil sustain  
Our fainting spirits too.
- 2 Father, in thee we taste the bread  
That cheers the church above;  
And drink, from sin and sorrow freed,  
The wine of Jesu's love:  
The oil of joy, the spirit of grace,  
To us himself imparts:  
The oil that brightens every face,  
And gladdens every heart.
- 3 With awful thanks we now receive  
Our emblematic food,  
On Father, Son, and Spirit live,  
And daily feast on God:  
We to thy glory drink and eat,  
Till all from earth remove,  
The endless praises to repeat  
Of all-redeeming love.

**Hymn 78.**<sup>84</sup> (Passion.)

**At Meals.**

- 1 And can we forget  
In tasting our meat,  
The angelical food which ere long we shall eat;  
When enrolled with the blest  
In glory we rest,  
And forever sit down at the heavenly feast!

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<sup>83</sup>First appeared in *Graces* (1746), 9.

<sup>84</sup>First appeared in *Graces* (1746), 12.



- 2        O the infinite height  
          Of our solemn delight,  
While we look on the Saviour, and walk in his sight!  
          The blessing who knows,  
          The joy he bestows  
While we follow the Lamb wheresoever he goes?
- 3        What good can we need,  
          Whom Jesus doth feed,  
And to fountains of life beatifical lead?  
          Lo! he sits on the throne,  
          Lo! he dwells with his own,  
And enlarges our souls with his mercies unknown!
- 4        Not a spirit above  
          To perfection can prove,  
Or count his unsearchable riches of love:  
          But we shall obtain  
          What none can explain,  
And in Jesus's bosom eternally reign.

**Hymn 79.**<sup>85</sup> (Arne's.)

- 1        Jesus is our common Lord,  
          He our loving Saviour is;  
By his death to life restored,  
          Misery we exchange for bliss.
- 2        Bliss by carnal minds unknown;  
          O 'tis more than tongue can tell!  
Only to believers known,  
          Glorious and unspeakable!
- 3        Christ, our brother, and our friend,  
          Shows us his eternal love;  
Never shall our triumphs end  
          Till we take our seats above.
- 4        Let us walk with him in white!  
          For our bridal-day prepare,  
For our partnership in light,  
          For our glorious meeting there!

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<sup>85</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 157; stanzas 3–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 199.

**Hymn 80.**<sup>86</sup> (York.)

**To the Holy Ghost.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Author of every work divine!  
Who dost through both creations shine,  
The God of nature and of grace!  
Thy glorious steps in all we see,  
And wisdom attribute to thee,  
And power, and majesty, and praise!
- 2 Thou didst thy mighty wings outspread,  
And brooding o'er the chaos, shed  
Thy life into the impregn'd abyss;  
The vital principle infuse,  
And out of nothing's womb produce  
The earth, and heaven, and all that is!
- 3 That all-informing breath thou art,  
Who dost continued life impart,  
And bidd'st the world persist to be;  
Garnished by thee, yon azure sky,  
And all those beauteous orbs on high,  
Descend in golden chains from thee.
- 4 Thou dost create the earth anew,  
(Its Maker and Preserver too)  
By thine almighty arm sustain;  
Nature perceives thy secret force,  
And still holds on her even course,  
And owns thy providential reign.
- 5 Thou art the universal soul,  
The plastic power that fills the whole,  
And governs earth, air, sea, and sky;  
The creatures all, thy breath receive,  
And who by thy inspiring live,  
Without thy inspiration die.

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<sup>86</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 31–32.

- 6 Spirit immense! Eternal mind!  
Thou on the souls of lost mankind,  
Dost with benignest influence move;  
Pleased to restore the ruined race;  
And new-create a world of grace  
In all the image of thy love!

**Hymn 81.**<sup>87</sup>

**[To the Holy Ghost.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 Spirit of power, 'tis thine alone  
To finish what thyself begun,  
And crown thy work with full success;  
To them that groan beneath their sin,  
Thou bring'st the sweet refreshment in,  
The everlasting righteousness.
- 2 Thou dost by thine almighty grace  
Again the abject sinner raise,  
Again our fleshly souls refine;  
Spirit of spirit born, we love,  
And only seek the things above,  
And live on earth the life divine.
- 3 Thou dost the vital seed infuse;  
Thou dost the creature new produce  
In all its glorious parts complete;  
The subjects of thy kingdom here  
Thou makest, ere<sup>88</sup> the judge appear,  
For all thy heavenly kingdom meet.
- 4 Thou that revealing Spirit art  
Who dost the hearing ear impart,  
The clear illuminated sight;  
Spirit of wisdom from on high,  
Of knowledge that shall never die,  
Of holy, true, eternal light.

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<sup>87</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 33; stanzas 1–4.

<sup>88</sup>Orig., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

**Hymn 82.**<sup>89</sup>

**[To the Holy Ghost.]**

**Part 3.**

- 1    Thou art the end of doubtful care,  
      The antidote of sad despair  
      We feel in that sweet power of thine;  
      Through thee, who lifts the fallen up,  
      We rise, rejoice, abound in hope,  
      And bless thine energy divine.
- 2    Author of never-failing peace,  
      Whene'er we languish in distress,  
      O'erwhelmed with sin and misery,  
      Thy presence brings us sure relief,  
      To gladness turns our every grief;  
      And joy in God, is joy in thee.
- 3    Spirit of meek and godly fear,  
      The children taught of thee revere,  
      And do their heavenly Father's will;  
      Pierced with an humble filial awe  
      They love to keep his blessed law,  
      And all his kind commands fulfil.
- 4    Spirit of pure and holy love,  
      We feel thee streaming from above,  
      In calm unutterable peace;  
      The love by thee diffused abroad  
      Unites our happy hearts to God,  
      And seals our everlasting bliss.

**Hymn 83.**<sup>90</sup>

**[To the Holy Ghost.]**

**Part 4.**

- 1    Spirit of holiness and root,  
      Thy gracious God-delighting fruit,  
      Is joy, fidelity, and peace,  
      Meekness which no affront can move,  
      Truth, temperance, long-suffering love,  
      And universal righteousness.

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<sup>89</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 33–34; stanzas 5–8.

<sup>90</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 34–35; stanzas 1–4.

- 2 Restorer of the sin-sick mind,  
Our souls a perfect soundness find,  
Through all their powers in thee renewed;  
Spirit of life and might divine,  
By thee we in the image shine,  
In all the strength and life of God.
- 3 Thou dost the living power exert  
To invigorate and confirm the heart  
Of those who feel thy work begun;  
To exercise our every grace  
Quicken us in the glorious race,  
Till all the glorious race is run.
- 4 Through thee the flesh we mortify,  
A daily death rejoice to die,  
To live from sin forever free;  
An holy spotless life to lead,  
Is only in thy track to tread,  
To walk in love, in God, in thee.

**Hymn 84.**<sup>91</sup>

**[To the Holy Ghost.]**

**Part 5.**

- 1 Through thee we render God his due,  
The worship spiritual and true  
With loving hearts rejoice to pay;  
Him, while we find thy present power,  
In truth and spirit we adore,  
And pray—whene'er in thee we pray.
- 2 Thou pleadest in the living stones  
With speechless eloquence of groans,  
Which pierce our pitying Father's ear;  
The answer of thy prayer we feel,  
The glorious joy unspeakable,  
And triumph in the Comforter.

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<sup>91</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 35; stanzas 5–8.

- 3 True witness of our sonship thee  
We feel, from fear, and sorrow free,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry;  
Seal of our endless bliss thou art,  
Foretaste, and earnest in our heart,  
Of pleasure that shall never die.
- 4 First fruits of yonder land above,  
Celestial joy, seraphic love  
To us, to us in thee is given;  
And all that to the Spirit sow,  
Shall of the Spirit reap, and know  
The ripest happiness of heaven.

**Hymn 85.**<sup>92</sup> (Hotham.)

- 1 Who are these that come from far,  
Swifter than a flying cloud!  
Thick as flocking doves they are  
Eager in pursuit of God:  
Trembling as the storm draws nigh,  
Hast'ning to their place of rest,  
See them to the windows fly,  
To the ark of Jesu's breast!
- 2 Who are these but sinners poor,  
Conscious of their lost estate,  
Sin-sick souls, who for their cure  
On the Good Physician wait;  
Fallen who bewail their fall,  
Proffered mercy who embrace,  
List'ning to the gospel-call,  
Longing to be saved by grace.
- 3 For his mate the turtle moans,  
For his God the sinner sighs;  
Hark! the music of their groans,  
Humble groans that pierce the skies;

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<sup>92</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:314–15.

Surely God their sorrows hears,  
Every accent, every look;  
Treasures up their gracious tears,  
Notes their sufferings in his book.

- 4 He who hath their cure begun,  
Will he now despise their pain?  
Can he leave his work undone,  
Bring them to the birth in vain?  
No; we all who seek shall find,  
We who ask shall all receive,  
Be to Christ in spirit joined,  
Free from sin forever live.

**Hymn 86.**<sup>93</sup> (23d Psalm.)

**Thanksgiving to God for Disappointments.**

- 1 God of my life, how good, how wise,  
Thy judgments on my soul have been!  
They were but mercies in disguise,  
The painful remedies of sin:  
How different now thy ways appear,  
Most merciful when most severe!
- 2 Since first the maze of life I trod,  
Hast thou not hedged about my way,  
My worldly vain designs withstood,  
And robbed my passions of their prey;  
Withheld the fuel from the fire,  
And crossed my every fond desire?
- 3 How oft didst thou my soul withhold,  
And baffle my pursuit of fame,  
And mortify my lust of gold,  
And blast me in my surest aim;  
Withdraw my animal delight,  
And starve my groveling appetite?

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<sup>93</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:53–55; stanzas 1–2, 4–6, 10.

4 Thy goodness obstinate to save  
Hath all my airy schemes o'erthrown,  
My will thou wouldst not let me have;  
With blushing thankfulness I own,  
I envied oft the swine their meat,  
But could not gain the husks to eat.

5 Thou wouldst not let thy captive go,  
Or leave me to my carnal will,  
Thy love forbade my rest below,  
Thy patient love pursued me still;  
And forced me from my sin to part,  
And tore the idol from my heart.

6 See then at last I all resign,  
I yield me up thy lawful prey:  
Take this poor, long-sought soul of mine,  
And bear me in thine arms away;  
Whence I may never more remove,  
Secure in thy eternal love.

**Hymn 87.**<sup>94</sup> (Tully's.)

**Gloria Patri.**

1 Father of mankind, be ever adored,  
Thy mercy we find, in sending our Lord  
To ransom and bless us: thy goodness we praise,  
For sending in Jesus, salvation by grace!

2 Oh! Son of his love, who deignest to die,  
Our cause to remove, our pardon to buy;  
Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save,  
Who openest heaven, to all that believe!

3 O Spirit of love, of health and of power,  
Thy working we prove, thy grace we adore,  
Whose inward revealing, applies our Lord's blood,  
Attesting, and sealing us children of God!

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<sup>94</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 103–4; appears here via *Gloria Patri* (1746), 5.



**Hymn 88.**<sup>95</sup> (Olney.)

**Gloria Patri.**

- 1 Let heaven and earth agree,  
The Father's praise to sing,  
Who draws us to the Son, that he  
May us to glory bring.
- 2 Honour, and endless love,  
Let God the Son receive,  
Who saves us here, and prays above,  
That we with him may live.
- 3 Be everlasting praise,  
To God the Spirit given,  
Who now attests us sons of grace,  
And seals us heirs of heaven.
- 4 Drawn, and redeemed, and sealed,  
We'll sing the One and Three,  
With Father, Son, and Spirit filled,  
To all eternity!

**Hymn 89.**<sup>96</sup> (Olney.)

**Grace After Meat.**

- 1 Being of beings, God of love,  
To thee our hearts we raise,  
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine we pant to be,  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heav'nward our every wish aspires;  
For all thy mercy's store,  
The sole return thy love requires,  
Is that we ask for more.

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<sup>95</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 102–3; appears here via *Gloria Patri* (1746), 5.

<sup>96</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 36–37.

- 4 For more we ask, we open then  
Our hearts to embrace thy will;  
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,  
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts, abroad;  
So shall we ever live and move,  
And be with Christ in God.

**Hymn 90.**<sup>97</sup> (Old German.)

- 1 O Jesus, my rest,  
How unspeakably blest  
Is the sinner that comes, to be hid in thy breast!
- 2 I come at thy call,  
At thy feet do I fall,  
And believe and confess thee my God and my all.
- 3 Thou art Mary's good part,  
The thing needful thou art,  
The desire of my eyes, and the joy of my heart.
- 4 My comfort and stay,  
My life, and my way,  
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.
- 5 Health, pardon and peace  
In thee I possess;  
I can have nothing more, I will have nothing less.
- 6 I stand in thy might,  
I walk in thy light,  
And all heaven I claim in thy God-giving right.

**Hymn 91.**<sup>98</sup> (Wednesbury.)

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God in Persons Three!  
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost  
By all mankind and me.

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<sup>97</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:220.

<sup>98</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:62–63 (#200–#202 combined); appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 243.

- 2 Thy favour and thy nature too,  
To me, to all restore!  
Forgive, and after God renew,  
And keep us evermore!
- 3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,  
Display thy beams divine!  
And cause the glories of thy face!  
Upon my heart to shine!
- 4 Light in thy light O may I see!  
Thy grace and mercy prove!  
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,  
The God of pardoning love!
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
And let thy happy child  
Behold without a cloud between  
The Godhead reconciled!
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow,  
On me through grace forgiven;  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven!

**Hymn 92.**<sup>99</sup> (Cannon.)

- 1 Join all in earth, and all in heaven,  
The saving sovereign name to adore;  
The name to dying sinners given,  
That all might live, and sin no more.
- 2 Bow every soul at Jesu's name,  
At Jesu's name ye angels bow;  
Extol the great, supreme, I AM,  
Praise him through one eternal now.
- 3 Praise him ye first-born sons of light,  
With shouts your glorious monarch own:  
We have in him a nearer right,  
For Jesus is our flesh and bone.

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<sup>99</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:231–32.

- 4     Wherefore on you we ever call,  
          To adore the name to sinners given;  
To praise the Lamb, who died for all,  
          Join all in earth, and all in heaven.

**Hymn 93.**<sup>100</sup> (Hallelujah.)

**For New-Year's-Day.**

- 1     Sing to the great Jehovah's praise!  
          All praise to him belongs,  
Who kindly lengthens out our days  
          Demands our choicest songs;  
Whose providence has brought us through  
          Another various year,  
We all with vows and anthems new,  
          Before our God appear.
- 2     Father, thy mercies past we own,  
          Thy still continued care,  
To thee, presenting through thy Son  
          Whate'er we have or are;  
Our lips and lives shall gladly show,  
          The wonders of thy love,  
While on in Jesu's steps we go  
          To see thy face above.
- 3     Our residue of<sup>101</sup> days, or hours,  
          Thine, wholly thine shall be,  
And all our consecrated powers  
          A sacrifice to thee;  
Till Jesus in the clouds appear  
          To saints on earth forgiven,  
And bring the grand sabbatic year,  
          The jubilee of heaven.

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<sup>100</sup>First appeared in *New Year's Hymns* (1749), 11.

<sup>101</sup>Orig., "or"; a misprint.

**Hymn 94.**<sup>102</sup> (Resurrection.)

**For Easter-Day.**

- 1 Rejoice the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore,  
Mortals give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love,  
When he had purged our stains  
He took his seat above:  
Lift up [your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!]<sup>103</sup>
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell,  
Are to our Jesus given:  
Lift up [your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!]
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all his foes submit;  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet:  
Lift up [your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!]
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy;  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy:  
Lift up [your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice!]
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the judge shall come;  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home:  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound rejoice!

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<sup>102</sup>First appeared in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 12–13.

<sup>103</sup>Orig., ends this and next three stanzas: "Lift up ...."

**Hymn 95.**<sup>104</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 1       The God of Abraham praise,  
          Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
          And God of love:  
          JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!  
          By earth and heaven confessed;  
I bow and bless the sacred name,  
          Forever blessed.
- 2       The God of Abraham praise,  
          At whose supreme command,  
From earth I rise—and seek the joys  
          At his right hand;  
          I all on earth forsake,  
          Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
And him my only portion make,  
          My shield and tower.
- 3       The God of Abraham praise,  
          Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
          In all my ways.  
          He calls a worm his friend!  
          He calls himself my God!  
And he shall save me to the end,  
          Through Jesu's blood.

**Part 2.**

- 4       Though nature's strength decay,  
          And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
          At his command.  
          The watery deep I pass,  
          With Jesus in my view;  
And through the howling wilderness  
          My way pursue.

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<sup>104</sup>Source: Thomas Olivers (1725–99), *An Hymn to the God of Abraham* (Nottingham: S. Crewell, 1771), st. 1–3, 5–7, 9–12. JW appears to be purposefully enlarging a shorter extract (only st. 1–4) that appeared in *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 140–41. He replicated Spence's shorter extract in *Pocket Hymns* (1787).

5           The goodly land I see,  
              With peace and plenty blessed;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
              And endless rest:  
              There milk and honey flow;  
              And oil and wine abound;  
And trees of life forever grow,  
              With mercy crowned.

6           There dwells the Lord our King,  
              The Lord our righteousness,  
(Triumphant o'er the world and sin)  
              The Prince of Peace:  
              On Sion's sacred height  
              His kingdom still maintains;  
And glorious with his saints in light,  
              Forever reigns.

**Part 3.**

7           Before the great Three-One  
              They all exulting stand,  
And tell the wonders he hath done,  
              Through all their land:  
              The list'ning spheres attend,  
              And swell the growing fame;  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
              The wondrous name.

8           The God who reigns on high  
              The great archangels sing,  
And \* "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
              "ALMIGHTY KING!  
              Who was, and is, the same;  
              And evermore shall be;  
JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM!  
              We worship thee."

\* Sing the following parts of this verse slow, and solemn.

9           Before the Saviour's face,  
             The ransomed nations bow;  
 O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,  
             Forever new:  
             He shows his prints of love—  
             They kindle to a flame!  
 And sound through all the worlds above,  
             The slaughtered Lamb.

10          The whole triumphant host  
             Give thanks to God on high:  
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"  
             They ever cry;  
             Hail, Abraham's God—and mine!  
             (I join the heavenly lays)  
 All might and majesty are thine,  
             And endless praise.

***2. For believers fighting.***

**Hymn 96.**<sup>105</sup> (Olney.)

1          Who in the Lord confide,  
             And feel his sprinkled blood,  
 In storms and hurricanes abide  
             Firm as the mount of God:  
 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure  
             His Sion cannot move;  
 His faithful people stand secure  
             In Jesu's guardian love.

2          As round Jerusalem  
             The hilly bulwarks rise,  
 So God protects and covers them  
             From all their enemies:  
 On every side he stands,  
             And for his Israel cares,  
 And safe in his almighty hands  
             Their souls forever bears.

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<sup>105</sup>This is an extract from *CPH* (1743), 90–91; stanzas 1–4. Appears here via *CPH* (1784), 69–70.



3 For lo! the reign of hell  
And hellish men is o'er,  
They can persuade, they can compel  
The just to sin no more:  
To devils, men, or sin  
They need no more give place,  
Nor ever touch the thing unclean  
When cleansed by pardoning grace.

4 But let them still abide  
In thee, all-gracious Lord,  
Till every soul is sanctified,  
And perfectly restored.  
The men of heart sincere  
Continue to defend,  
And do them good, and save them here,  
And love them to the end.

**Hymn 97.**<sup>106</sup> (Palmi's.)

1 Lift up your eyes, the heavens survey,  
And look upon the earth below,  
The heavens like smoke shall pass away,  
The earth, its final period know.

2 Vanishes hence whate'er is seen,  
The breath of life shall all expire;  
The earth and all that dwell therein,  
Shall perish in that fatal fire.

3 My righteousness shall stand alone  
My saving grace shall never move,  
The basis cannot be o'erthrown,  
The truth of my eternal love.

4 Hearken to me, ye souls that know,  
The righteousness which faith imparts;  
And lovingly obedient show  
The law engraven on your hearts.

---

<sup>106</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:19–20; stanzas 13–19.

- 5 Fear not the taunts of short-lived man,  
His feeble calumnies despise,  
Impotent all his rage and vain,  
The threat'ner, while he threatens dies.
- 6 Perishing as the garb they wear,  
Your enemies shall fade away;  
Their breath shall vanish into air,  
The worm shall on their carcase prey.
- 7 God only is unchangeable,  
My righteousness remaineth sure,  
My great salvation cannot fail,  
But shall from age to age endure.

**Hymn 98.**<sup>107</sup> (Zoar.)

**For a Preacher.**

- 1 Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace,  
Arm me with all thine armour now;  
Set like a flint my steady face,  
Harden to adamant my brow.
- 2 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,  
My high commission to perform,  
Nor shrink thy harshest truths to unfold,  
But more than meet the gathering storm.
- 3 Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,  
Still may I turn my fearless face,  
Stand as an iron pillar strong,  
And steadfast as a wall of brass.
- 4 Give me thy might, thou God of power,  
Then let or men or fiends assail,  
Strong in thy strength, I'll stand a tower  
Impregnable to earth or hell.

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<sup>107</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 202–3; stanzas 5–8.

**Hymn 99.**<sup>108</sup> (Olney.)

**The Kingdom of Heaven is Taken by Violence.**

O may thy powerful word,  
Inspire a feeble worm  
To rush into thy kingdom Lord,  
And take it as by storm!  
O may we all improve  
The grace already given!  
To seize the crown of perfect love,  
And scale the mount of heaven!

**Hymn 100.**<sup>109</sup> (Chappel.)

- 1 O God, thy faithfulness I plead!  
My present help in time of need,  
My great Deliverer thou!  
Haste to my aid! thy ear incline,  
And rescue this poor soul of mine;  
I claim the promise now!
- 2 Where is the way? ah, show me where?  
That I thy mercy may declare,  
The power that sets me free!  
How can I my destruction shun?  
How can I from my nature run?  
Answer, O God, for me!
- 3 One only way the erring mind  
Of man, short-sighted man can find,  
From inbred sin to fly:  
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,  
Death, only death can cut the knot,  
Which love cannot untie.
- 4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace!  
Thy love can find a thousand ways  
To foolish man unknown:

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<sup>108</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:160; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 257.

<sup>109</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:185–87; stanzas 1, 4–7. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 279.

My soul upon thy love I cast,  
I rest me till the storm is past,  
Upon thy love alone.

- 5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love,  
Shall every stumbling-block remove,  
And make an open way:  
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,  
And bear me from the gulf beneath,  
To everlasting day.

**Hymn 101.**<sup>110</sup> (Old 112th Psalm.)

**In Doubt.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 My Father, O my Father, hear  
Thy weakest child's imperfect call!  
Now as a servant I appear,  
And yet thou know'st me heir of all:  
O make me know as I am known;  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 2 From whom have all my blessings flowed?  
Who gave me these enlarged desires?  
Who made me restless after God,  
And burnt me up with inward fires?  
O let the author now be shown,  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 3 Who held my fleeting soul in life,  
And turned aside the fatal hour?  
Who, when I oft gave o'er the strife,  
Preserved me from the adverse power?  
Removed the death I would not shun?  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 4 When twice ten thousand times I fell,  
Who was it raised the sinner up,  
The sinner sinking into hell?  
How came I by this spark of hope?  
Who quickened me, a lifeless stone?  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?

---

<sup>110</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 142–43; stanzas 1, 3–6.

- 5 If thou didst see me in my blood,  
And bid the dying sinner live;  
If freely I am counted good,  
O let me all thy life receive;  
O do not leave thy work undone;  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?

**Hymn 102.**<sup>111</sup>

**[In Doubt.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 If now the bowels of thy love  
Yearn over such a worm as me,  
Send down thy Spirit from above,  
And make me clean, and set me free;  
The promised Comforter send down;  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 2 If now thou knockest at my heart,  
Now open to thyself the door,  
The gift unspeakable impart;  
The kingdom to my soul restore;  
Call home, call home thy banished one;  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 3 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?  
Do I not now my sins confess?  
Be just, and faithful to thy word,  
Cleanse me from all unrighteousness:  
Finish the work thou hast begun;  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 4 Hath not my Saviour died to make  
The child of wrath, a child of God?  
Hast thou not pardoned for his sake  
The soul for which he shed his blood,  
And died he not for *me* to atone?  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?
- 5 I cannot rest till pure within:  
Though he hath washed away my stains,  
Removed the guilt and power of sin,  
Yet while the carnal mind remains,

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<sup>111</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 144–45; stanzas 10–15.

I still must make my ceaseless moan;  
Speak, Father; am I not thy son?

- 6 Or if my endless groans and sighs  
Thy kind compassion cannot move,  
Be deaf to all my prayers and cries,  
But hear my Advocate above;  
Hear him who pleads before thy throne,  
“Speak, Father; is he not thy son?”

**Hymn 103.**<sup>112</sup> (Olney.)

**Trust in Providence.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Commit thou all thy griefs,  
And ways into his hands,  
To his sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey;  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care,  
To him commend thy cause, his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,  
Father, thy ceaseless love  
Sees all thy children’s wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

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<sup>112</sup>An extract of JW’s translation of a German hymn by Paul Gerhardt, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 141–42; stanzas 1–8.

- 6 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,  
Thou dost, Oh! King of kings;  
What thy unerring wisdom chose;  
Thy power to being brings.
- 7 Thou every where hast way,  
And all things serve thy might,  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light.
- 8 When thou arisest, Lord,  
What shall thy work withstand?  
When all thy children want, thou giv'st,  
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

**Hymn 104.**<sup>113</sup> (Olney.)

**[Trust in Providence.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night,  
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not?  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well!
- 5 Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose, and to command:  
So shalt thou wondering own his way,  
How wise, how strong his hand.

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<sup>113</sup>An extract of JW's translation of a German hymn by Paul Gerhardt, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 142–44; stanzas 9–16.

- 6 Far, far above thy thought,  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought,  
That caused thy needless fear.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to thee;  
O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!
- 8 Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast, truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care!

**Hymn 105.**<sup>114</sup> (Dresden.)

**In Temptation.**

- 1 Jesu, to thee my soul aspires,  
Jesu, to thee I plight my vows,  
Keep me from earthly base desires,  
My God, my Saviour, and my spouse.  
Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,  
Thou art the good I seek below;  
Fulness of joys in thee there is,  
Without 'tis misery all, and woe.
- 2 Take this poor, wandering, worthless heart,  
Its wanderings all to thee are known,  
May no false rival claim a part,  
Nor sin disseize thee of thine own.  
Stir up thy interposing power,  
Save me from sin, from idols save:  
Snatch me from fierce temptation's hour,  
And hide, O hide me in the grave!

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<sup>114</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 151–52; stanzas 6–7.



**Hymn 106.**<sup>115</sup> (Invitation.)

**To be Sung at Sea.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Lord of the wide-extended main,  
Whose power the winds, and seas controls,  
Whose hand doth earth, and heaven sustain,  
Whose Spirit leads believing souls.
- 2 For thee we leave our native shore,  
(We, whom thy love delights to keep)  
In other worlds thy works explore,  
And see thy wonders in the deep.
- 3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,  
Which dark to human eyes appear,  
While through the mighty waves we pass,  
Faith only sees that God is here.
- 4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,  
We own thy way is in the sea,  
O'erawed by majesty divine,  
And lost in thy immensity!
- 5 Thy wisdom here, we learn to adore,  
Thine everlasting truth we prove;  
Amazing heights of boundless power,  
Unfathomable depths of love.

**Hymn 107.**<sup>116</sup> (Evesham.)

**[To be Sung at Sea.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 Infinite God, thy greatness spanned  
These heavens, and meted out the skies;  
Lo! In the hollow of thy hand,  
The measured waters sink and rise!
- 2 Thee to perfection, who can tell?  
Earth and her sons beneath thee lie,  
Lighter than dust within thy scale,  
And less than nothing in thine eye.

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<sup>115</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 31; stanzas 1–5.

<sup>116</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 32; stanzas 6–10.

- 3 Yet in thy Son divinely great,  
We claim thy providential care:  
Boldly we stand before thy seat,  
Our Advocate hath placed us there.
- 4 With him we are gone up on high,  
Since he is ours, and we are his;  
With him we reign above the sky,  
Yet walk upon our subject seas.
- 5 We boast of our recovered powers,  
Lords are we of the lands and floods,  
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,  
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's!

**Hymn 108.**<sup>117</sup> (Cannon.)

**In a Storm.**

- 1 Glory to thee, whose powerful word,  
Bids the tempestuous wind arise,  
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord  
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies!
- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,  
And seas thine awful will perform:  
From them we learn to own thy sway,  
And shout to meet the gathering storm.
- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice,  
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;  
They cannot damp thy children's joys,  
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.
- 4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,  
And back to highest heaven are borne,  
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,  
And all the watery world upturn.
- 5 Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy  
Your roaring to disturb our rest,  
In vain to impair the calm ye try,  
The calm in a believer's breast.

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<sup>117</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 32–33.

- 6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,  
Thou sea, the servant of his will:  
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise;  
But fall, when he shall say, Be still!

**Hymn 109.**<sup>118</sup> (Hotham.)

**In Temptation.**

- 1 Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past:  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support, and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is staid;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Wilt thou not regard my call?  
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall,  
Lo! on thee I cast my care:  
Reach me out thy gracious hand!  
While I of thy strength receive,  
Hoping against hope I stand,  
Dying, and behold I live!
- 4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

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<sup>118</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 67–68.

Just, and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness,  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound:  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee,  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity!

**Hymn 110.**<sup>119</sup> (Westminster.)

**In Temptation.**

- 1 Help, O help, my great Creator,  
Love the soul thyself hast made,  
Burdened with a sinful nature,  
Let me still on thee be staid:  
What I have to thee commended,  
Saviour, wilt thou not secure,  
Till the fiery trial's ended,  
Till I as my God am pure?
- 2 But it is thy gracious pleasure  
To redeem me from all sin;  
Only let me wait thy leisure,  
Till thou bring thy kingdom in:  
Pray, and serve thee without ceasing,  
Till the perfect grace I prove,  
Blest with all the gospel-blessing,  
Filled with all the life of love.
- 3 Hear in this accepted hour,  
Speak and bid the sun stand still,  
Give me now the constant power  
Over my own carnal will;

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<sup>119</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:181–82; stanzas 1, 3–4.

Stronger wax thy love and stronger;  
Let my bosom-sin give place,  
Let the elder serve the younger,  
Nature yield to sovereign grace.

**Hymn 111.**<sup>120</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

**In Temptation.**

- 1 O save me, save me from this hour!  
The dying sinner save,  
Nor let the greedy pit devour,  
Nor let me see the grave!
- 2 The grave of hell stands open wide  
To swallow up its prey;  
Jesu, preserve my soul, and hide,  
Throughout the evil day.
- 3 O send me from thy holy place,  
The help laid up on thee:  
Assure me that thy saving grace,  
Sufficient is for me.
- 4 Sufficient to restrain from sin,  
While fierce temptations last,  
To save me from the storm within,  
Till all the storm is past.
- 5 Is not thy power divinely shown  
In man's infirmity?  
Make all thy great salvation known,  
Perfect thy strength in me.
- 6 A weaker worm did never yet  
Thy promised aid implore:  
O hide me from the storm and heat,  
Till sin subsists no more.

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<sup>120</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:184; stanzas 4–9.

**Hymn 112.**<sup>121</sup> (Havant.)

**In Temptation.**

- 1 Jesu, hear a sinner's prayer,  
Lo! I flee unto thee,  
Cast on thee my care.
- 2 If, O Lord, I have found favour  
In thy sight, be my might,  
Be my loving Saviour.
- 3 To my soul in sore temptation,  
Let thine aid, be conveyed,  
Show me thy salvation.
- 4 Christ the tempted, hear my crying!  
Sinner's friend, succour send,  
See my soul is dying.
- 5 Lord, I cannot cease from sinning,  
Till thou art, in my heart,  
Ending as beginning.
- 6 Jesu, for thy love I languish,  
Only love, can remove,  
All my grief and anguish.
- 7 I shall all in thee inherit,  
Thirst no more, if thou pour  
Into me thy Spirit.
- 8 Jesu's love than sin is stronger;  
When I prove Jesu's love,  
I shall sin no longer.
- 9 Faithful to thy Spirit's leading,  
I shall rest: on thy breast,  
Find my long-sought Eden.
- 10 Neither life nor death shall sever;  
When thou art in my heart,  
Thou art there forever.

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<sup>121</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 47–48; stanzas 1–5, 8–12.

**Hymn 113.**<sup>122</sup> (Savannah.)

**In Temptation.**

- 1 Jesu, gentle, loving Lamb,  
Let me call thee by thy name,  
Saviour I have need of thee,  
As thou art so may I be.
- 2 Save me, Lord, from sin and fear,  
Bring the great salvation near;  
Bring into my soul thy peace,  
Everlasting righteousness.
- 3 Me to save, if thou hast died,  
Save me from this wrath and pride;  
All the plague of sin remove,  
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 4 See me the reverse of thee,  
Only sin and misery;  
Make me willing to receive  
All the grace thou hast to give.
- 5 O supply my every want,  
Feed a tender, sickly plant;  
Day and night my keeper be,  
Every moment water me.
- 6 Hide me, gracious Saviour hide,  
Let me never leave thy side;  
O 'tis hell from thee to part,  
Press me closer to thy heart.
- 7 When thy love is my defence,  
Sin shall never pluck me thence;  
When my heart with love runs o'er,  
Sin shall never enter more.

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<sup>122</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 48–49; stanzas 1–7.

**Hymn 114.**<sup>123</sup> (Bexley.)

**In Temptation.**

- 1 My gracious God, how shall I shun  
This enemy within?  
Out of myself I cannot run,  
To 'scape my bosom-sin;  
I fear in some unguarded hour,  
Lest it my soul betray,  
And give me up to Satan's power  
An unresisting prey.
- 2 O that thou wouldst stretch out thine hand;  
By this weak, sinking soul  
In every close temptation stand,  
And all my lusts control;  
The strength of saving grace above  
My nature's strength exert,  
Thou God of all-victorious love,  
Thou greater than my heart.

**3. For believers praying.**

**Hymn 115.**<sup>124</sup> (Bray's.)

- 1 Jesus full of grace for me,  
Help my soul's infirmity;  
Grant the supplicating grace,  
Give me power to seek thy face.
- 2 Hear a feeble sinner groan,  
Burdened with an heart of stone,  
Take the heart of stone away,  
Give me will and power to pray.
- 3 Help a poor and needy soul,  
Make the wilderness a pool,  
Pour thy Spirit from above,  
Bless me with a flood of love.

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<sup>123</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:192; stanzas 3–4.

<sup>124</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:34; stanzas 1, 4.



- 4 For thy mercy's sake alone  
Let the miracle be done;  
Take my heart of stone away,  
Give me will, and power to pray.

**Hymn 116.**<sup>125</sup> (Westminster.)

- 1 O thou Father of compassions,  
O thou God of mercies hear,  
Send the Spirit of supplications,  
Send the gracious Comforter:  
Have respect to Jesu's merit,  
To thy church the gift impart,  
Send him now; the pleading Spirit  
Pour into thy people's heart.
- 2 If we have through him found favour,  
If for us he ever prays,  
Now in honour of our Saviour,  
Grant the all-commanding grace;  
Stir us up to prayer unceasing,  
Let us all the promise claim,  
Wrestle for the mighty blessing,  
For the new, mysterious name.
- 3 Send our long-desired Messiah,  
Us to teach thy perfect way;  
Faithful, fervent as Elias,  
Let us in the Spirit pray;  
Let the power to us be given,  
(Weak, and helpless, as we are)  
Power to shut, and open heaven,  
All the omnipotence of prayer.

**Hymn 117.**<sup>126</sup> (Old 112th Psalm.)

- 1 Jesu, thou sovereign Lord of all,  
The same through one eternal day,  
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,  
And O, instruct us how to pray!  
Pour out thy supplicating grace,  
And stir us up to seek thy face!

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<sup>125</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:35.

<sup>126</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:35–37; stanzas 1–2, 8–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 285.

- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,  
We cannot feel a good desire,  
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,  
The power into our hearts inspire;  
And then we in thy Spirit groan,  
And then we give thee back thy own.
- 3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint  
Of all thy tempted followers here!  
And now supply the common want,  
And send us down the Comforter:  
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,  
And fix thy agent in our heart.
- 4 To help our soul's infirmity,  
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,  
To urge our God-commanding plea,  
And make our heart a house of prayer;  
The promised Intercessor give,  
And let us now thyself receive.
- 5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,  
To us who for thy coming stay:  
Of all thy gifts, we ask but one,  
We ask the constant power to pray:  
Indulge us, Lord, in this request!  
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

**Hymn 118.**<sup>127</sup> (Lamp's.)

- 1 The praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart:  
From all entanglements beneath,  
Call off my peaceful heart:  
My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppressed:  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.

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<sup>127</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:247; stanzas 2–3. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 287.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come:  
Thy own this moment seize:  
Gather my wandering spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace:  
Suffered no more to rove,  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

**Hymn 119.**<sup>128</sup> (Dedication.)

**John 6:6–7.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Jesu, whither shall I go,  
Thee, my Saviour, if I leave?  
Only thou canst ease my woe,  
Only thou canst pardon give;  
None beside can save from sin,  
None beside can make me clean.
- 2 If I foolishly depart,  
From the ark of thy dear breast,  
Where shall my unsettled heart,  
Find a ground whereon to rest?  
Whither, or to whom shall I,  
From myself for succour fly?
- 3 Shall I back to Egypt go,  
To my vomit turn again,  
To my flesh corruption sow,  
Live anew in pleasures vain?  
No, with sin I cannot dwell,  
Sin is worse than death, or hell.
- 4 Shall I my old toil renew,  
Catch an honourable name,  
Praise which comes from man pursue,  
Idolize, and pant for fame?  
Who on fame bestows his care,  
Grasps a shadow, feeds on air.

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<sup>128</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:207–8; stanzas 1–7.

- 5 Shall I go to courts and kings?  
Courts and kings are vanity,  
Beggarly and wretched things,  
Can they yield support to me?  
Crushed by their own grandeur's weight,  
Poorly, miserably great!
- 6 Learning should I strive to gain,  
Fairest fruit on earth that grows,  
Ineffectual were my pain,  
Happiest he who nothing knows;  
Who in quest of vain relief,  
Adds to knowledge, adds to grief.
- 7 If my God I cast behind,  
God the source of perfect bliss,  
Vain are all my hopes to find  
True, substantial happiness;  
Search the whole creation round,  
Can it out of God be found?

**Hymn 120.**<sup>129</sup> (Dedication.)

**[John 6:6–7.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 No! my God, if from the way,  
From the truth if I remove,  
Must I not forever stray,  
On in error's mazes rove;  
Rove from peace to troublous strife,  
Rove to death, from endless life!
- 2 Who would go from health to pain?  
Turn from grace to wickedness?  
Freedom quit to hug a chain,  
Grieve his friend his foe to please?  
Who his Saviour-God to shun,  
Would to his destroyer run?
- 3 Saviour, I with guilty shame,  
Own that, I alas, am he!  
Weak and wavering still I am,

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<sup>129</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:208–9; stanzas 8–13.

Ready still to fly from thee:  
Stop me by thy look and say,  
Will you also go away?

4 You whom I have brought to God,  
Will you turn from God again?  
You for whom I spilt my blood,  
Will you let it flow in vain?  
You who felt it once applied,  
Can ye leave my bleeding side?

5 No, my Lamb, my Saviour no,  
(Every soul with me reply)  
From thy wounds we will not go,  
Will not from our Master fly:  
Thine is the life-giving word;  
Thou art our eternal Lord.

6 Speak, and by thy word detain  
Every soul inclined to stray;  
Speak, and let thy love constrain  
Every fugitive to stay;  
That we may no more depart,  
Speak thyself into our heart.

**Hymn 121.**<sup>130</sup> (St. Paul's.)

**For the Morning.**

1 Jesus the all-restoring Word,  
My fallen spirit's hope,  
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,  
O when shall I wake up!

2 Thou Oh! my God, thou only art  
The life, the truth, the way,  
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,  
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,  
In heaven above to give,  
Give me thy only love to know,  
In thee to walk and live.

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<sup>130</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 25–26.

- 4     Fill me with all the life of love,  
       In mystic union join  
Me to thyself, and let me prove  
       The fellowship divine.
- 5     Open the intercourse between  
       My longing soul and thee,  
Never to be broke off again  
       Through all eternity.
- 6     Grant this, O Lord, for thou hast died,  
       That I might be forgiven;  
Thou hast the righteousness supplied,  
       For which I merit heaven.

**Hymn 122.**<sup>131</sup> (Old 113th Psalm.)

**Supplication for Grace.**

- 1     O God of gods, in whom combine  
The heights, and depths of love divine,  
       With thankful hearts to thee we sing:  
To thee our longing souls aspire,  
In fervent flames of strong desire:  
       Come, and thy sacred unction bring.
- 2     All things in earth, and air, and sea  
Exist, and live, and move in thee:  
       All nature trembles at thy voice:  
With awe, even we thy children prove  
Thy power: O! let us taste thy love  
       So evermore shall we rejoice.
- 3     O! powerful love, to thee we bow,  
Object of all our wishes thou,  
       (Our hearts are naked to thine eye)  
To thee, who from the eternal throne  
Cam'st emptied of thy Godhead down  
       For us to groan, to bleed, to die.
- 4     Grace we implore, when billows roll,  
Grace is the anchor of the soul,  
       Grace every sickness knows to heal:

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<sup>131</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 182–84.

Grace can subdue each fond desire,  
And patience in all pain inspire,  
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

5 O! love our stubborn wills subdue,  
Create our ruined frame anew;  
Dispel our darkness by thy light:  
Into all truth our spirit guide,  
But from our eyes forever hide,  
All things displeasing in thy sight.

6 Be heaven, even now our soul's abode,  
Hid be our life with Christ in God,  
Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine!  
Let all our works in thee be wrought,  
And filled with thee be all our thought,  
Till in us thy full likeness shine.

**Hymn 123.**<sup>132</sup> (Bexley.)

**At Waking.**

1 Giver, and guardian of my sleep,  
To praise thy name I wake,  
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,  
For thy own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day,  
I thankfully receive:  
O may I only thee obey,  
And to thy glory live.

3 Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,  
Its cruel power suspend;  
Till all this strife and war within,  
In perfect peace shall end.

4 O respite me from wrath and pride,  
Curb and keep down my will;  
My appetites and passions chide,  
And bid the sea be still.

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<sup>132</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 87; stanzas 1–5.

- 5 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,  
My words and thoughts restrain,  
Bow my whole soul to thy command,  
Nor let my faith be vain.

**Hymn 124.**<sup>133</sup> (Bexley.)

**Petition for Grace.**

- 1 Prisoner of hope, I wait the hour,  
Which shall salvation bring;  
When all I am shall own thy power,  
And call my Jesus, King.
- 2 Thou wilt, I steadfastly believe,  
Thou wilt the captive free,  
Freedom, full perfect freedom give,  
And more than victory.
- 3 Thy presence, Lord, the place shall fill,  
My heart shall be thy throne;  
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,  
Shall in my flesh be done.
- 4 I thank thee for the future grace,  
And now in hope rejoice;  
In confidence to see thy face,  
And always hear thy voice.
- 5 I have the things I ask of thee,  
What shall I more require?  
That still my soul may restless be,  
And only thee desire.
- 6 Thy only will be done, not mine,  
But make me, Lord, thy home,  
Come, when thou wilt, I that resign,  
But O, my Jesus come!

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<sup>133</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 88–89; stanzas 6–7, 10–12, 14.



**Hymn 125.**<sup>134</sup> (Calvary.)

**1 Cor. 2:2.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature-good;  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood;  
All thy pleasures I forego,  
I trample on thy wealth and pride,  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
'Tis all but vanity:  
Christ, the Lamb of God was slain,  
He tasted death for me:  
Me to save from endless woe,  
The all-atoning victim died;  
Only Jesus [will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.]<sup>135</sup>
- 3 Turning to my rest again,  
The Saviour I adore,  
He relieves my grief and pain,  
And bids me weep no more;  
Rivers of salvation flow  
From out his head, his hands, his side;  
Only Jesus [will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.]
- 4 Here will I set up my rest,  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of thy breast,  
Shall never more depart;  
Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

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<sup>134</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 257; stanzas 1–4.

<sup>135</sup>Orig., ends this and next stanza: “Only Jesus ....”

**Hymn 126.**<sup>136</sup>

**[1 Cor. 2:2.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1    What though all my life was sin,  
      This cannot break my peace,  
Here is blood to wash me clean,  
      From all unrighteousness:  
This shall make me white as snow,  
      On this for all things I confide:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
      And Jesus crucified.
  
- 2    What though earth and hell engage,  
      To shake my soul with fear,  
Calmly I defy the rage  
      Of persecution near:  
Suffering faith shall brighter glow,  
      As gold when in the furnace tried:  
Only Jesus [will I know,  
      And Jesus crucified.]<sup>137</sup>
  
- 3    Him to know is life and peace,  
      And pleasure without end:  
This is all my happiness,  
      On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
      And ever in his faith abide;  
Only Jesus [will I know,  
      And Jesus crucified.]
  
- 4    O that I could all invite  
      This saving truth to prove,  
Show the length, and breadth, and height,  
      And depth of Jesu's love!  
Fain I would to sinners show,  
      The blood which all may feel applied;  
Only Jesus [will I know,  
      And Jesus crucified.]
  
- 5    Him in all my works I seek,  
      Who hung upon the tree,  
Only of his love I speak,  
      Who freely died for me;

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<sup>136</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 258; stanzas 5–9.

<sup>137</sup>Orig., ends this and next two stanzas: "Only Jesus ...."

While I sojourn here below,  
Of nothing will I think beside;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

**Hymn 127.**<sup>138</sup> (Savannah.)

**For Children.**

- 1 Lamb of God, I fain would be  
A meek follower of thee,  
Gentle, teachable, and mild,  
Loving as a little child.
- 2 Simple, ignorant of ill,  
Guided by another's will,  
Trusting him for heavenly food,  
Casting all my care on God.
- 3 Let me in thy footsteps tread,  
Be to all thy creatures dead;  
Dead to pleasure, wealth, and praise,  
Poor, and humble all my days.
- 4 Thou my better portion art,  
Earth shall never share my heart;  
I on all its goods look down,  
I expect a starry crown!
- 5 I aspire to things above,  
Lord, I give thee all my love,  
I will nothing know beside,  
Jesus, and him crucified.
- 6 Let the potsherds of the earth,  
Boast their virtue, beauty, birth;  
A poor guilty worm I am,  
Ransomed by the bleeding Lamb.

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<sup>138</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 196; stanzas 1–3, 5–7.

**Hymn 128.**<sup>139</sup> (Savannah.)

**Another [For Children].**

- 1 O enlarge my scanty thought,  
To conceive what thou hast wrought;  
Raise my groveling spirit up  
To my heavenly calling's hope.
- 2 Greaten my contracted mind,  
Saviour thou of all mankind;  
What in man thy grace could move?  
O the riches of thy love!
- 3 Let thy love possess me whole,  
Let it take up all my soul;  
True magnificence impart,  
Purify, and fill my heart.
- 4 I despise all earthly things,  
Offspring to the King of kings,  
God I for my Father claim,  
Jesus is my brother's name.
- 5 Heaven is mine inheritance,  
I shall soon remove from hence;  
As the stars in glory shine,  
Christ, and God, and all is mine.

**Hymn 129.**<sup>140</sup> (Lamp's.)

**For the Nativity.**

- 1 Father, our hearts we lift  
Up to thy gracious throne,  
And thank thee for the precious gift  
Of thine incarnate Son;  
The gift unspeakable,  
We thankfully receive,  
And to the world thy goodness tell,  
And to thy glory live.

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<sup>139</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 197; stanzas 10–14.

<sup>140</sup>First appeared in *Nativity Hymns* (1745), 12–13.

2 Jesus the holy child,  
Doth by his birth declare,  
That God and man are reconciled,  
And one in him we are:  
Salvation through his name  
To all mankind is given,  
And loud his infant cries proclaim  
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

3 A peace on earth he brings,  
Which never more shall end:  
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,  
Declares himself our friend;  
Assumes our flesh and blood,  
That we his Spirit may gain;  
The everlasting Son of God,  
The mortal Son of man.

4 His kingdom from above  
He doth to us impart,  
And pure benevolence and love,  
O'erflow the faithful heart:  
Changed in a moment, we  
The sweet attraction find,  
With open arms of charity  
Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive,  
The newborn Prince of Peace,  
And meekly in his Spirit live,  
And in his love increase!  
Till he convey us home,  
Cry every soul aloud,  
Come, thou desire of nations come,  
And take us up to God.

**Hymn 130.**<sup>141</sup> (Evesham.)

**Spiritual Slumber.**

1 O thou, who all things canst control,  
Chase this dread slumber from my soul,  
With joy and fear, with love and awe,  
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

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<sup>141</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Sigismund Gmelin, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 12–13.

- 2 Oh! may one beam of thy blest light,  
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night,  
Touch my cold breast, with heavenly fire,  
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,  
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:  
With steps unwavering undismayed,  
Give me in all thy paths to tread.
- 4 With outstretched hands, and streaming eyes,  
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;  
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray:  
But ah, how soon it dies away!
- 5 The deadly slumber soon I feel  
Afresh upon my spirit steal:  
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quickening power,  
And wake me that I sleep no more.
- 6 Single of heart, O may I be,  
Nothing may I desire but thee:  
Far, far from me the world remove  
And all that holds me from thy love!

**Hymn 131.**<sup>142</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

**Grace after Meat.**

- 1 Fountain of being, source of good!  
At whose almighty breath  
The creature proves our bane or food,  
Dispensing life or death;
- 2 Thee we address with humble fear,  
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;  
Father of all, thy children hear,  
And send a blessing down.
- 3 Oh! may our souls forever pine  
Thy grace to taste and see:  
Athirst for righteousness divine,  
And hungry after thee!

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<sup>142</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 34.

- 4 For this we lift our longing eyes,  
We wait the gracious word!  
Speak—and our hearts from earth shall rise,  
And feed upon the Lord.

**Hymn 132.**<sup>143</sup> (Frankfort.)

**Before Preaching in a New Place.**

- 1 True witness of the Father's love,  
Celestial messenger divine,  
Come in thy Spirit from above;  
The hearts which thou hast made incline  
Thy faithful record to receive,  
That all may hear thy voice and live.
- 2 Send forth the everlasting word,  
The word of reconciling grace,  
That all may know their bleeding Lord,  
The freely proffered gift embrace,  
Hang on the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 3 Jesu, thou only hast the key,  
Open the great effectual door,  
Extend the line from sea to sea,  
And glorify thy mercy's power,  
Redeem the wretched slaves of sin,  
And force thy rebels to come in.
- 4 O might I every mourner cheer,  
And trouble every heart of stone,  
Save, under thee, the souls that hear,  
Nor lose, in seeking them, my own;  
Nor basely from my calling fly,  
But for thy gospel live and die.

**Hymn 133.**<sup>144</sup> (Welch.)

**For a Preacher of the Gospel.**

- 1 Ah! give me all thy grace to know,  
Thy grace to this thy people give;  
Lead them throughout their course below,  
And bid me in thy presence live;

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<sup>143</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:320–21; stanzas 1–3, 7.

<sup>144</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:287; stanzas 4–7.

Thy presence all my steps attend:  
O love me, love me, to the end.

- 2 Go with me, thou in all my ways,  
And give my weary spirit rest;  
May I, may all the chosen race,  
Be with thy special presence blest;  
O let us never hence remove,  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 3 How shall it but by this be known,  
Our sure acceptance in thy sight,  
We have found grace, we are thine own,  
For lo! we walk with God in light:  
Thy presence shows the holy seed,  
Thy presence makes us saints indeed.
- 4 Distinct by characters divine,  
Thy sons as priests and kings appear,  
In thy reflected light they shine,  
And bear thy glorious image here;  
The election of peculiar grace,  
The pure in heart, who see thy face.

**Hymn 134.**<sup>145</sup> (Traveller's.)

**Another [For a Preacher of the Gospel].**

- 1 Shepherd of souls, if thou indeed  
Hast raised me up thy flock to feed,  
(Thy meanest servant me,)  
O may I all their burdens share,  
And gently in thy bosom bear,  
The lambs redeemed by thee.
- 2 Thy Spirit send me from above,  
Spirit of meek, long-suffering love,  
Of all-sufficient grace;  
Endue me with thy constant mind,  
So good, so obstinately kind  
To our rebellious race.

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<sup>145</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:291–92; stanzas 1–4.



- 3 A faithful steward of my Lord,  
Give me to minister thy word,  
And in thy steps to tread;  
By every sore temptation tried,  
By sufferings fully qualified,  
Thy ailing flock to lead.
- 4 O may thy bowels yearn in me,  
Whene'er a wandering sheep I see,  
Till thou that sheep retrieve,  
And let me in thy Spirit cry,  
Why sinner, wilt thou perish, why,  
When Jesus bids thee live?

**Hymn 135.**<sup>146</sup>

**Another [For a Preacher of the Gospel].**

- 1 My bosom fill with soft distress,  
With sympathizing tenderness;  
For every tempted soul;  
Still would I grieve and suffer still,  
And all their pain and sickness feel,  
Till thou hast made them whole.
- 2 But chiefly would I make my moan,  
And deep beneath the burden groan  
Of those who did run well,  
But fainted in their evil day,  
And swerving from the narrow way,  
By pride, or passion fell.
- 3 Here let me pour out all my tears,  
And spend in prayer my mournful years,  
That these may rise renewed,  
Who have, like me, their Lord denied,  
That these again may feel applied,  
Thine all-atoning blood.
- 4 The love which brought thee from the skies,  
And made thy soul a sacrifice,  
Jesu, on me bestow;

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<sup>146</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:292–93; stanzas 5–9.

Or let me Lord my life resign,  
That these, who once were counted thine,  
Again thy voice may know.

- 5 Shepherd, appear, the great, the good,  
And O! once more remove our load,  
Repeat our sins forgiven,  
And mark the sheep with thy new name,  
And ascertain our lawful claim,  
To pardon, grace, and heaven.

**Hymn 136.**<sup>147</sup> (Musician's.)

**1 Cor. 14:15.**

**For Singers.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Jesus thou soul of all our joys,  
For whom we now lift up our voice,  
And all our strength exert,  
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,  
Compose into a thankful frame,  
And tune thy people's heart.
- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,  
Thy glory be our sole design,  
Thy glory not our own:  
Still let us keep our end in view  
And still the sacred task pursue,  
To please our God alone.
- 3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,  
O! let it never more steal in,  
T' offend thy glorious eyes,  
T' desecrate our hallowed strain,  
And make our solemn service vain,  
And mar our sacrifice.
- 4 To magnify thy awful name,  
To spread the honours of the Lamb,  
Let us our voices raise:

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<sup>147</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:255–56; stanzas 1–4.

Our souls and body's powers unite,  
Regardless of our own delight,  
And dead to human praise.

**Hymn 137.**<sup>148</sup>

**[1 Cor. 14:15.]**

**[For Singers.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 Still let us on our guard be found,  
And watch against the power of sound,  
With sacred jealousy;  
Lest haply sense should damp our zeal,  
And music's charms bewitch and steal  
Our heart away from thee.
- 2 That hurrying strife far off remove,  
That noisy burst of selfish love,  
Which swells the formal song;  
The joy from out our heart arise,  
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,  
And vibrate on our tongue.
- 3 Then let us praise our common Lord,  
And sweetly join with one accord,  
Thy goodness to proclaim;  
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,  
And all our faculties shall feel  
Thine harmonizing name.
- 4 With calmly reverential joy  
We then shall all our lives employ,  
In setting forth thy love;  
And raise in death our triumph higher,  
And sing with all the heavenly choir,  
That endless song above.

**Hymn 138.**<sup>149</sup> (Chester.)

**For a Person Newly Married.**

- 1 To thee, and thy great name,  
My whole affection turn,  
And let the hallowed flame  
For thy pure glory burn;

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<sup>148</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:256; stanzas 5–8.

<sup>149</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:273–74; stanzas 3–6.

From all idolatrous excess,  
From earthly dross refine,  
And on my simple heart impress  
The character divine.

2 No more may I provoke  
My God to jealousy,  
Or to thy creature look  
For what proceeds from thee;  
Fountain of life, and joy and peace,  
Thee may I always own,  
And find my total happiness  
Laid up in God alone.

3 My all of comfort here,  
Whoe'er the grace transmit,  
To thee may I refer,  
And worship at thy feet;  
From thee may I my partner take  
(That precious loan of thine,)  
And wait thy call to give him back,  
And bless the name divine.

4 On thee, my God, on thee  
Alone would I depend,  
And taste thy love, and see  
Thy image in my friend;  
My bosom-friend, at thy demand,  
I promise to restore;  
But let us meet at thy right hand,  
And praise thee evermore!

**Hymn 139.**<sup>150</sup> (Leeds.)

**“Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us  
this day without sin.”**

1 Vouchsafe to keep me, Lord, this day  
Without committing sin,  
And with me let thy Spirit stay,  
Till he is fixed within.

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<sup>150</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:200–201; stanzas 1–2, 5–6, 8–9, 14.

- 2     Thou canst from every sin secure;  
          And is it not thy will  
      Still to preserve thy servant pure  
          From every touch of ill?
- 3     Whate'er I ask, the truth hath said,  
          I surely shall receive:  
      I ask to be made free indeed,  
          And without sin to live.
- 4     Whate'er I ask in faith I have,  
          As sure as God is true;  
      My faithful God is strong to save,  
          And he is ready too.
- 5     Willing he is that all should live  
          From all their sins set free:  
      Lord, I thy solemn word receive,  
          Thy oath to rescue me.
- 6     Thou canst, thou wilt for one short day,  
          Preserve me spotless here:  
      And why not then (let Satan say)  
          A week, a month, a year?
- 7     Vouchsafe to keep me Lord, this day,  
          And every day from sin,  
      Until thou take it all away,  
          And bring thy nature in.

**Hymn 140.**<sup>151</sup> (Chester.)

**For the Watch-Night.**

- 1     Father of mercies hear!  
          Who didst of old send down,  
      An heavenly messenger,  
          With tidings of thy Son;  
      Shepherds who watched their flocks by night,  
          They first believed the word,  
      And sang, o'erwhelmed with heavenly light,  
          The birth of Christ, the Lord.

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<sup>151</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:124–25.

- 2        To men of simple heart  
          The Saviour still reveal,  
          The welcome news impart  
          Of joy unspeakable;  
To us, who here our stations keep,  
          To us, a child be given,  
Who wait to find, while others sleep  
          The Lord of earth and heaven.
- 3        With pure celestial day  
          Our ravished souls surround,  
          Or let the heavenly ray  
          Within our hearts be found:  
Let all thy ransomed sons of grace,  
          Th' angelic army join,  
And chant in ceaseless songs of praise  
          The majesty divine.
- 4        Glory to God above  
          For his redeeming plan,  
          And peace on earth, and love  
          Benevolent to man:  
We justly own the glory his,  
          With heaven's acclaiming powers;  
For O! the benefit and bliss,  
          Is all forever ours!

**Hymn 141.**<sup>152</sup> (Havant.)

- 1        Captain God of our salvation,  
          Night and day  
          Will we pay  
          Thee our adoration:  
All day long our lips confess thee.  
          All the night  
          Our delight  
Is in songs to bless thee.
- 2        Whom thy dying love o'erpowers  
          Lost in thee  
          Happy we  
          Never count the hours:

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<sup>152</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:131–32.

Love our one delightful lesson,  
Love and joy  
Still employ  
Every gracious season.

3 Rivals of the heavenly choir,  
Lo! we rise  
To the skies,  
Higher still and higher:  
There we have our conversation,  
Talk with God,  
Him whose blood  
Purchased our salvation.

4 We like all thy host adore thee:  
Restless they  
Night and day,  
Render thee the glory.  
Author of our every blessing,  
God of grace,  
Thee we praise  
Never never ceasing.

5 This be here our whole employment  
Till we claim,  
Through thy name,  
All thy love's enjoyment;  
Till we drink the crystal river,  
Drink and sing  
To our King,  
Sing and shout forever.

***4. For believers watching.***

**Hymn 142.**<sup>153</sup> (Marienburn.)

1 Father, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
My longing eyes and restless heart:  
Before the morning watch I rise,  
And wait to taste how good thou art;  
To obtain the grace I humbly claim,  
The saving power of Jesu's name.

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<sup>153</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:244–45; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 297.

- 2 The slumber from my soul, O shake!  
Warn by thy Spirit's inward call:  
Let me to righteousness awake,  
And pray that I no more may fall,  
Or give to sin or Satan place,  
But walk in all thy righteous ways.
- 3 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard,  
'Gainst every known or secret foe!  
A mind for all assaults prepared,  
A sober, vigilant mind bestow;  
Ever apprized of danger nigh,  
And when to fight, and when to fly.
- 4 O never suffer me to sleep  
Secure within the verge of hell!  
But still my watchful spirit keep  
In lowly awe and loving zeal!  
And bless me with the godly fear,  
And plant that guardian angel here!
- 5 Attended by the sacred dread,  
And wise from evil to depart,  
Let me from strength to strength proceed,  
And rise to purity of heart;  
Through all the paths of duty move,  
From humble faith to perfect love.

**5. For believers working.**

**Hymn 143.**<sup>154</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1 Lo! I come with joy to do  
The Master's blessed will:  
Him in outward works pursue,  
And serve his pleasure still;  
Faithful to my Lord's commands,  
I still would choose the better part:  
Serve with careful Martha's hands,  
And loving Mary's heart.

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<sup>154</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 7–8; stanzas 1–3, 5–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 316.



- 2 Careful without care I am,  
 Nor feel my happy toil:  
 Kept in peace by Jesu's name,  
 Supported by his smile:  
 Joyful thus my faith to show,  
 I find his service my reward:  
 Every work I do below,  
 I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou, O Lord! in tender love,  
 Dost all my burdens bear;  
 Lift my heart to things above,  
 And fix it ever there;  
 Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,  
 'Midst busy multitudes alone,  
 Sweetly waiting at thy feet,  
 Till all thy will be done.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,  
 Before I hence remove!  
 Now my treasure and my heart  
 Are all laid up above:  
 Far above all earthly things,  
 While yet my hands are here employed,  
 Sees my soul the King of kings,  
 And freely talks with God.
- 5 O! that all, the art might know,  
 Of living thus to thee!  
 Find their heaven begun below,  
 And here thy glory see!  
 Walk in all the works prepared,  
 By thee to exercise their grace,  
 Till they gain their full reward,  
 And see thy glorious face!

**Hymn 144**<sup>155, 156</sup> (Palmi's.)

- 1 O thou who camest from above,  
 The pure celestial fire to impart,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
 On the mean altar of my heart!

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<sup>155</sup>Orig., "164"; a misprint.

<sup>156</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:57; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 2     There let it for thy glory burn,  
       With inextinguishable blaze,  
       And trembling to its source return,  
       In humble love, and fervent praise.
- 3     Jesu, confirm my heart's desire  
       To work, and speak, and think for thee:  
       Still let me guard the holy fire,  
       And still stir up thy gift in me;
- 4     Ready for all thy perfect will,  
       My acts of faith and love repeat:  
       Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
       And make the sacrifice complete.

**Hymn 145.**<sup>157</sup> (Bexley.)

**To be Sung at Work.**

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

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<sup>157</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 193–94; stanzas 1–4.

*6. For believers suffering.*

**Hymn 146.**<sup>158</sup> (Old 112th Psalm.)

- 1 Master, I own thy lawful claim,  
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be:  
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,  
Where'er thou goest, to follow thee;  
Myself in all things to deny;  
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.
- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,  
For thee I cheerfully forego;  
My covetous and vain desires,  
My hopes of happiness below;  
My senses, and my passion's food,  
And all my thirst for creature-good.
- 3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more,  
Shall lead my captive soul astray:  
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,  
Thee, only thee, resolved t' obey;  
My own in all things to resign,  
And know no other will but thine.
- 4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;  
All fulness dwells in thee alone;  
Whate'er I have was freely given;  
Nothing but sin I call my own:  
Other propriety disclaim:  
Thou only art the great I AM.
- 5 Wherefore to thee I all resign:  
Being thou art, and love, and power:  
Thy only will be done, not mine!  
Thee, Lord, let earth and heaven adore!  
Flow back the rivers to the sea,  
And let our all be lost in thee!

---

<sup>158</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:19–21; stanzas 1–3, 10–11. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 323.

**Hymn 147.**<sup>159</sup> (Dying Stephen.)

- 1 Head of thy church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee;  
Till thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory.  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation;  
And cry aloud,  
And give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise,  
Which knows our days,  
And ever brings us nigher:  
We clap our hands exulting  
In thine almighty favour:  
The love divine,  
Which made us thine,  
Shall keep us thine forever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation:  
Nor will we fear,  
While thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation:  
The world, with sin, and Satan  
In vain our march opposes;  
By thee we shall  
Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory,  
To which thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise  
For that high prize,  
Which thou hast set before us:

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<sup>159</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (1745), 68–69; appears here via *Festival Hymns* (1746), 50–52.

And if thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see thee stand  
At God's right hand,  
To take us up to heaven.

**Hymn 148.**<sup>160</sup> (Whitsunday.)

**John 14:16.**

- 1 Jesu, we hang upon the word,  
Our faithful souls have heard from thee,  
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,  
Thy promise made to all, and me;  
Thy followers who thy steps pursue,  
And dare believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou saidst, I will the Father pray,  
And he the Comforter shall give,  
Shall give him in your hearts to stay  
And never more his temples leave;  
Myself will to my orphans come,  
And make you my eternal home.
- 3 Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,  
And let the promise now take place,  
Be it according to thy will,  
According to thy word of grace;  
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,  
And send us down the Comforter.
- 4 He visits now the troubled breast,  
And oft relieves our sad complaint,  
But soon we lose the transient guest,  
But soon we droop again and faint;  
Repeat the melancholy moan,  
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.
- 5 Hasten him, Lord, into our heart,  
Our sure inseparable guide;  
O might we meet and never part,  
O might he in our heart abide;  
And keep his house of praise and prayer,  
And rest and reign forever there.

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<sup>160</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 9–10.

**Hymn 149.**<sup>161</sup> (Chappel.)

**In Pain.**

- 1 And shall I Lord, the cup decline,  
So wisely mixed by love divine,  
And tasted first by thee?  
The bitter draught thou drankest up,  
And but this single sacred drop,  
Hast thou reserved for me.
- 2 Lo! I receive it at thy hand,  
And bear by thy benign command,  
The salutary pain;  
With thee to live I gladly die,  
And suffer here, above the sky  
With my dear Lord to reign.
- 3 Here only can I show my love,  
By suffering my obedience prove  
But when thy heaven I share,  
I cannot mourn for Jesu's sake,  
I cannot there thy cup partake,  
I cannot suffer there.
- 4 Full gladly then for thee I grieve,  
The honour of thy cross receive  
And bless the happy load;  
Who would not in thy footsteps tread,  
Who would not bow with thee his head,  
And sympathize with God!

**Hymn 150.**<sup>162</sup> (Snowsfields.)

- 1 Jesus, thy sovereign name I bless!  
Sorrow is joy and pain is ease  
To those that trust in thee:  
All things together work for good,  
To me the purchase of thy blood,  
The much-loved sinner me.

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<sup>161</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:265.

<sup>162</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:265–67; stanzas 1, 4–7.

- 2 With thee, O Christ, on earth I reign  
In all the awful pomp of pain;  
But send me piercing eyes  
Th' eternal things unseen to see,  
The crown of life reserved for me,  
And glittering through the skies.
- 3 As sure as now thy cross I bear,  
I shall thy heavenly kingdom share,  
And take my seat above;  
Celestial joy is in this pain,  
It tells me, I with thee shall reign,  
In everlasting love.
- 4 The more my sufferings here increase  
The greater is my future bliss;  
And thou my griefs dost tell:  
They in thy book are noted down;  
A jewel added to my crown  
Is every pain I feel.
- 5 So be it then, if thou ordain,  
Crowd all my happy life with pain,  
And let me daily die:  
I bow, and bless the sacred sign,  
And bear the cross by grace divine,  
Which lifts me to the sky.

**Hymn 151.**<sup>163</sup> (Snowsfield[s].)

**For One in a Declining State of Health.**

- 1 God of my life, for thee I pine,  
For thee I cheerfully decline,  
And hasten to decay;  
Summoned to take my place above,  
I hear the call, "Arise my love,  
My fair one, come away!"

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<sup>163</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:267–68.

- 2 Obedient to the voice of God,  
I soon shall quit this earthly clod,  
    Shall lay my body down;  
The immortal principle aspires,  
And swells my soul with strong desires,  
    To grasp the starry crown.
- 3 The more the outward man decays,  
The inner feels thy strengthening grace,  
    And knows that thou art mine:  
Partaker of my glorious hope,  
There shall I after thee wake up,  
    Shall in thine image shine.
- 4 Thou wilt not leave thy work undone,  
But finish what thou hast begun,  
    Before I hence remove;  
I shall be, Master, as thou art,  
Holy, and meek, and pure in heart,  
    And perfected in love.
- 5 Thou wilt cut short thy work of grace,  
And perfect in a babe thy praise,  
    And strength for me ordain,  
Thy blood shall make me th'roughly clean,  
And not one spot of inbred sin,  
    Shall in my flesh remain.
- 6 Dear Lamb, if thou for me could'st die,  
Thy love shall wholly sanctify,  
    Thy love shall seal me thine;  
Thou wilt from me no more depart,  
My all in life and death thou art,  
    Thou art forever mine.

**Hymn 152.**<sup>164</sup> (Chappel.)

- 1 Lamb, lovely Lamb for sinners slain,  
In weakness, weariness, and pain,  
    Thy tender I approve:  
Continue still thy tender care,  
My spirit for thyself prepare,  
    And perfect me in love.

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<sup>164</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:268–69.



- 2 In steadfast faith on thee I call,  
Saviour, and sovereign Lord of all,  
My brother and my friend:  
Lead me my few remaining days,  
And finish thy great work of grace,  
And love me to the end.
- 3 Till I from all my sins am freed,  
O may I lean my languid head  
On thy dear, loving breast:  
Thou Jesu, catch my parting breath,  
And let me smoothly glide through death,  
To my eternal rest.
- 4 Saviour, bring near the joyful hour,  
The fulness of thy Spirit pour;  
And while I here remain,  
Christ let it be that lives, not I;  
Or now, permit me now to die:  
To die is greatest gain.
- 5 Come then, my health, my hope, my home,  
My love, my life eternal come,  
Me to thyself receive;  
Soul, flesh, and spirit sanctify,  
And bid me live in thee to die,  
And die in thee to live.

**7. For believers longing for full redemption.**

**Hymn 153.**<sup>165</sup> (Chappel.)

**Part 1.**

- 1 O thou, who hast redeemed of old,  
And bidd'st me of thy strength lay hold,  
And be at peace with thee;  
Help me thy benefits to own,  
And hear me tell what thou hast done,  
O dying Lamb, for me.

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<sup>165</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:59–60; stanzas 1–5.

- 2 Out of myself for help I go,  
Thy only love resolved to know,  
Thy love my plea I make;  
Give me thy love; 'tis all I claim:  
Give for the honour of thy name,  
Give for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Canst thou deny thy love to me?  
Say, thou incarnate deity,  
Thou Man of Sorrows say:  
Thy glory, why didst thou enshrine,  
In such a clod of earth as mine,  
And wrap thee in my clay?
- 4 Ancient of days, why didst thou come,  
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,  
Contracted to a span?  
Flesh of our flesh, why wast thou made,  
And humbly in a manger laid,  
The newborn Son of man?
- 5 Why didst thou in this vale of tears,  
For more than thirty mournful years,  
A life of suffering lead?  
Why did thine eyes with tears o'erflow?  
Why wouldst thou choose to want below,  
A place to lay thy head?

**Hymn 154.**<sup>166</sup> (Chappel.)

**Part 2.**

- 1 Love, only love thy heart inclined,  
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,  
Down from thy throne above;  
Love made my God a man of grief,  
Distressed thee sore for my relief;  
O mystery of love!
- 2 To fill my soul it emptied thee,  
It made thee poor, that I might be  
Enriched with every grace:  
Love made thee to thy Father cry,  
And hid his face from thee, that I  
Might always see his face.

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<sup>166</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:60–61; stanzas 6–10.

- 3 Quite from the manger to the cross,  
Thy life one scene of suffering was,  
And all sustained for me;  
O strange excess of love divine!  
Jesus, was ever love like thine!  
Answer me from that tree!
- 4 If thou couldst stoop for me to die,  
Surely thou wouldst that I, even I,  
Thy death's effect should prove;  
Then help me for thy mercy's sake,  
To weep, believe, and pay thee back  
Thy dear, expiring love.
- 5 Because thou lov'dst, and diedst for me,  
Cause me my Jesus to love thee,  
And gladly to resign:  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;  
My life be all with thine the same,  
And all thy death be mine.

**Hymn 155.**<sup>167</sup> (Norwich.)

**Sun Stand Thou Still Upon Gibeon.**

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, arise,  
And save a soul that hangs on thee;  
Put on thy strength and bow the skies,  
And work thy ancient work in me;  
Thy grace miraculous display,  
The rapid course of nature stay.
- 2 My Joshua, bid the sun stand still,  
Suspend the storm in mid career,  
Arrest the torrent of my will,  
Restrain me from the sin I fear;  
The power of loving faith impart,  
And fix my poor, unsettled heart.

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<sup>167</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:153–54.

3 Jesus, my constant Jesus stand  
    Betwixt my bosom-sin and me:  
Nature submits to thy command,  
    All things are possible to thee;  
Thou, infinite in love and power,  
Preserve me that I sin no more.

**Hymn 156.**<sup>168</sup> (Havant.)

1 Jesu come! my hope of glory,  
    Purify me, that I,  
May with saints adore thee.

2 Big with earnest expectation  
    Still I sit, at thy feet  
Longing for salvation.

3 My poor heart vouchsafe to dwell in,  
    Make me thine, love divine,  
By thy Spirit's sealing.

4 Give me, Lord, thy Holy Spirit;  
    Let me see, all in thee,  
All in thee inherit.

5 Thou hast laid the sure foundation,  
    O my hope, build me up,  
Finish thy creation.

6 From this inbred sin deliver,  
    Let the yoke, now be broke,  
Make me thine forever.

7 Partner of thy perfect nature,  
    Let me be, now in thee  
A new, spotless creature.

8 Perfect when I walk before thee,  
    Soon or late, then translate  
To the realms of glory.

9 Then the blissful sight be given;  
    Then to gaze on thy face  
Be my highest heaven.

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<sup>168</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:155–56.

**Hymn 157.**<sup>169</sup> (Athlone.)

- 1 O God, most merciful and true,  
Thy nature to my soul impart:  
'Stablish with me the covenant new,  
And write perfection on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,  
Oh! let me gain my Saviour's mind:  
And in the knowledge of my Lord,  
Fulness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,  
That them I may no more forget:  
But sunk in guiltless shame, adore  
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,  
I shall not in thy presence move;  
But breathe unutterable praise,  
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought and vain,  
Expires in sweet confusion lost:  
I cannot of my cross complain,  
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardoned for all that I have done,  
My mouth as in the dust I hide,  
And glory give to God alone,  
My God, forever pacified!

**Hymn 158.**<sup>170</sup> (Palmi's.)

- 1 He wills that I should holy be:  
That holiness I long to feel,  
That full, divine conformity  
To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul  
Accomplished in the change of mine:  
And plunge me every whit made whole,  
In all the depths of love divine!

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<sup>169</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:44–45; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 358.

<sup>170</sup>Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 396; which combines material from *Scripture Hymns* (1762), OT, #325, 1:103; OT, #888, 1:281; NT, #171, 2:169–70; and NT, #631, 2:324.

- 3 On thee, O God, my soul is staid!  
And waits to prove thine utmost will:  
The promise by thy mercy made,  
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at thy power,  
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:  
Hasten the long-expected hour,  
And bless me with thy perfect love.
- 5 Jesus, thy loving Spirit alone  
Can lead me forth, and make me free:  
Burst every bond through which I groan,  
And set my heart at liberty.
- 6 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,  
And give thy servant to possess  
The land of rest from inbred sin,  
The land of perfect holiness.
- 7 Lord, I believe thy power the same,  
The same thy truth and grace endure;  
And in thy blessed hands I am,  
And trust thee for a perfect cure.
- 8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole!  
Entirely all my sins remove:  
To perfect health restore my soul;  
To perfect holiness and love.

**Hymn 159.**<sup>171</sup> (23d Psalm.)

- 1 Jesus, the gift divine I know,  
The gift divine I ask of thee:  
That living water now bestow,  
Thy Spirit and thyself on me:  
Thou Lord, of life the fountain art;  
Now let me find thee in my heart.

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<sup>171</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:244, 380 (#413 and #738 combined). Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 354.

- 2     Thee let me drink and thirst no more  
          For drops of finite happiness:  
Spring up O well in heavenly power,  
          In streams of pure perennial peace;  
In joy that none can take away,  
In life which shall forever stay.
- 3     Father, on me the grace bestow,  
          Unblameable before thy sight,  
Whence all the streams of mercy flow:  
          Mercy thy own supreme delight,  
To me for Jesu's sake impart,  
And plant thy nature in my heart.
- 4     Thy mind throughout my life be shown,  
          While listening to the wretch's cry;  
The widow's and the orphan's groan,  
          On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,  
The poor and helpless to relieve,  
My life, my all for them to give.
- 5     Thus may I show the Spirit within,  
          Which purges me from every stain,  
Unspotted from the world and sin,  
          My faith's integrity maintain;  
The truth of my religion prove  
By perfect purity and love.

**Hymn 160.**<sup>172</sup> (Amsterdam.)

- 1     Jesu, what hast thou bestowed  
          On such a worm as me!  
What compassion hast thou showed,  
          To draw me after thee!  
Perfect then the work begun,  
          All thy goodness let me prove,  
All thy will in me be done,  
          Till all my soul is love.

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<sup>172</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 206–7.

- 2 Not by my own righteousness,  
Or works that I have wrought  
Am I saved; but by thy grace  
Surpassing human thought.  
Nothing have I, nothing am,  
Nothing I deserve but hell;  
Yet I glory in thy name,  
Yet I thy mercy feel.
- 3 Thou a spark of hallowed fire  
To me, even me hast given;  
Glow for thee my whole desire,  
My life, my inward heaven:  
Dreams of happiness below,  
Never more will I pursue,  
Jesus only will I know,  
Whose love is ever new.
- 4 Thou thine hand on me hast laid,  
And calmed my stormy will,  
Nature's rapid tide hast stayed,  
And bid my heart be still:  
Stablish thou my heart in peace,  
Meek and lowly let me be,  
Fill with all thy gentleness,  
The soul that hangs on thee.
- 5 Oft thou visitest my breast,  
But O! how short thy stay?  
As the memory of a guest,  
That tarrieth but a day:  
Come, and all thy foes expel,  
Fix in me thy constant home,  
With thy Father in me dwell,  
Lord Jesus, quickly come!



**Hymn 161.**<sup>173</sup> (West-Street.)

- 1 Saviour and can it be,  
That thou should dwell with me?  
From thy high and lofty throne,  
Throne of everlasting bliss,  
Will thy majesty stoop down,  
To so mean an house as this?
- 2 I am not worthy, Lord,  
So foul, so self-abhorred,  
Thee, my God, to entertain  
In this poor polluted heart:  
I am a frail sinful man,  
All my nature cries depart!
- 3 Yet come thou heavenly guest,  
And purify my breast,  
Come thou great and glorious King,  
While before thy cross I bow,  
With thyself salvation bring,  
Cleanse the house by entering now.

**Hymn 162.**<sup>174</sup> (Bradford.)

- 1 O thou who hanging on the cross,  
Didst buy our pardon with thy blood,  
Canst thou not still maintain our cause,  
And fill us with the life of God;  
Bless with the blessings of thy throne,  
And perfect all our souls in one?
- 2 Lo, on thy bloody sacrifice,  
For all our graces we depend!  
Supported by thy cross arise,  
To finished holiness ascend;  
And gain on earth the mountain's height,  
And then salute our friends in light.

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<sup>173</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 32.

<sup>174</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 37.

**Hymn 163.**<sup>175</sup> (Liverpool.)

- 1 Infinite power, eternal Lord,  
How sovereign is thy hand!  
All nature rose t' obey thy word,  
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course the shining sun  
Keeps his appointed way;  
And all the hours obedient run  
The circle of the day.
- 3 But ah! how wide my spirit flies,  
And wanders from her God!  
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,  
And treads the downward road.
- 4 The raging fire and stormy sea  
Perform thy awful will;  
And every beast and every tree,  
The great design fulfil:
- 5 While my wild passions rage within,  
Nor thy commands obey;  
But flesh and sense, enslaved to sin,  
Draw my best thoughts away.
- 6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame,  
Pay all their dues to thee?  
Creatures that never knew thy name,  
That ne'er were lov'd like me?
- 7 Great God, create my soul anew,  
Conform my heart to thine;  
Melt down my will, and let it flow,  
And take the mould divine.
- 8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,  
Here all my powers I bring;  
Manage the wheels by thy command,  
And govern every spring.
- 9 Then shall my feet no more depart,  
Nor my affections rove;  
Devotion shall be all my heart,  
And all my passions love.

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<sup>175</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 74–75; appears here via *CPH* (1743), 42–43.

**Hymn 164.**<sup>176</sup> (23d Psalm.)

- 1 O Rock of our salvation, see  
The souls that seek their rest in thee;  
Beneath thy cooling shadow hide,  
And keep us, Saviour, in thy side;  
By water and by blood redeem,  
And wash us in the mingled stream.
- 2 The sin-atoning blood apply,  
And let the water sanctify,  
Pardon and holiness impart,  
Sprinkle and purify our heart,  
Wash out the last remains of sin,  
And make our inmost nature clean.
- 3 The double stream in pardons rolls,  
And brings thy love into our souls,  
Who dare the truth divine receive,  
And credence to thy witness give;  
We here thy utmost power shall prove,  
Thy utmost power of perfect love.

**Hymn 165.**<sup>177</sup> (Brockmer's.)

**John 1:12.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Jesus, in thine all-saving name,  
We steadfastly believe,  
And lo! the promised power we claim,  
Which thou art bound to give:  
Power to become the sons of God,  
An all-sufficient power,  
We look to have on us bestowed,  
A power to sin no more.

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<sup>176</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 24–25.

<sup>177</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:181–82; stanzas 1–2, 5–6.

- 2 We yield to be redeemed from sin,  
The life divine to live,  
Open our hearts to take thee in;  
And all thy grace receive:  
Thee we receive as God and man,  
Both in one person joined,  
To finish the redeeming plan,  
To rescue all mankind.
- 3 To thee, O Christ, the praise we give,  
Thy threefold function sing,  
The Lord's anointed one receive,  
Our prophet, priest, and King;  
Thou, only thou our wisdom art,  
Our strength and righteousness,  
Sprinkle, inform, and rule our heart,  
Victorious Prince of Peace.
- 4 Foolish, we come to learn of thee;  
Guilty, to be forgiven;  
Poor sinful worms to be made free  
From sin, and fit for heaven;  
Teach us that perfect will of God,  
For us, and in us pray;  
Wash us in thy all-cleansing blood,  
Thy kingly power display.

**Hymn 166.**<sup>178</sup> (Brockmer's.)

**[John 1:12.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 Thou will to us thy name impart,  
Thou bear'st it not in vain,  
What thou art called, thou surely art  
Saviour of sinful man:  
Into thy name, thy nature we  
Assuredly believe,  
Jesus from sin, thee only thee,  
Our Jesus, we receive.

---

<sup>178</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:183–84; stanzas 9–13.

- 2     Our Jesus thou from future woe,  
          From present wrath divine,  
Shalt save us from our sins below,  
          And make our souls like thine;  
Jesus from all the power of sin,  
          From all the being too;  
Thy grace shall make us th'roughly clean,  
          And perfectly renew.
- 3     Jesus from pride, from wrath, from lust,  
          Our inward Jesus be,  
From every evil thought we trust  
          To be redeemed by thee;  
When thou dost in our flesh appear,  
          We shall the promise prove,  
Saved into all perfection here,  
          Renewed in sinless love.
- 4     Come, O thou prophet, priest and King,  
          Thou Son of God and man,  
Into our souls thy fulness bring,  
          Instruct, atone, and reign:  
Holy, and pure, as just, and wise,  
          We would be in thy right,  
Less than thine all cannot suffice,  
          We grasp the infinite.
- 5     Our Jesus thee, entire, and whole,  
          With willing heart we take,  
Fill ours and every faithful soul,  
          For thy own mercy's sake:  
We wait to know thy utmost name,  
          Thy nature's heavenly powers,  
One undivided Christ we claim,  
          And all thou art is ours.

**Hymn 167.**<sup>179</sup> (Spitalfields.)

- 1    Come, O thou Lamb, for sinners slain,  
      Bring in the cleansing flood;  
      Apply to wash out every stain,  
      Thine efficacious blood.
- 2    O let it sink into our soul,  
      Deep as the inbred sin,  
      Make every wounded spirit whole,  
      And every leper clean.
- 3    Thy sanctifying word is sure;  
      Lord we our sins confess,  
      Faithful and just, O make us pure  
      From all unrighteousness.
- 4    Such power belongeth unto thee,  
      Thy saying we receive;  
      We shall be pure in heart, and see  
      Thy smiling face, and live.
- 5    Lord we believe, and with calm zeal,  
      For this our faith contend;  
      Waiting till thou thyself reveal,  
      And hoping to the end.
- 6    Our high, and holy calling's prize,  
      We earnestly pursue;  
      Nor fear we, lest our thoughts should rise,  
      Above what thou canst do.
- 7    Thy goodness, O all-gracious Lord,  
      Is equal to thy power:  
      And we shall try thy utmost word,  
      And we shall sin no more.
- 8    Thou willest, and it must be done,  
      That we should holy be;  
      And we shall live to thee alone,  
      And we shall die to thee.

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<sup>179</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:171–72; stanzas 11–18.

**Hymn 168.**<sup>180</sup> (Passion.)

- 1 All praise to the Lamb!  
Accepted I am,  
I am bold to believe on my Jesus's name.
- 2 In thee I confide,  
Thy blood is applied;  
For me thou hast suffered, for me thou hast died.
- 3 Not a doubt can arise  
To darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.
- 4 I already am blest,  
I lean on thy breast,  
And lo! in thy wounds I continually rest.
- 5 My cup it runs o'er,  
I have comfort and power,  
I have pardon—what can a poor sinner have more.
- 6 He can have a new heart,  
So as never to start  
From thy paths: he may be in the world as thou art.
- 7 He may be without sin,  
All holy and clean,  
He may be as his Master all glorious within.
- 8 The promise is sure,  
It shall always endure,  
And I as my God shall be spotless and pure.

**Hymn 169.**<sup>181</sup> (Minorities.)

- 1 Lord, my time is in thy hand,  
Weak and helpless as I am;  
Surely thou canst make me stand,  
I believe in Jesu's name.

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<sup>180</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:221–22; stanzas 1, 3, 5–9, 11.

<sup>181</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 238, 237; stanzas 4–5, 3b.

- 2 Saviour in temptation thou,  
Thou hast saved me heretofore,  
Thou from sin dost save me now;  
Thou shalt save me evermore.
- 3 Wherefore should I doubt the grace,  
Which I every moment prove:  
Sin and Satan must give place,  
Both must yield to stronger love.
- 4 Sin and Satan rage their hour,  
But thou all-sufficient art,  
Thou art infinite in power,  
Thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 I shall thy salvation see,  
I in faith on Jesus call;  
I from sin shall be set free,  
Perfectly set free from all.

**8. For believers saved.**

**Hymn 170.**<sup>182</sup> (Frankfort.)

- 1 Father, on us the Spirit bestow,  
Through which thine everlasting Son,  
Offered himself for man below;  
That we, even we before thy throne,  
Our souls and bodies may present,  
And pay thee all thy grace hath lent.
- 2 O let thy Spirit sanctify  
Whate'er to thee we now restore,  
And make us with thy will comply,  
With all our mind, and soul, and power;  
Obey thee as thy saints above,  
In perfect innocence and love.

**Hymn 171.**<sup>183</sup> (Palmi's.)

**“He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.”**

- 1 Let not the wise his wisdom boast;  
The mighty glory in his might;  
The rich in flattering riches trust,  
Which take their everlasting flight.

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<sup>182</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 126.

<sup>183</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:16; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.



- 2 The rush of numerous years bears down,  
The most gigantic strength of man:  
And where is all his wisdom gone,  
When dust, he turns to dust again.
- 3 One only gift can justify  
The boasting soul that knows his God:  
When Jesus doth his blood apply,  
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
- 4 The Lord my righteousness I praise;  
I triumph in the love divine:  
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,  
In Christ to endless ages mine.

**Hymn 172.**<sup>184</sup> (York.)

- 1 O God of peace and pardoning love,  
Whose bowels of compassion move  
To every sinful child of man:  
Jesus our shepherd great and good,  
Who dying, bought us with his blood,  
Thou hast brought back to life again.  
His blood to all our souls apply:  
(His blood alone can sanctify,  
Which first did for our sins atone:)  
The covenant of redemption seal;  
The depth of love, of God reveal,  
And speak us perfected in one.
- 2 O might our every work and word  
Express the tempers of our Lord,  
The nature of our head above:  
His Spirit send into our hearts,  
Engraving on our inmost parts  
The living law of holiest love.  
Then shall we do with pure delight,  
Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,  
As vessels of thy richest grace;  
And having thy whole counsel done,  
To thee, and thy coequal Son,  
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

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<sup>184</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:377; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

**Hymn 173.**<sup>185</sup> (York.)

**For a Preacher.**

- 1 Thy power and saving truth to show,  
A warfare at thy charge I go;  
    Strong in the Lord, and thy great might:  
Gladly take up the hallowed cross,  
And suffering all things for thy cause,  
    Beneath that bloody banner fight.  
A spectacle to fiends and men,  
To all their fierce or cool disdain,  
    With calmest pity I submit;  
Determined nought to know beside  
My Jesus and him crucified,  
    I tread the world beneath my feet.
  
- 2 Superior to their smile or frown,  
On all their goods my soul looks down,  
    Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state:  
The man that dares their god despise  
The Christian he alone is wise;  
    The Christian he alone is great!  
O God let all my life declare,  
How happy all thy servants are!  
    How far above these earthly things;  
How pure when washed in Jesu's blood!  
How intimately one with God,  
    A heaven-born race of priests and kings.
  
- 3 For this alone I live below,  
The power of godliness to show,  
    The wonders wrought by Jesu's name:  
O that I might but faithful prove!  
Witness to all thy pardoning love,  
    And point them to th' atoning Lamb.  
Let me to every creature cry,  
The poor and rich, the low and high,  
    Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!  
Damned, till by Jesus saved thou art;  
Till Jesu's blood hath washed thy heart,  
    Thou canst not find the gate of heaven.

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<sup>185</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:331–32; stanzas 5–7. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 427.

Hymn 174.<sup>186</sup> (Welsh.)

**“For any who think they have already attained.”**

- 1 Omnipotent, omniscient Lord,  
Present in heaven, and earth and hell,  
Spirit and soul-dividing Word,  
Searcher of hearts unsearchable;  
Behold us with thine eyes of flame,  
And tell me what by grace I am.
- 2 We would not our own souls deceive,  
Or fondly rest in grace begun:  
Thy wise discerning unction give,  
And make us know as we are known;  
Search and try out our hearts and reins,  
And show if sin in us remains.
- 3 Shine on the work thyself hast wrought,  
If thou hast wrought the work in me,  
Or show us if we know thee not:  
Am I my God stopped short of thee?  
The powerful quick conviction dart,  
And shine in every naked heart.
- 4 Thou would'st not have thy children stray,  
Thou never canst mislead the blind:  
If brought into thy perfect way,  
O let us now the witness find;  
And shout to hear thy speaking blood,  
And echo to the voice of God.
- 5 Send forth thy pure, unerring light,  
Jesus the truth, the life, the way,  
And guide our helpless spirits right,  
That all may see the perfect day;  
May all thy glorious fulness prove,  
The depth of everlasting love.

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<sup>186</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:172–73; stanzas 1–2, 4–5, 7.

**Hymn 175.**<sup>187</sup> (Dedication.)

- 1 O my condescending Lord,  
How hast thou to earth stooped down,  
Sinners vile and self-abhorred,  
Thou dost for thy brethren own;  
O the grace on man bestowed,  
Man is called the friend of God.
- 2 What can I desire beside?  
Jesus for my friend I claim,  
Jesus is my faithful guide,  
Happy in his love I am;  
Fulness of delight I prove  
In his all-sufficient love.
- 3 From the faithless sons of men,  
Saviour to thy arms I flee,  
Sweetly on thy bosom lean,  
Find my happiness in thee;  
Happiness that cannot fail,  
Gloriously unchangeable.
- 4 While I thus my soul recline,  
On my dear Redeemer's breast,  
Need I for the creature pine,  
Fondly seek a farther rest;  
Still for human friendship sue,  
Stoop, ye worms of earth to you!
- 5 Jesus, thee alone I know,  
Monarch of my simple heart,  
Thou my only friend below,  
Thou my only portion art;  
Here and in eternity,  
Thou art all in all to me.

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<sup>187</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:45–46.

**Hymn 176.**<sup>188</sup> (York.)

- 1 While faith the atoning blood applies,  
Ourselves a living sacrifice  
    We freely offer up to God:  
And none but those his glory share  
Who crucified with Jesus are,  
    And follow where their Saviour trod.
  
- 2 Saviour, to thee our lives we give,  
Our meanest sacrifice receive,  
    And to thine own oblation join;  
Our suffering and triumphant head,  
Through all thy states thy members lead,  
    And seat us on the throne divine.

**9. For believers interceding.**

**Hymn 177.**<sup>189</sup> (Westminster.)

**On Entering a House.**

- 1 Peace be to this habitation!  
    Peace to every soul herein!  
Peace the foretaste of salvation,  
    Peace the seal of cancelled sin.  
Peace that speaks its heavenly giver,  
    Peace to earthly minds unknown,  
Peace divine that lasts forever,  
    Here erect its glorious throne.
  
- 2 On the son of peace descending,  
    On the daughter of thy grace,  
Big with comforts never ending,  
    Let the promise now take place;  
Each receive the gracious shower,  
    Each the gospel-blessing prove,  
Witness of thy pardoning power,  
    Witness of thy perfect love.

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<sup>188</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 110; stanza 3.

<sup>189</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:249–50.

- 3     Now thy love-infusing Spirit,  
          Shed in every heart abroad,  
Rise through thy imputed merit  
          Every child, a child of God!  
Each receive the constant witness,  
          Each obtain the joyous rest,  
Taste in thee celestial sweetness,  
          God residing in their breast.
- 4     Claim for thine each faithful servant,  
          By the reconciling word,  
Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,  
          Let them serve their heavenly Lord;  
For thy pardoning love adore thee,  
          Walk in spotless liberty,  
Brethren to the King of Glory,  
          Friends of God and heirs with thee.
- 5     Visit Lord with thy salvation,  
          Every providential guest,  
Every friend and kind relation,  
          Take into thy people's rest:  
Conscious of thy sacred presence,  
          Let them feel the loving fear;  
Cry with blissful acquiescence,  
          God the pardoning God is here.
- 6     Prince of Peace if thou art near us,  
          Fix in all our hearts thy home,  
By thy last appearing cheer us,  
          Quickly let thy kingdom come.  
Answer all our expectation,  
          Give our raptured souls to prove,  
Glorious, uttermost salvation,  
          Heavenly, everlasting love!

**Hymn 178.**<sup>190</sup> (Marienburn.)

- 1 Come, O thou soul-dividing sword,  
That dost from Jesu's mouth proceed,  
The foes and haters of their Lord,  
Find out, o'erturn, and strike them dead;  
Destroy the sin that keeps them blind,  
And slay the pride of all mankind.
- 2 Spirit of truth in all begin  
That work of thine awakening power,  
Convince the Christian world of sin,  
Who Satan and not Christ adore;  
Who Jesus slight, reject disclaim,  
And never knew his saving name.
- 3 Show them they never yet received  
In truth whom they in words profess,  
They never yet in Christ believed,  
Or owned *the Lord their righteousness*;  
Still in the *damning sin* they lie,  
As pleased in unbelief to die.
- 4 People and priest are doubly dead,  
Are aliens from the life divine,  
Gross darkness o'er the earth is spread,  
Till thou into the conscience shine,  
The powerful quick conviction dart,  
And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 5 O wouldst thou now in all reveal,  
The righteous wrath of hostile heaven,  
Because the blood they will not feel,  
The blood that shows their sins forgiven;  
They will not him, their Lord receive,  
They will not come to Christ and live.

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<sup>190</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 20–21; stanzas 4–8.

**Hymn 179.**<sup>191</sup> (Brook's.)

**Intercession for England.**

- 1 The crowd, the poor, unthinking crowd,  
Refuse thy hand to see,  
They will not hear thy loudest rod,  
They will not turn to thee.  
As with judicial blindness struck,  
They all thy signs despise,  
Harden their hearts yet more, and mock  
The anger of the skies.
- 2 But blinder still the rich and great,  
In wickedness excel,  
And revel on the brink of fate,  
And sport, and dance to hell.  
Regardless of thy smile or frown,  
Their pleasures they require,  
And sink with gay indifference down,  
To everlasting fire.
- 3 But O! thou dreadful, righteous Lord,  
The praying remnant spare,  
The men that tremble at thy word,  
And see the coming snare:  
Our land if yet again thou shake,  
Or utterly break down;  
A merciful distinction make,  
And strongly save thine own.
- 4 If earth its mouth must open wide,  
To swallow up its prey;  
Jesu, thy faithful people hide,  
In that vindictive day:  
Firm in the universal shock,  
We shall not then remove;  
Safe in the clefts of Israel's Rock,  
Our Lord's expiring love.

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<sup>191</sup>This is an extract from *Earthquake Hymns* (1750), 1:6; stanzas 3–6.



**Hymn 180.**<sup>192</sup> (Salisbury.)

**Written at the Land's End.**

- 1 Come, divine Immanuel come,  
Take possession of thy home;  
Now thy mercy's wings expand,  
Stretch throughout the happy land.
- 2 Carry on thy victory,  
Spread thy rule from sea to sea,  
Reconvert the ransomed race,  
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.
- 3 Take the purchase of thy blood,  
Bring us to a pardoning God;  
Give us eyes to see our day,  
Hearts the glorious truth t' obey;
- 4 Ears to hear the gospel-sound,  
Grace doth more than sin abound,  
God appeased, and man forgiven,  
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.
- 5 O that every soul might be  
Suddenly subdued to thee!  
O that all in thee might know  
Everlasting life below.
- 6 Now thy mercy's wings expand,  
Stretch throughout the happy land;  
Take possession of thy home,  
Come, divine Immanuel come!

**Hymn 181.**<sup>193</sup> (Shepherd of Israel.)

**For the Nativity.**

- 1 All glory to God in the sky,  
And peace upon earth be restored!  
O Jesus, exalted on high,  
Appear, our omnipotent Lord!

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<sup>192</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:329.

<sup>193</sup>First appeared in *Nativity Hymns* (1745), 23–24; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- Who meanly in Bethlehem born,  
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,  
Once more to thy creatures return,  
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,  
All nature acknowledged thy birth;  
Arose the acceptable year,  
And heaven was opened on earth;  
Receiving its Lord from above,  
The world was united to bless,  
The giver of concord and love,  
The Prince and the author of peace.
- 3 O wouldst thou again be made known,  
Again in thy Spirit descend,  
And set up in each of thine own,  
A kingdom that never shall end!  
Thou only art able to bless,  
And make the glad nations obey,  
And bid the dire enmity cease,  
And bow the whole world to thy sway.
- 4 Come then to thy servants again,  
Who long thy appearing to know,  
Thy quiet and peaceable reign,  
In mercy establish below:  
All sorrow before thee shall fly,  
And anger and hatred be o'er,  
And envy, and malice shall die,  
And discord afflict us no more.
- 5 No horrid alarum<sup>194</sup> of war,  
Shall break our eternal repose,  
No sound of the trumpet is there,  
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:  
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,  
We all shall in amity join,  
And kindly each other embrace,  
And love with a passion like thine.

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<sup>194</sup>I.e., "alarm"; but here used alternate spelling "alarum" to provide correct metre.

**Hymn 182.**<sup>195</sup> (23d Psalm.)

- 1 Arm of the Lord awake, awake,  
The terrors of the Lord display,  
Out of their sins the nations shake;  
Tear their vain confidence away,  
Conclude them all in unbelief,  
And fill their hearts with sacred grief.
- 2 Impart the salutary pain,  
The sudden, soul-condemning power;  
Blow on the goodliness of man,  
Wither the grass, and blast the flower;  
That, when their works are all o'erthrown,  
The word of grace may stand alone.
- 3 Trouble the souls who know not God,  
Their careless, Christless spirits wound,  
O'erwhelm with their own sinful load,  
And all their virtuous pride confound;  
Their depth of wickedness reveal,  
And shake them o'er the mouth of hell.
- 4 Naked, and destitute, and blind,  
Themselves let the poor wretches see,  
Their total fall lament to find,  
Till every mouth is stopped by thee:  
And all the world with conscious fear,  
Guilty before their God appear.
- 5 Guilty because they know not him  
Who lived, and died, their souls to save,  
Who came his people to redeem!  
No part or lot in Christ they have,  
Till thou the painful veil remove,  
And show their hearts his dying love.

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<sup>195</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 21–22.

**Hymn 183.**<sup>196</sup> (Whitsunday.)

**John 16:10.**

- 1 Come then to those who want thine aid,  
Who now beneath their burden groan,  
Bind up the wound thyself hast made:  
The righteousness of faith make known,  
(Offered to all of Adam's line)  
The perfect righteousness divine.
- 2 Convince the souls who feel their sin,  
There is, there is a ransom found,  
A better righteousness brought in,  
And grace doth more than sin abound,  
Pardon to all is freely given,  
For Jesus is returned to heaven.
- 3 He died to purge our guilty stain,  
He rose the world to justify,  
And while the heavens our Lord contain:  
No longer seen by mortal eye,  
He reigns our Advocate above,  
And pleads for all his bleeding love.
- 4 His bleeding love 'tis thine to seal,  
With pardon on the contrite heart:  
To us, to us the grace reveal,  
The righteousness impute, impart,  
Discharge thy second function here,  
And now descend the Comforter.
- 5 The righteousness of Christ our Lord,  
For pardon of our sins, declare;  
Inspeak the everlasting word;  
That freely justified we are;  
By grace received, and brought to God,  
And saved through faith in Jesu's blood.

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<sup>196</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 22–23.

**Hymn 184.**<sup>197</sup> (Canterbury.)

**For the World.**

- 1 Spirit of sanctifying grace,  
Hasten that happy gospel-day;  
Come, and restore the fallen race,  
Purge all our filth and blood away;  
Our inmost soul redeem, repair,  
And fix thy seat of judgment there.
- 2 Judgment to execute is thine,  
To kill and save, is thine alone;  
Exert that energy divine,  
Set up the everlasting throne;  
The inward kingdom from above,  
The glorious power of perfect love.
- 3 O wouldst thou bring the final scene,  
Accomplish the redeeming plan;  
Thy great millennial reign begin,  
That every ransomed child of man;  
That every soul may bow the knee,  
And rise to reign with God in thee.

**Hymn 185.**<sup>198</sup> (Wood's.)

**For the Wavering.**

- 1 See, Lord, our wavering brethren see,  
Ready to leave thy church and thee,  
Beguiled by hellish art;  
O save them, save them, from the snare,  
Watch o'er thine own with jealous care,  
And keep their feeble heart.
- 2 O do not quit thy gracious hold,  
Nor let them straggle from the fold,  
In danger's trying hour;  
Thine arm in their behalf display,  
Bear them on eagle's wings away,  
Beyond the tempter's power.

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<sup>197</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 25; stanzas 2–4.

<sup>198</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:100.

- 3 Why should a child of thine give place  
To Satan, with his angel-face;  
Jesu, the cloud dispel;  
Give them to see, his specious lies,  
And strip him of his fair disguise,  
And all his depths reveal.
- 4 Apprize them of the ruin near,  
Fill all their soul with sacred fear,  
With wisdom from above;  
Their unsuspecting heart inspire,  
Surround them as a wall of fire,  
And wrap them in thy love.
- 5 Thy love that found the wandering sheep,  
O! let it still in safety keep,  
These children of our prayer;  
In answer to our faithful cry,  
Preserve them till they reach the sky,  
And own thy people there!

**Hymn 186.**<sup>199</sup> (Mourner's.)

**For the Tempted.**

- 1 Meek, patient, Son of God and man,  
With us in our temptations stay;  
Our fainting, feeble minds sustain,  
And keep throughout the evil day;  
The evil day of doubts and fears,  
And fightings, till thy face appears.
- 2 We have not an high priest in thee,  
Who cannot our afflictions feel!  
The tempted soul's infirmity,  
With kind concern affects thee still;  
Touched with our every grief thou art,  
And bleeds for us thy pitying heart.

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<sup>199</sup>This is an extract from *Short View of the Difference Between the Moravian Brethren and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley* (1745), 21–22; stanzas 1–2, 4–5, 7–8.

- 3    Companions to the Man of Woe,  
      O let us still with thee abide;  
      Tempted alas! to let thee go,  
      And start from the command aside;  
      By every wind of doctrine driven,  
      To seek a broader way to heaven.
- 4    Yes, Lord, with deepest shame we own,  
      Our weariness of all thy ways,  
      Our haste to throw the burden down,  
      Nor bear the hidings of thy face;  
      Nor wait till thou create us new,  
      And give the crown to conquest due.
- 5    Ah! do not let thy sheep depart,  
      Wide-scattered, in the cloudy day,  
      But cross th' angelic tempter's art,  
      But spoil the lion of his prey;  
      Nor let us from our hope remove,  
      Our gospel-hope of perfect love.
- 6    Us and our brethren in distress,  
      Patient within thy kingdom keep;  
      Sure all thy fulness to possess,  
      Our harvest in the end to reap;  
      Thy sinless nature to retrieve,  
      And glorious in thine image live.

**Hymn 187.**<sup>200</sup> (Old 112th Psalm.)

**For Backsliders.**

- 1    I mourn for those that did run well,  
      But now have left the narrow way,  
      Have lost their former love and zeal,  
      And fainted in their evil day;  
      And weakly given to Satan place,  
      To Satan with his angel-face.

---

<sup>200</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:104–5; stanzas 3–4, 6–8, 10.

- 2 Beguiled, alas! of their reward,  
And baffled by his soothing lie;  
Poor blinded souls, they call thee Lord,  
But all thy kingly power deny!  
Thy perfect power to root out sin,  
And bring the heavenly nature in.
- 3 Lulled in imaginary peace,  
Rich in a fancied faith they reign,  
And fold their arms, and take their ease,  
And settled on their lees again,  
All inward holiness disclaim,  
Since Christ was meek and chaste for them.
- 4 Thy righteousness to cloak their sin,  
They claim with lips and hearts impure,  
Unchanged, unhallowed, and unclean,  
They fancy their salvation sure;  
Wrapped up in fleshly liberty,  
Happy in sin, but not in thee.
- 5 Ah! wouldst thou, Lord, once more awake,  
Their souls out of the dead repose;  
Their Babel schemes in pieces shake,  
And give them back the Spirit's throes;  
The labour for substantial peace,  
The strife for real righteousness.
- 6 Who will not be by love constrained,  
O bring them by thy judgments back,  
Regard the prayer of faith unfeigned,  
And save them for thy mercy's sake;  
Answer our labouring heart's desire,  
And save them by affliction's fire.

**Hymn 188.**<sup>201</sup> (Amsterdam.)

**For a Minister at his Coming to a Place.**

Glory, Lord, to thee we give,  
Who hear'st thy people's prayer,  
Thankful at thy hands receive  
Thy welcome messenger:

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<sup>201</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:302.



Thee we praise, on thee we call;  
Jesus, with thy servant come,  
Fix in him, in us, in all  
Thy everlasting home.

**Hymn 189.**<sup>202</sup> (Invitation.)

**For a Minister going forth to Preach.**

- 1 Jesus, the truth, and power divine,  
Send forth this messenger of thine,  
His hands confirm, his heart inspire,  
And touch his lips with hallowed fire.
- 2 Be thou his mouth, and wisdom, Lord,  
Thou, by the hammer of thy word,  
The rocky hearts in pieces break,  
And bid the son of thunder speak.
- 3 To those who would their Lord embrace,  
Give him to preach the word of grace;  
Sweetly their yielding bosom move,  
And melt them with the fire of love.
- 4 Let all with thankful hearts confess  
The welcome messenger of peace;  
Thy power in his report be found,  
And let thy feet behind him sound.

**Hymn 190.**<sup>203</sup> (Smith's.)

**For More Labourers.**

- 1 Jesu, thy wandering sheep behold!  
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see  
Poor souls, that cannot find the fold,  
Till sought, and gathered in by thee.
- 2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,  
In pain, and weariness, and want;  
With no kind shepherd near to guide  
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

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<sup>202</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:302–3.

<sup>203</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 283–84; stanzas 1–8.

- 3    Thou, only thou, the kind, and good,  
      And sheep-redeeming shepherd art;  
Collect thy flock, and give them food,  
      And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4    Give the pure word of general grace,  
      And great shall be the preacher's crowd;  
Preachers, who all the sinful race,  
      Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5    Open their mouth, and utterance give,  
      Give them a trumpet-voice to call  
A world, who all may turn and live,  
      Through faith in him who died for all.
- 6    In every messenger reveal,  
      The grace they preach divinely free;  
That each may by thy Spirit tell  
      “He died for all, who died for me.”
- 7    A double portion from above,  
      Of that all-quickening Spirit impart;  
Shed forth thine universal love,  
      In every faithful pastor's heart.
- 8    Thy only glory let them seek,  
      O let their hearts with love o'erflow;  
Let them believe, and therefore speak,  
      And spread thy mercy's praise below.

**Hymn 191.**<sup>204</sup> (Olney.)

**A Prayer for More Labourers.**

- 1    Lord of the harvest, hear  
      Thy needy servants cry,  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
      And all our wants supply.
- 2    On thee we humbly wait,  
      Our wants are in thy view:  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
      The labourers are few.

---

<sup>204</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 282–83; appears here via *All in All* (1761), 62–63.

- 3 Convert, and send forth more  
    Into thy church abroad,  
And let them speak thy word of power,  
    As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure gospel-word,  
    The word of general grace;  
Thee let them preach, the common Lord;  
    Saviour of human race.
- 5 O let them spread thy name,  
    Their mission fully prove,  
Thine universal grace proclaim,  
    Thine all-redeeming love.
- 6 On all mankind, forgiven,  
    Empower them still to call;  
And tell each creature under heaven,  
    That thou hast died for all.

**Hymn 192.**<sup>205</sup> (Frankfort.)

**For the Persecuted.**

- 1 Jesu, the growing work is thine,  
    And who shall hinder its success?  
In vain the alien armies join,  
    Thy glorious gospel to suppress;  
And now with Satan's aid to o'erthrow,  
    The work thy grace revives below.
- 2 The wary world, as Julian wise,  
    Wise with the wisdom from beneath,  
A while its milder malice tries,  
    And lets these mad enthusiasts breathe;  
Breathe to infect their purest air,  
    And spread the plague of virtue there.
- 3 Wondering, the calm despisers stand,  
    And dream that they the respite give,  
Restrained by thine o'erruling hand,  
    They kindly suffer us to live;  
Live to defy their master's frown,  
    And turn his kingdom upside down.

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<sup>205</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:108–9; stanzas 1–6.

- 4 Still the old dragon bites his chain,  
     Not yet commissioned from on high;  
 Rage the fierce Pharisees in vain,  
     Away with them the zealots cry:  
 And hoary Caiaphas exclaims,  
 And Bonner dooms us to the flames.
- 5 But our great God, who reigns on high,  
     Shall laugh their haughty rage to scorn,  
 Scatter their evil with his eye,  
     Or to his praise their fierceness turn;  
 While all their efforts to remove  
 His church, shall 'stablish her in love.
- 6 Yes, Lord, thy promise-word is true,  
     Our sacred hairs are numbered all,  
 Though earth, and hell, our lives pursue,  
     Without thy leave we cannot fall:  
 And if thou slack the murderer's chain,  
 We suffer but with thee to reign.

**Hymn 193.**<sup>206</sup> (Chester.)

**For Them that Suffer Reproach.**

- 1 Rejoice ye happy saints,  
     Who only Jesus know,  
     Whom vice and folly paints  
     As monsters here below;  
 Rejoice in the divine applause,  
     The honour from above,  
 And glory in your Master's cross,  
     And triumph in his love.
- 2 Ye wise, and pious few,  
     Whose names the world blaspheme,  
     And therefore know not you,  
     Because they know not him;  
 Strangers approved of God alone,  
     To all their wrongs submit,  
 And let them spurn, and tread you down,  
     As clay beneath their feet.

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<sup>206</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:116–17.

3 'Tis thus you learn to be  
True followers of the Lamb,  
Who died upon the tree,  
That ye might do the same:  
With humble thankfulness receive,  
The scandal of the cross,  
The grace not only to believe,  
But suffer for his cause.

4 By fools accounted mad,  
Of his reproach possessed,  
He bids your hearts be glad,  
Your Lord declares you blest:  
Exult in your despised estate,  
Enjoy the token given,  
For O! beyond conception great,  
Is your reward in heaven.

**Hymn 194.**<sup>207</sup> (Dresden.)

**For Condemned Malefactors.**

**Psalm 79:11.**

**Part 1.**

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

2 Outcasts of men to thee we fly,  
To thee who wilt the worst receive,  
Forgive, and make us fit to die;  
Alas! we are not fit to live.

3 We own our punishment is just,  
We suffer for our evil here,  
But in thy sufferings, Lord, we trust,  
Thine, only thine, our souls can clear.

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<sup>207</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:176–77; stanzas 1–7.

- 4 We have no outward righteousness,  
No merits, or good works to plead;  
We only can be saved by grace;  
Thy grace will here be free indeed.
- 5 Save us by grace, through faith alone,  
A faith thou must thyself impart;  
A faith that would by works be shown,  
A faith that purifies the heart.
- 6 A faith that doth the mountains move,  
A faith that shows our sins forgiven;  
A faith that sweetly works by love,  
And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 7 This is the faith we humbly seek,  
The faith in thine all-cleansing blood;  
That blood which doth for sinners speak,  
O let it speak us up to God!

**Hymn 195.**<sup>208</sup> (Evesham.)

**[For Condemned Malefactors.]**

**[Psalm 79:11.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1 Canst thou reject our dying prayer,  
Or cast us out who come to thee?  
Our sins, ah, wherefore didst thou bear!  
Jesu, remember Calvary!
- 2 Numbered with the transgressors thou,  
Between the felons crucified,  
Speak to our hearts and tell us now,  
Wherefore hast thou for sinners died!
- 3 For us wast thou not lifted up,  
For us a bleeding victim made?  
That we, the abjects, we might hope,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.
- 4 O might we with our closing eyes,  
Thee in thy bloody vesture see;  
And cast us on thy sacrifice:  
Jesus, my Lord, remember me!

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<sup>208</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:177–78; stanzas 8–14.

- 5    Thou art into thy kingdom come:  
      I own thee with my parting breath:  
God of all grace, reverse my doom,  
      And save me from eternal death.
- 6    Hast thou not wrought the sure belief,  
      I feel this moment in thy blood?  
And am not I the dying thief?  
      And art not thou my Lord, my God?
- 7    Thy blood to all our souls apply,  
      To them, to me thy Spirit give,  
And I (let each cry out) and I,  
      With thee in paradise shall live.

**Hymn 196.**<sup>209</sup> (Invitation.)

**For a Sick Friend.**

- 1    See, gracious Lord, with pitying eyes,  
Beneath thy hand a sufferer lies,  
Thy mercy, not thine anger proves;  
And sick he is whom Jesus loves.
- 2    His to thine own afflictions join,  
Accept, exalt, and count them thine;  
Thy passion which remains fulfil,  
And suffer in thy members still.
- 3    His sickness feel, endure his pain,  
His burden bear, his cross sustain;  
Grieve in his griefs, and sigh his sighs,  
And breathe his wishes to the skies.
- 4    Enter his heart, possess him whole,  
Inspire, and actuate his soul;  
Himself no longer let it be  
That suffers, or that lives, but thee.
- 5    Thyself through sufferings perfect made,  
Conform him thus to thee his head;  
Refine, and raise his virtue higher,  
When tried and purified by fire.

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<sup>209</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 153–54.

6 So when his eyes behold thee near,  
And thou his hidden life appear;  
Bright in thy likeness shall he shine,  
And glorious all, and all divine.

**Hymn 197.**<sup>210</sup> (Lampi's.)

**Another [For a Sick Friend].**

1 See Lord with pity see  
The object of thy love,  
And help his soul's infirmity,  
And all his griefs remove.  
Support the tottering clay,  
That weighs his spirit down,  
And lead him through this thorny way,  
To that eternal crown.

2 Yet now in life detain,  
His soul for Sion's sake,  
In mercy lift him up again,  
And to his friends give back  
In answer to our cry,  
Thy chosen servant raise,  
And send him forth to testify  
The gospel of thy grace.

3 Regard thy faithful ones,  
Who all his burden bear,  
And hear in us the earnest groans,  
The Spirit's silent prayer;  
The prayer that oft hath staid  
The saints in their remove,  
And in the vale their souls delayed,  
T' enhance their joy above.

4 According to thy will,  
If now thy Spirit prays,  
The prayer of faith, the sick shall heal,  
And lengthen out his days:

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<sup>210</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:95–96.



Thou know'st the Spirit's mind  
To us, O Lord, unknown;  
But lo! we wait on thee, resigned,  
Till all thy will be done.

**Hymn 198.**<sup>211</sup> (Oliver's.)

**For One Departing.**

- 1 Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below,  
Go by angel-guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go!
- 2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above,  
Shows the purchase of his merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through the latest passion  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To his uttermost salvation,  
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee  
Bear a momentary pain;  
Die to live the life of glory,  
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

**Hymn 199.**<sup>212</sup> (Snowsfields.)

**For a Sick Friend.**

- 1 O God, thy truth, and power declare,  
We wait the answer of our prayer,  
We know it must be given;  
The prayer of faith can never fail,  
It enters now within the veil,  
And shuts, and opens heaven.
- 2 We know thou wilt not long delay,  
We have the things for which we pray,  
The prayer of faith is sealed;  
And he thine utmost truth shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love,  
With all thy fulness filled.

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<sup>211</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:75; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 56–57.

<sup>212</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:271–72; stanzas 1, 5–6.

- 3 Author of faith, thy love we praise,  
O what omnipotence of grace  
Hast thou on man bestowed!  
Thy mouth, O Lord, hath strangely said,  
“Concerning those my hands have made,  
Ye worms, *command your God!*”

**Hymn 200.**<sup>213</sup> (Snowsfields.)

**For a Sick Friend in Darkness.**

- 1 Come Lord, come quickly from above,  
The object of thy bleeding love,  
Is sick, and wants thine aid;  
Lover of every helpless soul,  
O let thy pity make him whole,  
Whose mind on thee is staid.
- 2 His only trust is in thy blood,  
Thou sinner’s Advocate with God,  
Thou all-atoning Lamb:  
The virtue of thy death impart,  
Speak comfort to his drooping heart,  
And tell him all thy name.
- 3 Give him thy pardoning love to feel,  
And freely his backslidings heal,  
Repair his faith’s decay:  
Restore the sweetness of thy grace,  
Reveal the glories of thy face,  
And take his sins away.
- 4 Speak Lord, and let him find thee near,  
O bid him now be of good cheer,  
Declare his sins forgiven;  
Return, thou Prince of Peace, return  
Thou Comforter of all that mourn,  
And look him into heaven.

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<sup>213</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:66.

**Hymn 201.**<sup>214</sup> (Snowsfields.)

**Another [For a Sick Friend in Darkness].**

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

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<sup>214</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:67.

**PART 5.**

**Section 1.**

***1. For the Society meeting.***

**Hymn 202.**<sup>215</sup> (Chester.)

**To the Holy Ghost.**

- 1 Spirit of truth descend,  
And with thy church abide,  
Our guardian to the end,  
Our sure, unerring guide:  
Us into the whole counsel lead  
Of God revealed below;  
And teach us all the truth we need  
To life eternal know.
- 2 Whate'er thou hear'st above,  
To us with power impart,  
And shed abroad the love  
Of Jesus in our heart:  
One with the Father and the Son,  
Thy record is the same;  
O make to us the Godhead known,  
Through faith in Jesu's name.
- 3 To all our souls apply  
The doctrine of our Lord,  
Our conscience certify,  
And witness with the word,  
Thy realizing light display,  
And show us things to come;  
The after-state, the final day,  
And man's eternal doom.
- 4 The judge of quick and dead,  
The God of truth and love:  
Who doth for sinners plead,  
Our Advocate above.

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<sup>215</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 25–26; stanzas 1–4.

Exalted by his Father there,  
Thou dost exalt below,  
And all his grace on earth declare,  
And all his glory show.

**Hymn 203.**<sup>216</sup> (Chester.)

**Another [To the Holy Ghost.]**

- 1 Sent in his name thou art,  
His work to carry on,  
His Godhead to assert,  
And make his mercy known:  
Thou searchest the deep things of God,  
Thou know'st the Saviour's mind,  
And takest of his atoning blood,  
To sprinkle all mankind.
- 2 Now then of his receive,  
And show to us the grace,  
And all his fulness give  
To all the ransomed race:  
Whate'er he did for sinners buy  
With his expiring groan,  
By faith in us reveal, apply,  
And make it all our own.
- 3 Descending from above,  
Into our souls convey  
His comfort, joy and love,  
Which none can take away:  
His merit and his righteousness,  
Which makes an end of sin,  
Apply to every heart his peace,  
And bring his kingdom in.
- 4 The plenitude of God  
That doth in Jesus dwell,  
On us through him bestowed,  
To us secure and seal:

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<sup>216</sup>This is an extract from *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 26–27; stanzas 5–8.

Now let us taste our Master's bliss,  
The glorious heavenly powers;  
For all the Father hath is his,  
And all he hath is ours.

**2. For the Society praying.**

**Hymn 204.**<sup>217</sup> (Snowsfields.)

- 1 Lord we our unbelief confess;  
Our little spark of faith increase,  
And we shall doubt no more;  
But fix on thee our steady eye,  
And on thine outstretched arm rely,  
Till all the storm is o'er.
- 2 Jesu, in us thyself reveal,  
The winds are hushed, the sea is still,  
If in the ship thou art;  
O manifest thy power divine,  
Enter this sinking church of thine,  
And dwell in every heart.
- 3 Come in, come in, thou Prince of Peace,  
And all the storms of sin shall cease,  
And fall no more to rise:  
We then, if thou with us remain,  
Our port shall in a moment gain,  
And anchor in the skies.

**Hymn 205.**<sup>218</sup> (Irene.)

**To Christ the Prophet.**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Ah! give us Lord to know  
Thine office here below,  
Preach deliverance to the poor:  
Sent for this, O Christ, thou art,  
Jesu, all our sickness cure;  
Bind thou up the broken heart.

---

<sup>217</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:173–74; stanzas 12–14.

<sup>218</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 144–45; stanzas 10–13, 16.

- 2        Publish the joyful year  
          Of God's acceptance near,  
Preach glad tidings to the meek,  
          Liberty to spirits bound,  
General, free, redemption speak,  
          Spread through earth the gospel-sound.
- 3        Humbly behold we sit,  
          And listen at thy feet;  
Never will we hence remove;  
          Lo! to thee our souls we bow,  
Tell us of the Father's love;  
          Speak, for Lord, we hear thee now.
- 4        Master, to us reveal,  
          His acceptable will;  
Ever for thy law we wait,  
          Write it in our inward parts,  
Our dark minds illuminate,  
          Grave thy kindness on our hearts.
- 5        Thou art the truth, the way,  
          O teach us how to pray;  
Worship, spiritual and true,  
          Still instruct us how to give,  
Let us pay the service due,  
          Let us to God's glory live.

**Hymn 206.**<sup>219</sup> (Irene.)

**[To Christ the Prophet.]**

**Part 2.**

- 1        Holy and true, the key  
          Of David rests on thee,  
Come, Messiah, all things tell,  
          Make us to salvation wise,  
Shut the gates of death and hell,  
          Open, open paradise.

---

<sup>219</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 145–46; stanzas 17, 19–22.

2        Witness within us place,  
          The Spirit of his grace:  
Teach us inwardly, and guide,  
          By an unction from above;  
Let it in our hearts abide,  
          Source of light, and life, and love.

3        Pronounce our happy doom,  
          And show us things to come;  
All the depths of love display,  
          All the mystery unfold:  
Speak us sealed to thy great day,  
          In the book of life enrolled.

4        Shepherd, securely keep  
          Thy little flock of sheep;  
Called and gathered into one,  
          Feed us, in green pastures feed;  
Make us quietly lie down,  
          By the streams of comfort lead.

5        Thou, even thou, art he,  
          Whom pain and sorrow flee:  
Comforter of all that mourn,  
          Let us by thy guidance come,  
Crowned with endless joy, return  
          To our everlasting home.

**Hymn 207.**<sup>220</sup> (York.)

**The Just shall Live by Faith.**

1        Now Satan's tyranny is o'er!  
How shall my rescued soul adore,  
          Thy strange, thy unexampled grace!  
A brand plucked from the fire I am!  
O Saviour, help me to proclaim,  
          Help me to show forth all thy praise.

---

<sup>220</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 164–65; stanzas 17–20.



- 2 Fain would we spread through earth abroad,  
The goodness of my loving God,  
And teach the world thy grace to prove,  
Unutterably good thou art!  
Read, Jesu, read our panting heart,  
Thou seest it pants to break with love.
- 3 We only live to find thee there:  
The mansion for thyself prepare,  
In love anew our heart create:  
The mighty change we long to feel:  
For this our vehement soul stands still,  
Restless, resigned, for this we wait.
- 4 We know our struggling nought avails,  
Our strength, and foolish wisdom fails,  
Vain is our toil, and vain our rest:  
Only before thy feet we lay,  
The potter thou, and we the clay,  
Thy will be done; thy will is best.

**Hymn 208.**<sup>221</sup> (West-Street.)

**“Look unto me, and be ye saved,  
all ye ends of the earth.”**

**Part 1.**

- 1 Sinners your Saviour see!  
O look ye unto me!  
Lift your eyes, ye fallen race,  
I, the gracious God and true;  
I am full of truth and grace,  
Full of truth and grace for you.
- 2 Look, and be saved from sin,  
Believe, and be ye clean!  
Guilty, labouring souls draw nigh,  
See the fountain opened wide,  
To the wounds of Jesus fly,  
Bathe ye in my bleeding side.

---

<sup>221</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 165–66; stanzas 1–5. Appears here via an extract from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 89–90; stanzas 1–5.

3        Ah! dear, redeeming Lord,  
          We take thee at thy word:  
Lo, to thee we ever look,  
          Freely saved by grace alone:  
Thou our sins and curse hast took,  
          Thou for us didst once atone.

4        We now the writing see,  
          Nailed to the cross with thee;  
With thy mangled body torn,  
          Blotted out by blood divine,  
Far away the bond is borne;  
          Thou art ours, and we are thine.

5        On thee we fix our eyes,  
          And wait for fresh supplies;  
Justified we ask for more,  
          Give, th' abiding witness give:  
Lord, thine image here restore,  
          Fully in thy members live.

**Hymn 209.**<sup>222</sup> (West-Street.)

**["Look unto me, and be ye saved,  
all ye ends of the earth."]**

**Part 2.**

6        Author of faith, appear,  
          Be thou its finisher;  
Upward still for this we gaze,  
          Till we feel the stamp divine;  
Thee behold with open face,  
          Bright in all thy glory shine.

7        Leave not thy work undone,  
          But ever love thine own:  
Let us all thy goodness prove,  
          Let us to the end believe;  
Show thine everlasting love,  
          Save us, to the utmost save.

---

<sup>222</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 166–67; stanzas 6–10. Appears here via an extract from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753), 90–91; stanzas 6–10.

8           O that our life might be  
              One looking up to thee;  
Ever hastening to the day,  
              When our eyes shall see thee near!  
Come, Redeemer, come away,  
              Glorious in thy saints appear!

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

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

**Hymn 210.**<sup>223</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

**“Little children, love one another.”**

1          Giver of concord, Prince of Peace,  
              Meek, lamb-like Son of God,  
Bid our unruly passions cease,  
              Extinguished with thy blood.

2          Us into closest union draw,  
              And in our inward parts,  
Let kindness sweetly write her law,  
              Let love command our hearts.

3          O let thy love our hearts constrain;  
              Jesus the crucified,  
What hast thou done our hearts to gain,  
              Languished, and groaned, and died!

---

<sup>223</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 118–19; stanzas 1, 4–9.

- 4 Who would not now pursue the way,  
Where Jesu's footsteps shine,  
Who would not own the pleasing sway,  
Of charity divine?
- 5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,  
Our jarring wills control;  
Let cordial, kind affections rise,  
And harmonize the soul.
- 6 Thee let us feel benignly near,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
The sounding of thy bowels hear,  
And answer thee with ours.
- 7 Oh! let us find the ancient way,  
Our wond'ring foes to move,  
And force the heathen world to say,  
See how these Christians love!

**3. For the Society parting.**

**Hymn 211.**<sup>224</sup> (Lampi's.)

**Part 1.**

- 1 And let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair!  
Inseparably joined in heart,  
The friends of Jesus are!
- 2 Jesus the cornerstone  
Did first our hearts unite!  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 Oh! let us still proceed  
In Jesu's work below:  
And following our triumphant head  
To farther conquests go:
- 4 The vineyard of their Lord  
Before his labourers lies;  
And lo we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies!

---

<sup>224</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:317–18; stanzas 1–3. Appears here via an extract from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 521; stanzas 1–6.

5 Oh! let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend:  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labours end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain!  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
Shall never part again.

**Hymn 212.**<sup>225</sup> (Lampi's.)

**Part 2.**

1 O happy, happy place,  
When saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.

2 The church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
And crowned with endless joy return  
To our eternal rest.

3 With joy we shall behold  
In yonder blest abode,  
The patriarchs and prophets old,  
And all the saints of God.

4 Abraham and Isaac there,  
And Jacob shall receive  
The followers of their faith and prayer,  
Who now in bodies live.

5 We shall our time beneath  
Live out in cheerful hope,  
And fearless pass the vale of death  
And gain the mountaintop.

6 To gather home his own,  
God shall his angels send,  
And bid our bliss on earth begun  
In deathless triumphs end.

---

<sup>225</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:318–19; stanzas 4–6. Appears here via an extract from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 521; stanzas 7–12.

**Hymn 213.**<sup>226</sup> (Trumpet.)

- 1 Jesus, accept the praise  
That to thy name belongs!  
Matter of all our lays,  
Subject of all our songs:  
Through thee we now together came,  
And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,  
But still in spirit joined,  
To embrace the happy toil  
Thou hast to each assigned:  
And while we do thy blessed will,  
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O! let us thus go on  
In all thy pleasant ways,  
And armed with patience, run  
With joy th' appointed race!  
Keep us and every seeking soul,  
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,  
When all our toils are o'er,  
And death, and grief, and pain,  
And parting are no more:  
We shall with all our brethren rise,  
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.
- 5 O happy, happy day,  
That calls thy exiles home!  
The heavens shall pass away;  
The earth receive its doom:  
Earth we shall view and heaven destroyed,  
And shout above the fiery void!
- 6 These eyes shall see them fall,  
Mountains, and stars, and skies!  
These eyes shall see them all  
Out of their ashes rise!

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<sup>226</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 60–61; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 522.

These lips his praises shall rehearse,  
Whose nod restores the universe!

- 7 According to his word,  
His oath to sinners given,  
We look to see restored,  
The ruined earth and heaven:  
In a new world his truth to prove,  
A world of righteousness and love.
- 8 Then let us wait the sound  
That shall our souls release,  
And labour to be found  
Of him in spotless peace:  
In perfect holiness renewed,  
Adorned with Christ and meet for God!

**Hymn 214.**<sup>227</sup> (Brockmer's.)

**Part 1.**

- 1 God of all consolation, take  
The glory of thy grace!  
Thy gifts to thee we render back  
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through thee we now together came  
In singleness of heart:  
We met, O! Jesus, in thy name,  
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind;  
Our minds continue one,  
And each to each in Jesus joined,  
We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul;  
No power can make us twain:  
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,  
To sever us in vain.

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<sup>227</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 68–69; stanzas 1a, 3–5a. Appears here via an extract from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 523; stanzas 1–6.

- 5 Present we still in spirit are,  
And intimately nigh,  
While on the wings of faith and prayer,  
We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we  
In heavenly places sit:  
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see  
The moon beneath our feet.

**Hymn 215.**<sup>228</sup> (Bexley.)

**Part 2.**

- 1 Our life is hid with Christ in God:  
Our life shall soon appear,  
And shed his glory all abroad  
On all his members here.
- 2 The heavenly treasure now we have  
In a vile house of clay:  
But he shall to the utmost save,  
And keep it to that day.
- 3 Our souls are in his mighty hand;  
And he shall keep them still:  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Sion's hill!
- 4 Him eye to eye we there shall see;  
Our face like his shall shine:  
O what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!
- 5 O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed:  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

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<sup>228</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 69–70; stanzas 5b–8. Appears here via an extract from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 523; stanzas 7–13.



- 6 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through:  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.
- 7 Then let us hasten to the day  
When all shall be brought home!  
Come, O Redeemer, come away!  
O Jesus quickly come!

**Hymn 216.**<sup>229</sup> (Wednesbury.)

**Part 1.**

- 1 Lift up your hearts to things above,  
Ye followers of the Lamb,  
And join with us to praise his love,  
And glorify his name:
- To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,  
Whose mercies never end:  
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!  
The King is now our friend!
- 2 We for his sake count all things loss,  
On earthly good look down,  
And joyfully sustain the cross,  
Till we receive the crown:
- O! let us stir each other up,  
Our faith by works to approve:  
By holy, purifying hope,  
And the sweet task of love!

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<sup>229</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:331–32; stanzas 1–2, 4–5. Appears here via an extract from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 525; stanzas 1–2.

**Hymn 217.**<sup>230</sup> (Wednesbury.)

**Part 2.**

- 3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,  
Ye lovers of the Lamb:  
And ever bear us on your mind,  
Who think and speak the same:
- You on our minds we ever bear,  
Whoe'er to Jesus bow,  
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,  
And let us reach you now!
- 4 The blessings all on you be shed,  
Which God in Christ imparts:  
We pray the Spirit of our head,  
Into your faithful hearts:
- Mercy and peace your portion be,  
To carnal minds unknown;  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.
- 5 Let all who for the promise wait,  
The Holy Ghost receive;  
And raised to your unsinning state,  
With God in Eden live!
- Live, till the Lord in glory come,  
And wait his heaven to share!  
He now is fitting up our home:  
Go on! we'll meet you there!

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<sup>230</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:332–33; stanzas 6–7, 10, 9, 11–12. Appears here via an extract from *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 525; stanzas 3–5.

**FUNERAL HYMNS.**

**Hymn 218.**<sup>231</sup> (Derby.)

**Part 1.**

- 1        Hosanna to God  
          In his highest abode;  
          All heaven be joined,  
          To extol the Redeemer and friend of mankind!  
          He claims all our praise,  
          Who in infinite grace  
          Again hath stooped down,  
          And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.
  
- 2        Our partner below,  
          Our brother in woe,  
          From his sorrow and pain  
          He hath called to the pleasures that always remain:  
          He hath snatched him away  
          From a cottage of clay  
          To a kingdom above,  
          A kingdom of glory, and gladness, and love.
  
- 3        Our friend is restored,  
          To the joy of his Lord,  
          With triumph departs,  
          But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts:  
          *Follow after*, he cries,  
          As he mounts to the skies,  
          Follow after your friend,  
          To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end.

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<sup>231</sup>This is an extract from *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 22–23; stanzas 1–4.

4           And shall we not press  
              To that harbour of peace,  
              That heavenly shore,  
Where sorrow, and parting, and death are no more:  
              Our brother pursue,  
              And fight our way through,  
              In the strength of our Lord  
Follow on, till we seize the eternal reward?

**Hymn 219.**<sup>232</sup> (Sacrament.)

**Part 2.**

1           Through Jesus's name  
              Our comrade o'ercame,  
              And Jesus is ours,  
And arms us with all his invincible powers:  
              He looks from the skies,  
              He shows us the prize,  
              And gives us a sign,  
That *we* shall o'ecome by the mercy divine.

2           The Saviour of all  
              For us he shall call—  
              Shall shortly appear;  
Our day of eternal salvation is near:  
              We too shall remove  
              To our city above,  
              On mortals look down,  
Triumphant assessors of Jesus's throne.

3           For us is prepared  
              The angelical guard;  
              The convoy attends,  
A minist'ring host of invisible friends:

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<sup>232</sup>This is an extract from *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 23–24; stanzas 5–8.

Ready winged for their flight  
To the regions of light  
The horses are come,  
The chariots of Israel to carry *us* home.

- 4        They soon shall convey,  
          Our spirits away,  
          Our spirits that groan  
And cry for redemption and long to be gone;  
          By the cross we endure  
          We shall make the crown sure,  
          By a moment of pain  
We all shall a joyful eternity gain.

**Hymn 220.**<sup>233</sup> (Hamilton's.)

- 1        Happy who in Jesus live,  
          But happier still are they,  
          Who to God their spirits give,  
          And 'scape from earth away:  
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,  
          Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh:  
O 'tis better to depart,  
          'Tis better far to die!
- 2        Yet if so thy will ordain,  
          For our companions' good,  
Let us in the flesh remain,  
          And meekly bear the load:  
When we have our grief filled up,  
          When we all our work have done,  
Late partakers of our hope,  
          And sharers of thy throne.

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<sup>233</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 24.

3 To thy wise and gracious will  
    We quietly submit,  
Waiting for redemption still,  
    But waiting at thy feet:  
When thou wilt the blessing give,  
    Call us up thy face to see,  
Only let thy servants live,  
    And let us die to thee.

FINIS.