

## *Pocket Hymn Book (1787)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker List, #444]

### 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.” This was a concern that Wesley clearly shared (see §6 of the Preface below). Wride’s suggested solution was for Wesley to issue a smaller collection of hymns, printed in a size that could fit in a pocket, that sold 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.”

---

<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: October 5, 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 to that volume, Wesley was not trying to abridge the 1780 *Collection*, selecting the most popular hymns. Instead he sought to supplement the 1780 *Collection* by inserting into *Pocket Hymn Book* (1785) other worthy hymns from earlier collections that did not make it into the 1780 *Collection*. Time soon proved there was little market for such a supplement, and this volume was never reprinted.

Meanwhile Spence's *Pocket Hymn Book* flourished, reaching a sixth edition by 1786. Since these sales garnered no funds to support poor preachers, itinerants at the 1786 Conference in Bristol encouraged Wesley to start issuing Spence's collection himself (see §2 of the preface below). While convinced of the need for such a volume, Wesley shared the concern of some of his itinerants about the theology and/or poor poetic quality of several of the non-Wesleyan hymns that Spence had inserted in his larger volume (see §3 of the Preface below). Accordingly, in the fall of 1786 Wesley finally took up the task of producing a *Pocket Hymn Book* (1787) that gathered what he judged to be the best hymns popular among his Methodist people, that could be an explicit competitor to or replacement for Spence's *Pocket Hymn Book*.

Since Spence had relied heavily on Wesley's 1780 *Collection* for his *Pocket Hymn Book*, Wesley could retain significant overlap with Spence in his own *Pocket Hymn Book* (1787). The two volumes hold 184 hymns in common. But significantly, Wesley excised the majority of hymns by other authors that Spence had inserted in 1783—while he lists the number excluded as 37 (Preface, §3), careful comparison reveals 48 hymns elided (see list at end of this introduction). In their place Wesley added 66 hymns from the 1780 *Collection* not found in Spence.<sup>8</sup> He also restored his preferred theological ordering of the hymns (see Preface, §5).

Significantly, Wesley subtitled *Pocket Hymn Book* (1787) “for the use of Christians of all Denominations.” This suggests that he considered it a replacement for his earlier collection *Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Intended for the Use of Real Christians of all Denominations* (1753)—a collection he never republished after 1787. Moreover, in his preface (§7) Wesley characterized *Pocket Hymn Book* (1787) as “greatly inferior to the large hymn-book.” He clearly did not intend this new volume to displace the centrality of the 1780 *Collection* among his Methodist people.

Whatever Wesley's intention, the reformulated *Pocket Hymn Book* (1787) proved popular, outselling from its debut the 1780 *Collection* among British Methodists. An even sharper transition took place among Methodists in North America, who set aside the 1780 *Collection* for a revised form of Spence's *Pocket Hymn Book* prepared by Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke in 1786.<sup>9</sup>

*Pocket Hymn Book* (1787) is comprised of 250 hymns, almost all of which are drawn from earlier Wesley collections. For the majority the immediate source in the 1780 *Collection*. The Table of Contents makes note of the most immediate source. In six cases these are hymns by other authors drawn from Spence's *Pocket Hymn Book* (1783); these instances are noted in **red font** in the Table of Contents. There are also two cases where the source is Charles Wesley, but the hymn is abridged so that this is the initial time it appears with this first-line. These also appear in **red font**.

## Editions:

---

<sup>8</sup>Hymns 3, 4, 5, 7, 14, 16, 24, 26, 44, 45, 46, 48, 49, 50, 51, 54, 61, 67, 73, 84, 85, 86, 92, 95, 117, 119, 122, 125, 129, 132, 135, 136, 144, 145, 146, 147, 149, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 159, 179, 180, 181, 183, 185, 189, 190, 196, 197, 199, 200, 217, 218, 223, 232, 236, 239, 243, 247, 248, 249, 250. These are also highlighted in **blue font** in the Table of Contents.

<sup>9</sup>*A Pocket Hymn Book, designed as a constant companion for the pious* (New York: W. Ross, 1786). See the analysis in Carlton Young, ed. *Companion to the United Methodist Hymnal* (Nashville: 1993), 97–108.

John Wesley. *Pocket Hymn Book, For the Use of Christians of all Denominations*. London:  
Paramore, 1787.

2<sup>nd</sup> London: New Chapel, 1788.

3<sup>rd</sup> London: New Chapel, 1789.

4<sup>th</sup> London: for the author, 1790.

5<sup>th</sup> London: New Chapel, 1790.

**Hymns in Spence's *Pocket Hymn Book* (1783) omitted by JW in *Pocket Hymn Book* (1787)**

Hymn 2. "Come ye sinners, poor and needy" (Joseph Hart)	4-5
Hymn 16. "Lukewarm souls, the foe grows stronger" (Joseph Hart)	16-17
Hymn 19. "Tis a point I long to know" (John Newton)	19-20
Hymn 20. "The one thing needful, that good part" (Benjamin Ingham)	20-21
Hymn 28. "Encouraged by thy word" (John Newton)	28-30
Hymn 29. Jesu, Lover of my soul (CW; is in <i>HSS</i> (1753), 15-16; <i>SelH</i> (1765), 148-49)	30-31
Hymn 46. "My God, my life, my love" (Isaac Watts)	44
Hymn 47. "Jesus, come thou hope of glory" (CW; is in <i>SelH</i> (1765), 8-9)	45
Hymn 48. "I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God" (Zinzendorf, et al; is in <i>HSP</i> (1740), 74-76)	45-46
Hymn 98. "Lord, we come before thee now" (William Hammond)	86-87
Hymn 99. "Come, thou almighty king" (author unknown)	87-88
Hymn 102. "Come thou fount of every blessing" (Robert Robinson; Martin Madan)	90
Hymn 114. "My hope, my all, my Saviour thou" (author unknown)	100-101
Hymn 118. "A Christ I have, O what a Christ I have" (author unknown)	104
Hymn 119. "Now in a song of grateful praise" (Samuel Medley)	104-5
Hymn 126. "Hail happy day, a day of holy rest" (Simon Browne)	110-11
Hymn 128. "O tell me no more" (John Gambold)	112-13
Hymn 129. "And must this body die" (Isaac Watts; is in <i>CPH</i> (1744), 129)	113
Hymn 130. "Far from yon glorious ceiling" (author unknown)	113-14
Hymn 131. "Jesus, and shall it ever be" (Joseph Grigg)	114-15
Hymn 133. "The despised Nazarene" (author unknown)	116-17
Hymn 134. "Ye happy pilgrims come" (author unknown)	117-18
Hymn 136. "Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair" (Isaac Watts)	118-19
Hymn 137. "Vain delusive world, adieu" (CW; is in <i>HSS</i> (1753), 61-63)	119-20
Hymn 140. "Thy daily mercies, O my God" (author unknown)	122
Hymn 143. "Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds" (Samuel Medley)	124
Hymn 145. "Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone" (John Cennick)	125-26
Hymn 146. "Children of the heav'nly king" (John Cennick)	126
Hymn 147. "World, adieu? thou real cheat" (Bourignon; is in <i>HSP</i> (1739) 17-19)	126-27
Hymn 148. "My God, my portion, and my love" (Isaac Watts)	127-28
Hymn 157. "Before Jehovah's awful throne" (Isaac Watts; is in <i>CPH</i> (1737), 5-6)	136
Hymn 158. "The Lord of Sabbath let us praise" (Samuel Wesley Jr; is in <i>CPH</i> (1741), 36)	136
Hymn 159. "Salvation, O the joyful sound" (Isaac Watts)	137
Hymn 165. "My Saviour, my almighty friend" (Isaac Watts)	141-42
Hymn 167. "Lord, how divine thy comforts are" (Isaac Watts)	142-43
Hymn 169. "Whene'er I take my walks abroad" (Isaac Watts)	144
Hymn 170. "Tho' strait be the way, with dangers beset" (Joseph Hart)	145
Hymn 171. "O thou God of my salvation" (author unknown)	145-46
Hymn 175. "Tho' troubles assail and dangers affright" (John Newton)	149-50
Hymn 177. "Away my unbelieving fear" (CW; is in <i>SelH</i> (1761), #133)	151-52
Hymn 178. "If to Jesus for relief" (John Newton)	152-53
Hymn 179. "God moves in a mysterious way" (William Cowper)	153-54
Hymn 183. "Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear" (Samuel Ecking)	157-58
Hymn 193. "Why should I doubt his love at last" (CW, <i>Scripture Hymns</i> , 1:226)	165
Hymn 218. "In heaven's courts a question rose" (Ralph Erskine)	189-90
Hymn 219. "Tell us, o women, we would know" (John Cennick)	190-91
Hymn 228. "All hail, happy day" (author unknown)	202-3
Hymn 232. "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed" (Isaac Watts)	206

## Table of Contents

Preface	iii–vi
<b>Part 1. Containing Introductory Hymns</b>	<b>7–53</b>
<b>Section 1. Exhorting and Beseeking to Return to God</b>	
Hymn 1. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 1	[7]–8
Hymn 2. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 2	8–9
Hymn 3. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 3	9–10
Hymn 4. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 4	10–11
Hymn 5. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 5	11–12
Hymn 6. Ezek. 18:31. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 6	12–13
Hymn 7. Part 1: <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 9a	13–14
Hymn 7. Part 2: <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 9b	14
<b>Section 2.1. Describing the Pleasantness of Religion</b>	
Hymn 8. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 12	14–15
Hymn 9. [Isaac Watts]. <i>CPH</i> (1738), 35–36	15–16
Hymn 10. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 13	16–17
Hymn 11. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 14	17–18
Hymn 12. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 15	18
Hymn 13. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 18	18–19
Hymn 14. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 19	19–20
Hymn 15. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Pocket Hymn Book</i> (1783), 102	20
Hymn 16. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 20	21
<b>Section 2.2. Describing the Goodness of God</b>	
Hymn 17. [Samuel Wesley Sr]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 22	21–22
Hymn 18. [Johann Christian Jacobi]. <i>CPH</i> (1743), 49–50	22
Hymn 19. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 26	23
Hymn 20. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 27	23–24
Hymn 21. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:226–28	24–25
Hymn 22. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 33	25–27
Hymn 23. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 34	27–28
Hymn 24. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 35	28
Hymn 25. [John Gambold]. <i>Pocket Hymn Book</i> (1783), 112–13	28–29
Hymn 26. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 36	29–30
Hymn 27. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 39	30–31
Hymn 28. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 40	31–32
Hymn 29. [Joseph Addison & Richard Steele]. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 32–33	32–33
Hymn 30. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 41	33–34
Hymn 31. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 42	34–35
Hymn 32. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 45	35–36
Hymn 33. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 47	36–37
Hymn 34. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 56–57	37–38
Hymn 35. <i>Festival Hymns</i> (1746), 59–61	38–39
Hymn 36. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 48	39–40
<b>Section 2.3. Describing Death</b>	
Hymn 37. <i>Funeral Hymns</i> (1746), 3–4	40–41
Hymn 38. <i>Funeral Hymns</i> (1746), 24	41
Hymn 39. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1761), 54–55	42

<b>Section 2.4. Describing Judgment</b>	
Hymn 40. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 54	43
Hymn 41. <i>Intercession Hymns</i> (1758), 32–33	44
Hymn 42. <i>Intercession Hymns</i> (1758), 30–31	44–45
Hymn 43. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 58	45–46
Hymn 44. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 60	46–47
<b>Section 2.5. Describing Heaven</b>	
Hymn 45. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 65	47–48
Hymn 46. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 68	48–49
Hymn 47. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 69	49–50
<b>Section 2.6. Describing Hell</b>	
Hymn 48. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 78	50–51
<b>Section 3. Praying for a Blessing</b>	
Hymn 49. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 81	51–52
Hymn 50. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 82	52–53
<b>Part 2. Convincing [Hymns]</b>	<b>53–57</b>
<b>Section 1. Describing Formal Religion</b>	
Hymn 51. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 88	53–54
Hymn 52. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 89	54–55
<b>Section 2. Describing Inward Religion</b>	
Hymn 53. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 26–27	55–56
Hymn 54. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 95	56–57
<b>Part 3. [Hymns for Mourners]</b>	<b>57–94</b>
<b>Section 1. Praying for Repentance</b>	
Hymn 55. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 96	57–58
Hymn 56. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 102	58–59
Hymn 57. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 103	59–61
<b>Section 2. For Mourners Convinced of Sin</b>	
Hymn 58. <i>CPH</i> (1741), 32–33	61–62
Hymn 59. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 111	62–63
Hymn 60. [Isaac Watts]. <i>CPH</i> (1741), 34–35	63–64
Hymn 61. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 113	64
Hymn 62. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 121	65
Hymn 63. [Isaac Watts]. <i>CPH</i> (1737), 41–42	65–66
<b>Section 3. For Mourners Brought to the Birth</b>	
Hymn 64. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 124	66–67
Hymn 65. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 130	67–68
Hymn 66. Part 1. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 131	69–70
Hymn 67. Part 2. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 132	70–71
Hymn 68. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 133	71–73
Hymn 69. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 137	73–74
Hymn 70. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 141	74–75
Hymn 71. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 142	75
Hymn 72. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 146	75–76
Hymn 73. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 144	76–78
Hymn 74. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 12	78
Hymn 75. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 147	78–79
Hymn 76. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 154	79–80

Hymn 77. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 155	80–81
Hymn 78. <i>Redemption Hymns</i> (1747), 6–7	81–82
Hymn 79. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 159	82–83
<b>Section 4. [For Mourners] Convinced of Backsliding</b>	
Hymn 80. Part 1. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:123–25	83–84
Hymn 81. Part 2. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:125–26	85–86
Hymn 82. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 167	86–87
Hymn 83. [John Newton]. <i>Pocket Hymn Book</i> (1783), 89	87–88
Hymn 84. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 163	88–89
Hymn 85. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 174	89–90
<b>Section 5. For Mourners Recovered</b>	
Hymn 86. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 176	90
Hymn 87. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 179	91–92
Hymn 88. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 180	92–93
Hymn 89. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 181	93–94
<b>Part 4. [Hymns for Believers]</b>	<b>94–208</b>
<b>Section 1. For Believers Rejoicing</b>	
Hymn 90. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 1:250–51	94–95
Hymn 91. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 190	95–96
Hymn 92. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 185	96–97
Hymn 93. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 194	97–98
Hymn 94. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 2	98
Hymn 95. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 199	98–99
Hymn 96. <i>Festival Hymns</i> (1746), 50–52	99–100
Hymn 97. [Isaac Watts]. <i>CPH</i> (1743), 136–37	100
Hymn 98. [Johann Scheffler]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 202	101–2
Hymn 99. [Isaac Watts]. <i>CPH</i> (1738), 46	102
Hymn 100. <i>New Year's Hymns</i> (1749), 11	103
Hymn 101. <i>New Year's Hymns</i> (1749), 6–7	103–4
Hymn 102. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Pocket Hymn Book</i> (1783), 115–16	105
Hymn 103. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 207	105–6
Hymn 104. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 211	106–7
Hymn 105. [Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady]. <i>CPH</i> (1738), 66–67	108
Hymn 106. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 41	108–9
Hymn 107. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 215	109–10
Hymn 108. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 216	110
Hymn 109. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 55–56	111–12
Hymn 110. [Isaac Watts]. <i>CPH</i> (1741), 124	112
Hymn 111. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1761), 53–54	113
Hymn 112. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 128–29	114
Hymn 113. [Isaac Watts]. <i>Pocket Hymn Book</i> (1783), 137	115
Hymn 114. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 218	115–16
Hymn 115. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 219	116–17
Hymn 116. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 221	117–19
Hymn 117. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 228	119–20
Hymn 118. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 234	121–22
Hymn 119. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 237	122
Hymn 120. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 241	122–23
Hymn 121. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 243	123–24



## Section 2. For Believers Fighting

<a href="#">Hymn 122</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 257	124
Hymn 123. Part 1. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 258	124–25
Hymn 124. Part 2. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 259	125–26
<a href="#">Hymn 125</a> . Part 3. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 260	126–27
Hymn 126. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 263	127–28
Hymn 127. [Antoinette Bourignon]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 276	128–29
Hymn 128. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 15	129–30
<a href="#">Hymn 129</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 279	130–31
Hymn 130. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 280	131–32
Hymn 131. Isaiah 32:2. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 283	132–33

## Section 3. For Believers Praying

<a href="#">Hymn 132</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 285	133–34
Hymn 133. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 287	134–35
Hymn 134. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 288	135
<a href="#">Hymn 135</a> . Exod. 32:10. Deut. 9:14. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 289	136
<a href="#">Hymn 136</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 291	137
Hymn 137. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 292	137–38

## Section 4. For Believers Watching

Hymn 138. [Isaac Watts]. <i>CPH</i> (1738), 54–55	138–39
Hymn 139. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 309	139–40
Hymn 140. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 298	140–41
Hymn 141. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 299	141
Hymn 142. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 300	142
Hymn 143. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 303	143
<a href="#">Hymn 144</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 304	144
<a href="#">Hymn 145</a> . Part 1. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 305	144–45
<a href="#">Hymn 146</a> . Part 2. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 306	145–46
<a href="#">Hymn 147</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 310	146
Hymn 148. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 311	147

## Section 5. For Believers Working

<a href="#">Hymn 149</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 312	147–48
Hymn 150. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 314	148
<a href="#">Hymn 151</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 315	148–49
<a href="#">Hymn 152</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 316	149–50
<a href="#">Hymn 153</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 317	150
<a href="#">Hymn 154</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 318	151
<a href="#">Hymn 155</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 319	151–52

## Section 6. For Believers Suffering

Hymn 156. [Isaac Watts]. <i>CPH</i> (1737), 48–49	152–53
Hymn 157. [Paul Gerhardt]. Part 1. <i>HSS</i> (1753), 46–47	153–54
Hymn 158. [Paul Gerhardt]. Part 2. <i>HSS</i> (1753), 47–48	154–55
<a href="#">Hymn 159</a> . <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 323	155
Hymn 160. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 324	156–57
Hymn 161. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 325	157
Hymn 162. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 326	157–58
Hymn 163. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 327	158
Hymn 164. [Nikolaus von Zinzendorf]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 330	159
Hymn 165. [Christian Richter]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 329	159–60
Hymn 166. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 144–45	160–61



## Section 7. For Believers Groaning for Full Redemption

Hymn 167. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 331	161–62
Hymn 168. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 334	162–63
Hymn 169. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 25–26	163
Hymn 170. [Gerhard Tersteegen]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 335	163–65
Hymn 171. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 336	165–66
Hymn 172. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 337	166–67
Hymn 173. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 338	167
Hymn 174. [Anna Dober]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 340	167–68
Hymn 175. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 342	169
Hymn 176. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 344	169–71
Hymn 177. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 346	171–72
Hymn 178. Rom. 4:13ff. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 351	172–74
Hymn 179. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 354	174
Hymn 180. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 356	175
Hymn 181. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 358	175–76
Hymn 182. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 360	176
Hymn 183. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 361	177
Hymn 184. [Paul Gerhardt]. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 362	177–78
Hymn 185. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 369	178–80
Hymn 186. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 374	180
Hymn 187. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 377	181
Hymn 188. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 381	181–82

## Section 8. For Believers Brought to the Birth

Hymn 189. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 383	182–83
Hymn 190. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 385	183–84
Hymn 191. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 386	184
Hymn 192. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 387	185
Hymn 193. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 391	185–86
Hymn 194. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 392	186–87
Hymn 195. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 393	187–88
Hymn 196. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 399	188
Hymn 197. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 402	188–89
Hymn 198. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 403	189
Hymn 199. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 404	190

## Section 9. For Believers Saved

Hymn 200. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 408	190–91
Hymn 201. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 410	191–92
Hymn 202. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 414	192
Hymn 203. [Joseph Addison & Richard Steele]. <i>CPH</i> (1738), 4–5	192–93
Hymn 204. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 152–53	193
Hymn 205. [Joseph Hart]. <i>Pocket Hymn Book</i> (1783), 142	193
Hymn 206. [Joseph Addison & Richard Steele]. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1765), 85–86	193–94
Hymn 207. [Thomas Olivers]. <i>Pocket Hymn Book</i> (1783), 140–41	194–95
Hymn 208. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 36–37	195–96
Hymn 209. [Joseph Addison & Richard Steele]. <i>Select Hymns</i> (1761), 47–48	196–97
Hymn 210. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 415	197
Hymn 211. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 416	197–98
Hymn 212. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 417	198–99
Hymn 213. <i>Scripture Hymns</i> (1762), 1:294–95	199

Hymn 214. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 206–8	200
Hymn 215. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 418	201–2
Hymn 216. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 424	202–3
<b>Section 10. For Believers Interceding</b>	
<a href="#">Hymn 217.</a> [Henry More]. Part 1. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 444	203–4
<a href="#">Hymn 218.</a> [Henry More]. Part 2. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 445	204
Hymn 219. For the King. <i>Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution</i> (1744), 21–22	205–6
Hymn 220. For Parents. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 456	206–7
Hymn 221. For Masters. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 458	207–8
<b>Part 5. [Hymns for the Society]</b>	<b>208–40</b>
<b>Section 1. For the Society Meeting</b>	
Hymn 222. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 467	208–9
<a href="#">Hymn 223.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 469	209–10
Hymn 224. <i>HSP</i> (1740), 169–71	210–11
Hymn 225. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 487	211–12
Hymn 226. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 474	212
Hymn 227. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 475	213
<b>Section 2. For the Society Giving Thanks</b>	
Hymn 228. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 478	214–15
Hymn 229. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 484	215–16
Hymn 230. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 485	216–17
Hymn 231. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 486	217–18
<b>Section 3. For the Society Praying</b>	
<a href="#">Hymn 232.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 488	219
Hymn 233. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 489	219–20
Hymn 234. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 490	220–21
Hymn 235. John 14:16–17. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 492	221–22
<a href="#">Hymn 236.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 494	222–23
Hymn 237. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 495	223–24
Hymn 238. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 496	224–25
<a href="#">Hymn 239.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 504	225–26
Hymn 240. The Love-Feast. Part 1. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 505	227
Hymn 241. [The Love-Feast]. Part 2. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 506	228
Hymn 242. <i>HSP</i> (1749), 2:334–36	229–30
<a href="#">Hymn 243.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 512	230–31
Hymn 244. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 518	231–32
<b>Section 4. For the Society Parting</b>	
Hymn 245. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 520	232
Hymn 246. <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 522	233–34
<a href="#">Hymn 247.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 523	234–36
<a href="#">Hymn 248.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 521	236–37
<a href="#">Hymn 249.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 524	238
<a href="#">Hymn 250.</a> <i>Collection of Hymns</i> (1780), Hymn no. 525	239–40

### **The Preface.**

1. A few years ago I was desired by many of our preachers, to prepare and publish a small pocket hymn-book, to be used in common in our Societies. This I promised to do, as soon as I had finished some other business which was then on my hands. But before I could do this a bookseller stepped in and, without my consent or knowledge, extracted such an hymn-book, chiefly from our works, and spread several editions of it throughout the kingdom.

2. Two years ago I published a pocket hymn-book, according to my promise. But most of our people were supplied already with the other hymns. And these are largely circulated still. To cut off all pretence from the Methodists for buying them, our brethren

in the late Conference at Bristol advised me to print the same hymn-book which had been printed at York. This I have done in the present volume, only with this difference:

3. First, out of those two hundred and thirty-two hymns, I have omitted seven and thirty. These I did not dare to palm upon the world—because fourteen of them appeared to me very flat and dull; fourteen more, mere prose, tagged with rhyme; and nine more to be grievous doggerel. But a friend tells me, “Some of these, especially those two that are doggerel double distilled, namely, ‘The despised Nazarene,’ and that which begins, ‘A Christ I have, O what a Christ have I,’ are hugely admired and continually echoed from Berwick-upon-Tweed to London.” If they are, I am sorry for it. It will bring a deep reproach on the judgment of the Methodists. But I dare not increase that reproach by countenancing in any degree such an insult both on religion and common sense. And I earnestly entreat all our preachers, not only never to give them out, but to discountenance them by all prudent means, both in public and private.

4. Secondly, I have added a considerable number of the best hymns which we have ever published, although I am sensible they will not suit the taste of the admirers of doggerel. But I advise them to keep their own counsel, and not betray their want of judgment.

5. Thirdly, whereas in the other hymn-book the hymns are strangely thrown out of their places, and all jumbled together, they are here carefully methodized again and ranged in their proper order.

6. “But did not you in a late Preface, give anyone leave to print your hymns that pleased?” No, I never did. I never said, I never intended any such thing. My words are (p. 6) “Many have ... reprinted many of our hymns. *They* are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are.” “They are welcome!” Who? Why Mr. Madan, Berridge, and those that have done it already, for the use of their several congregations. But could any one imagine I meant a *bookseller*? Or that a Methodist *bookseller* would undertake it! To take a whole book out of mine? Only adding a few shreds out of other books, for form sake! And could I mean he was welcome to publish this among Methodists, just at the time when I had engaged to do it myself? Does not everyone, unless he shuts his eyes, see that every shilling he gains by it he takes out of my pocket? Yet not so properly out of mine, as out of the pockets of the poor preachers? For I lay up nothing, and I lay out no more upon myself than I did forty years ago. (My carriage is no expense to *me*, that expense being borne by a few friends.) But what I receive is for the poor, and especially the poor preachers.

7. Upon the whole, although there are some hymns in this book which I should never have printed, but that I was desired to reprint *the whole book* printed at York; yet I am bold to recommend this small hymn-book as the best of the size that has ever been published among the Methodists. But it is still greatly inferior to the large hymn-book, in which I believe the judicious and candid reader may find a clear explication of every branch both of speculative and practical divinity.

Highbury Place  
Nov. 15, 1786

John Wesley

**A  
POCKET  
HYMN BOOK.**

**PART I.  
Containing Introductory Hymns.**

**Section I.  
*Exhorting and beseeching to return to God.***

**Hymn I.<sup>10</sup> (Leeds Tune.)**

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim!  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease:  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

---

<sup>10</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 121–23; stanzas 7–10, 12–14, 17–18. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 1.



- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean:  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf: his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 6 Look unto him, ye nations, own  
Your God, ye fallen race;  
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.
- 7 See all your sins on Jesus laid;  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man.
- 8 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,  
And Christ shall give you light;  
Cast all your sins into the deep,  
And wash th' Ethiop white:
- 9 With me your chief ye then shall know,  
Shall feel your sins forgiven;  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

**Hymn II.**<sup>11</sup> (Invitation.)

- 1 Come, sinners to the gospel-feast;  
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;  
You need not one be left behind;  
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:  
Come all the world: come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.

---

<sup>11</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 63, 65–66; stanzas 1–2, 12, 14, 19–22, 24. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 2.

- 3    Come all ye souls by sin opprest,  
      Ye restless wand'ers after rest;  
      Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,  
      In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4    Come, and partake the gospel-feast,  
      Be sav'd from sin; in Jesus rest:  
      O taste the goodness of your God,  
      And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.
- 5    Ye vagrant souls on you I call:  
      (O that my voice could reach you all!)  
      Ye all are freely justified;  
      Ye all may live: for Christ hath died.
- 6    My message as from God receive:  
      Ye all may come to Christ, and live:  
      O let his love your hearts constrain,  
      Nor suffer him to die in vain!
- 7    His love is mighty to compel:  
      His conquering love consent to feel:  
      Yield to his love's resistless power;  
      And fight against your God no more.
- 8    See him set forth before your eyes,  
      That precious, bleeding sacrifice!  
      His offered benefits embrace,  
      And freely now be sav'd by grace!
- 9    This is the time: no more delay!  
      This is your acceptable day:  
      Come in, this moment, at his call,  
      And live for him, who died for all!

**Hymn III.**<sup>12</sup> (Tallis.)

- 1    O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near,  
      He utters a cry: ye sinners give ear!  
      From hell to retrieve you he spreads out his hands:  
      Now, now to receive you he graciously stands.

---

<sup>12</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 7–8; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 3.

- 2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,  
The vilest and worst may come unto me:  
May drink of my Spirit, (excepted is none,)  
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.
- 3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,  
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord,  
In him a pure river of life shall arise,  
Shall in the believer spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God, and my Lord! thy call I obey;  
My soul on thy word of promise I stay:  
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace;  
Athirst<sup>13</sup> for salvation, salvation by grace.
- 5 O hasten the hour! send down from above  
The Spirit of power, of health, and of love;  
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace;  
Of wisdom, of prayer, of joy, and of praise:
- 6 The Spirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,  
Which saves us from wrath, and brings us to God;  
Removes the huge mountain of indwelling sin,  
And opens a fountain, that washes us clean.

**Hymn IV.**<sup>14</sup> (Invitation.)

- 1 Ho! every one, that thirst,<sup>15</sup> draw nigh;  
(’Tis God invites the fallen race;)  
Mercy and free salvation buy;  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come;  
Sinners, obey your Maker’s call;  
Return ye weary wand’rers, home,  
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 See, from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls:  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye labouring, burthen’d sin-sick souls.

---

<sup>13</sup>“Athirst” changed to “I thirst” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>14</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 1–2; stanzas 1–9. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 4.

<sup>15</sup>Originally “thirsts” in *HSP* (1740). “Thirst” changed back to “thirsts” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have, and are behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Why seek ye that, which is not bread,  
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?  
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed  
Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 In search of empty joys below  
Ye toil with unavailing strife:  
Whither, ah! whither would you<sup>16</sup> go?  
I have the words of endless life.
- 7 Hearken to me with earnest care,  
And freely eat substantial food;  
The sweetness of my mercy share,  
And taste, that I alone am good.
- 8 I bid you all my goodness prove,  
My promises for all are free:  
Come, taste the manna of my love,  
And let your soul delight in me.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words believably receive;  
Quickened your soul by faith divine,  
An everlasting life shall live.

**Hymn V.**<sup>17</sup> (Tallis.)

- 1 Thy faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,  
So true to thy word, so loving and kind!  
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race;  
The foulest offender may turn, and find grace.
- 2 The mercy I feel, to others I shew:  
I set to my seal that Jesus is true:  
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call;  
O come to my Saviour: his grace is for all.

---

<sup>16</sup>“You” changed to “ye” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>17</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 5–6; stanzas 2–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 5.

- 3 To save what was lost from heaven he came:  
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name!  
He offers you pardon, he bids you be free!  
If sin be your burden, O come unto me!
- 4 O let me commend my Saviour to you:  
The publican's friend and advocate too:  
For you he is pleading his merits and death  
With God interceding for sinners beneath.
- 5 Then let us submit his grace to receive;  
Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe;  
We all are forgiven for Jesus's sake:  
Our title to heaven his merits we take.

**Hymn VI.**<sup>18</sup> (Foundery.)  
**“Why will ye die, O house of Israel.”**  
—Ezek. xviii. 31.

- 1 Sinners, turn, why will you<sup>19</sup> die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why.  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live;  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands,  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why.  
God, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself, that you might live.  
Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
Will you slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will you die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why.  
He who all your lives hath strove,  
Woo'd you to embrace his love.

---

<sup>18</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 43–44; stanzas 1–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 6.

<sup>19</sup>This hymn contains 12 instances of “you” changed to “ye” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

Will you not the grace receive?  
Will you still refuse to live?  
Why, ye long sought sinners, why  
Will you grieve your God, and die?

- 4 Dead, already dead within,  
Spiritually dead in sin,  
Dead to God, while here you breathe,  
Pant ye after second death?  
Will you still in sin remain,  
Greedy of eternal pain?  
O ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will you for ever die?

**Hymn VII.** (Invitation.)

**Part the First.**<sup>20</sup>

- [1] Sinners, obey the gospel-word!  
Haste to the supper of my Lord:  
Be wise to know your gracious day!  
All things are ready; come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kiss his late returning son:  
Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love  
Just now the stony to remove;  
T<sup>y</sup> apply, and witness with the<sup>21</sup> 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.

---

<sup>20</sup>This is an extract from *Festival Hymns* (1746), 44–45; stanzas 1–5. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 9a.

<sup>21</sup>“The” changed to “his” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 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.”

**Part the Second.**<sup>22</sup>

- 1 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,  
In Christ to paradise restor’d,  
His proffer’d benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel-grace.
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,  
The favour and the peace of God;  
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joys of penitence:
- 3 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:
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
Th’ unutterable tenderness;  
The genuine, meek humility;  
The wonder “Why such love to me!”
- 5 Th’ o’erwhelming power of saving grace,  
The sight, that veils the seraph’s face;  
The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love.

**Section II.**

***1. Describing the pleasantness of religion.***

**Hymn VIII.**<sup>23</sup> (Brentford.)

- 1 Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known:  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his<sup>24</sup> throne:

---

<sup>22</sup>This is an extract from *Festival Hymns* (1746), 45–46; stanzas 6–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 9b.

<sup>23</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 28–29; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 12.

<sup>24</sup>“His” changed to “the” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.



Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God:  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas;  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love;  
He will send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin:  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.  
Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts<sup>25</sup> of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow:  
Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

**Hymn IX.**<sup>26</sup> (Leeds.)

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.

---

<sup>25</sup>“Thoughts” changed to “thought” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>26</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 35–36.

- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun:  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Would bear me conq'ror through.

**Hymn X.**<sup>27</sup> (Arne.)

- 1 Happy soul, that, free from harms,  
Rests within his shepherd's arms!  
Who his quiet shall molest?  
Who shall violate his rest?  
Jesus doth his spirit bear,  
Jesus takes his every care:  
He who found the wandring sheep,  
Jesus still delights to keep.
- 2 O that I might so believe,  
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave;  
On his only love rely,  
Smile at the destroyer nigh!  
Free from sin and servile fear,  
Have my Jesus ever near;  
All his care rejoice to prove,  
All his paradise of love!

---

<sup>27</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:151–52; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 13.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandring sheep;  
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;  
Take on thee my every care;  
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.  
Let me know my shepherd's voice,  
More and more in thee rejoice;  
More and more of thee receive,  
Ever in thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,  
Perfect through my Lord below:  
Gladly then from earth remove,  
Gather'd to the fold above!  
O that I at last may stand  
With the sheep at thy right-hand;  
Take the crown so freely given:  
Enter in by thee to heaven.

**Hymn XI.**<sup>28</sup> (Cambridge.)

1 Happy the man, that<sup>29</sup> finds the grace,  
The blessing of God's chosen race,  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he,  
Who knows, the Saviour died for me,  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandize?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross, compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,  
True riches, and immortal praise:  
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,  
And honour that descends from God.

---

<sup>28</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 25–26; stanzas 1–3, 6–7, 9. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 14.

<sup>29</sup>“That” changed to “who” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 5 To purest joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;  
Thrice happy who his guest retains;  
He owns, and shall for ever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

**Hymn XII.**<sup>30</sup> (Wednesbury.)

- [1] Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And sav'd by grace alone:  
Walking in all his ways they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.
- [2] The church triumphant in thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know:  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before thy throne!  
We in the kingdom<sup>31</sup> of thy grace:  
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads:  
From hence<sup>32</sup> our spirits rise:  
And he that in thy statutes treads,  
Shall meet thee in the skies.

**Hymn XIII.**<sup>33</sup> (Amsterdam.)

- 1 Maker, Saviour of mankind,  
Who hast on me bestow'd  
An immortal soul, design'd  
To be the house of God:

---

<sup>30</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 83–84; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 15.

<sup>31</sup>“Kingdom” changed to “kingdoms” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>32</sup>“Hence” changed to “thence” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>33</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 15–16; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 18.

Come, and now reside in me,  
Never, never to remove,  
Make me just, and good, like thee,  
And full of power, and love!

2 Bid me in thy image rise,  
A saint, a creature new:  
True, and merciful, and wise,  
And pure, and happy too.  
This thy primitive design,  
That I should in thee be blest:  
Should within the arms divine  
For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done;  
Fulfil my heart's desire,  
Thee to know, and love alone;  
And rise in raptures higher,  
Thee descending on a cloud,  
When with ravish'd eyes I see:  
Then I shall be fill'd with God  
To all eternity.

**Hymn XIV.**<sup>34</sup> (Triumph.)

1 Rejoice evermore, with angels above,  
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love;  
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,  
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been;  
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin:  
The power of thy Spirit hath set our hearts free;  
And now we inherit all fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,  
And spiritual bliss, that never shall cloy;  
To us it is given in Jesus to know  
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

---

<sup>34</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 31–32; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 19.

4 No longer we join, while sinners invite,  
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight;  
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,  
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain!

5 O might they at last with sorrow return  
The pleasures to taste, for which they were born;  
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,  
The joy of believing the heaven of love.

**Hymn XV.**<sup>35</sup> (Wenvo.)

1 How vain are all things here below!  
How false, and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense!  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

---

<sup>35</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 171–72. JW is reproducing here the form of the hymn in *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 102.

**Hymn XVI.**<sup>36</sup> (Dedication.)

- 1 Weary souls, that wander wide  
From the central point of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified,  
Fly to those dear wounds of his;  
Sink into the purple flood;  
Rise into the life of God!
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown;  
By his pain he gives you ease,  
Life by his expiring groan;  
Rise exalted by his fall,  
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,  
God to you his Son hath given!  
Ye may now be happy too;  
Find on earth the life of heaven;  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss  
Bliss for every soul design'd:  
God's original promise this,  
God's great gift to all mankind:  
Blest in Christ this moment be!  
Blest to all eternity!

**2. Describing the goodness of God.**

**Hymn XVII.**<sup>37</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree;  
How vast the love, that him inclin'd  
To bleed, and die for thee!

---

<sup>36</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 5–6; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 20.

<sup>37</sup>By Samuel Wesley Sr.; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 46–47; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 22.



- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,  
 And earth's strong pillars bend!  
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,  
 "Receive my soul," he cries!  
 See, where he bows his sacred head!  
 He bows his head, and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
 And in full glory shine:  
 O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
 Was ever love like thine!

**Hymn XVIII.**<sup>38</sup> (Evesham.)

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,  
 I could for ever think and sing;  
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;  
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;  
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;  
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
 Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,  
 He clos'd his eyes to shew us God;  
 Let all the world fall down and know  
 That none but God such love could show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
 I shed my tears and make my moan;  
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;  
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?

---

<sup>38</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Christian Jacobi, which first appeared in *CPH* (1741), 39–40; stanzas 1–2, 6, 8–9. Appears here via *CPH* (1743), 49–50.

**Hymn XIX.**<sup>39</sup> (Irene.)

- 1 Saviour, the world's and mine,  
Was ever grief like thine!  
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,  
All my sins were laid on thee:  
Help me, Lord, to thee I look:  
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.
- 2 To love is all my wish,  
I only live for this:  
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,  
There by faith for ever dwell:  
This I always will require,  
Thee, and only thee to feel.
- 3 Thy pow'r I pant to prove  
Rooted and fix'd in love;  
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,  
Wise to fathom things divine,  
What the length, and breadth, and height,  
What the depth of love like thine.
- 4 Ah! give me this to know,  
With all thy saints below;  
Swells my soul to compass thee;  
Gasp in thee to live and move;  
Fill'd with all the deity,  
All immerst and lost in love!

**Hymn XX.**<sup>40</sup> (Welsh.)

- 1 O love divine! what hast thou done?  
Th' immortal God hath died for me!  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree  
Th' immortal God for me hath died,  
My Lord, my love is crucified.

---

<sup>39</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 168–69; stanzas 1, 4–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 26.

<sup>40</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 26–27; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 27.

- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!  
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
And say, was ever grief like his!  
Come feel with me his blood applied:  
My Lord, my love is crucified:
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God;  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood:  
Pardon for all flows from his side;  
My Lord, my love is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream:  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him:  
Of nothing think, or speak beside  
"My Lord, my love is crucified."

**Hymn XXI.**<sup>41</sup> (Passion.)

- 1 O God of all grace,  
Thy goodness we praise,  
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place:  
With joy we approve  
The design of thy love,  
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.
- 2 Tongue cannot explain  
The love of God-man,  
Which the angels desire to look into in vain:  
It dazzles our eyes,  
Thought cannot arise,  
To find out a cause why the infinite dies.
- 3 Or of<sup>42</sup> pity inclin'd  
Him to die for mankind,  
The ground of his pity what seraph can find!

---

<sup>41</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:226–28; stanzas 1–11, 16, 19–20.

<sup>42</sup>Originally "if" in *HSP* (1749). "Of" changed back to "if" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

He came from above  
Our curse to remove,  
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would love.

4 Love mov'd him to die,  
And on this we rely,  
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why:  
But this we can tell,  
He hath lov'd us so well  
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

5 He hath ransom'd our race,  
O how shall we praise,  
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace?  
Nothing else will we know,  
In our journey below,  
But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.

6 Nay, and when we remove  
To the mansions<sup>43</sup> above,  
Our heaven shall still be to sing of thy love;  
When time is no more,  
We still shall adore  
The ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

7 Ere long we shall fly  
To the regions<sup>44</sup> on high,  
For Israel's strength cannot vary or lie;  
He soon shall appear,  
He more than draws near,  
Our Jesus is come, and eternity's here.

**Hymn XXII.**<sup>45</sup> (Miss Edwin's.)

1 Let earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be join'd,  
To celebrate with me,  
The Saviour of mankind;

---

<sup>43</sup>“Mansions” changed to “mansion” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>44</sup>“Regions” changed to “region” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>45</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 31–33; stanzas 1–5, 7, 9–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 33.

- T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven;  
No other help is found;  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have,  
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name!  
It charms the hosts<sup>46</sup> above!  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love!  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory:  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion sin,  
My poor, expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole:  
See there my Lord upon the tree!  
I hear, I feel, he died for me.
- 6 O unexampled love!  
O all-redeeming grace!  
How swiftly didst thou move  
To save a fallen race;  
What shall I do to make it known,  
What thou for all mankind hast done!

---

<sup>46</sup>“Hosts” changed to “host” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

- 7 O for a trumpet-voice  
On all the world to call,  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In him, who died for all!  
For all my Lord was crucified,  
For all, for all my Saviour died!
- 8 To serve thy blessed will,  
Thy dying love to praise,  
Thy counsel to fulfil,  
And minister thy grace,  
Freely, what I receive, to give,  
The life of heaven on earth I live.

**Hymn XXIII.**<sup>47</sup> (Mitcham.)

- 1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore,  
Open the door to preach thy word,  
The great, effectual door.
- 2 Gather the out-casts in, and save  
From sin, and Satan's power;  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize,  
What thou hast bought so dear;  
Come then, and in thy people's eyes  
With all thy wounds appear!
- 4 Appear, as when of old confest  
The suffring Son of God;  
And let them see thee in thy vest  
But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The stony from their hearts remove,  
Thou, who for all hast died;  
Shew them the tokens of thy love,  
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

---

<sup>47</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:316–18; stanzas 1–2, 4–9. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 34.

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree  
 To trample down their sin;  
 Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see  
 To take thy murd'ers in.

7 Thy side an open fountain is,  
 Where all may freely go,  
 And drink the living streams of bliss,  
 And wash them white as snow.

8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,  
 And prove the record true;  
 And all thy wounds to sinners cry  
 "I suffer'd this for you!"

**Hymn XXIV.**<sup>48</sup> (St. Paul's.)

1 Lovers of pleasure more than God,  
 For you he suffer'd pain,  
 Swearers, for you he spilt his blood;  
 And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Misers, his life for you he paid,  
 Your basest crime he bore:  
 Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,  
 That you<sup>49</sup> might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,  
 That you<sup>50</sup> might come to heaven;  
 Believe, believe in Jesu's name,  
 And all your sins forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee!  
 And sure as he hath died,  
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,  
 And thou art justified.

**Hymn XXV.**<sup>51</sup> (Passion.)

1 Ah tell me no more  
 Of this world's vain store,  
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;

---

<sup>48</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:318–19; stanzas 11–12, 17–18. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 35.

<sup>49</sup>Originally "ye" in *HSP* (1749). "You" changed back to "ye" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>50</sup>"You" changed to "ye" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>51</sup>Source: John Gambold. JW is taking from *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 112–13.

A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound,  
To dwell I'm determin'd in that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe,  
In paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive:  
My soul don't delay,  
He calls thee away,  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know  
What he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort, go after him go:  
Lo onward I move,  
To a country above,  
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win,  
From death, hell, and sin,  
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:  
And when I'm to die,  
Receive me I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me I cannot tell why.

**Hymn XXVI.**<sup>52</sup> (Leeds.)

1 Jesus, the name high over all  
In hell, or earth, or sky:  
Angels and men before it fall;  
And devils fear, and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given!  
It scatters all their guilty fear;  
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead.

---

<sup>52</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:306–8; stanzas 9–10, 12–14, 18, 22. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 36.



- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace!  
The arms of love, that compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms  
Might every bosom move!  
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms  
Of everlasting love.
- 6 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim:  
'Tis all my business here below  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 7 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name!  
Preach him to all, and cry in death  
"Behold! behold the Lamb!"

**3. Describing death.**

**Hymn XXVII.**<sup>53</sup> (Birstal.)

- 1 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

---

<sup>53</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 47–48; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch, that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be thou our guard, while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home.

**Hymn XXVIII.**<sup>54</sup> (Birstal.)

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal name,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame!  
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase;  
And every beating pulse, we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave:  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground  
To push us to the tomb,  
And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home.

---

<sup>54</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 53–54; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states<sup>55</sup> of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe  
Depends on every breath!  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dangerous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

**Hymn XXIX.**<sup>56</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I view my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought!  
My soul with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought!
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear?
- 4 O may my broken contrite heart  
Timely my sins lament,  
And early with repentant tears  
Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,  
To give those sorrows weight.

---

<sup>55</sup>“States” changed to “state” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>56</sup>By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 47–48; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 32–33.

6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to secure,  
Who knows thy only Son hath died  
To make that pardon sure.

**Hymn XXX.**<sup>57</sup> (Lamp's.<sup>58</sup>)

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,  
Unpierc'd 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 crown'd,  
And see the flaming skies!

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 damn'd cast out?  
Or number'd with the blest?

---

<sup>57</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 52–53; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 41.

<sup>58</sup>“Lamp's” changed to “Lampe's” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

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, that wouldst not have  
One wretched sinner die,  
Who diedst thyself my soul to save  
From endless misery!  
Shew me the way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe,  
That when thou comest on the throne,  
I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyself the way,  
Thyself in me reveal;  
So shall I spend my life's short day  
Obedient to thy will;  
So shall I love my God,  
Because he first lov'd me,  
And praise thee in thy bright abode  
To all eternity?

**Hymn XXXI.**<sup>59</sup> (Snowsfields.)

1 And am I only born to die?  
And must I suddenly comply  
With nature's stern decree?  
What after death for me remains?  
Celestial joys or hellish pains  
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,  
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay!  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
Against that fatal day!

---

<sup>59</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 57–58; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 42.

- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone:  
If now the judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
Th' inexorable throne!
- 4 No matter, which my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy;  
But O! when both shall end.  
Where shall I find my destin'd place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend.
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death,  
That never, never dies!  
How make mine own election sure,  
And, when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies!
- 6 Jesu, vouchsafe a pitying ray,  
Be thou my guide, be thou my way  
To glorious happiness!  
Ah, write the pardon on my heart!  
And, whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace!

**Hymn XXXII.**<sup>60</sup> (New Year's-day.)

- 1 Come, let us anew, our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still, till the Master appear!  
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream, our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment<sup>61</sup> refuses to stay:

---

<sup>60</sup>First appeared in *New Year's Hymns* (1749), 9; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

<sup>61</sup>Orig., "moments"; a misprint; corrected to "moment" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

The arrow is flown, the moment is gone:  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

- 3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,  
I have fought my way through,  
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.  
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word  
"Well and faithfully done!  
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

**Hymn XXXIII.**<sup>62</sup> (Funeral.)

- 1 Ah, lovely appearance of death!  
What sight upon earth is so fair?  
Not all the gay pageants, that breathe,  
Can with a dead body compare:  
With solemn delight I survey  
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft  
Of all, that could burden his mind;  
How easy the soul, that has left  
This wearisome body behind!  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see,  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain:  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again:  
No anger henceforward or shame  
Shall redden this innocent clay;  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanish'd away.

---

<sup>62</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 7–8; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 47.

- 4 This languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
This quiet immoveable breast  
Is heav'd by affliction no more:  
This heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain;  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep:  
The fountains<sup>63</sup> can yield no supplies:  
These hollows from water are free:  
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn, and to suffer is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
And press to the issues of death:  
What now with my tears I bedew,  
O might I this moment become!  
My spirit created anew,  
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

**Hymn XXXIV.**<sup>64</sup> (Epworth.)

- 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,  
Shews the purchase of his merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.

---

<sup>63</sup>“Fountains” changed to “fountain” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>64</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:75; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 56–57.



- 3 Struggle through thy 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 a life of glory,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

**Hymn XXXV.**<sup>65</sup> (Triumph.)

- 1 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done!  
The spirit is fled,  
The prisoner is gone,  
The Christian is dead:  
The Christian is living  
Through Jesus's love,  
And gladly receiving  
A kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise  
Are Jesus's due:  
Supported by grace,  
He fought his way through;  
Triumphantly glorious,  
Through Jesus's zeal,  
And more than victorious  
O'er sin, death, and hell.
- 3 Then let us record  
The conquering name,  
Our Captain and Lord  
With shouting proclaim:  
Who trust in his passion,  
And follow our head,  
To certain salvation  
We all shall be led.

---

<sup>65</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 8–9; appears here via *Festival Hymns* (1746), 59–61.

4 O Jesus! lead on  
Thy militant care,  
And give us the crown  
Of righteousness there:  
Where dazzled with glory  
The seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee  
In silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display  
Thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away  
To mansions on high:  
The kingdom be given,  
The purchase divine,  
And crown us in heaven  
Eternally thine.

**Hymn XXXVI.**<sup>66</sup> (Thou Shepherd of Israel.)

1 Rejoice for a brother deceas'd,  
Our loss is his infinite gain;  
A soul out of prison releas'd,  
And freed from its bodily chain;  
With songs let us follow his flight,  
And mount with his spirit above,  
Escap'd to the mansions of light,  
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,  
Out-flying the tempest and wind,  
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,  
And left his companions behind;  
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more.

---

<sup>66</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 3; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 48.

- 3     There all the ship's company meet,  
          Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,  
With shouting each other they greet,  
          And triumph o'er trouble and death:  
The voyage of life's at an end,  
          The mortal affliction is past,  
The age, that in heaven they spend,  
          For ever and ever shall last.

**Hymn XXXVII.**<sup>67</sup> (Sion.)

- 1     Hosannah to Jesus on high!  
          Another is<sup>68</sup> enter'd his rest,  
Another is<sup>69</sup> 'scaped to the sky,  
          And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:  
The soul of our sister is gone  
          To heighten the triumph above,  
Exalted to Jesus's throne,  
          And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2     What fulness of rapture is there,  
          While Jesus his glory displays,  
And purples the heavenly air,  
          And scatters the odours of grace?  
He looks—and his servants in light  
          The blessing ineffable meet;  
He smiles—and they faint at the sight,  
          And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.
- 3     How happy the angels that fall  
          Transported at Jesus's name;  
The saints whom he soonest shall call  
          To share in the feast of the Lamb!  
No longer imprison'd in clay,  
          Who next from his dungeon shall fly,  
Who first shall be summon'd away—  
          My merciful God—is it I?

---

<sup>67</sup>This is an extract from *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 3–4; stanzas 1–4.

<sup>68</sup>“Is” changed to “has” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>69</sup>“Is” changed to “has” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,  
That suddenly I should depart,  
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,  
And whisper the call to my heart;  
O give me a signal to know,  
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,  
And leave the dull body below,  
And fly to the regions of love.

**Hymn XXXVIII.**<sup>70</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 bitter<sup>71</sup> 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 fill'd up,  
When we all our works have done,  
Late partakers of our hope,  
And sharers of thy throne.
- 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.

---

<sup>70</sup>CW, *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 24.

<sup>71</sup>Originally "better" in *Funeral Hymns* (1746). "Bitter" changed back to "better" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn XXXIX.**<sup>72</sup> (Wednesbury.)

- 1   And let this feeble body fail,  
       And let it faint and 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,  
       On the 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 on my threescore years,  
       Till my Deliv'rer come;  
 And wipe away his servant's tears,  
       And take his exile home.
- 3   O what hath Jesus bought<sup>73</sup> for me!  
       Before my ravish'd eyes  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
       And trees of paradise!  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
       Who taste the pleasures there!  
 They all are robed in spotless white,  
       And conquering palms they bear.
- 4   O, what are all my sufferings here,  
       If, Lord, thou count me meet  
 With that enraptur'd host to appear,  
       And worship at thy feet!  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
       Take life or friends away;  
 But let me find them all again  
       In that eternal day.

---

<sup>72</sup>This is an extract from *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 4–6; stanzas 1–2, 5a, 6a, 9. Appears here via *Select Hymns* (1761), 54–55.

<sup>73</sup>Orig., “brought”; a misprint; corrected to “bought” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

**4. Describing judgment.**

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

- 1       Thou judge of quick and dead,  
           Before whose bar severe,  
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
           We all shall soon appear:  
           Our caution'd souls prepare  
           For that tremendous day,  
 And fill us now with watchful care,  
           And stir us up to pray:
- 2       To pray, and wait the hour,  
           That awful hour unknown,  
 When robed in majesty and power,  
           Thou shalt from heaven come down;  
           Th' immortal Son of man,  
           To judge the human race,  
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
           With all thy glorious grace.
- 3       To damp our earthly joys,  
           T' increase our gracious fears,  
 For ever let th' archangel's voice  
           Be sounding in our ears;  
           The solemn midnight cry,  
           "Ye dead, the judge is come,  
 "Arise, and meet him in the sky,  
           "And meet your instant doom!"
- 4       O may we thus be found  
           Obedient to his<sup>75</sup> word,  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
           And looking for our Lord!  
           O may we thus insure  
           A lot among the blest,  
 And watch a moment to secure  
           An everlasting rest!

---

<sup>74</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:118–19; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 54.

<sup>75</sup>"His" changed to "thy" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn XLI.**<sup>76</sup> (Epworth.)

- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain!  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph<sup>77</sup> of his train.  
Hallelujah!  
God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,  
Still his dazzling body bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To his ransom'd worshippers:  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars.
- 4 Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee  
High on thine<sup>78</sup> eternal throne!  
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for thine own:  
Jah! Jehovah!  
Everlasting God come down.

**Hymn XLII.**<sup>79</sup> (Judgment.)

- 1 He comes! He comes! The judge severe  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
His lightnings flash,<sup>80</sup> his thunders roll;  
How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face!

---

<sup>76</sup>First appeared in *Intercession Hymns* (1758), 32–33.

<sup>77</sup>“Triumph” changed to “triumphs” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>78</sup>“Thine” changed to “thy” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>79</sup>First appeared in *Intercession Hymns* (1758), 30–31.

<sup>80</sup>Orig., “flesh”; a misprint; corrected to “flash” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

- 3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own;  
The kingdoms<sup>81</sup> all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord!
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High,  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns.

**Hymn XLIII.**<sup>82</sup> (Wood's.)

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

---

<sup>81</sup>“Kingdoms” changed to “kingdom” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>82</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:34–35; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 58.



- 5 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear  
Eternal bliss t' insure;  
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 XLIV.**<sup>83</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1 Stand th' omnipotent decree!  
Jehovah's will be done!  
Nature's end we wait to see,  
And hear her final groan:  
Let this earth dissolve, and blend  
In death the wicked and the just,  
Let those pondrous orbs descend,  
And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man!  
At his Redeemer's beck  
Sure t' emerge, and rise again,  
And mount above the wreck,  
Lo! The heavenly spirit towers,  
Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre,  
Triumphs in immortal powers,  
And claps his wings of fire!
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose  
By worlds on worlds destroy'd,  
Far beneath his feet he views  
With smiles the flaming void;

---

<sup>83</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for the Year* (1756), 22–23; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 60.

Sees this universe renew'd,  
The grand millennial year begun;  
Shouts with all the sons of God,  
Around th' eternal throne!

- 4 Resting in this glorious hope  
To be at last restored,  
Yield we now our bodies up  
To earthquake, plague or sword,  
List'ning for the call divine,  
The latest trumpet of the seven;  
Soon our soul and dust shall join,  
And both fly up to heaven.

### 5. *Describing heaven.*

#### Hymn XLV.<sup>84</sup> (West-Street.)

- 1 How weak the thoughts<sup>85</sup> and vain  
Of self-deluding men!  
Men, who fix'd to earth alone,  
Think their houses shall endure  
Fondly call their lands their own,  
To their distant heirs secure!
- 2 How happy then are we,  
Who build, O Lord, on thee!  
What can our foundation shock?  
Though the shatter'd 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 gen'ral ruin sure,  
Storms and earthquakes it defies;  
Built immoveably secure,  
Built eternal in the skies.

---

<sup>84</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.

<sup>85</sup>“Thoughts” changed to “thought” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

- 4 High on Immanuel's land,  
We see the fabric stand,  
From a tott'ring world remove  
To our stedfast 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,  
Purchas'd by the blood of God.
- 6 O might we quickly find  
The place for us design'd;  
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<sup>86</sup> ne'er shall end.

**Hymn XLVI.**<sup>87</sup> (Funeral.)

- 1 I long to behold him arrayed  
With glory and light from above,  
The King in his beauty displayed,  
His beauty of holiest love:  
I languish, and sigh to be there,  
Where Jesus hath fixt his abode:  
O when shall we meet in the air,  
And fly to the mountain of God.

---

<sup>86</sup>“Which” changed to “that” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>87</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:333 (#1027 and #1028 combined); appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 68.

- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,  
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word,)  
 The breadth of Immanuel's land  
 Survey by the light of my Lord:  
 But, when on thy bosom reclined,  
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,  
 My fulness of rapture I find,  
 My heaven of heavens in thee.
3. How happy the people, that dwell  
 Secure in the city above!  
 No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove:  
 Physician of souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and holiness give;  
 And then from the body set free,  
 And then to the city receive.

**Hymn XLVII.**<sup>88</sup> (23d Psalm.)

- 1 Leader of faithful souls, and guide  
 Of all, that travel to the sky,  
 Come, and with us, even us abide,  
 Who would on thee alone rely;  
 On thee alone our spirit<sup>89</sup> stay,  
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
 This earth we know is not our place,  
 And hasten through the vale of woe;  
 And restless to behold thy face,  
 Swift to our heavenly country move,  
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've<sup>90</sup> no 'biding city here,  
 But seek a city out of sight,  
 Thither our steady course we steer,  
 Aspiring to the plains of light;

---

<sup>88</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 51–52; stanzas 1–4, 6, 8. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 69.

<sup>89</sup>Originally “spirits” in *Redemption Hymns* (1747). “Spirit” changed back to “spirits” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>90</sup>Originally “We have” in *Redemption Hymns* (1747). “We've” changed back to “We have” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living God.

- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,  
This weary world we cast behind,  
From strength to strength we travel on  
The New Jerusalem to find:  
Our labour this our only aim,  
To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With songs to Zion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven;  
That palace of our glorious King:  
We find it nearer, while we sing.
- 6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,  
We urge our way with strength renew'd,  
The church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God;  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

### ***6. Describing hell.***

#### **Hymn XLVIII.<sup>91</sup> (Burford.)**

- 1 Terrible thought! shall I alone,  
Who may be sav'd, shall I  
Of all, alas! whom I have known,  
Through sin for ever 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.

---

<sup>91</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.

- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,  
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,  
Far on the left with horror stand,  
My fearful doom to meet?
- 4 While they enjoy his heavenly 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.

**Section III.**

***Praying for a blessing.***

**Hymn XLIX.**<sup>92</sup> (Bexley.)

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
Accept the evening sacrifice,  
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere:  
But shew us, Lord, is every one  
Thy real worshipper?

---

<sup>92</sup>First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 26–27; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 3 Is here a soul, that knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee?  
A stranger to the blood, which bought  
His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,  
His desperate state explain:  
And fill his heart with sacred grief,  
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice, which wakes the dead,  
And bid the sleeper rise,  
And bid his guilty conscience dread  
The death, that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, what must be done  
To save a wretch like me?  
How shall a trembling sinner shun  
That endless misery?
- 7 I must this instant now begin  
Out of my sleep to wake:  
And turn to God, and every sin  
Continually forsake.
- 8 I must for faith incessant cry,  
And wrestle, Lord, with thee:  
I must be born again, or die  
To all eternity.

**Hymn L.**<sup>93</sup> (Aldrich.)

- 1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known:  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn;  
And turn at once from every sin,  
And to my<sup>94</sup> Saviour turn.

---

<sup>93</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:319–20; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 82.

<sup>94</sup>“My” changed to “our” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,  
And freely then release;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,  
And then enrich the poor;  
The knowledge of our sickness give,  
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load;  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,  
And speak our sins forgiven:  
By perfect holiness prepare,  
And take us up to heaven.

**PART II.**  
**Convincing.**

**Section I.**  
***Describing formal religion.***

**Hymn LI.**<sup>95</sup> (Wenvo.)

- 1 Long have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,  
With unavailing pain:  
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,  
And heard it preach'd in vain.

---

<sup>95</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 35–36; stanzas 1–2, 6, 3–5, 7. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 88.



- 2     Oft did I with the assembly join,  
          And near thy altar drew:  
A form of godliness was mine,  
          The power I never knew.
- 3     I rested in the outward law,  
          Nor knew its deep design;  
The length and breadth I never saw,  
          And height of love divine.
- 4     To please thee thus, at length I see,  
          Vainly I hoped, and strove:  
For what are outward things to thee,  
          Unless they spring from love?
- 5     I see the perfect law requires  
          Truth in the inward parts;  
Our full consent, our whole desires,  
          Our undivided hearts.
- 6     But I of means have made my boast,  
          Of means an idol made!  
The spirit in the letter lost,  
          The substance in the shade!
- 7     Where am I now, or what my hope?  
          What can my weakness do?  
Jesu, to thee, my soul looks up:  
          'Tis thou must make it new.

**Hymn LII.**<sup>96</sup> (Brook's.)

- 1     Still for thy loving kindness, Lord,  
          I in thy temple wait:  
I look to find thee in thy word,  
          Or at thy table meet.
- 2     Here in thine own appointed ways  
          I wait to learn thy will:  
Silent I stand before thy face,  
          And hear thee say, "Be still!"

---

<sup>96</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 37–39; stanzas 13–20. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 89.

- 3 “Be still! and know, that I am God!”  
’Tis all I live to know!  
To feel the virtue of thy blood,  
And spread its praise below!
- 4 I wait my vigour to renew,  
Thine image to retrieve;  
The veil of outward things pass through,  
And gasp in thee to live.
- 5 I work; and own the labour vain:  
And thus from works I cease:  
I strive; and see my fruitless pain,  
Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,  
Must all my efforts prove,  
They cannot change a sinful heart,  
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing, thy laws enjoin,  
And then the strife give o’er:  
To thee I then the whole resign,  
I trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in him, who stands between  
The Father’s wrath and me:  
Jesu, thou great eternal mean,  
I look for all from thee!

**Section II.**  
***Describing inward religion.***

**Hymn LIII.**<sup>97</sup> (Snowsfields.)

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

---

<sup>97</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 26–27; stanzas 1–5, 7.

- 2 If I have only known thy fear,  
And follow'd with an<sup>98</sup> heart sincere,  
Thy drawings from above;  
Now, now the farther 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 reconcil'd?  
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 possess,  
I on thy mercy feed:  
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,  
Yet rais'd by him who died for all,  
To eat the children's bread.
- 6 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,  
Or sin, or righteousness remove,  
Thy glory to display;  
Mine heart of unbelief convince,  
And now absolve me from my sins,  
And take them all away.

**Hymn LIV.**<sup>99</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1 Upright both in heart and will  
We by our God were made;  
But we turned from good to ill,  
And o'er the creature strayed;

---

<sup>98</sup>"An" changed to "a" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>99</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:290; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

Multiplied our wandring thought,  
Which first was fixt on God alone,  
In ten thousand objects sought  
The bliss we lost in one.

- 2 From our own inventions vain  
Of fancied happiness,  
Draw us to thyself again,  
And bid our wandrings cease;  
Jesu, speak our souls restor'd  
By love's divine simplicity;  
Re-united to our Lord,  
And wholly lost in thee!

### PART III.

#### Section I.

#### *Praying for repentance.*

#### Hymn LV.<sup>100</sup> (Mourner's.)

- 1 Father of lights, from whom proceeds,  
Whate'er thy every creature needs,  
Whose goodness, providently nigh,  
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:  
To thee I look, my heart prepare:  
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see  
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;  
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,  
Preventing what my lips would say;  
Thou seest my wants; for help they call,  
And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,  
Wayward, and impotent, and blind!

---

<sup>100</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 85–86; stanzas 1–5. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 96.

Thou know'st, how unsubdued my will,  
 Averse<sup>101</sup> to good, and prone to ill:  
 Thou know'st, how wide my passions rove,  
 Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,  
 And feel the indigence I see;  
 Fain would I all my vileness own,  
 And deep beneath the burden groan;  
 Abhor the pride that lurks within,  
 Detest, and loath myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me Lord myself to feel,  
 My total misery reveal;  
 Ah give me Lord, (I still would say,)  
 An<sup>102</sup> heart to mourn, an<sup>103</sup> heart to pray:  
 My business this, my only care,  
 My life, my every breath be prayer!

**Hymn LVI.**<sup>104</sup> (Brentford.)

1 O that I could repent!  
 O that I could believe!  
 Thou by thy voice the marble rent,  
 The rock in sunder cleave!  
 Thou by thy two-edg'd sword  
 My soul and spirit part,  
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
 And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,  
 The double grace bestow,  
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,  
 And let the captive go:  
 Grant me my sins to feel,  
 And then my load remove;  
 Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,  
 The balm of pardoning love.

---

<sup>101</sup>“Averse” changed to “adverse” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>102</sup>Originally “A” in *HSP* (1739). “An” changed back to “A” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>103</sup>Originally “a” in *HSP* (1739). “An” changed back to “a” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>104</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:151–52; stanzas 1–2, 5–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 102.

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

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

**Hymn LVII.**<sup>105</sup> (Calvary.)

1        Jesu, let thy pitying eye  
          Call back a wandring sheep;  
False to thee, like Peter, I  
          Would fain like Peter weep;  
Let me be by grace restored,  
          On me be all long-suffering shown:  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
          And break my heart of stone.

2        Saviour, Prince enthron'd above  
          Repentance to impart,  
Give me through thy dying love  
          The humble, contrite heart:  
Give, what I have long implored,  
          A portion of thy grief unknown:  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
          And break my heart of stone.

---

<sup>105</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:121–23; stanzas 1–2, 5–8, 10, 12. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 103.

- 3 For thine own compassion's sake  
The gracious wonder show;  
Cast my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow;  
If thy bowels now are stirred,  
If now I would myself bemoan,  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 See me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die!  
Life and happiness and love  
Drop from thy gracious eye;  
Speak the reconciling word,  
And let thy mercy melt me down;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look, as when thine eye pursued  
The first apostate man,  
Saw him weltering in his blood,  
And bade him rise again;  
Speak my paradise restored,  
Redeem me by thy grace alone:  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look, as when thy pity saw  
Thine own in a strange land;  
Forced to obey the tyrant's law,  
And feel his heavy hand:  
Speak the soul-redeeming word,  
And out of Egypt call thy son:  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 7 Look, as when thy grace beheld,  
The harlot in distress,  
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,  
And bade her go in peace:

Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,  
I at thy feet for mercy groan:  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

- 8 Look, as when thy languid eye  
Was closed, that we might live;  
“Father,” (at the point to die,  
My Saviour gasp'd,) “forgive!”  
Surely with that dying word  
He turns, and looks, and cries, “Tis done!”  
O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

## Section II.

*For mourners convinced of sin.*

**Hymn LVIII.**<sup>106</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

- 1 O Sun of righteousness, arise  
With healing in thy wing,  
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,  
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel  
By thy all-piercing beam;  
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart  
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind by thy all-quick'ning power  
From low desires set free;  
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix  
My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long lost son receive:  
Saviour, thy purchase own;  
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy  
Thy new-made creature crown.

---

<sup>106</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 32–33.



- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,  
Co-equal One and Three,  
On thee all faith, all hope be placed,  
All love be paid to thee.

**Hymn LIX.**<sup>107</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1 Let the world their virtue boast,  
Their works of righteousness,  
I, a wretch undone and lost,  
Am freely saved by grace;  
Other title I disclaim,  
This, only this is all my plea;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 2 Happy they, whose joys abound  
Like Jordan's swelling stream,  
Who their heaven in Christ have found,  
And give the praise to him;  
Let them triumph in his name,  
Enjoy their full felicity;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Blest are they, entirely blest,  
Who can in him rejoice,  
Lean on his beloved breast,  
And hear the Bridegroom's voice;  
Meanest follower of the Lamb,  
His steps I at a distance see;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 I like Gideon's fleece am found,  
Unwatered still, and dry,  
While the dew on all around  
Falls plenteous from the sky,

---

<sup>107</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 259–60; stanzas 1, 3–4, 6, 8–9. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 111.

Yet my Lord I cannot blame,  
The Saviour's grace for all is free;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

5 Surely he will lift me up,  
For I of him have need;  
I cannot give up my hope,  
Though I am cold and dead:  
To bring fire on earth he came;  
O that it now might kindled be!  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

6 Jesus, thou for me hast died,  
And thou in me wilt live;  
I shall feel thy death applied,  
I shall thy life receive;  
Yet when melted in the flame  
Of love, this shall be all my plea;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

**Hymn LX.**<sup>108</sup> (Bexley.)

1 Why should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
The tokens of thy grace?

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And shew my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.

---

<sup>108</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 43; appears here via *CPH* (1741), 34–35.

- 4    Thou art the earnest of his love,  
      The pledge of joys to come;  
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,  
      Safely convey me home.

**Hymn LXI.**<sup>109</sup> (Bexley.)

- 1    God is in this and every place;  
      But O how dark and void  
To me! 'Tis one great wilderness,  
      This earth without my God.
- 2    Empty of him, who all things fills,  
      Till he his light impart!  
Till he his glorious self reveals,  
      The veil is on my heart!
- 3    O thou, who seest and know'st my grief,  
      Thyself unseen, unknown,  
Pity my helpless unbelief,  
      And take away the stone.
- 4    Regard me with a gracious eye,  
      The long-sought blessing give;  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
      Behold thy face, and live.
- 5    A darker soul did never yet  
      Thy promis'd help implore!  
O that I now my Lord might meet,  
      And never lose him more!
- 6    Now, Jesus, now the Father's love  
      Shed in my heart abroad;  
The middle wall of sin remove,  
      And let me into God!

---

<sup>109</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:41–42; stanzas 11–16. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 113.

**Hymn LXII.**<sup>110</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

- 1 O that I could my Lord receive,  
Who did the world redeem!  
Who gave his life, that I might live  
A life concealed in him!
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,  
My heart's extreme desire!  
Live happy in my Saviour's love,  
And in his arms expire!
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,  
That kept by mercy's power,  
I may from every evil cease,  
And never grieve thee more!
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,  
Even now my sins remove,  
And set my soul at liberty  
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers  
Thou pardoning God descend!  
Number me with salvation's heirs,  
My sins and troubles end!
- 6 Nothing I ask, or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven:  
But let me feel thy blood applied,  
And live, and die forgiven.

**Hymn LXIII.**<sup>111</sup> (Athlone.)

- 1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my sins<sup>112</sup> before thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.

---

<sup>110</sup>This is an extract from *Family Hymns* (1767), 170; stanzas 1, 3–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 121.

<sup>111</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 41–42.

<sup>112</sup>Originally “crimes” in *CPH* (1737). “Sins” changed back to “crimes” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to<sup>113</sup> sin:  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;  
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford:  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

### Section III.

#### *For mourners brought to the birth.*

#### Hymn LXIV.<sup>114</sup> (Brockmer.)

- 1 With glorious clouds incompast round,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
Will the unsearchable be found,  
Or God appear to me?

---

<sup>113</sup>Originally "from" in *CPH* (1737). "To" changed back to "from" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>114</sup>First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 171–72; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,  
Himself to worms impart?  
Answer thou Man of grief and love,  
And speak it to my heart!
- 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 confest,  
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 LXV.**<sup>115</sup> (Mourner's.)

- 1 Jesu, if still the same thou art,  
If all thy promises are sure,  
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,  
And make me rich, for I am poor:

---

<sup>115</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 65–66; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 130.

- To me be all thy treasures given,  
The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2    Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,  
      And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:  
I cannot; no, I will not rest,  
      Till thou my only rest return;  
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,  
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3    Where is the blessedness bestowed  
      On all, that hunger after thee?  
I hunger now, I thirst for God!  
      See, the poor fainting sinner see,  
And satisfy with endless peace,  
And fill me with the<sup>116</sup> righteousness!
- 4    Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,  
      Then hear thyself within me pray:  
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,  
      Mark, what my labouring soul would say;  
Answer the deep unuttered groan,  
And shew, that thou and I are one.
- 5    Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;  
      Light in thy light I then shall see:  
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,  
      "Glory divine is risen on thee:  
"Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er;  
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 6    Lord, I believe the promise sure,  
      And trust, thou wilt not long delay:  
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
      Upon thy word myself I stay;  
Into thine<sup>117</sup> hands my all resign,  
And wait, till all thou art is mine!

---

<sup>116</sup>Originally "thy" in *HSP* (1740). "The" changed back to "thy" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>117</sup>Originally "thy" in *HSP* (1740). "Thine" changed back to "thy" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn LXVI.**<sup>118</sup> (St. Paul's.)

**Part the First.**

- 1 Jesus, if still thou art to-day  
As yesterday the same,  
Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of thy name!
- 2 If still thou goest about to do  
Thy needy creatures good,  
On me, that I thy praise may shew,  
Be all thy wonders shewed.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat;  
With pitying eyes behold me fall  
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorred,  
I sink beneath my sin;  
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,  
Open, O Lord, my ear;  
Bid me stretch out my withered hands,  
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas! thou knowest how long,)  
My voice I cannot raise;  
But O when thou shalt loose my tongue,  
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lamé at the pool I still am found:  
Give, and my strength employ;  
Light as a hart I then shall bound,  
The lame shall leap for joy.

---

<sup>118</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 71–72; stanzas 1–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 131.



- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,  
And dark I am within:  
The love of God I cannot see,  
The sinfulness of sin:
- 9 But thou, they say, art passing by:  
O let me find thee near!  
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear!
- 10 Long have I waited in the way  
For thee, the heavenly light:  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
Sinner, receive thy sight!

**Hymn LXVII.**<sup>119</sup> (Wenvo.)

**Part the Second.**

- 1 While dead in trespasses I lie,  
Thy quickning Spirit give;  
Call me, thou Son of God, that I  
May hear thy voice, and live.
- 2 While, full of anguish and disease,  
My weak, distempered soul  
Thy love compassionately sees,  
O let it make me whole.
- 3 While, torn by hellish pride, I cry,  
By legion-lust possest,  
Son of the living God, draw nigh,  
And speak me into rest!
- 4 Cast out thy foes, and let them still  
To Jesu's name submit;  
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,  
And place me at thy feet.

---

<sup>119</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 72–74; stanzas 11–21. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 132.

- 5 To Jesu's name if all things now  
A trembling homage pay,  
O let my stubborn spirit bow,  
My stiff-necked will obey.
- 6 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,  
And sick, and poor I am;  
But sure a remedy to find  
For all in Jesu's name.
- 7 I know in thee all fulness dwells,  
And all for wretched man;  
Fill every want my spirit feels,  
And break off every chain.
- 8 If thou impart thyself to me,  
No other good I need:  
If thou the Son shalt make me free,  
I shall be free indeed.
- 9 I cannot rest, till in thy blood  
I full redemption have;  
But thou, through whom I come to God,  
Canst to the utmost save.
- 10 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,  
Thou wilt redeem my soul:  
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;  
My faith shall make me whole.
- 11 I too with thee shall walk in white,  
With all thy saints shall prove,  
What is the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth of perfect love.

**Hymn LXVIII.**<sup>120</sup> (Lamp's.<sup>121</sup>)

- 1 When shall thy love constrain,  
And force me to thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?

---

<sup>120</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 77–79; stanzas 5–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 133.

<sup>121</sup>“Lamp's” changed to “Lampe's” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

Ah! What avails my strife,  
My wandring to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life:  
Ah! Whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move:  
It calls me still to seek thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.  
Lord, at thy feet I fall!  
I groan to be set free:  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for thee!

3 To rescue me from woe  
Thou didst with all things part;  
Didst lead a suffering life below  
To gain my worthless heart.  
My worthless heart to gain,  
The God of all that breathe,  
Was found in fashion as a man,  
And died a cursed death.

4 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away  
For Jesus to receive?  
Nay, but I yield, I yield?  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink by dying love compelled,  
And own thee Conqueror!

5 Though late, I all forsake,  
My friends my all resign:  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine!  
Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove:  
Settle, and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.

6        My one desire be this,  
          Thy only love to know:  
To seek, and taste no other bliss,  
          No other good below.  
          My life, my portion thou,  
          Thou all-sufficient art,  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
          Enter, and keep my heart!

**Hymn LXIX.**<sup>122</sup> (Foundery.)

1        Drooping soul, shake off thy fears,  
          Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;  
Tarry, till the Lord appears,  
          Never, never quit thy hold:  
Murmur not at his delay,  
          Dare not set thy God a time,  
Calmly for his coming stay,  
          Leave it, leave it all to him.

2        Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;  
          Wait the leisure of thy Lord:  
Though it seem to tarry long,  
          True and faithful is his word:  
On his word my soul I cast,  
          (He can ne'er himself deny,)  
Surely it shall speak at last:  
          It shall speak, and shall not lye.

3        Every one, that seeks, shall find;  
          Every one, that asks, shall have  
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,  
          Willing, able all to save;  
I shall his salvation see,  
          I in faith on Jesus call,  
I from sin shall be set free,  
          Perfectly set free from all.

---

<sup>122</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 237–38; stanzas 1–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 137.

- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,  
Weak and helpless as I am:  
Surely thou canst make me stand;  
I believe in Jesu's name:  
Saviour in temptation thou,  
Thou hast saved me heretofore:  
Thou from sin dost save me now;  
Thou shalt save me evermore.

**Hymn LXX.**<sup>123</sup> (Chappel.)

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me!
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable:  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depth<sup>124</sup> to see:  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
This only portion, Lord, be mine!  
Be mine this better part!
- 4 O that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet,  
Be this my happy choice!  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

---

<sup>123</sup>This is an extract from *Festival Hymns* (1746), 47–49; stanzas 1–4, 6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 141.

<sup>124</sup>“Depth” changed to “depths” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 5 O that I could with favour'd John  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast!  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.

**Hymn LXXI.**<sup>125</sup> (112th Psalm.)

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ the just,  
My friend and Advocate with thee,  
Pity a soul, that fain would trust  
In him, who lived, and died for me:  
But only thou canst make him known,  
And in my heart reveal thy Son.
- 2 If, drawn by thine<sup>126</sup> alluring grace,  
My want of living faith I feel,  
Shew me in Christ thy smiling face;  
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,  
Thy co-eternal Son display,  
And call my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart;  
Command the light of faith to shine;  
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,  
And fill me with the life divine.  
Now bid the new creation be!  
O God, let there be faith in me!

**Hymn LXXII.**<sup>127</sup> (Lamp's.<sup>128</sup>)

- 1 Ah! Whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
And pour out my complaint?

---

<sup>125</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 18–19; stanzas 1–3. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 142.

<sup>126</sup>“Thine” changed to “thy” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>127</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 46–47, 49; stanzas 1–3, 12. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 146.

<sup>128</sup>“Lamp's” changed to “Lampe's” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

My Saviour bids me come,  
Ah! Why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner<sup>129</sup> home;  
And yet from him I stay.

2       What is it keeps me back,  
          From which I cannot part?  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
          Possession of my heart?  
          Some cursed thing unknown  
          Must surely lurk within:  
Some idol, which I will not own,  
          Some secret bosom-sin.

3       Jesu, the hindrance show,  
          Which I have feared to see:  
Yet let me now consent to know  
          What keeps me out of thee.  
          Searcher of hearts, in mine  
          Thy trying power display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
          And take the veil away.

4       I now believe, in thee  
          Compassion reigns alone:  
According to my faith, to me  
          O let it, Lord, be done!  
          In me is all the bar,  
          Which thou wouldst fain remove;  
Remove it, and I shall declare,  
          That God is only love.

**Hymn LXXIII.**<sup>130</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

1       Thou hidden God, for whom I groan,  
          Till thou thyself declare;  
God inaccessible, unknown,  
          Regard a sinner's prayer.

---

<sup>129</sup>“Sinner” changed to “sinners” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>130</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 37–38; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 144.

- 2 A sinner weltring in his blood,  
Unpurged, and unforgiven;  
Far distant from the living God,  
As far as hell from heaven.
- 3 An unregenerate child of man,  
To thee for faith I call:  
Pity thy fallen creature's pain  
And raise me from my fall!
- 4 The darkness, which through thee I feel,  
Thou only canst remove:  
Thy own eternal power reveal,  
Thy deity of love?
- 5 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,  
That grace may let me go:  
In hope believing against hope,  
I wait the truth to know.
- 6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,  
Thou wilt thy light afford:  
Bound and opprest, yet thine I am,  
The prisoner of the Lord.
- 7 I would not to thy foe submit;  
I hate the tyrant's chain:  
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,  
Nor let me cry in vain!
- 8 Shew me the blood, that bought my peace,  
The covenant blood apply!  
And all my griefs at once shall cease,  
And all my sins shall die.
- 9 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend;  
The mountain sin remove:  
My unbelief and troubles end,  
If thou art truth and love!



- 10 Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart,  
What thou for me hast done!  
One grain of living faith impart,  
And God is all my own!

**Hymn LXXIV.**<sup>131</sup> (Olney.)

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, attend  
Thy feeble creature's cry;  
And shew thyself the sinner's friend,  
And set me up on high.  
From hell's oppressive power  
My struggling soul release;  
And to thy Father's grace restore,  
And to thy perfect peace.
- 2 Thy blood and righteousness  
I make my only plea!  
My present and eternal peace,  
Are both derived from thee.  
Rivers of life divine  
From thee, their fountain, flow,  
And all who know that love of thine,  
The joy<sup>132</sup> of angels know.
- 3 Come then, impute, impart  
To me thy righteousness,  
And let me taste how good thou art;  
How full of truth and grace:  
That thou canst here forgive,  
Grant me to testify,  
And justified by faith to live,  
And in that faith to die.

**Hymn LXXV.**<sup>133</sup> (Brentford.)

- 1 Lo! in thy hand I lay,  
And wait thy will to prove,  
My Potter, stamp on me thy clay,  
Thy only stamp of love!

---

<sup>131</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 1–2; stanzas 1, 3–4. Appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 12.

<sup>132</sup>“Joy” changed to “joys” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>133</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1742), 49–50; stanzas 14–16. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 147.

Be this my whole desire,  
I know that it is thine!  
Then kindle in my soul a fire,  
Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness  
To save mankind assert;  
Thy image, love, thy name impress,  
Thy nature on my heart!  
Bowels of mercy, hear,  
Into my soul come down;  
Let it throughout<sup>134</sup> my life appear,  
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!  
O fix in me thy home!  
So shall I cry to all mankind,  
Come, to the waters, come!  
Jesus is full of grace;  
To all his bowels move:  
Behold in him, ye fallen race,  
That God is only love!

**Hymn LXXVI.**<sup>135</sup> (Passion.)

1 O Jesus my hope, for me offered up,  
Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's top:  
The blood thou hast shed, for me let it plead,  
And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's stead.

2 Come then from above, the stony remove,  
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love.  
Thy love on the tree display unto me,  
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

3 Neither passion nor pride thy cross can abide,  
But melt in the fountain, that streams from thy side.

---

<sup>134</sup>“Throughout” changed to “through” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790); a misprint because it changed the metre.

<sup>135</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:81–82; stanzas 1, 3–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 154.

Let the wonderful flood wash off all my load,  
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to God.

- 4 Now, now let me know its virtue below!  
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
Let it hallow my heart, and throughly convert,  
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.
- 5 Each moment applied, my weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:  
My Advocate prove with the Father above,  
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

**Hymn LXXVII.**<sup>136</sup> (Dresden.)

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,  
And still shook off my guilty fears;  
And vexed, and urged thee to depart  
For forty, long, rebellious years.
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all, whoe'er thy grace received;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.
- 4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare  
In honour of my great high-priest,  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,  
This only plague I pray remove:  
Nor leave me in my lost estate;  
Nor curse me with this want of love.

---

<sup>136</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:86–87; stanzas 1–5, 7. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 155.

6 From now my weary soul release;  
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand;  
And guide into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

**Hymn LXXVIII.**<sup>137</sup> (Passion.)

1 Come, Lord, from above,  
The mountains remove,  
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love:  
My bosom inspire,  
Inkindle the fire,  
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

2 I languish and pine  
For the comfort divine,  
O when shall I say, my beloved is mine?  
I have chose the good part,  
My portion thou art,  
O love, I have found thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart sighs,  
Nothing else can suffice;  
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?  
It cannot be bought,  
And thou know'st I have nought,  
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice say,  
Without money ye may  
Receive it, whoever hath<sup>138</sup> nothing to pay:  
Who on Jesus relies,  
Without money or price,  
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

5 The blessing is free:  
So, Lord, let it be;  
I yield that thy love should be given to me.

---

<sup>137</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 6–7.

<sup>138</sup>Originally “have” in *Redemption Hymns* (1747). “Hath” changed to “has” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

I freely receive  
What thou freely dost give,  
And consent in thy love, in thine Eden to live.

- 6       The gift I embrace,  
          The giver I praise,  
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace;  
          It came from above,  
          The foretaste I prove,  
And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

**Hymn LXXIX.**<sup>139</sup> (Thou Shepherd of Israel.)

- 1       Come, holy celestial Dove,  
          To visit a sorrowful breast!  
My burthen of guilt to remove,  
          And bring me assurance and rest!  
Thou only hast power to relieve  
          A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;  
The sense of acceptance to give,  
          And sprinkle his heart with thy blood!
- 2       With me if of old thou hast strove,  
          And strangely with-held from my sin,  
And tried by the lure of thy love  
          My worthless affections to win:  
The work of thy mercy revive;  
          Thy uttermost mercy exert:  
And kindly continue to strive,  
          And hold, till I yield thee my heart!
- 3       Thy call if I ever have known,  
          And sighed from myself to get free,  
And groaned the unspeakable groan,  
          And longed to be happy in thee;  
Fulfil the imperfect desire!  
          Thy peace to my conscience reveal;  
The sense of thy favour inspire,  
          And give me my pardon to feel.

---

<sup>139</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 29–30; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 159.

4 If when I had put thee to grief,  
And madly to folly returned,  
Thy pity hath been my relief,  
And lifted me up as I mourned;  
Most pitiful Spirit of grace,  
Relieve me again, and restore;  
My spirit in holiness raise,  
To fall and to suffer no more!

5 If now I lament after God,  
And gasp for a drop of thy love,  
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood  
For me to receive from above;  
Come, heavenly Comforter, come!  
True witness of mercy divine:  
And make me thy permanent home,  
And seal me eternally thine!

**Section IV.**

***Convinced of backsliding.***

**Hymn LXXX.<sup>140</sup> (Builth.)**

**Part the First.**

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

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

---

<sup>140</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:123–25; stanzas 1–7.

- 3 'Twas an<sup>141</sup> heaven below  
My Saviour to know;  
The angels could do nothing more  
Than fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song;  
O that all his salvation might see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered, and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love  
I was carried above  
All sin, and temptation, and pain:  
I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,  
Freely justified I!  
Nor envied Elijah his seat;  
My soul mounted higher  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the moon it was under my feet.
- 7 Oh! the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight,  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possest  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

---

<sup>141</sup>“An” changed to “a” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

**Hymn LXXXI.**<sup>142</sup> (Builth.)

**Part the Second.**

- 1        Ah, where am I now!  
          When was it, or how  
          That I fell from my heaven of grace!  
          I am brought into thrall,  
          I am stript of my all!  
          I am banished from Jesus's face.
- 2        Hardly yet do I know  
          How I let my Lord go,  
          So insensibly starting aside;  
          When the tempter came in  
          With his own subtle sin,  
          And infected my spirit with pride.
- [3]       But I felt it too soon  
          That my Saviour was gone,  
          Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;  
          My triumph and boast  
          On a sudden were lost,  
          And my day it was turned into night.
- 4        Only pride could destroy  
          That innocent joy,  
          And make my Redeemer depart;  
          But whate'er was the cause,  
          I lament the sad loss,  
          For the veil is come over my heart.
- 5        Ah! wretch that I am!  
          I can only exclaim,  
          Like a devil tormented within:  
          My Saviour is gone,  
          And has left me alone  
          To the fury of Satan and sin.

---

<sup>142</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:125–26; stanzas 8–16.



- 6        Nothing now can relieve,  
          Without comfort I grieve,  
I have lost all my peace and my power:  
          No access do I find  
          To the friend of mankind;  
I can ask for his mercy no more.
- 7        Tongue cannot declare  
          The torment I bear,  
(While no end of my troubles I see)  
          Only Adam could tell  
          On the day that he fell,  
And was turned out of Eden like me.
- 8        Driven out from my God,  
          I wander abroad,  
Through a desert of sorrows I rove:  
          And how great is my pain,  
          That I cannot regain  
My Eden of Jesus's love!
- 9        I never shall rise  
          To my first paradise,  
Or come my Redeemer to see:  
          But I feel a faint hope  
          That at last he will stoop,  
And his pity shall bring him to me.

**Hymn LXXXII.**<sup>143</sup> (Funeral.)

- 1        How shall a lost sinner in pain  
          Recover his forfeited peace?  
When brought into bondage again,  
          What hope of a second release?  
Will mercy itself be so kind  
          To spare such a rebel as me?  
And, O! can I possibly find  
          Such plenteous redemption in thee?

---

<sup>143</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:134–35; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 167.

- 2 O Jesus, of thee I require,  
If still thou art able to save,  
The brand to pluck out of the fire,  
And ransom my soul from the grave?  
The help of thy Spirit restore,  
And shew me the life-giving blood,  
And pardon a sinner once more,  
And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,  
Come quickly to help a lost soul,  
To comfort a mourner appear,  
And make a poor Lazarus whole:  
The balm of thy mercy apply,  
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel)  
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,  
O save, or I sink into hell!
- 4 I sink if thou longer delay  
Thy pardoning mercy to show:  
Come quickly, and kindly display  
The power of thy passion below,  
By all thou hast done for my sake,  
One drop of thy blood I implore:  
Now, now let it touch me, and make  
The sinner a sinner no more!

**Hymn LXXXIII.**<sup>144</sup> (Funeral.)

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see:  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness with me:  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay:  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

---

<sup>144</sup>Source: John Newton, Hymn 46, *Olney Hymns* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., 1779), 56–57; JW has taken from *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 89.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice:  
 I should, were he<sup>145</sup> always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resigned;  
 No changes of season or place,  
 Would make any change in my mind:  
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my sun and my song!  
 Say, why do I languish and pine,  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my<sup>146</sup> sky,  
 Thy soul-chearing presence restore;  
 Or take me unto thee on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

**Hymn LXXXIV.**<sup>147</sup> (Marienbourn.)

- 1 O 'tis enough, my God, my God!  
 Here let me give my wandrings o'er;  
 No longer trample on thy blood,  
 And grieve thy gentleness no more:  
 No more thy lingring anger move,  
 Or sin against thy light and love.
- 2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee  
 Now let it all on me be shown!  
 On me, the chief of sinners, me,  
 Who humbly for thy mercy groan!

---

<sup>145</sup>“He” changed to “we” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>146</sup>“My” changed to “the” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>147</sup>This is an extract from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 18–19; stanzas 1, 3–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 163.

Me to thy Father's grace restore;  
Nor let me ever grieve thee more.

- 3 Fountain of unexhausted love,  
Of infinite compassions,<sup>148</sup> hear;  
My Saviour and my Prince above,  
Once more in my behalf appear!  
Repentance, faith, and pardon give:  
O let me turn again, and live!

**Hymn LXXXV.**<sup>149</sup> (Pudsey.)

- 1 Thou Man of Griefs, remember me,  
Who never canst thyself forget  
Thy last, mysterious agony,  
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!
- 2 When wrestling in the strength of prayer,  
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;  
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear  
The wrath of an Almighty God.
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,  
Regard my fearful<sup>150</sup> heart's desire!  
Remove this load of guilty woe,  
Nor let me in my sins expire:
- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,  
Which bruises now my wretched soul,  
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,  
Long as eternal ages roll.
- 5 To thee my last distress I bring!  
The heightened fear of death I find:  
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,  
Appears, and hell is close behind.

---

<sup>148</sup>Originally "compassion" in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741). "Compassions" changed back to "compassion" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>149</sup>This is an extract from *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:352; stanzas 1, 3–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 174.

<sup>150</sup>"Fearful" changed to "faithful" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 6 I deprecate that death alone,  
That endless banishment from thee:  
O save, and give me to thy Son,  
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

**Section V.**  
***For mourners recovered.***

**Hymn LXXXVI.**<sup>151</sup> (Dedication.)

- 1 Jesu, shepherd of the sheep,  
Pity my unsettled soul!  
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,  
Till thy love shall make me whole:  
Give me, perfect soundness give,  
Make me stedfastly<sup>152</sup> believe.
- 2 I am never at one stay!  
Changing every hour I am:  
But thou art, as yesterday,  
Now and evermore the same:  
Constancy to me impart,  
'Stablish with thy grace my heart.
- 3 Lay thy<sup>153</sup> weighty cross on me,  
All my unbelief controul:  
Till the rebel cease to be,  
Keep him down within my soul:  
That he never more may move,  
Root and ground me fast in love.
- 4 Give me faith to hold me up,  
Walking over life's rough sea;  
Holy, purifying hope  
Still my soul's sure anchor be:  
That I may be always thine,  
Perfect me in love divine.

---

<sup>151</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:166–67; stanzas 1, 3–5. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 176.

<sup>152</sup>“Stedfastly” changed to “steadily” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>153</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

**Hymn LXXXVII.**<sup>154</sup> (Cary's.)

- 1    Weary of wandring 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;  
      Open thine arms, and take me in,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.
  
- 3    Thou knowst the way to bring me back,  
      My fallen spirit to restore:  
Oh! for thy truth and mercy's sake  
      Forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a 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.

---

<sup>154</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:158–59; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 179.

- 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 to offend thee more.

**Hymn LXXXVIII.**<sup>155</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1 Son of God, if thy free grace  
Again hath raised me up,  
Called me still to seek thy face,  
And given me back my hope:  
Still thy timely help afford,  
And all thy loving-kindness show;  
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
And never let me go.
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand  
In fierce temptation's hour;  
Save me with thine out-stretched hand,  
And shew forth all thy power:  
Oh! be mindful of thy word,  
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow:  
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
And never let me go.
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,  
And fix it in my heart:  
That I may from evil near  
With timely care depart.  
Sin be more than hell abhorred:  
Till thou destroy the tyrant-foe,  
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
And never let me go.
- 4 Never let me leave thy breast,  
From thee, my Saviour, stray;  
Thou art my support and rest,  
My true and living way:

---

<sup>155</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 73–74; stanzas 1, 3–5. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 180.

My exceeding great reward  
In heaven above, and earth below:  
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
And never let me go.

**Hymn LXXXIX.**<sup>156</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1 Lord, and is thine anger gone?  
And art thou pacified?  
After all, that I have done,  
Dost thou no longer chide?  
Infinite thy mercies are;  
Beneath the weight I cannot move,  
Oh! 'tis more than I can bear,  
The sense of pardoning love.
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,  
And all my passions sway;  
Keep me, lest I turn again  
Out of the narrow way:  
Force my violence to be still,  
And captivate my every thought:  
Charm, and melt, and change my will,  
And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more  
Thy sweet return to feel;  
If even now I find thy power  
Present my soul to heal:  
Still and quiet may I lie,  
Nor struggle out of thine embrace:  
Never more resist, or fly  
From thy pursuing grace.
- 4 To the cross, thine altar bind  
Me with the cords of love;  
Freedom let me never find  
From my dear Lord to move:

---

<sup>156</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 71–72; stanzas 1–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 181.



That I never, never more  
May with my much-loved Master part,  
To the posts of mercy's door  
O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helplessness,  
And leave me not alone;  
O preserve in perfect peace,  
And seal me for thine own;  
More and more thyself reveal,  
Thy presence let me always find:  
Comfort, and confirm, and heal  
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye  
Thy weakest servant keep;  
Help me at thy feet to lie,  
And there for ever weep.  
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,  
That I have any hope of heaven;  
Much of love I ought to know;  
For I have much forgiven.

#### **PART IV.**

##### **Section I.**

*For believers rejoicing.*

**Hymn XC.**<sup>157</sup> (Trumpet.)

1 The Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise!  
Who reigns enthroned on high,  
Ancient of endless days;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.

---

<sup>157</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:250–51.

2       Barren and withered trees,  
          We cumbered long the ground;  
          No fruit of holiness  
          On our dead souls was found;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
Another, and another year.

3       When justice bared the sword,  
          To cut the fig-tree down;  
          The pity of our Lord,  
          Cried, "Let it still alone:"  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.

4       Jesus, thy speaking blood  
          From God obtain'd the grace,  
          Who therefore hath bestow'd  
          On us a longer space;  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo, we see another year!

5       Then dig about our root,  
          Break up our<sup>158</sup> fallow ground,  
          And let our gracious fruit  
          To thy great praise abound;  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

**Hymn XCI.**<sup>159</sup> (Tallis.)

1       O what shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
          So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace!  
          So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
          The weakest believer, that hangs upon him!

2       How happy the man, whose heart is set free,  
          The people that can be joyful in thee!  
          Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,  
          And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

---

<sup>158</sup>"Our" changed to "the" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>159</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 118–19; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 190.

- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,  
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim:  
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power;  
And I also trust to see the glad hour,  
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,  
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence;  
I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence;  
Since I have found favour, he all things will do,  
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,  
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known:  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

**Hymn XCII.**<sup>160</sup> (Hamilton.)

- 1 Oft I in my heart have said,  
Who shall ascend on high,  
Mount to Christ my glorious head,  
And bring him from the sky?  
Borne on contemplation's wing,  
Surely I should<sup>161</sup> find him there,  
Where the angels praise their King,  
And gain the Morning-Star.
- 2 Oft I in my heart have said,  
Who to the deep shall stoop,  
Sink with Christ among the dead  
From thence to bring him up?  
Could I but my heart prepare  
By unfeigned humility,  
Christ would quickly enter there,  
And ever dwell with<sup>162</sup> me.

---

<sup>160</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 179; stanzas 1–3. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 185.

<sup>161</sup>“Should” changed to “shall” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>162</sup>“With” changed to “in” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 3 But the righteousness of faith  
 Hath taught me better things:  
 “Inward turn thine eyes,” (it saith,  
 While Christ to me it brings,  
 “Christ is ready to impart  
 Life to all, for life who sigh;  
 In thy mouth, and in thy heart  
 The word is ever nigh.”

**Hymn XCIII.**<sup>163</sup> (Fonmon.)

- 1 Arise, my soul arise,  
 Shake off thy guilty fears;  
 The bleeding sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears;  
 Before the throne my surety stands;  
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above  
 For me to intercede;  
 His all-redeeming love,  
 His precious blood to plead:  
 His blood atoned for all our<sup>164</sup> race,  
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
 Received on Calvary;  
 They pour<sup>165</sup> effectual prayers,  
 They strongly speak for me:  
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
 His dear anointed one;  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his Son:  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me, I am born of God.

---

<sup>163</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 264–65; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 194.

<sup>164</sup>“Our” changed to “the” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>165</sup>“Pour” changed to “power” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790); a misprint.

- 5 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father cry!

**Hymn XCIV.**<sup>166</sup> (Old German.)

- 1 My God, I am thine: what a comfort divine,  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine.  
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,  
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his name.
- 2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound;  
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.  
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below!
- 3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;  
That, that is the fulness: but this is the taste:  
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

**Hymn XCV.**<sup>167</sup> (Hotham.)

- 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!

---

<sup>166</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:219–20; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 2.

<sup>167</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 157; stanzas 3–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 199.

- 3 Christ our brother and our friend  
Shews 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!

**Hymn XCVI.**<sup>168</sup> (Dying Stephen.)

- 1 Head of the 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 for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation;  
Nor will we fear,  
While thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation:

---

<sup>168</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.

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:  
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 XCVII.**<sup>169</sup> (Cornish.)

- 1 Come, let us join our chearful songs  
With angels round the throne,  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus;  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

---

<sup>169</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 34; appears here via *CPH* (1743), 136–37.

**Hymn XCVIII.**<sup>170</sup> (Birmingham.)

- 1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,  
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
 Thee will I love with all my power,  
 In all my works and thee alone;  
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah! Why did I so late thee know,  
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?  
 Ah! Why did I no sooner go  
 To thee, the only ease in pain?  
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,  
 That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed;  
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;  
 For<sup>171</sup> wide my wandring thoughts were spread,  
 Thy creatures more than thee I loved;  
 And now if more at length I see,  
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
 That thy bright beams on me have shined,  
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind,  
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
 Nor suffer me again to stray;  
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace  
 Still to press forward in thy way:  
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,  
 Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

---

<sup>170</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Johann Scheffler, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 198–200. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 202.

<sup>171</sup>“For” changed to “Far” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).



- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
Give to my heart chaste hallowed fires,  
Give to my soul with filial fears  
The love, that all heaven's host inspires;  
That all my powers with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,  
Thee will I love beneath thy frown  
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod;  
What though my flesh and heart decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day!

**Hymn XCIX.**<sup>172</sup> (Evesham.)

- 1 Great God, indulge my humble claim;  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!  
The glories that compose thy name,  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God!  
And I am thine, by sacred ties,  
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look;  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,  
No lasting pleasure can afford;  
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burthen prove  
If I were banished from thee, Lord!
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

---

<sup>172</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 46.

**Hymn C.**<sup>173</sup> (Cornish.)

- 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 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.

**Hymn CI.**<sup>174</sup> (Trumpet Tune.)

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

---

<sup>173</sup>First appeared in *New Year's Hymns* (1749), 11.

<sup>174</sup>First appeared in *New Year's Hymns* (1749), 6–7.

- 2            Jesus, our great high priest,  
              Hath full atonement made;  
              Ye weary spirits rest;  
              Ye mournful souls be glad:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3            Extol the Lamb of God,  
              The all-atoning Lamb;  
              Redemption in his blood,  
              Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4            Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
              Your liberty receive,  
              And safe in Jesus dwell,  
              And blest in Jesus live.  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5            Ye who have sold for nought  
              Your heritage above,  
              Shall have it back unbought,  
              The gift of Jesu's love.  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6            The gospel-trumpet hear,  
              The news of heavenly grace:  
              And saved from earth, appear  
              Before your Saviour's face!  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

**Hymn CII.**<sup>175</sup> (Dresden.)

- 1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groaned beneath your load!  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richest blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for man!  
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb:  
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise)  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;  
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster death in chains.  
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!  
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 Then ask the monster—"where's thy sting?  
 ["And where's thy victory, O grave?"

**Hymn CIII.**<sup>176</sup> (Cornish.)

- 1 Infinite, unexhausted love!  
 Jesus and love are one:  
 If still to me thy bowels move,  
 They are restrained to none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love!  
 My loving God to praise?  
 The length, and breadth, and height to prove,  
 And depth of sovereign grace?

---

<sup>175</sup>JW included the hymn "Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning" by Isaac Watts (with minor revisions) in *Select Hymns* (1761), 83–84; and *Select Hymns* (1765), 79–80. While the present hymn traces back to the same original in Watts, JW is reproducing here the form of the hymn in *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 115–16; who in turn drew on a much revised version of Watts's original found in Martin Madan, *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1760), 113–14.

<sup>176</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:163–64; stanzas 9, 11–18. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 207.

- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,  
Immense and unconfined:  
From age to age it never ends,  
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known:  
Wide as infinity!  
So wide, it never passed by one,  
Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven:  
But far above the skies,  
In Christ abundantly forgiven,  
I see thy mercies rise!
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love  
What angel-tongue can tell?  
O may I to the utmost prove  
The gift unspeakable?
- 7 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence,  
Deeper than inbred sin:  
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,  
When Jesus enters in.
- 8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take  
Possession of thine own!  
My longing heart vouchsafe to make  
Thine everlasting throne!
- 9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,  
Come quickly from above;  
And sink me to perfection's height,  
The depth of humble love.

**Hymn CIV.**<sup>177</sup> (Zion.)

- 1 All glory to God in the sky,  
And peace upon earth be restored!  
O Jesus exalted on high,  
Appear our omnipotent Lord!

---

<sup>177</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 the 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>178</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.

---

<sup>178</sup>I.e., "alarm"; but here used alternate spelling "alarum" to provide correct metre.

**Hymn CV.**<sup>179</sup> (Brockmer.)

- 1 O thou to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art thou!  
How glorious is thy name.
- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckoned there;  
And yet thou makest the infant tongue  
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy glorious works on high  
Employs my wondring sight,  
The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
And stars of feebler light:
- 4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st  
To keep him in thy mind?  
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
To him so wondrous kind?

**Hymn CVI.**<sup>180</sup> (Cornish.)

- 1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all;  
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distrest  
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,  
And guides our giddy youth:  
Holy and just are all thy ways,  
And all thy works are truth.

---

<sup>179</sup>By Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 66–67.

<sup>180</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16–17; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 41.

- 4    Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel;  
       Thou hear'st thy children's cry,  
 And their best wishes to fulfil  
       Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5    Thy mercy never shall remove  
       From men of heart sincere;  
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
       Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6    My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
       And spread thy fame<sup>181</sup> abroad:  
 Let all the sons of Adam raise  
       The honours of their God.

**Hymn CVII.**<sup>182</sup> (113th Psalm.)

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

---

<sup>181</sup>“Fame” changed to “name” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>182</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 9–10; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.



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

**Hymn CVIII.**<sup>183</sup> (Kettleby's.)

- 1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise:  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;  
He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens, when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,  
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,  
He views his children with delight!  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear;  
And looks, and loves his image there.

---

<sup>183</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 10–11; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 216.

**Hymn CIX.**<sup>184</sup> (Hallelujah.)

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal quires,  
That fill the realms above;  
Praise him who formed you of his fires,  
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Sing to his praise, ye crystal skies,  
The floor of his abode;  
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,  
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,  
Whose beams create our days,  
Join with the silver queen of night,  
To own your borrowed rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud  
Through the ethereal blue:  
For when his chariot is a cloud,  
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,  
The troops of his command,  
Appear in all your dreadful forms,  
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord ye surging seas,  
In your eternal roar:  
Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters sporting on the flood,  
In scaly silver shine,  
Speak terribly their Maker, God,  
And lash the foaming brine.

---

<sup>184</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 70–71; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 55–56.

- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name  
 To softer notes than these,  
 Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,  
 Or whispering through the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads ye lofty pines,  
 To him that bids you grow;  
 Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines  
 On every thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honours raise,  
 And climb the morning sky;  
 While groveling beasts attempt his praise  
 In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
 Ye mortals take the sound,  
 Echo the glories of your King  
 Through all the nations round.

**Hymn CX.**<sup>185</sup> (Canon.)

- 1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,  
 Accept the tribute which we bring,  
 Accept the well-deserved renown,  
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be  
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:  
 Like the blest hour when from above  
 We first received thy<sup>186</sup> pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
 O may it ever, ever stay!  
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
 Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!
- 4 Each following minute as it flies  
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
 Till we are raised to sing thy name  
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

---

<sup>185</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1741), 124.

<sup>186</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

**Hymn CXI.**<sup>187</sup> (Trinity.)

- 1    Father, how wide thy glories shine,<sup>188</sup>  
      How high thy wonders rise!  
      Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
      By thousand through the skies.  
      Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
      Their motions speak thy skill;  
      And on the wings of every hour  
      We read thy patience still.
  
- 2    Part of thy name divinely stands  
      On all thy creatures writ,  
      They shew the labour of thy hands,  
      Or impress of thy feet:  
      But when we view thy strange design  
      To save rebellious worms,  
      Where vengeance and compassion join  
      In their divinest forms:
  
- 3    Here the whole deity is known,  
      Nor dares a creature guess  
      Which of the glories brightest shone,  
      The justice or the grace.  
      Now the full glories of the Lamb  
      Adorn the heavenly plains,  
      Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
      And try their choicest strains.
  
- 4    O may I bear some humble part  
      In that immortal song!  
      Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
      And love command my tongue.  
      To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
      Who sweetly all agree  
      To save a world of sinners lost,  
      Eternal glory be.

---

<sup>187</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 28; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1761), 53–54.

<sup>188</sup>Originally “glory shines” in *CPH* (1738). “Glories shine” changed to “glory shines” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn CXII.**<sup>189</sup> (Salisbury.)

- 1 Glory be to God on high,  
God whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,  
Thee we now presume to sing,  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works adored;  
Hail, the everlasting Lord;  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,  
Lord of power, and God of love!
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own;  
Christ, the Father's only Son:  
Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow thine ear,<sup>190</sup> in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's atonement thou:  
Jesu, in thy name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Powerful advocate with God,  
Justify us by thy blood!  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's atonement thou.
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,  
With thy glorious Sire art one;  
One the Holy Ghost with thee,  
One supreme, eternal Three.

---

<sup>189</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 128–29.

<sup>190</sup>Orig., “hear”; a misprint; corrected to “ear” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn CXIII.**<sup>191</sup> (Stanton.)

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Through every land, by every tongue.  
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,  
 In songs of praise divinely sing;  
 The great salvation loud proclaim,  
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name:  
 In every land begin the song;  
 To every land the strains belong:  
 In cheerful sounds your voices raise,  
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

**Hymn CXIV.**<sup>192</sup> (Evesham.)

- 1 How do thy mercies close me round,  
 For ever be thy name adored!  
 I blush in all things to abound;  
 The servant is above his Lord!
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,  
 A suffering life my Master led:  
 The Son of God, the Son of man,  
 He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared  
 For me, whom watchful angels keep;  
 Yea,<sup>193</sup> he himself becomes my guard;  
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects, my fears be gone!  
 What can the Rock of Ages move?  
 Safe in thine arms I lay me down,  
 Thy everlasting arms of love.

---

<sup>191</sup>The first stanza is Isaac Watts's hymn on Ps. 117 in *The Psalms of David* (1719), 214; the second is an adaptation of stanza 1 of "Denebeigh," by Benjamin Rhodes (1743–1816), *Poems Divine and Experimental* (Edinburgh: David Patterson, 1781), 28; as combined in *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 137.

<sup>192</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 129–30; stanzas 1–7. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 218.

<sup>193</sup>Originally "Nay" in *HSP* (1740). "Yea" changed to "Yes" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 5     While thou art intimately nigh,  
       Who, who shall violate my rest?  
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;  
       I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6     I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,  
       My griefs expire, my troubles cease;  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,  
       Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7     Me for thine own thou lovest to take  
       In time and in eternity:  
Thou never, never wilt forsake  
       A helpless worm, that trusts in thee.

**Hymn CXV.**<sup>194</sup> (Resurrection.)

- 1       God of my life, to thee  
       My chearful soul I raise;  
       Thy goodness bade me be,  
       And still prolongs my days:  
I see my natal hour<sup>195</sup> return,  
And bless the day, that I was born.
- 2       A clod of living earth,  
       I glorify thy name,  
       From whom alone my birth  
       And all my blessings came;  
Creating and preserving grace  
Let all that is within me praise.
- 3       Long as I live beneath,  
       To thee O let me live!  
       To thee my every breath  
       In thanks and praises give!  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,  
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

---

<sup>194</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:211–12; stanzas 1–2, 4a, 3b, 3a, 4b, 6, 8. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 219.

<sup>195</sup>“Hour” changed to “day” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 4        My soul and all its powers  
           Thine wholly thine shall be;  
           All, all my happy hours  
           I consecrate to thee;  
 Me to thine image now restore,  
 And I shall praise thee evermore.
- 5        I wait thy will to do,  
           As angels do in heaven!  
           In Christ a creature new,  
           Eternally forgiven;  
 I wait thy perfect will to prove,  
 All sanctified by sinless love.
- 6        Then when the<sup>196</sup> work is done,  
           The work of faith with power,  
           Receive thy favoured son;  
           In death's triumphant hour  
 Like Moses to thyself convey,  
 And kiss my raptured soul away.

**Hymn CXVI.**<sup>197</sup> (Builth.)

- 1        Away with our fears,  
           The glad morning appears,  
 When an heir of salvation was<sup>198</sup> born!  
           From Jehovah I came,  
           For his glory I am,  
 And to him I with singing return.
- 2        Thee, Jesus, alone  
           The fountain I own  
 Of my life and felicity here:  
           And cheerfully sing  
           My Redeemer and King,  
 Till his sign in the heavens appear.
- 3        With thanks I rejoice  
           In thy fatherly choice  
 Of my state and condition below!

---

<sup>196</sup>“The” changed to “this” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>197</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:257–59; stanzas 1, 3–7, 9–14. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 221.

<sup>198</sup>“Was” changed to “is” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.



If of parents I came,  
Who honoured thy name,  
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,  
From my earliest days  
Ever near to allure and defend;  
Hitherto thou hast been  
My preserver from sin,  
And I trust, thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares  
And temptations and snares  
Thy hand hath conducted me through!  
O the blessings bestowed  
By a bountiful God,  
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,  
What a heaven of bliss,  
How unspeakably happy am I;  
Gathered into the fold,  
With thy people enrolled,  
With thy people to live, and to die!

7 O the goodness of God,  
Employing a clod  
His tribute of glory to raise!  
His standard to bear,  
And with triumph declare  
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love,  
That has deigned to approve,  
And prosper the work of my hands!  
With my pastoral crook,  
I went over the brook,  
And behold! I am spread into bands!

9           Who, I ask in amaze,  
              Hath begotten me these?  
And inquire, from what quarter they came?  
              My full heart it replies,  
              They are born from the skies,  
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

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

11          In a rapture of joy  
              My life I employ  
The God of my life to proclaim:  
              'Tis worth living for this,  
              To administer bliss  
And salvation in Jesus's name.

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

**Hymn CXVII.**<sup>199</sup> (Cookham.)

1           Meet and right it is to praise  
              God, the giver of all grace;  
              God, whose mercies are bestowed  
              On the evil and the good.  
              He prevents his creatures' call,  
              Kind and merciful to all:  
              Makes his sun on sinners rise;  
              Showers his blessings from the skies.

---

<sup>199</sup>First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 13–14; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 2 Least of all thy creatures we  
Daily thy salvation see,  
As by heavenly manna fed,  
Through a world of dangers led;  
Through a wilderness of cares,  
Through ten thousand, thousand snares;  
More than now our hearts conceive,  
More than we could know, and live!
- 3 By our bosom-foe beset,  
Taken in the fowler's net;  
Passion's unresisting prey;  
Oft within the toils we lay:  
Sleeping on the brink of sin,  
Tophet gaped to take us in:  
Mercy to our rescue flew,  
Broke the snare, and brought us through.
- 4 Here, as in the lion's den,  
Undevoured we still remain;  
Pass secure the watry flood,  
Hanging on the arm of God;  
Here<sup>200</sup> we raise our voices higher,  
Shout in the refiner's fire;  
Clap our hands amidst the flame,  
Glory give to Jesu's name.
- 5 Jesu's name in Satan's hour  
Stands our adamant tower:  
Jesus doth his own defend,  
Love, and save us to the end.  
Love shall make us persevere,  
Till our conquering Lord appear;  
Bear us to our thrones above,  
Crown us with his heavenly love.

---

<sup>200</sup>“Here” changed to “Hence” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn CXVIII.**<sup>201</sup> (Hamilton's.)

- 1    Thou, my God, art good and wise,  
      And infinite in power:  
      Thee let all in earth and skies  
      Continually adore!  
      Give me thy converting grace,  
      That I may obedient prove,  
      Serve my Maker all my days,  
      And my Redeemer love.
  
- 2    For my life and cloaths and food  
      And every comfort here,  
      Thee my most indulgent God,  
      I thank with heart sincere,  
      For the blessings numberless,  
      Which thou hast already given,  
      For my smallest spark of grace,  
      And for my hope of heaven.
  
- 3    Gracious God, my sins forgive,  
      And thy good Spirit impart;  
      Then I shall in thee believe  
      With all my loving heart;  
      Always unto Jesus look,  
      Him in heavenly glory see,  
      Who my cause hath undertook,  
      And ever prays for me.
  
- 4    Grace in answer to his prayer  
      And every grace bestow,  
      That I may with zealous care  
      Perform thy will below;  
      Rooted in humility,  
      Still in every state resigned,  
      Plant, Almighty Lord, in me  
      A meek and lowly mind.

---

<sup>201</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Children* (1763), 20–21; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 234.

- 5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
With self-abasing shame  
Still I would myself despise,  
And magnify thy name:  
Thee let every creature bless,  
Praise to God alone be given,  
God alone deserves the praise  
Of all in earth or heaven.

**Hymn CXIX.**<sup>202</sup> (Athlone.)

- 1 My soul through my Redeemer's care  
Saved from the second death I feel!  
My eyes from tears of dark despair,  
My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;  
My eyes on his perfections gaze:  
My soul shall live for God alone,  
And all within me shout his praise.

**Hymn CXX.**<sup>203</sup> (Wenvo.)

- 1 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;  
Thou dost with sinners bear,  
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,  
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,  
To every soul abound;  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

---

<sup>202</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:272 ; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 237.

<sup>203</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:53–54 (#169–#171 combined); appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 241.

- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore!
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,  
A rock, that cannot move:  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns  
Unalterably sure:  
And while the truth of God remains,  
The<sup>204</sup> goodness must endure.

**Hymn CXXI.**<sup>205</sup> (Aldrich.)

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God in Persons Three!  
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost  
By all mankind and me.
- 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 cheared, and blest by thee,  
The God of pardoning love.

---

<sup>204</sup>“The” changed to “Thy” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>205</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:62–63 (#200–#202 combined); appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 243.

- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
And let thy happy child  
Behold without a cloud between  
The Godhead reconciled.
- 6 That all-comprizing peace bestow  
On me, through grace forgiven;  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven!

**Section II.**

***For believers fighting.***

**Hymn CXXII.**<sup>206</sup> (Olney.)

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 CXXIII.**<sup>207</sup> (Handel's March.)

**Part the First.**

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son;  
Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

---

<sup>206</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:160; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 257.

<sup>207</sup>This is an extract from *Whole Armour of God* (1742), 18; stanzas 1–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 258.

2           Stand then in his great might,  
              With all his strength endued,  
But take to arm you for the fight  
              The panoply of God:  
              That having all things done,  
              And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
              And stand entire at last.

3           Stand then against your foes  
              In close and firm array:  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
              Throughout the evil day;  
              But meet the sons of night,  
              But mock their vain design,  
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,  
              Of righteousness divine.

4           Leave no unguarded place,  
              No weakness of the soul;  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
              And fortify the whole:  
              Indissolubly joined,  
              To battle all proceed;  
But arm yourselves with all the mind,  
              That was in Christ your head.

**Hymn CXXIV.**<sup>208</sup> (Handel's March.)

**Part the Second.**

1           But above all, lay hold  
              On faith's victorious shield,  
Armed with that adamant and gold,  
              Be sure to win the field:  
              If faith surround your heart,  
              Satan shall be subdued,  
Repelled his every fiery dart,  
              And quenched with Jesu's blood.

---

<sup>208</sup>This is an extract from *Whole Armour of God* (1742), 19–20; stanzas 7–8, 11–12. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 259.



- 2           Jesus hath died for you!  
              What can his love withstand?  
Believe! hold fast your shield, and who  
              Shall pluck you from his hand?  
              Believe, that Jesus reigns,  
              All power to him is given;  
Believe, till freed from sin's remains,  
              Believe yourselves to heaven!
- 3           To keep your armour bright,  
              Attend with constant care;  
Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
              And watching unto prayer,  
              Ready for all alarms,  
              Stedfastly set your face,  
And always exercise your arms,  
              And use your every grace.
- 4           Pray, without ceasing pray,  
              (Your Captain gives the word,)  
His summons cheerfully obey,  
              And call upon the Lord:  
              To God your every want  
              In instant prayer display:  
Pray always: pray and never faint:  
              Pray, without ceasing pray.

**Hymn CXXV.**<sup>209</sup> (Handel's March.)

**Part the Third.**

- 1           In fellowship, alone,  
              To God with faith draw near;  
Approach his courts, besiege his throne  
              With all the powers of prayer:  
              Go to his temple, go,  
              Nor from his altar move:  
Let every house his worship know,  
              And every heart his love.

---

<sup>209</sup>This is an extract from *Whole Armour of God* (1742), 20; stanzas 13–16. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 260.

- 2        To God your spirits dart:  
          Your souls in words declare,  
Or groan to him, who reads the heart,  
          The unutterable prayer:  
          His mercy now implore,  
          And now shew forth his praise,  
In shouts, or silent awe adore  
          In<sup>210</sup> miracles of grace.
- 3        Pour out your souls to God,  
          And bow them with your knees,  
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,  
          And pray for Sion's peace:  
          Your guides and brethren bear  
          For ever on your mind:  
Extend the arms of mighty prayer  
          In grasping all mankind.
- 4        From strength to strength go on,  
          Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
          And win the well-fought day:  
          Still let the Spirit cry  
          In all his soldiers, "Come,"  
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
          And takes the conquerors home.

**Hymn CXXVI.**<sup>211</sup> (Amsterdam.)

- 1        O Almighty God of love,  
          Thy holy arm display!  
Send me succour from above  
          In this my evil day;  
Arm my weakness with thy power,  
          Woman's seed appear within!  
Be my safeguard and my tower  
          Against the face of sin.

---

<sup>210</sup>Originally "His" in *Whole Armour of God* (1742). "In" changed to "The" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>211</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 54–55; stanzas 3–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 263.

- 2     Could I of thy strength take hold,  
           And always feel thee near,  
 Confident, divinely bold,  
           My soul would scorn to fear:  
 Nothing should my firmness shock,  
           Should the gates of hell assail,  
 Were I built upon the Rock,  
           They never could prevail.
- 3     Rock of my salvation, haste,  
           Extend thy ample shade,  
 Let it over me be cast;  
           And skreen my naked head:  
 Save me from the trying hour;  
           Thou my sure protection be;  
 Shelter me from Satan's power,  
           Till I am fixed on thee.
- 4     Set upon thyself my feet,  
           And make me surely stand;  
 From temptation's rage and heat  
           Cover me with thine<sup>212</sup> hand:  
 Let me in the cleft be placed;  
           Never from my fence remove;  
 In thine arms of love embraced,  
           Of everlasting love.

**Hymn CXXVII.**<sup>213</sup> (Evesham.)

- 1     Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above!  
           Assist me with thy heavenly grace!  
 Empty my heart of worldly<sup>214</sup> love,  
           And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2     O let thy sacred presence fill,  
           And set my longing spirit free;  
 Which pants to have no other will,  
           But night and day to feast on thee.

---

<sup>212</sup>Originally "thy" in *HSP* (1742). "Thine" changed back to "thy" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>213</sup>An extract of JW's or John Byrom's translation of a French hymn by Antoinette Bourignon, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 123–24; stanzas 1–4, 6–9. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 276.

<sup>214</sup>"Worldly" changed to "earthly" only in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and then changed to "earthy" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 3 While in this region here below,  
No other good will I pursue;  
I'll bid this world of noise and show  
With all its glittering snares adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
Of any other love than thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul:  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else  
This short-enduring world can give,  
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,  
To Christ alone resolved to live.
- 7 Thee I can<sup>215</sup> love, and thee alone  
With pure delight and inward bliss:  
To know thou takest me for thy<sup>216</sup> own,  
O what a happiness is this!
- 8 Nothing on earth do I desire  
But thy pure love within my breast:  
This, only this will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

**Hymn CXXVIII.**<sup>217</sup> (Plymouth.)

- 1 Son of God, thy blessing grant,  
Still supply our every want;  
Tree of life, thy influence shed,  
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,  
Wither without thee and die,  
Weak as helpless infancy;  
O confirm my soul in thee.

---

<sup>215</sup>“I can” changed to “can I” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>216</sup>“Thy” changed to “thine” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>217</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 36; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 15.

3 Unsustained by thee I fall;  
Send the help for which I call:  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;  
Love me, save me to the end:  
Give me thy continuing grace;  
Take the everlasting praise.

**Hymn CXXIX.**<sup>218</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, shew 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 can not untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;  
Thy love can find a thousand ways,  
To foolish man unknown;  
My soul upon thy love I cast;  
I rest me, till the storm is past,  
Upon thy love alone.

---

<sup>218</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.

- 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 gulph beneath  
To everlasting day.

**Hymn CXXX.**<sup>219</sup> (Fulham.)

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power  
Through various deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see;  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confest thy power,  
And given me back to thy command:  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;  
Sudden I found thee near to save;  
The fever owned thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast;  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;  
I ever into ruin run;  
But thou art greater than my heart.

---

<sup>219</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 149–51; stanzas 1–2, 5–6, 9, 11, 14–15. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 280.

- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way, I have not known:  
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room:  
Enter, and in me ever stay;  
The crooked then shall straight become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day!

**Hymn CXXXI.**<sup>220</sup> (Kingswood.)

**Isaiah xxxii. 2.**

- 1 To the haven of thy breast,  
O Son of man, I fly;  
Be my refuge and my rest,  
For O the storm is high!  
Save me from the furious blast,  
A covert from the tempest be:  
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast  
The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring  
In a dry barren place;  
O descend on me, and bring  
Thy sweet refreshing grace;  
O'er a parched and weary land  
As a great rock extends its shade,  
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,  
And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress  
Thou hast my succour been,  
In my utter helplessness  
Restraining me from sin:  
Oh! how swiftly didst<sup>221</sup> thou move  
To save me in the trying hour!  
Still protect me with thy love,  
And shield me with thy power.

---

<sup>220</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 145–46; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 283.

<sup>221</sup>“Didst” changed to “dost” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 4 First and last in me perform  
The work thou hast begun:  
Be my shelter from the storm,  
My shadow from the sun:  
Sprinkle still the mercy-seat,  
And bring thy Father's anger down;  
Screen me, Jesu, from the heat  
And terror of his frown!
- 5 Let thy merit as a cloud  
Still interpose between:  
Plead the atonement of thy blood,  
Till I am cleansed from sin:  
Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,  
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,  
Every moment, Lord, I want  
The merit of thy death.
- 6 Never shall I want it less,  
When thou the gift hast given,  
Filled me with thy righteousness,  
And sealed the heir of heaven:  
I shall hang upon my God,  
Till I thy perfect glory see,  
Till the sprinkling of thy blood  
Shall speak me up to thee.

**Section III.**

*For believers praying.*

**Hymn CXXXII.**<sup>222</sup> (Mourners.)

- 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 the supplicating grace,  
And stir us up to seek thy face!

---

<sup>222</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 hearts 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<sup>223</sup> 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 CXXXIII.**<sup>224</sup> (Palmi'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 opprest:  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.

---

<sup>223</sup>“Thy” changed to “th” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>224</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 wandring 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 CXXXIV.**<sup>225</sup> (Brook's.)

- 1 Shepherd divine, our wants relieve  
In this our evil day:  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch, and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear;  
Oh! let our souls on thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim;  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou the perfect love impart,  
Till thou thyself bestow;  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
I will not let thee go.
- 5 I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me;  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all<sup>226</sup> like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold thy open face;  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in endless praise.

---

<sup>225</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:37–38; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 288.

<sup>226</sup>“Make me all” changed to “make all” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790); a misprint because it changed the metre.

**Hymn CXXXV.**<sup>227</sup> (Sheffield.)

**Exod. xxxii. 10. Deut. ix. 14.**

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

---

<sup>227</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 49–51; stanzas 1–4, 8. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 289.

**Hymn CXXXVI.**<sup>228</sup> (Brentford.)

- 1 Jesus, I fain would find  
Thy zeal for God in me:  
Thy yearning pity for mankind,  
Thy burning charity.
- 2 In me thy Spirit dwell!  
In me thy bowels move!  
So shall the fervor of my zeal  
Be the pure flame of love.

**Hymn CXXXVII.**<sup>229</sup> (Olney.)

- 1 Jesu, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know, thou hearest my prayer.  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,  
On thee Almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to thee, when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

---

<sup>228</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:423; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 291.

<sup>229</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 146–48; stanzas 1, 3–6, 2. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 292.

- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
    To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
    Or wish my sufferings less.  
This blessing above all,  
    Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
    And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,  
    A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
    To thee and thy great name:  
A jealous, just concern  
    For thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire, that all may learn  
    And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word,  
    The promise is for me,  
My succour, and salvation, Lord,  
    Shall surely come from thee:  
But let me still abide,  
    Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
    Into thy perfect love.

**Section IV.**

***For believers watching.***

**Hymn CXXXVIII.**<sup>230</sup> (St. Paul's.)

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
    Awake my sluggish soul!  
Nothing hath half thy work to do;  
    Yet nothing's half so dull.

---

<sup>230</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 54–55.

- 2     Go to the ants: for one poor grain  
       See how they toil and strive:  
       Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,  
       How negligent we live!
- 3     We for whose sake all nature stands,  
       And stars their courses move;  
       We for whose guards the angel bands,  
       Come flying from above:
- 4     We for whom God the Son came down,  
       And laboured for our good,  
       How careless to secure the crown  
       He purchased with his blood!
- 5     Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
       And never act our parts?  
       Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,  
       And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6     Give us with active warmth to move,  
       With vigorous souls to rise,  
       With hands of faith and wings of love  
       To fly and take the prize.

**Hymn CXXXIX.**<sup>231</sup> (Brentford.)

- 1     A charge to keep I have;  
       A God to glorify;  
       A never-dying soul to save,  
       And fit it for the sky:  
       To serve the present age,  
       My calling to fulfil;  
       O may it all my powers engage  
       To do my Master's will!
- 2     Arm me with jealous care,  
       As in thy sight to live;  
       And O thy servant, Lord, prepare  
       A strict account to give:

---

<sup>231</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:58–59; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 309.

Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

**Hymn CXL.**<sup>232</sup> (Brockmer.)

- 1 God of all grace and majesty,  
Supremely great and good,  
If I have favour found with thee,  
Through the atoning blood;  
The guard of all thy mercies give,  
And to my pardon join  
A fear lest I should ever grieve  
The gracious Spirit divine.
- 2 If mercy is indeed with thee,  
May I obedient prove,  
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,  
Or sin against thy love;  
This choicest fruit of faith bestow  
On a poor sojourner;  
And let me pass my days below  
In humbleness and fear.
- 3 Rather I would in darkness mourn,  
The absence of thy peace,  
Than e'er by light irreverence turn,  
Thy grace to wantonness:  
Rather I would in painful awe,  
Beneath thy anger move,  
Than sin against the gospel-law  
Of liberty and love.
- 4 But oh! thou wouldst not have<sup>233</sup> me live  
In bondage, grief, or pain;  
Thou dost not take delight to grieve  
The helpless sons of men:

---

<sup>232</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:229–30; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 298.

<sup>233</sup>“Have” changed to “let” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

Thy will is my salvation Lord;  
And let it now take place,  
And let me tremble at the word,  
Of reconciling grace.

- 5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,  
My strict observer see;  
And thou by reverent love unite  
My childlike heart to thee.  
Still let me, till my days are past,  
At Jesu's feet abide;  
So shall he lift me up at last,  
And seat me by his side.

**Hymn CXLI.**<sup>234</sup> (Wenvo.)

- 1 I want a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve;  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
Oh! God my conscience make;  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And let me weep my life away,  
For having grieved thy love.
- 5 Oh! may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul;  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole.

---

<sup>234</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:230–31; stanzas 2a, 3, 4a, 5a. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 299.



**Hymn CXLII.**<sup>235</sup> (Wood's.)

- 1 Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,  
And still my tempted soul stand by,  
    Throughout the evil day!  
The sacred watchfulness impart,  
And keep the issues of my heart,  
    And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm:  
In each approach of sin alarm,  
    And shew the danger near!  
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
And fill with godly jealousy,  
    And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,  
Oh! let me see thy gathering frown,  
    And feel thy warning eye;  
And starting cry from ruin's brink,  
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,  
    Oh save me, or I die!
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,  
Before I wholly fall away,  
    The keen conviction dart!  
Recall me by that pitying look,  
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke  
    Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,  
And make me like thyself below,  
    Unblameable in grace:  
Ready prepared and fitted here,  
By perfect holiness to appear  
    Before thy glorious face.

---

<sup>235</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:192–93; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 300.

**Hymn CXLIII.**<sup>236</sup> (Islington.)

- 1 Jesu, my Saviour, brother, friend,  
On whom I cast my every care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings;  
If with me now thy Spirit stays,  
And hovering hides me in his wings:
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart;  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right, or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear,  
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,  
"Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."
- 5 His sacred unction from above  
Be still my Comforter and guide:  
Till all the stony he remove,  
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,  
From nature's every path retreat;  
Thou art my way, my leader be,  
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;  
Oh! reach me out thy gracious hand;  
Only on thee for help I call;  
Only by faith in thee I stand.

---

<sup>236</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 217; stanzas 1–7. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 303.

**Hymn CXLIV.**<sup>237</sup> (Islington.)

- 1 Pierce, fill me with an humble fear;  
My utter helplessness reveal:  
Satan and sin are always near,  
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 Oh! that to thee my constant mind  
Might with an even flame aspire;  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And mark the risings of desire.
- 3 Oh! that my tender soul might fly,  
The first abhorred approach of ill;  
Quick as the apple of an eye  
The slightest touch of sin to feel!
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,  
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,  
Humbly and confidently wait,  
And long to see the perfect day.

**Hymn CXLV.**<sup>238</sup> (Handel's March.)

**Part the First.**

- 1 Hark! how the watchmen cry!  
Attend the trumpet's sound;  
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!  
The powers of hell surround;  
Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare;  
The day of battle is at hand!  
Go forth to glorious war!
- 2 See on the mountain-top,  
The standard of your God!  
In Jesu's name I lift it up,  
All stained with hallowed blood.

---

<sup>237</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 218; stanzas 8–11. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 304.

<sup>238</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:128–29; stanzas 1–2, 4, 6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 305.

His standard-bearer I  
To all the nations call:  
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!  
He bore the cross for all.

- 3 Go up with Christ your head,  
Your Captain's footsteps see:  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.  
All power to him is given:  
He ever reigns the same:  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven  
Are all in Jesu's name.
- 4 Only have faith in God;  
In faith your foes assail:  
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,  
But all the powers of hell:  
From thrones of glory driven,  
By flaming vengeance hurled,  
They throng the air, and darken heaven,  
And rule the lower world.

**Hymn CXLVI.**<sup>239</sup> (Handel's March.)

**Part the Second.**

- 1 Angels your march oppose,  
Who still in strength excel,  
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,  
Countless, invisible:  
With rage, that never ends,  
Their hellish arts they try;  
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,  
And spirits enthroned on high.
- 2 On earth the usurpers reign,  
Exert their baneful power;  
O'er the poor fallen sons of men  
They tyrannize their hour.

---

<sup>239</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:130; stanzas 7–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 306.

But shall believers fear?  
 But shall believers fly?  
 Or see the bloody cross appear,  
 And all their powers defy?

- 3 Jesu's tremendous name  
 Puts all our foes to flight!  
 Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,  
 A lion is in fight.  
 By all hell's hosts withstood,  
 We all hell's hosts<sup>240</sup> overthrow;  
 And conquering them through Jesu's blood,  
 We still to conquer go.
- 4 Our Captain leads us on;  
 He beckons from the skies,  
 And reaches out a starry crown,  
 And bids us take the prize:  
 Be faithful unto death,  
 Partake my victory:  
 And thou shalt wear this<sup>241</sup> glorious wreath,  
 And thou shalt reign with me.

**Hymn CXLVII.**<sup>242</sup> (Cary's.)

- 1 Watched by the world's malignant eye,  
 Who load us with reproach and shame;  
 As servants of the Lord most high,  
 As zealous for his glorious name,  
 We ought in all his paths to move  
 With holy fear and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,  
 From every evil to depart;  
 To stop the mouth of every foe,  
 While, upright both in life<sup>243</sup> and heart,  
 The proofs of godly fear we give,  
 And shew them, how the Christians live.

---

<sup>240</sup>Originally "host" in *HSP* (1749). "Hosts" changed back to "host" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>241</sup>"This" changed to "the" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>242</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:215; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

<sup>243</sup>"Life" changed to "mind" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

**Hymn CXLVIII.**<sup>244</sup> (Snowsfields.)

- 1 Be it my only wisdom here  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
    With loving gratitude:  
Superior sense may I display  
By shunning every evil way,  
    And walking in the good.
  
- 2 O may I still from sin depart;  
A wise and understanding heart,  
    Jesus, to me be given!  
And let me through thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
    And find my way to heaven.

**Section V.**

***For believers working.***

**Hymn CXLIX.**<sup>245</sup> (St. Paul's.)

- 1 Summoned my labour to renew,  
    And glad to act my part,  
Lord, in thy name my work I do,  
    And with a single heart.
  
- 2 End of my every action thou,  
    In all things thee I see:  
Accept my hallowed labour now;  
    I do it unto thee.
  
- 3 Whate'er the Father views as<sup>246</sup> thine,  
    He views with gracious eyes:  
Jesu, this mean oblation join  
    To thy great sacrifice.

---

<sup>244</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:241; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

<sup>245</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 194–95; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 312.

<sup>246</sup>“As” changed to “is” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 4 Stampt with an infinite desert,  
My work he then shall own;  
Well pleased with me, when mine thou art,  
And I his favourite son.

**Hymn CL.**<sup>247</sup> (Lamp's.<sup>248</sup>)

- 1 God of almighty love,  
By whose sufficient grace  
I lift my heart to things above,  
And humbly seek thy face;  
Through Jesus Christ the just  
My faint desires receive!  
And let me in thy goodness trust,  
And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,  
Thy glory be my aim:  
My offerings all be offered through  
The ever-blessed name!  
Jesu, my single eye  
Be fixt on thee alone:  
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;  
Thy will by all be done!
- 3 Spirit of faith inspire  
My consecrated heart;  
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,  
With all thou hast and art:  
My feeble mind transform,  
And, perfectly renewed,  
Into a saint exalt a worm;  
A worm exalt to God!

**Hymn CLI.**<sup>249</sup> (Athlone.)

- 1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go  
My daily labour to pursue;  
Thee, only thee resolved to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

---

<sup>247</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:251–52; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 314.

<sup>248</sup>“Lamp’s” changed to “Lampe’s” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>249</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:246–47; stanzas 1–2, 4–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 315.

- 2 The task thy wisdom has assigned,  
O let me chearfully fulfil!  
In all my works thy presence find,  
And prove thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right-hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;  
And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy<sup>250</sup> glorious day:
- 5 For thee delightfully employ,  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

**Hymn CLII.**<sup>251</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 chuse the better part;  
Serve with careful Martha's hands,  
And loving Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil;  
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,  
Supported by his smile;  
Joyful thus my faith to show,  
I find his service my reward;  
Every work I do below,  
I do it to the Lord.

---

<sup>250</sup>“Thy” changed to “that” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>251</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.



- 3    Thou, O Lord! in tender love  
       Dost all my burdens<sup>252</sup> 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<sup>253</sup> works prepared  
       By thee to exercise their grace,  
 Till they gain their full reward,  
       And see thy glorious face!

**Hymn CLIII.**<sup>254</sup> (Norwich.)

- 1    Captain of Israel's host, and guide  
       Of all who seek the land above,  
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,  
       The cloud of thy protecting love;  
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,  
 Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2    By thy unerring Spirit led,  
       We shall not in the desert stray;  
 We shall not full direction need,  
       Or miss our providential way;  
 As far from danger as from fear,  
 While love, almighty love is near.

---

<sup>252</sup>“Burdens” changed to “burden” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>253</sup>“The” changed to “thy” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>254</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:42–43; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 317.

**Hymn CLIV.**<sup>255</sup> (Palmi's.)

- 1 O thou who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire t' impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 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<sup>256</sup> 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 compleat.

**Hymn CLV.**<sup>257</sup> (23d Psalm.)

- 1 When quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still;  
My joy thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of thy will;  
And search the oracles divine,  
Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine,  
Subject of all my converse be:  
So will the Lord his follower join,  
And walk, and talk himself with me;  
So shall my heart his presence prove,  
And burn with everlasting love.

---

<sup>255</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:57; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 318.

<sup>256</sup>“Speak, and think” changed to “think, and speak” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>257</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:92–93; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 319.

- 3    Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
      O may the reconciling word  
      Sweetly compose my weary breast,  
      While on the bosom of my Lord  
      I sink in blissful dreams away,  
      And visions of eternal day.
- 4    Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
      Thee may I publish all day long,  
      And let thy precious word of grace  
      Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;  
      Fill all my life with purest love,  
      And join me to thy church above.

**Section VI.**  
***For believers suffering.***

**Hymn CLVI.**<sup>258</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

- 1    With joy we meditate the grace  
      Of our high priest above;  
      His heart is made of tenderness,  
      His bowels melt with love.
- 2    Touched with a sympathy within,  
      He knows our feeble frame;  
      He knows what sore temptations mean,  
      For he hath felt the same.
- 3    He in the days of feeble flesh,  
      Poured out his cries and tears;  
      And in his measure feels afresh  
      What every member bears.
- 4    He'll never quench the smoaking flax,  
      But raise it to a flame;  
      The bruised reed he never breaks,  
      Nor scorns the meanest name.

---

<sup>258</sup>By Isaac Watts; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 48–49.

5     Then let our humble faith address  
       His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
       In the distressing hour.

**Hymn CLVII.**<sup>259</sup> (Olney.)

**Part the First.**

1     Commit thou all thy griefs  
       And ways into his hands,  
To his sure truth and tender care,  
       Who earth and heaven commands;  
       Who points the clouds their course,  
       Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandring feet,  
       He shall prepare thy way.

2     Thou on the Lord rely,  
       So safe shalt thou go on:  
Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,  
       So shall thy work be done:  
       No profit canst thou gain  
       By self-consuming care,  
To him commend thy cause, his ear  
       Attends the softest prayer.

3     Thine everlasting truth,  
       Father, thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all thy children's wants and knows  
       What best for each will prove;  
       And whatsoe'er thou willest  
       Thou dost, O King of kings!  
What thine unerring wisdom chose,  
       Thy power to being brings.

4     Thou every where hast way,  
       And all things serve thy might,  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
       Thy path unsullied light:

---

<sup>259</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. Appears here via *HSS* (1753), 46–47.

When thou arisest, Lord,  
What shall thy work withstand?  
When all thy children want, thou givest,  
Who, who shall stay thine<sup>260</sup> hand?

**Hymn CLVIII.**<sup>261</sup> (Olney.)

**Part the Second.**

- 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;  
          Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
          He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night,  
          Soon end in joyous day.
  
- 2        Still heavy is thy heart,  
          Still sink thy spirits down;  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
          And every care be gone;  
          What though thou rulest not,  
          Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
          And ruleth all things well.
  
- 3        Leave to his sovereign sway  
          To chuse and to command,  
So shalt thou wondring own his way,  
          How wise, how strong his hand;  
          Far, far above thy thought  
          His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought,  
          That caused thy needless fear.
  
- 4        Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
          Our hearts are known to thee;  
O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
          Confirm the feeble knee:

---

<sup>260</sup>Originally “thy” in *HSP* (1739). “Thine” changed back to “thy” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>261</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. Appears here via *HSS* (1753), 47–48.

Let us in life, in death,  
 Thy stedfast truth declare,  
 And publish with our latest breath,  
 Thy love and guardian care.

**Hymn CLIX.**<sup>262</sup> (Marienbourn.)

- 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 chearfully 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 to 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>262</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 CLX.**<sup>263</sup> (Traveller.)

- 1 Come on my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
    Who still your bodies feel;  
A while forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this<sup>264</sup> vale of tears  
    To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Look forward to that happy place,  
    The saints' secure abode:  
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies;  
    And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
    And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure;  
And all that to the end endure  
    The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss, inspiring hope;  
It lifts the fainting spirits up;  
    It brings to life the dead!  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
    Triumphant with our head.
- 5 That great mysterious deity  
We soon with open face shall see;  
    The beatific sight  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
    Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,  
The glorious, co-eternal Son,  
    The Spirit, one and seven,

---

<sup>263</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:29–31; stanzas 1–2, 4–8. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 324.

<sup>264</sup>Originally “the” in *HSP* (1749). “This” changed back to “the” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

Conspire our rapture to compleat:  
And lo! we fall before thy feet,  
And silence heightens heaven.

- 7 In hope of that extatic pause,  
Jesu, we now sustain thy cross,  
And at thy footstool fall,  
Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,  
And God is all in all.

**Hymn CLXI.**<sup>265</sup> (Traveller.)

Lord, I adore thy gracious will,  
Through every instrument of ill  
My Father's goodness see:  
Accept the complicated wrong,  
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,  
As kind rebukes from thee.

**Hymn CLXII.**<sup>266</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1 Cast on the fidelity  
Of my redeeming Lord,  
I shall his salvation see,  
According to his word:  
Credence to his word I give,  
My Saviour in distresses past,  
Will not now his servant leave,  
But bring me through at last.
- 2 Better than my boding fears  
To me thou oft hast proved;  
Oft observed my silent tears,  
And challenged thy beloved:  
Mercy to my rescue flew,  
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey:  
Pain before thy face withdrew,  
And sorrow fled away.

---

325. <sup>265</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:163; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

326. <sup>266</sup>First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 54–55; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.



- 3 Now as yesterday the same,  
In all my troubles nigh,  
Jesus on thy word and name,  
I stedfastly rely:  
Sure as now the<sup>267</sup> grief I feel,  
The promised joy I soon shall have:  
Saved again to sinners tell  
Thy power and will to save.
- 4 To thy blessed will resigned,  
And staid on that alone,  
I thy perfect strength shall find,  
Thy faithful mercies own:  
Compassed round with songs of praise,  
My all to my Redeemer give;  
Spread thy miracles of grace,  
And for thy glory live.

**Hymn CLXIII.**<sup>268</sup> (Hamilton's.)

- 1 Father, in the<sup>269</sup> name I pray  
Of thy incarnate love,  
Humbly ask, that as my day,  
My suffering strength may prove.  
When my sorrows<sup>270</sup> most increase,  
Let thy strongest joys be given:  
Jesu, come with my distress,  
And agony is heaven.
- 2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
For good remember me!  
Me whom thou hast caused to trust,  
For more than life on thee.  
With me in the fire remain,  
Till like burnished gold I shine,  
Meet through consecrated pain,  
To see the face divine.

---

<sup>267</sup>“The” changed to “thy” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>268</sup>This is an extract from *Family Hymns* (1767), 54; stanzas 3–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 327.

<sup>269</sup>“The” changed to “thy” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>270</sup>“Sorrows” changed to “sufferings” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn CLXIV.**<sup>271</sup> (Welling.)

- 1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light;  
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:  
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to thy cross!  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart<sup>272</sup> in waves of woe,  
Jesu, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired I follow thee;  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

**Hymn CLXV.**<sup>273</sup> (Welling.)

- 1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!  
My longing heart implores thy grace:  
O make me in thy likeness shine!

---

<sup>271</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, which first appeared in *CPH* (1738), 55–56. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 330.

<sup>272</sup>“Heart” changed to “soul” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>273</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Christian Friedrich Richter, which first appeared in *CPH* (1737), 51. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 329.

- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see;  
In love be every wish resigned,  
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various current flow;  
With stedfast eye mark every step,  
And follow thee, where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;  
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:  
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,  
O may I conquer through thy blood!
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,  
And all heaven's host adore their King,  
Shall I be found at thy right-hand,  
And free from pain thy glories sing.

**Hymn CLXVI.**<sup>274</sup> (Athlone.)

- 1 Jesu, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;  
With stedfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,  
Prepared and mingled by thy skill,  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!  
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

---

<sup>274</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 144–45; stanzas 2–6; JW has adopted this abridged version from *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 165.

- 4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace:"  
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:"  
Thy power my strength and<sup>275</sup> fortress is,  
For all things serve thy sovereign will.
- 5 O death! where is thy sting? where now  
Thy boasted victory, O grave?  
Who shall contend with God? or who  
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

**Section VII.**

***For believers groaning for full redemption.***

**Hymn CLXVII.<sup>276</sup> (Lamp's.<sup>277</sup>)**

- 1 The thing my God doth hate,  
That I no more may do,  
Thy creature, Lord, again create,  
And all my soul renew:  
My soul shall then, like thine,  
Abhor the thing unclean,  
And, sanctified by love divine,  
For ever cease from sin.
- 2 That blessed law of thine,  
Jesu, to me impart!  
Thy Spirit's law of life divine,  
O write it on my heart:  
Implant it deep within,  
Whence it may ne'er remove,  
The law of liberty from sin,  
The perfect law of love.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,  
Thy spotless sanctity,  
And sweetly every moment draw  
My happy soul to thee!

---

<sup>275</sup>"My strength and" changed to "and strength my" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>276</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:35, 32 (#1240 and #1232 combined). Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 331.

<sup>277</sup>"Lamp's" changed to "Lampe's" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

Soul of my soul remain!  
Who didst for all fulfil,  
In me, O Lord, fulfil again  
Thy heavenly Father's will!

**Hymn CLXVIII.**<sup>278</sup> (Liverpool.)

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart, that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An<sup>279</sup> humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him, that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human woe;  
Jesu, for thee distress I am:  
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart thou knowest, can never rest,  
Till thou create my peace,  
Till of my Eden repossess,  
From every sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me  
Bestow that peace unknown,  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.

---

<sup>278</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 30–31; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 334.

<sup>279</sup>“An” changed to “A” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

**Hymn CLXIX.**<sup>280</sup> (Aldrich.)

- 1 Jesus, thou all-sustaining Word,  
My fallen spirit's hope,  
After thy loving likeness, Lord,  
O when shall I wake up?
- 2 Thou, O 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 thine only self to know,  
In thee to walk and live.
- 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.

**Hymn CLXX.**<sup>281</sup> (112th Psalm.)

- 1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose:  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

---

<sup>280</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 25–26; stanzas 1–5.

<sup>281</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Gerhard Tersteegen, which first appeared in *CPH* (1738), 51–53. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 335.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:  
And fain I would: but though my will  
Seems fixt, yet wide my passions rove:  
Yet hindrances strew all the way:  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee!  
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
No peace my wandring soul shall see:  
O when shall all my wandrings end,  
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there!  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 5 O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live!  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive:  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek but thee.
- 6 O love, thy sovereign aid impart  
To save me from low-thoughted care!  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there;  
Make me thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.
- 7 Ah! no! ne'er will I backward turn:  
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!  
Thrice happy he, who views with scorn  
Earth's toys for thee his constant flame!  
Oh! help, that I may never move  
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

8 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say  
“I am thy love, thy God, thy all!”  
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

**Hymn CLXXI.**<sup>282</sup> (Cardiff.)

1 Ye happy sinners hear  
The prisoner of the Lord,  
And wait till Christ appear  
According to his word;  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 The Lord our righteousness  
We have long since received:  
Salvation nearer is,  
Than when we first believed:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Let others hug their chains,  
For sin and Satan plead,  
And say, from sin's remains  
They never can be freed:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 In God we put our trust;  
If we our sins confess,  
Faithful he is, and just  
From all unrighteousness  
To cleanse us all, both you and me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Surely in us the hope  
Of glory shall appear;  
Sinners, your heads lift up,  
And see redemption near;

---

<sup>282</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 183–84; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 336.



Again I say, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

6       Who Jesu's sufferings share,  
          My fellow prisoners now,  
          Ye soon the wreath shall wear  
          On your triumphant brow;  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

7       The word of God is sure,  
          And never can remove,  
          We shall in heart be pure  
          And perfected in love;  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

8       Then let us gladly bring  
          Our sacrifice of praise,  
          Let us give thanks, and sing,  
          And glory in his grace;  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

**Hymn CLXXII.**<sup>283</sup> (Mitcham.)

1       Forever here my rest shall be,  
          Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died!

2       My dying Saviour and my God,  
          Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3       Wash me, and make me thus thine own:  
          Wash me, and mine thou art:  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

---

<sup>283</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 96; stanzas 3–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 337.

- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

**Hymn CLXXIII.**<sup>284</sup> (Blexley.)

- 1 Jesu, my life, thyself apply,  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with thy rebel strive;  
Enter my soul, and work within,  
And kill, and make alive!
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,  
As the old Adam dies:  
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,  
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me Lord, thy foes control,  
Who would not own thy sway;  
Diffuse thine image through my soul,  
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
And seal me thine abode;  
Oh! make me glorious all within,  
A temple built by God.

**Hymn CLXXIV.**<sup>285</sup> (Savannah.)

- 1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,  
Who in thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be!

---

<sup>284</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 97; stanzas 1–5. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 338.

<sup>285</sup>JW's translation of a German hymn by Anna Dober, which first appeared in *HSP* (1740), 93–94. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 340.

- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast:  
See I pant in thee to rest!  
Gladly would I now be clean:  
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, Oh! fix my wavering mind;  
To thy cross my spirit bind;  
Earthly passions far remove:  
Swallow up our souls in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of guilt and misery,  
Thine we are, thou Son of God:  
Take the purchase of thy blood!
- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,  
He the atonement now receives:  
He with joy beholds thy face,  
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.
- 6 See ye sinners, see the flame  
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb;  
Marks<sup>286</sup> the new, the living way,  
Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesu, when this light we see,  
All our souls on fire for thee:  
When thy quick'ning power we prove,  
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine!  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

---

<sup>286</sup>“Marks” changed to “Mark” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

**Hymn CLXXV.**<sup>287</sup> (Irene.)

- 1        Jesu, thou art my King,  
          To me thy succour bring;  
Christ, the mighty one art thou,  
          Help for all on thee is laid;  
This the word; I claim it now,  
          Send me now the promised aid.
  
- 2        High on thy Father's throne,  
          Oh look with pity down!  
Help, Oh help! attend my call,  
          Captive lead captivity:  
King of glory, Lord of all,  
          Christ, be Lord, be King to me.
  
- 3        I pant to feel thy sway,  
          And only thee to obey:  
Thee my spirit gasps to meet;  
          This my one my ceaseless prayer,  
Make, Oh make my heart thy seat,  
          Oh set up thy kingdom there!
  
- 4        Triumph and reign in me,  
          And spread thy victory:  
Hell, and death, and sin control,  
          Pride, and wrath, and every foe,  
All subdue; through all my soul  
          Conquering and to conquer go!

**Hymn CLXXVI.**<sup>288</sup> (Kingswood.)

- 1        Ever fainting with desire,  
          For thee, O Christ, I call,  
Thee I restlessly require,  
          I want my God, my all.

---

<sup>287</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 174–75; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 342.

<sup>288</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 219–21; stanzas 1–2, 7–10. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 344.

Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,  
I wait thy coming from above:  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go  
Lamenting all my days?  
Shall I never, never know  
Thy sanctifying grace?  
Wilt thou not the light afford:  
The darkness from my soul remove?  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.
- 3 Lord, if I on thee believe,  
The second gift impart:  
With the indwelling Spirit give  
A new, a contrite heart;  
If with love thy heart is stored,  
If now o'er me thy bowels move,  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.
- 4 Let me gain my calling's hope,  
O make the sinner clean;  
Dry corruption's fountain up,  
Cut off th' intail of sin.<sup>289</sup>  
Take me into thee, my Lord,  
And I<sup>290</sup> shall then no longer rove;  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.
- 5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,  
My portion here below!  
Nothing would I seek but thee,  
Thee only would I know:  
My exceeding great reward,  
My heaven on earth, my heaven above:  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

---

<sup>289</sup>Orig., "Cut off th' of inbred sin"; a misprint; corrected to "Cut off th' intail of sin" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>290</sup>"And I" changed to "I" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 6 Grant me now the bliss to feel  
Of those, that are in thee:  
Son of God, thyself reveal,  
Engrave thy name on me;  
As in heaven be here adored,  
And let me now the promise prove:  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

**Hymn CLXXVII.**<sup>291</sup> (Trinity.)

- 1 Lord, I believe thy every word,  
Thy every promise true;  
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,  
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may  
A while shew forth thy praise,  
Jesu, support the tottering clay,  
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread  
The common Saviour's name;  
Let him who raised thee from the dead,  
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,  
Which purges every stain;  
And gladly linger out below  
A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,  
Till I thy love retrieve;  
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,<sup>292</sup>  
And perfect soundness give.
- 6 Faith to be healed thou knowest I have,  
From sin to be made clean;  
Able thou art from sin to save,  
From all indwelling sin.

---

<sup>291</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 225–27; stanzas 1–4, 9–14. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 346.

<sup>292</sup>“My spirit whole” changed to “the wounded whole” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,  
Thou wilt thyself impart,  
The bond-woman's base son cast out,  
And take up all my heart.
- 8 I shall my ancient strength renew:  
The excellence divine,  
(If thou art good, if thou art true,)  
Throughout my soul shall shine.
- 9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,  
Through Jesus strengthening me,  
Impossibilities perform,  
And live from sinning free.
- 10 For this in stedfast hope I wait,  
Now, Lord, my soul restore:  
Now the new heavens and earth create,  
And I shall sin no more.

**Hymn CLXXVIII.**<sup>293</sup> (Mitcham.)

**Rom. iv. 13, &c.**

- 1 My God! I know, I feel thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim;  
Till all I have is lost in thine,  
And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
But will not let thee go,  
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour,  
That plants my God in me!  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty!

---

<sup>293</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 156–58; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 351.

- 4 Jesu, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad!  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixt in God.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,  
The strength of sin subdue,  
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)  
And form my soul anew.
- 6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,  
The stone to flesh convert;  
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break  
An adamantine heart.
- 7 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow!  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!
- 8 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,  
Spirit of burning come.
- 9 Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 10 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,  
While, entered into rest,  
I only live my God t' admire,  
My God for ever blest.
- 11 No longer then my heart shall mourn,  
While, purified by grace,  
I only for his glory burn,  
And always see his face.



- 12 My stedfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move;  
But Christ be all the world to me,  
And all my heart be love.

**Hymn CLXXIX.**<sup>294</sup> (23d Psalm.)

- 1 Jesus, the gift divine I know,  
The gift divine I ask of thee:  
That<sup>295</sup> 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!
- 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 for ever 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, list'ning 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 shew 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.

---

<sup>294</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:244, 380 (#413 and #738 combined). Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 354.

<sup>295</sup>Originally "the" in *Scripture Hymns* (1762). "That" changed back to "The" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn CLXXX.**<sup>296</sup> (Olney.)

- 1 O come, and dwell in me,  
 Spirit of power within;  
 And bring the glorious liberty  
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.  
 The seed of sin's disease,  
 Spirit of health remove,  
 Spirit of finished holiness,  
 Spirit of perfect love.
- 2 Hasten the joyful day,  
 Which shall my sins consume,  
 When old things shall be past away,  
 And all things new become.  
 The original offence  
 Out of my soul erase;  
 Enter thyself, and drive it hence,  
 And take up all the place.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,  
 That all I do is right,  
 According to thy will and word,  
 Well-pleasing in thy sight.  
 I ask no higher<sup>297</sup> state;  
 Indulge me but in this;  
 And soon or later then translate  
 To my eternal bliss.

**Hymn CLXXXI.**<sup>298</sup> (Athlone.)

- 1 O God most merciful and true,  
 Thy nature to my soul impart;  
 'Stablish with me the<sup>299</sup> covenant new,  
 And write perfection on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,  
 O let me gain my Saviour's mind;  
 And in the knowledge of my Lord  
 Fulness of life eternal find.

---

<sup>296</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:298, 301, 367 (#569, #578, and #713 combined). Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 356.

<sup>297</sup>“Higher” changed to “other” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>298</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:44–45; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 358.

<sup>299</sup>“The” changed to “thy” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 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, for ever pacified!

**Hymn CLXXXII.**<sup>300</sup> (Shepherd of Israel.)

- 1 What now is my object and aim?  
What now is my hope and desire?  
To follow the heavenly Lamb,  
And after his image aspire.  
My hope is all centered in thee:  
I trust to recover thy love:  
On earth thy salvation to see,  
And then to enjoy it above.
- 2 I thirst for a life-giving God,  
A God, that on Calvary died;  
A fountain of water and blood,  
Which gushed from Immanuel's side!  
I gasp for the stream of thy love,  
The Spirit of rapture unknown;  
And then to re-drink it above,  
Eternally fresh from the throne.

---

<sup>300</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:258–60 (#805 and #810 combined). Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 360.

**Hymn CLXXXIII.**<sup>301</sup> (Amsterdam.)

Give me the enlarged desire,  
And open, Lord, my soul,  
Thy own fulness to require,  
And comprehend the whole:  
Stretch my faith's capacity  
Wider and yet wider still  
Then with all that is in thee  
My soul for ever fill!

**Hymn CLXXXIV.**<sup>302</sup> (Bradford.)

- 1 Jesu, thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
O knit my thankful heart to thee,  
And reign without a rival there!  
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;  
Be thou alone my constant flame!
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell but thy pure love alone!  
O may thy love possess me whole!  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;  
Strange flames far from my heart<sup>303</sup> remove;  
My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how chearing is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise:  
O Jesu, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek but thee.
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire:  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:  
And day and night be all my care  
To guard this sacred treasure there.

---

<sup>301</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:268; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 361.

<sup>302</sup>An extract of JW's translation of a German hymn by Paul Gerhardt, which first appeared in *HSP* (1739), 156–57, 159; stanzas 1–4, 8, 15–16. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 362.

<sup>303</sup>Originally "soul" in *HSP* (1739). "Heart" changed back to "soul" in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 5 O that I as a little child  
    May follow thee and never rest;  
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild  
    And lowly mind into my breast!  
Nor ever may we parted be,  
Till I become one spirit with thee.
- 6 Still let thy love point out my way:  
    How wondrous things thy love hath wrought:  
Still lead me, lest I go astray:  
    Direct my work, inspire my thought:  
And if I fall soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 7 In suffering be thy love my peace,  
    In weakness be thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
    Jesu, in that important hour!  
In death, as life, be thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

**Hymn CLXXXV.**<sup>304</sup> (Frankfort.)

- 1 Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads!  
    The day of liberty draws near!  
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,  
    Shall soon in your behalf appear:  
The Lord will to his temple come;  
Prepare your hearts to make him room.
- 2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word  
    Himself hath caused to put your trust,  
The Father of our dying Lord  
    Is ever to his promise just;  
Faithful, if we our sins confess,  
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

---

<sup>304</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 232–34; stanzas 1–2, 5, 8–13. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 369.

- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind;  
Thou never canst unfaithful prove:  
Surely we shall thy mercy find!  
Who ask, shall all receive thy love:  
Nor canst thou it to me deny:  
I ask, the chief of sinners I!
- 4 O ye of fearful hearts be strong!  
Your down-cast eyes and hands lift up!  
Ye shall not be forgotten long:  
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!  
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove:  
And cannot fail, if God is love.
- 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold!  
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!  
Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!  
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer:  
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,  
Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin;  
And rose thy death for us to plead?  
To write thy law of love within  
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?  
That we our Eden might regain,  
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,  
Which all thy great salvation brings:  
The Spirit of love, and health, and power  
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;  
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,  
"The servant shall be as his Lord."
- 8 The promise stands for ever sure,  
And we shall in thine image shine,  
Partakers of a nature pure,  
Holy, angelical, divine;  
In Spirit joined to thee the Son,  
As thou art with thy Father one.

- 9 Faithful and true, we now receive  
The promise ratified by thee:  
To thee, the when and how we leave  
In time and in eternity:  
We only hang upon thy word,  
“The servant shall be as his Lord.”

**Hymn CLXXXVI.**<sup>305</sup> (Westminster.)

- 1 Love divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown!  
Jesu, thou art all compassion!  
Pure, unbounded love thou art:  
Visit us with thy salvation!  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave:  
Thee we would be always blessing;  
Serve thee as thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be:  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in thee;  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

---

<sup>305</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 11–12; stanzas 1, 3–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 374.

**Hymn CLXXXVII.**<sup>306</sup> (Evesham.)

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone!  
O! that I could at last submit  
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred-sin,  
And fully set my spirit free:  
I cannot rest, till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove;  
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would; but thou must give the power,  
My heart from every sin release:  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord! the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!  
Appear, in my poor heart appear!  
My God, my Saviour, come away!

**Hymn CLXXXVIII.**<sup>307</sup> (Italian.)

- 1 Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,  
I wait to prove thy perfect will;  
Be mindful of thy gracious word,  
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

---

<sup>306</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 91–92; stanzas 1, 4–6, 8–9. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 377.

<sup>307</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 263–64; stanzas 23, 26–28. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 381.



- 2    Open my faith's interior eye:  
      Display thy glory from above:  
      And all I am shall sink and die,  
      Lost in astonishment and love!
- 3    Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace:  
      I would be by myself abhorred:  
      All might, all majesty, all praise,  
      All glory be to Christ my Lord.
- 4    Now let me gain perfection's height;  
      Now let me into nothing fall,  
      As less than nothing in thy sight,  
      And feel, that Christ is all in all!

**Section VIII.**

*For believers brought to the birth.*

**Hymn CLXXXIX.**<sup>308</sup> (Invitation.)

- 1    O God, to whom in flesh revealed  
      The helpless all for succour came;  
      The sick to be relieved and healed,  
      And found salvation in thy name:
- 2    With publicans and harlots I,  
      In these thy Spirit's gospel-days,  
      To thee, the sinner's friend, draw nigh,  
      And humbly sue for saving grace.
- 3    Thou seest me helpless and distrest,  
      Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor:  
      Weary I come to thee for rest,  
      And sick of sin implore a cure.
- 4    My sin's incurable disease,  
      Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal:  
      Inspire me with thy power and peace,  
      And pardon on my conscience seal.

---

<sup>308</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:88–89; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 383.

- 5 A touch, a word, a look from thee  
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;  
Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,  
And save me from my bosom-sin.
- 6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,  
Thou canst the saving grace impart;  
Thou canst this instant now forgive,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,  
I know, thou canst this moment cleanse;  
The deepest stains of sin efface,  
And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 8 Be it according to thy word!  
Accomplish now thy work in me;  
And let my soul, to health restored,  
Devote its little all to thee!

**Hymn CXC.**<sup>309</sup> (Welling.)

- 1 Jesu, thy far-extended fame  
My drooping soul exults to hear:  
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,  
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive  
With comfortable words and kind;  
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,  
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,  
In every place and age the same?  
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,  
Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;  
The good, the kind physician thou  
Art able now our souls to save,  
Art willing to restore them now.

---

<sup>309</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:89–91; stanzas 1, 3, 5–8, 11–12. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 385.

- 5     Though seventeen hundred years are past,  
       Since thou didst in the flesh appear;  
       Thy tender mercies ever last!  
       And still thy healing power is here.
- 6     Wouldst thou the body's health restore,  
       And not regard the sin-sick soul?  
       The sin-sick soul thou lovest much more,  
       And surely thou shalt make it whole.
- 7     All my disease, my every sin,  
       To thee, O Jesus, I confess:  
       In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,  
       And perfect it in holiness.
- 8     That token of thine utmost good  
       Now, Saviour, now on me bestow:  
       And purge my conscience with thy blood,  
       And wash my nature white as snow.

**Hymn CXCI.**<sup>310</sup> (Hotham.)

- 1     Saviour of the sin-sick soul,  
       Give me faith to make me whole!  
       Finish thy great work of grace!  
       Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2     Speak the second time, "Be clean!"  
       Take away my inbred sin:  
       Every stumbling-block remove;  
       Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3     Nothing less will I require;  
       Nothing more can I desire:  
       None but Christ to me be given!  
       None but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4     O that I might now decrease!  
       O that all I am might cease!  
       Let me into nothing fall!  
       Let my Lord be all in all!

---

<sup>310</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:164–65; stanzas 3–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 386.

**Hymn CXCII.**<sup>311</sup> (Westminster.)

- 1 Light of life, seraphic fire,  
Love divine, thyself impart!  
Every fainting soul inspire;  
Shine in every drooping heart!  
Every mournful sinner cheer;  
Scatter all our guilty gloom!  
Son of God, appear, appear!  
To thy human temples come!
- 2 Come in this accepted hour;  
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!  
Fill us with the glorious power,  
Rooting out the seeds of sin:  
Nothing more can we require:  
We will covet nothing less:  
Be thou all our heart's desire,  
All our joy and all our peace!

**Hymn CXCI.**<sup>312</sup> (Brockmer.)

- 1 Lord, I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known,  
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixt on things above;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow  
And let me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The Sabbath of thy love.

---

<sup>311</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:168; stanzas 1–2. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 387.

<sup>312</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1740), 204–7; stanzas 1–2, 10–11, 13–15, 17. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 391.

- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,  
And have thee all my own:  
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,  
I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!  
This, only this, be given:  
Nothing beside my God I want,  
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!  
Into my soul descend!  
No longer from thy creature stay,  
My author, and my end!
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And seal me thine abode!  
Let all I am in thee be lost,  
Let all be lost in God.

**Hymn CXCIV.**<sup>313</sup> (Musician's.)

- 1 O glorious hope of perfect love!  
It lifts me up to things above;  
It bears on eagles' wings:  
It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesu's priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain-top  
See all the land below:  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow:
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest;

---

<sup>313</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 245; stanzas 4–8. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 392.

There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess!  
This moment end my legal years;  
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!  
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,  
The carnal mind remove:  
The purchase of thy death divide;  
And O! with all the sanctified  
Give me a lot of love.

**Hymn CXCIV.**<sup>314</sup> (Mitsam.)

1 O joyful sound of gospel-grace!  
Christ shall in me appear!  
I, even I, shall see his face:  
I shall be holy here!

2 The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reached out I view:  
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize  
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top  
I now exult to see:  
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)  
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay;  
He shakes his future home:  
Oh! wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day  
Into thy temple come.

---

<sup>314</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 302–4; stanzas 10, 14–15, 18–22. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 393.

- 5 With me I know, I feel thou art;  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth<sup>315</sup> thou waterest from on high,  
But make it all a pool:  
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,  
Spring up within my soul!
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal!  
Fill all this mighty void:  
Thou only canst my spirit fill;  
Come, O my God, my God!
- 8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,  
Large as infinity:  
Give, give me all my soul requires,  
All, all that is in thee!

**Hymn CXCVI.**<sup>316</sup> (Dedication.)

- 1 Why not now, my God, my God?  
Ready if thou always art,  
Make in me thy mean abode,  
Take possession of my heart:  
If thou canst so greatly bow,  
Friend of sinners, why not now?
- 2 God of love, in this my day,  
For thyself to thee I cry;  
Dying, if thou still delay,  
Must I not for ever die?  
Enter now thy poorest home:  
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

**Hymn CXCVII.**<sup>317</sup> (Hamilton's.)

- 1 Now, even now, I yield, I yield  
With all my sins to part;  
Jesus, speak my pardon sealed,  
And purify my heart!

---

<sup>315</sup>“Earth” changed to “heart” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>316</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:270; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 399.

<sup>317</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:19, 24 (#1197 and #1209 combined). Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 402.

Purge the love of sin away,  
Then I into nothing fall:  
Then I see the perfect day,  
And Christ is all in all.

- 2 Jesu, now our hearts inspire,  
With that pure love of thine;  
Kindle now the heavenly fire  
To brighten and refine:  
Purify our faith like gold:  
All the dross of sin remove;  
Melt our spirits down, and mould  
Into thy perfect love.

**Hymn CXCVIII.**<sup>318</sup> (Liverpool.)

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

---

<sup>318</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 95–96; stanzas 9–13. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 403.



**Hymn CXCIX.**<sup>319</sup> (Liverpool.)

- 1 I ask the gift of righteousness,  
The sin-subduing power:  
Power to believe, and go in peace,  
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,  
The liberty from sin:  
The grace infused, the love revealed,  
The kingdom fixt within.
- 3 Thou hearest me for salvation pray;  
Thou seest my heart's desire:  
Made ready in thy powerful day,  
Thy fulness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out opprest,  
Impatient to be freed!  
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert,  
Art thou not willing too?  
To change this old rebellious heart,  
To conquer, and renew?
- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,  
So arm me with thy power,  
That I to sin shall never cleave,  
Shall never feel it more.

**Section IX.**

***For believers saved.***

**Hymn CC.**<sup>320</sup> (Palmi's.)

- 1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,  
If risen indeed with him ye are,  
Superior to the joys below,  
His resurrection's power declare.

---

<sup>319</sup>This is an extract from *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:209; stanzas 2–4. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 404.

<sup>320</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:320–21 (#625 and #626 combined). Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 408.

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:  
By actions shew your sins forgiven!  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ your head to heaven!
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,  
Seated at God's right-hand again,  
In all his Father's majesty,  
In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your native place;  
And emulate the angel-choir,  
And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For, who by faith your Lord receive,  
Ye nothing seek or want beside:  
Dead to the world and sin ye live;  
Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life with Christ concealed,  
Deep in the<sup>321</sup> Father's bosom lies;  
And, glorious as your head revealed,  
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

**Hymn CCI.**<sup>322</sup> (Angel Song.)

- 1 Let not the wise his wisdom boast!  
The mighty glory in his might;  
The rich in flattering riches trust,  
Which take<sup>323</sup> their everlasting flight.
- 2 The rush of numerous years bears down  
The most gigantic strength of man:<sup>324</sup>  
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.

---

<sup>321</sup>“The” changed to “his” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>322</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:16; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 410.

<sup>323</sup>“Take” changed to “takes” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>324</sup>“Man” changed to “men” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 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 CCII.**<sup>325</sup> (Olney.)

- 1 Lord, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days  
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransomed servant I  
Restore to thee thy<sup>326</sup> own;  
And from this moment live or die  
To serve my God alone.

**Hymn CCIII.**<sup>327</sup> (23d Psalm.)

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandring steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landskip flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horror overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

---

<sup>325</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:194; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 414.

<sup>326</sup>Originally “to thee thine” in *Scripture Hymns* (1762). “To thee thy” changed to “it to thy” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>327</sup>By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; appeared in *CPH* (1738), 4–5.

- 4     Though in a bare and rugged way,  
       Through devious lonely wilds<sup>328</sup> I stray,  
       Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
       The barren wilderness shall smile  
       With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
       And streams shall murmur all around.

**Hymn CCIV.**<sup>329</sup> (Cheshunt.)

- 1     The voice of my beloved sounds,  
       While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,  
       He flies exulting o'er the hills,  
       And all my soul with transport fills;  
           Gently doth he chide my stay,  
           "Rise, my love, and come away."  
  
2     The scattered clouds are fled at last,  
       The rain is gone, the winter past,  
       The lovely vernal flowers appear,  
       The warbling choir enchant our ear:  
           Now, with sweetly pensive moan,  
           Cooes the turtle-dove alone.

**Hymn CCV.**<sup>330</sup> (Sion.)

This, this is the God we adore,  
       Our faithful, unchangeable friend;  
       Whose love is as great as his power,  
       And neither knows measure nor end.  
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
       Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
       And trust him for all that's to come.

**Hymn CCVI.**<sup>331</sup> (London.)

- 1     The spacious firmament on high,  
       With all the blue ethereal sky,  
       And spangled heavens, (a shining frame!)  
       Their great original proclaim.

---

<sup>328</sup>Orig., "wiles"; a misprint; corrected to "wilds" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>329</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:295 (#934 and #935 combined). Appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 152–53.

<sup>330</sup>Source: Joseph Hart, *Hymns* (London, 1759), Hymn 73, st. 7, p. 98; JW is reproducing here as excerpted in *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 142.

<sup>331</sup>By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; appeared in *CPH* (1737), 59–60; appears here via *Select Hymns* (1765), 85–86.

The unwearied sun from day to day  
Doth his Creator's power display;  
And publishes<sup>332</sup> to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

- 2    Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3    What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

**Hymn CCVII.**<sup>333</sup> ([Leoni.]

- 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 confest;  
I bow and bless the sacred name,  
          For ever blest.
- 2        The God of Abraham praise,  
          At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise—and seek the joys  
          At his right-hand:

---

<sup>332</sup>“Publishes” changed to “publisheth” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>333</sup>Source: Thomas Olivers (1725–99), *An Hymn to the God of Abraham* (Nottingham: S. Crewell, 1771), st. 1–4; JW is reproducing here as excerpted in *Pocket Hymn Book* (York: Robert Spence, 1783), 140–41. JW had included 10 of the 12 stanzas in *Pocket Hymns* (1785).

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!

4 He by himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend,  
I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.

**Hymn CCVIII.**<sup>334</sup> (Cornish.)

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 Heaven-ward our every wish aspires;  
For all thy mercy's store,  
The sole return thy love requires  
Is that we ask for more.

---

<sup>334</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 CCIX.**<sup>335</sup> (Morning-Song.)

- 1 When all the mercies of my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost  
In wonder, love, and praise?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redrest,  
While in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant-heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of life,  
More to be feared than they.

---

<sup>335</sup>By Joseph Addison & Richard Steele; this is an extract from *CPH* (1737), 26–28; stanzas 1–6, 8–9. Appears here via *Select Hymns* (1761), 47–48.

7 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to thee,  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

**Hymn CCX.**<sup>336</sup> (Foundery.)

1 God of all-redeeming grace,  
By thy pardoning love compell'd,  
Up to thee our souls we raise,  
Up to thee our bodies yield:  
Thou our sacrifice receive,  
Acceptable through thy Son,  
While to thee alone we live,  
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,  
That we should be wholly thine;  
In thy only will delight,  
In thy blessed service join:  
O that every work and word  
Might proclaim how good thou art!  
Holiness unto the Lord  
Still be written on our heart!

**Hymn CCXI.**<sup>337</sup> (Wednesbury.)

1 Let him to whom we now belong,  
His sovereign right assert;  
And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.

---

<sup>336</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 117–18; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 415.

<sup>337</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 131; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 416.



- 2 He justly claims us for his own,  
Who bought us with a price:  
The Christian lives to Christ alone,  
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own, at last receive!  
Fulfil our heart's desire!  
And let us to thy glory live,  
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign:  
With joy we render thee  
Our all, no longer ours, but thine  
To all eternity.

**Hymn CCXII.**<sup>338</sup> (112th Psalm.)

- 1 Behold the servant of the Lord!  
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,  
To hear and keep thy every word,  
To prove and do thy perfect will;  
Joyful from my own works to cease,  
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,  
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,  
The deed, the time, the manner chuse:  
Let all my fruit be found of thee:  
Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design  
O'errule, or change, as seems thee meet;  
Jesu, let all my work be thine!  
Thy work, O Lord, is all compleat,  
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;  
Thou only hast done all things right.

---

417. <sup>338</sup>First appeared in *Act of Devotion* (1745), 105; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 4 Here then to thee thy own I leave;  
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay:  
But let me all thy stamp receive;  
But let me all thy words obey;  
Serve with a single heart and eye,  
And to thy glory live and die.

**Hymn CCXIII.**<sup>339</sup> (Shepherd of Israel.)

- 1 Thou shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art:  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,  
Are screened from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,  
The place of thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an extasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God:  
Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock:  
There only I covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the Rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart;  
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.

---

<sup>339</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:294–95.

**Hymn CCXIV.**<sup>340</sup> (Salisbury.)

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to their<sup>341</sup> new-born king;  
“Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
“God and sinners reconciled.”  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies,  
With th’ angelic host proclaim,  
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
  
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a virgin’s womb:  
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,  
Hail th’ incarnate deity!  
Pleased as man with men to appear,  
Jesus our Immanuel here.
  
- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace,  
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings;  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.
  
- 4 Come, desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble home;  
Rise, the woman’s conquering seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent’s head:  
Adam’s likeness now efface,  
Stamp thine image in its place;  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in thy love.

---

<sup>340</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 206–8; stanzas 1–7, 9; as revised by George Whitefield in *Hymns for Social Worship* (1753), p. 24.

<sup>341</sup>Originally “the” in *HSP* (1739) and *Hymns for Social Worship* (1753). “Their” changed back to “the” only in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789).

**Hymn CCXV.**<sup>342</sup> (Dedication.)

- 1        Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
          One in Three, and Three in One,  
          As by the celestial host  
          Let thy will on earth be done:  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!
- 2        Vilest of the sinful race,  
          Lo! I answer to thy call:  
          Meanest vessel of thy grace,  
          Grace divinely free for all;  
Lo, I come to do thy will,  
All thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3        If so poor a worm as I  
          May to thy great glory live,  
          All my actions sanctify,  
          All my words and thoughts receive:  
Claim me, for thy service claim,  
All I have, and all I am.
- 4        Take my soul and body's powers;  
          Take my memory, mind, and will;  
          All my goods, and all my hours,  
          All I know, and all I feel!  
All I think, or speak, or do:  
Take my heart: but make it new!
- 5        Now, O God, thy own I am:  
          Now I give thee back thy own:  
          Freedom, friends, and health, and fame  
          Consecrate to thee alone:  
Thine I live, thrice happy I!  
Happier still, if thine I die.

---

<sup>342</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (1745), 129–30; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 418.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done:  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

**Hymn CCXVI.**<sup>343</sup> (Lamp's.<sup>344</sup>)

1 Jesu, my truth, my way,  
My sure, unerring light,  
On thee my feeble steps I stay,  
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,  
My Counsellor thou art:  
O let me never leave thy side,  
Or from thy paths<sup>345</sup> depart!

3 I lift my eyes to thee  
Thou lovely, bleeding Lamb,  
That I may now enlightened be,  
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove  
Out of thy hands my cause,  
But rest in thy redeeming love,  
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art  
In all things to depend  
On thee! O never, Lord, depart,  
But love me to the end!

6 Still stir me up to strive  
With thee in strength divine;  
And every moment, Lord, revive  
This fainting soul of mine.

---

<sup>343</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:217–19; stanzas 1–2, 5–7. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 424.

<sup>344</sup>“Lamp’s” changed to “Lampe’s” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>345</sup>“Paths” changed to “ways” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 7 Persist to save my soul  
Throughout the fiery hour,  
Till I am every whit made whole,  
And show forth all thy power.
- 8 Through fire and water bring  
Into the wealthy place;  
And teach me the new song to sing,  
When perfected in grace!
- 9 O make me all like thee,  
Before I hence remove!  
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,  
And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,  
When sin is all destroyed;  
And then my spotless soul receive,  
And take me home to God.

**Section X.**  
***For believers interceding.***

**Hymn CCXVII.**<sup>346</sup> (Angel-Song.)

**Part the First.**

- 1 Father, if justly still we claim  
To us and ours the promise made,  
To us be graciously the same,  
And crown with living fire our head.
- 2 Our claim admit, and from above  
Of holiness the Spirit shower;  
Of wise discernment, humble love,  
And zeal, and unity, and power.
- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,  
Of power demonstrative impart:  
Such as may every conscience reach,  
And sound the unbelieving heart:

---

<sup>346</sup>By Henry More; this is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 186–87; stanzas 6–11. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 444.

- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,  
 Searching the inmost of the mind,  
 To purge all fierce and foul desire,  
 And kindle life more pure and kind:
- 5 The Spirit of faith in this thy<sup>347</sup> day,  
 To break the power of cancelled sin,  
 Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,  
 And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,  
 Which in our hearts thy laws may write:  
 Then grief expires, and pain, and strife:  
 'Tis nature all, and all delight.

**Hymn CCXVIII.**<sup>348</sup> (Angel-Song.)

**Part the Second.**

- 1 On all the earth thy Spirit shower,  
 The earth in righteousness renew:  
 Thy kingdom come, and hells<sup>349</sup> o'erpower,  
 And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,  
 Let it opposers all o'errun;  
 And every law of sin reverse,  
 That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place  
 Its richest<sup>350</sup> energy declare;  
 While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
 The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God, and true;  
 The ancient seers thou didst inspire!  
 To us perform the promise due,  
 Descend, and crown us now with fire!

---

<sup>347</sup>“Thy” changed to “our” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>348</sup>By Henry More; this is an extract from *HSP* (1739), 187–88; stanzas 12–15. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 445.

<sup>349</sup>“Hells” changed to “hell” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>350</sup>“Richest” changed to “riches” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following; a misprint.

**Hymn CCXIX.**<sup>351</sup> (Snowsfields.)

**For the King.**

- 1 Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray  
For all that bear the sovereign sway,  
And thy vicegerents reign,  
Rulers, and governors, and powers;  
And lo! in faith we pray for ours,  
Nor can we pray in vain.
- 2 Jesu, thy chosen servant guard,  
And every threatening danger ward  
From his anointed head;  
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,  
And through the paths of heavenly peace,  
To life eternal lead.
- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,  
Defeat their dire malicious aim,  
Their baffled hopes destroy;  
But shower on him thy blessings down;  
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,  
And everlasting joy.
- 4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,  
Late may he seek that high abode,  
Late to his heaven remove:  
Of virtues full, and happy days,  
Accounted worthy by thy grace,  
To fill a throne above.
- 5 And when thou dost his spirit receive,  
O give him, in his offspring, give  
Us back our king again.  
Preserve them, providence divine,  
And let the long-illustrious line  
To latest ages reign.

---

<sup>351</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 21–22.



- 6 Secure us of his royal race  
A man to stand before thy face,  
And exercise thy power;  
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,  
Our nation and our church to bless,  
Till time shall be no more.

**Hymn CCXX.**<sup>352</sup> (Wednesbury.)

**For Parents.**

- 1 God only wise, almighty, good,  
Send forth thy truth and light,  
To point us out the narrow road,  
And guide our steps aright:
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between  
The rocks on either hand;  
And fix us to the golden mean,  
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace  
To teach as taught by thee,  
We come to train in all thy ways  
Our rising progeny:
- 4 Their selfish will in time subdue,  
And mortify their pride;  
And lend their youth a sacred clew  
To find the crucified.
- 5 We would in every step look up,  
By thy example taught  
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,  
And rectify their thought.
- 6 We would persuade their heart<sup>353</sup> t' obey,  
With mildest zeal proceed;  
And never take the harsher way,  
When love will do the deed.

---

<sup>352</sup>First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 67–68; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 456.

<sup>353</sup>Originally “hearts” in *Family Hymns* (1767). “Heart” changed back to “hearts” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789) and following.

- 7 For this we ask in faith sincere  
The wisdom from above;  
To touch their hearts with filial fear,  
And pure, ingenuous love:
- 8 To watch their will to sense inclined,  
With-hold the hurtful food;  
And gently bend their tender mind,  
And draw their souls to God.

**Hymn CCXXI.**<sup>354</sup> (Invitation.)

**For Masters.**

- 1 Master supreme, I look to thee  
For grace and wisdom from above!  
Vested with thy authority,  
Endue me with thy patient love!
- 2 That, taught according to thy will  
To rule my family aright,  
I may the appointed charge fulfil  
With all my heart and all my might.
- 3 Inferiors as a sacred trust  
I from the sovereign Lord receive,  
That what is suitable and just  
Impartial I to all may give:
- 4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;  
From vice and wickedness restrain:  
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,  
And govern with a looser rein.
- 5 The servant faithfully discreet,  
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,  
Him I would tenderly intreat,  
And scarce distinguish from a child.

- 6 Yet let me not my place forsake,  
The occasion of his stumbling prove;  
The servant to my bosom take,  
Or mar him by familiar love.
- 7 Order if some invert, confound,  
Their Lord's authority betray,  
I hearken to the gospel-sound,  
And trace the providential way.
- 8 As far from abjectness as pride,  
With condescending dignity,  
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,  
And keep the post assigned by thee.
- 9 Oh, could I emulate the zeal,  
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!  
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel  
Of souls intrusted to my care:
- 10 In daily prayer to God commend  
The souls, whom God expired to save;  
And think, how soon my sway may end,  
And all be equal in the grave!

**PART V.**  
**For the Society.**

**Section I.**  
***For the Society meeting.***

**Hymn [CCXXII<sup>355</sup>].<sup>356</sup>** (Foundery.)

- 1 Peace be on this house bestowed,  
Peace on all that here reside  
Let the unknown peace of God  
With the man of peace abide!

---

<sup>355</sup>Orig., "CXXII"; a misprint.

<sup>356</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 157–58; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 467.

Let the Spirit now come down:  
Let the blessing now take place!  
Son of peace receive thy crown,  
Fulness of the gospel-grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,  
Let me thy fore-runner be:  
O be mindful of thy word!  
Visit them, and visit me!  
To this house and all herein  
Now let thy salvation come!  
Save our souls from inbred-sin:  
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest,  
Till the promise is fulfilled:  
Till we are of thee possest,  
Pardoned, sanctified, and sealed:  
Till we all, in love renewed,  
Find the pearl that Adam lost,  
Temples of the living God,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**Hymn CCXXIII.**<sup>357</sup> (Newcastle.)

1 All thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet:  
His love we proclaim, his praises repeat:  
We own him our Jesus, continually near  
To pardon, and bless us, and perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,  
Preserved by his grace throughout the dark hour;  
In all our temptation he keeps us to prove  
His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.

3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone,  
Through water and fire with him we went on!  
The world and the devil through him we o'ercame,  
Our Jesus from evil, for ever the same.

---

<sup>357</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:323–24; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 469.

- 4 When we would have spurned his mercy and grace,  
To Egypt returned, and fled from his face,  
He hindered our flying (his goodness to show,)  
And stopt us by crying, “Will ye also go?”
- 5 O what shall I do my Saviour to love?  
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above!  
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give!  
Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- 6 Come, Jesus, and loose<sup>358</sup> the stammerer’s tongue,  
And teach even us the spiritual song:  
Let us without ceasing give thanks for thy grace,  
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and praise.
- 7 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free:  
Ah, hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me!  
The peace, thou hast given, this moment impart,  
And open thy heaven, O love, in my heart!

**Hymn CCXXIV.**<sup>359</sup> (Islington.)

- 1 Brother in Christ, and well-beloved,  
To Jesus and his servants dear,  
Enter, and shew thyself approved;  
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 ’Scaped from the world, redeemed from sin,  
By fiends pursued, by men abhorred,  
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,  
And share the portion of thy<sup>360</sup> Lord.
- 3 Welcome from earth!—Lo, the right-hand  
Of fellowship to thee we give!  
With open arms and hearts we stand,  
And thee in Jesu’s name receive.
- 4 Say, is thy heart resolved as ours?  
Then let it burn with sacred love;  
Then let it taste the heavenly powers;  
Partaker of the joys above.

---

<sup>358</sup>“Loose” changed to “lose” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790); a misprint.

<sup>359</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 169–71.

<sup>360</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

- 5 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal!  
Are we not met in thy great name?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 6 Thou God, that answerest by fire,  
The Spirit of burning now impart,  
And let the flames of pure desire  
Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 7 Truly our fellowship below  
With thee and with the Father is:  
In thee eternal life we know,  
And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 8 In part we only know thee here,  
But wait thy coming from above:  
And I shall then behold thee near,  
And I shall all be lost in love.

**Hymn CCXXV.**<sup>361</sup> (Bexley.)

- 1 Jesu, great shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly:  
Thy little flock in safety keep!  
For O the wolf is nigh!
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay:  
He seizes every straggling soul,  
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thy arm:  
Unless we first the fold forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While by our shepherd's side:  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.

---

<sup>361</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 1:230; stanzas 1–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 487.

5 O do not suffer him to part,  
The souls that here agree!  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live!  
Together let us die!  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

**Hymn CCXXVI.**<sup>362</sup> (Brockmer.)

1 See, Jesu, thy disciples see,  
The promised blessing give!  
Met in thy name, we look to thee,  
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,  
Who in thy name are joined:  
We wait according to thy word  
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here;  
But O thyself reveal!  
Son of the living God, appear!  
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,  
And these dry bones shall live:  
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,  
“The Holy Ghost receive!”

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet;  
Jesus, the crucified,  
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,  
Thou, who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive!  
Speak, and the tokens shew,  
“Oh! be not faithless, but believe  
In me, who died for you!”

---

<sup>362</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:324–25; stanzas 1–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 474.

**Hymn CCXXVII.**<sup>363</sup> (Amsterdam.)

- 1 Two are better far than one  
For counsel or for fight;  
How can one be warm alone,  
Or serve his God aright?  
Join we then our hearts and hands:  
Each to love provoke his friend;  
Run the way of his commands,  
And keep it to the end.
  
- 2 Wo to him, whose spirits droop!  
To him, who falls alone!  
He has none to lift him up,  
To help his weakness on;  
Happier we each other keep;  
We each other's burdens bear;  
Never need our footsteps slip,  
Upheld by mutual prayer.
  
- 3 Who of twain has made us one,  
Maintains our unity:  
Jesus is the corner-stone,  
In whom we all agree:  
Servants of one common Lord,  
Sweetly of one heart and mind:  
Who can break a three-fold cord,  
Or part whom God hath joined?
  
- 4 O that all with us might prove  
The fellowship of saints;  
Find supplied in Jesu's love  
What every member wants!  
Grasp we our high-calling's prize!  
Feel our sins on earth forgiven!  
Rise, in his whole image rise,  
And meet our head in heaven!

---

<sup>363</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:309–10; stanzas 1–3, 5. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 475.



**Section II.**  
***For the Society giving thanks.***

**Hymn CCXXVIII.**<sup>364</sup> (Builth.)

- 1       Come away to the skies!  
          My beloved, arise  
And rejoice in the day thou wast born:  
          On this festival day  
          Come exulting away,  
And with singing to Sion return!
  
- 2       We have laid up our love  
          And treasure above,  
Though our bodies continue below:  
          The redeemed of the Lord,  
          We remember his word,  
And with singing to paradise go.
  
- 3       With singing we praise  
          The original grace,  
By our heavenly Father bestowed;  
          Our being receive  
          From his bounty, and live  
To the honour and glory of God.
  
- 4       For thy glory we are,  
          Created to share  
Both the nature and kingdom divine:  
          Created again,  
          That our souls may remain  
In time and eternity thine.
  
- 5       With thanks we approve  
          The design of thy love,  
Which hath joined us in Jesus's name:  
          So united in heart,  
          That we never can part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

---

<sup>364</sup>First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 174–76; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 478.

- 6           There, there at his feet,  
              We shall suddenly meet,  
And be parted in body no more!  
              We shall sing to our lyres  
              With the heavenly choirs,  
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 7           Hallelujah we sing  
              To our Father and King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat:  
              To the Lamb that was slain  
              Hallelujah again,  
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!
- 8           In assurance of hope  
              We to Jesus look up,  
Till his banner unfurled in the air  
              From our graves we do see,  
              And cry out, "It is he,"  
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

**Hymn CCXXIX.**<sup>365</sup> (Trumpet.)

- 1           Come all, whoe'er have set  
              Your faces Sion-ward,  
              In Jesus let us meet,  
              And praise our common Lord:  
In Jesus let us still go on,  
Till all appear before his throne.
- 2           Nearer and nearer still  
              We to our country come;  
              To that celestial hill,  
              The weary pilgrim's home;  
The New Jerusalem above,  
The seat of everlasting love.

---

<sup>365</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:242–43; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 484.

- 3       The ransomed sons of God,  
           All earthly things we scorn,  
           And to our high abode  
           With songs of praise return;  
 From strength to strength we still proceed,  
 With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 4       The peace and joy of faith  
           Each moment may we feel;  
           Redeemed from sin and wrath,  
           From earth, and death, and hell,  
 We to our Father's house repair  
 To meet our elder brother there.
- 5       Our brother, Saviour, head,  
           Our all in all is he;  
           And in his steps who tread,  
           We soon his face shall see;  
 Shall see him with our glorious friends,  
 And then in heaven our journey ends.

**Hymn CCXXX.**<sup>366</sup> (Derby.)

- 1       Come, let us anew  
           Our journey pursue,  
           With vigour arise,  
 And press to our permanent place in the skies.  
           Of heavenly birth,  
           Though wandering on earth,  
           This is not our place,  
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 2       At Jesus's call  
           We gave up our all;  
           And still we forego  
 For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below:  
           No longing we find  
           For the<sup>367</sup> country behind;  
           But onward we move,  
 And still we are seeking a country above:

---

<sup>366</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:243–44; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 485.

<sup>367</sup>“The” changed to “our” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

3       A country of joy  
          Without any alloy,  
          We thither repair,  
Our heart and our treasure already are there.  
          We march hand in hand  
          To Immanuel's land:  
          No matter what cheer  
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

4       The rougher our<sup>368</sup> way,  
          The shorter our stay:  
          The tempests that rise  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:  
          The fiercer the blast,  
          The sooner 'tis past:  
          The troubles that come  
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

**Hymn CCXXXI.**<sup>369</sup> (Builth.)

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

2       Who in Jesus confide,  
          We are bold to outride  
The storms of affliction beneath!  
          With the prophet we soar  
          To the heavenly shore,  
And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3       By faith we are come  
          To our permanent home:  
By hope we the rapture improve:

---

<sup>368</sup>“Our” changed to “the” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>369</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:313–14; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 486.

By love we still rise,  
And look down on the skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4       Who on earth can conceive,  
          How happy we live  
In the palace of God, the great King?  
          What a concert of praise,  
          When our Jesus's grace  
The whole heavenly company sing?

5       What a rapturous song,  
          When the glorified throng  
In the spirit of harmony join?  
          Join all the glad choirs,  
          Hearts, voices, and lyres;  
And the burden is mercy divine.

6       Hallelujah they cry  
          To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I Am:  
          To the Lamb that was slain,  
          And liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7       The Lamb on the throne,  
          Lo! he dwells with his own,  
And to rivers of pleasure he leads;  
          With his mercy's full blaze,  
          With the sight of his face  
Our beatified spirit<sup>370</sup> he feeds.

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

---

<sup>370</sup>Originally "spirits" in *HSP* (1749). "Spirit" changed back to "spirits" only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

**Section III.**  
***For the Society praying.***

**Hymn CCXXXII.**<sup>371</sup> (Aldrich.)

- 1 Come, thou omniscient Son of man,  
    Display thy sifting power:  
Come with thy winnowing Spirit's fan,  
    And throughly purge thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing  
    Far from our souls be driven!  
The wheat into thy garner bring,  
    And lay us up for heaven.
- 3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame!  
    The clouds and darkness chase:  
And tell me, what by sin I am,  
    And what I am by grace.
- 4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,  
    Far from our hearts remove!  
As dust before the whirlwind flies,  
    Disperse it by thy love.
- 5 Then let us all thy fulness know,  
    From every sin set free:  
Saved, to the utmost saved below,  
    And perfectly like thee.

**Hymn CCXXXIII.**<sup>372</sup> (Wenvo.)

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground  
    Of every sinful heart:  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
    O bid it all depart.

---

<sup>371</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:173–74; stanzas 1–2, 4, 7–8. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 488.

<sup>372</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 83; [Part I], stanzas 1–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 489.

- 2     When to the right or left we stray,  
       Leave us not comfortless;  
       But guide our feet into the way  
       Of everlasting peace.
- 3     Help us to help each other Lord,  
       Each other's cross to bear;  
       Let each his friendly aid afford,  
       And feel his brother's care.
- 4     Help us to build each other up,  
       Our little stock<sup>373</sup> t' improve;  
       Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
       And perfect us in love.
- 5     Up into thee, our living head,  
       Let us in all things grow,  
       Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
       And spotless here below.
- 6     Then, when the mighty work is wrought,  
       Receive thy ready bride;  
       Give us in heaven a happy lot  
       With all the sanctified.

**Hymn CCXXXIV.**<sup>374</sup> (Wenvo.)

- 1     Jesus, united by thy grace,  
       And each to each endeared,  
       With confidence we seek thy face,  
       And know our prayer is heard.
- 2     Still let us own our common Lord,  
       And bear thine easy yoke,  
       A band of love, a threefold cord,  
       Which never can be broke.
- 3     Make us into one spirit drink;  
       Baptize into thy name;  
       And let us always kindly think,  
       And sweetly speak the same.

---

<sup>373</sup>“Stock” changed to “flock” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>374</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 86–87; Part IV, stanzas 1–9. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 490.

- 4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree;  
And ever towards each other move,  
And ever move towards thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably joined,  
Let all our spirits cleave;  
O may we all the loving mind  
That was in thee receive!
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,  
The spotless charity;  
O let us (still we pray) possess  
The mind that was in thee.
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below  
Insensibly remove:  
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,  
Made perfect first in love:
- 8 With ease our souls through death shall glide  
Into their paradise,  
And thence on wings of angels ride  
Triumphant through the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,  
The same delight we prove,  
In earth, in paradise, in heaven  
Our all in all is love.

**Hymn CCXXXV.**<sup>375</sup> (Hamilton's.)

**John xiv. 16, 17.**

- 1 Father of our dying Lord,  
Remember us for good,  
O fulfil his faithful word,  
And hear his speaking blood:

---

<sup>375</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 166–67; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 492.



Give us that, for which he prays;  
Father, glorify thy Son!  
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,  
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful witness, thou,  
O Christ, the Spirit give:  
Hast thou not received him now,  
That we might now receive?  
Art thou not our living head?  
Life to all thy limbs impart;  
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed  
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
The gift of Jesus, come:  
Glow's our heart to find thee near,  
And swells to make thee room;  
Present with us thee we feel,  
Come, O come, and in us be;  
With us, in us, live and dwell  
To all eternity.

**Hymn CCXXXVI.**<sup>376</sup> (Hotham.)

1 God of love, that hearest the prayer,  
Kindly for thy people care;  
Who on thee alone depend:  
Love us, save us to the end!

2 Save us in the prosperous hour  
From the flattering tempter's power;  
From his unsuspected wiles,  
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependance vain  
On the help of feeble man;  
Every arm of flesh remove!  
Stay us on thy only love!

---

<sup>376</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 19–21; stanzas 1, 2a, 3a, 4–5, 6b. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 494.

- 4 Men of worldly, low design,  
Let not these thy people join,  
Poison our simplicity,  
Drag us from our trust in thee.
- 5 Save us from the great and wise,  
Till they sink in their own eyes,  
Tame to thy yoke submit,  
Lay their honour at thy feet.
- 6 Never let the world break in,  
Fix a mighty gulph between;  
Keep us little and unknown,  
Prized and loved by God alone.
- 7 Let us still to thee look up,  
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;  
Nothing know or seek beside  
Jesus, and him crucified.
- 8 Far above all earthly things,  
Look we down on earthly kings,  
Taste our glorious liberty;  
Find our happy all in thee!

**Hymn CCXXXVII.**<sup>377</sup> (Hotham.)

- 1 Jesu, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree;  
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace;  
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love  
Every stumbling-block remove:  
Each to each unite, endear:  
Come, and spread thy banner here!
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.

---

<sup>377</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 1:248; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 495.

4 Let us each for<sup>378</sup> other care,  
Each the other's burden bear;  
To thy church the pattern give;  
Shew, how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness!

6 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above:  
On the wings of angels fly;  
Shew how true believers die.

**Hymn CCXXXVIII.**<sup>379</sup> (Cardiff.)

1 Thou God of truth and love,  
We seek thy perfect way,  
Ready thy choice t' approve,  
Thy providence obey,  
Enter into thy wise design,  
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot  
In the same age and place?  
And why together brought  
To see each other's face;  
To join with softest sympathy,  
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,  
That all might one remain,  
Together travel on,  
And bear each other's pain,  
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renewed in perfect love.

---

<sup>378</sup>“Each for” changed to “for each” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>379</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:279–80; stanzas 1–6. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 496.

- 4 Surely thou didst unite  
Our kindred spirits here,  
That all hereafter might  
Before thy throne appear;  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear  
The blessed end in view,  
And join with mutual care  
To fight our passage through:  
And kindly help each other on,  
Till all receive the starry crown.
- 6 O may the<sup>380</sup> Spirit seal  
Our souls unto that day!  
With all thy fulness fill,  
And then transport away!  
Away to our eternal rest,  
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

**Hymn CCXXXIX.**<sup>381</sup> (Ascension.)

- 1 Christ, from whom all blessings flow,  
Perfecting the saints below,  
Hear us, who thy nature share,  
Who thy mystic body are.
- 2 Join us, in one spirit join,  
Let us still receive of thine:  
Still for more on thee we call,  
Thee, who fillest all in all!
- 3 Closer knit to thee our head:  
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;  
Let us daily growth receive,  
More and more in Jesus live.

---

<sup>380</sup>Originally "thy" in *HSP* (1749). "The" changed back to "thy" in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>381</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 194–95; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 504.

- 4 Jesus, we thy members are!  
Cherish us with kindest care;  
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;  
Love, for ever love thy own!
- 5 Move, and actuate, and guide:  
Divers gifts to each divide:  
Placed according to thy will,  
Let us all our work<sup>382</sup> fulfil:
- 6 Never from our office move;  
Needful to the others prove:  
Use the grace on each bestowed,  
Tempered by the art of God.
- 7 Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with softest sympathy:  
Kindly for each other care;  
Every member feel its share.
- 8 Wounded by the grief of one,  
Now let all the members groan:  
Honoured, if one member is,  
All partake the common bliss.
- 9 Many are we now and one,  
We who Jesus have put on:  
There is neither bond nor free,  
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!
- 10 Love, like death hath all destroyed,  
Rendered all distinctions void;  
Names, and sects, and parties fall:  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

---

<sup>382</sup>“Work” changed to “works” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1789) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

**Hymn CCXL.**<sup>383</sup> (Love-Feast.)

**The Love-Feast.  
Part the First.**

- 1 Come, and let us sweetly join  
Christ to praise in hymns divine!  
Give we all with one accord  
Glory to our common Lord  
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise:  
Sing as in the ancient days;  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive:  
Let the purer flame revive;  
Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
Dying champions for their God:  
We like them may live, and love:  
Called we are their joys to prove;  
Saved with them from future wrath;  
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,  
Now as yesterday the same:  
One in every time and place,  
Full for all of truth and grace:  
We for Christ our Master stand,  
Lights in a benighted land:  
We our dying Lord confess:  
We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died;  
We with him are crucified:  
Christ hath burst the bands of death;  
We his quickning Spirit breathe:  
Christ is now gone up on high;  
Thither all our wishes fly:  
Sits at God's right-hand above;  
There with him we reign in love.

---

<sup>383</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 181–82; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 505.

**Hymn CCXLI.**<sup>384</sup> (Foundery.)

**[The Love-Feast.]  
Part the Second.**

- 1 Come, thou high and lofty Lord!  
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word:  
Humbly stoop to earth again:  
Come, and visit abject man!  
Jesu, dear expected guest,  
Thou art bidden to the feast:  
For thyself our hearts prepare!  
Come, and sit, and banquet there.
- 2 Jesu, we the promise claim:  
We are met in thy great name;  
In the midst do thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here!  
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless!  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:  
Thou thyself within us move:  
Make our feast a feast of love.
- 3 Let the fruits of grace abound;  
Let in us thy bowels sound:  
Faith, and love, and joy increase,  
Temperance, and gentleness:  
Plant in us thy humble mind,  
Patient, pitiful, and kind:  
Meek and lowly let us be,  
Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 4 Make us all in thee complete!  
Make us all for glory meet;  
Meet t' appear before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light:  
Call, O call us each by name  
To the marriage of the Lamb:  
Let us lean upon thy breast!  
Love be there our endless feast!

---

<sup>384</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 182–83; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 506.

**Hymn CCXLII.**<sup>385</sup> (Invitation.)

- 1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,  
Great builder of thy church below,  
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,  
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,  
And wait thy sanctifying word,  
And thee their utmost Saviour own,  
Unite, and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all thy mind express,  
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:  
Thy power unto salvation show,  
And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians lived in days of old;  
Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 5 O might my lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesu's witnesses!  
O that my Lord would count me meet  
To wash his dear disciples' feet!
- 6 This only thing do I require;  
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire;  
Freely what I receive to give,  
The servant of thy church to live.
- 7 After my lowly Lord to go,  
And wait upon thy saints below,  
Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

---

<sup>385</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:334–36; stanzas 1–2, 6, 8, 12–16.



- 8 Lord, if I now thy drawings<sup>386</sup> feel,  
And ask according to thy will;  
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,  
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 9 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,  
“Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so.”  
The word hath passed thy lips, and I  
Shall with thy people live and die.

**Hymn CCXLIII.**<sup>387</sup> (Musician’s.)

- 1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,  
The best-concerted schemes are vain,  
And never can succeed:  
We spend our wretched strength for nought:  
But if our works in thee are wrought,  
They shall be blest indeed.
- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire  
Our souls with this intense desire  
Thy goodness to proclaim;  
Thy glory if we now intend,  
O let our deed begin and end  
Complete in Jesu’s name!
- 3 In Jesu’s name behold we meet,  
Far from an evil world retreat,  
And all its frantic ways;  
One only thing resolved to know,  
And square our useful lives below  
By reason and by grace.
- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,  
Not in the dark, monastic cell,  
By vows and grates confined;  
Freely to all ourselves we give,  
Constrained by Jesu’s love to live  
The servants of mankind.

---

<sup>386</sup>“Drawings” changed to “dawnings” only in 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790).

<sup>387</sup>First appeared in *Family Hymns* (1767), 37–38; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no.

- 5 Now, Jesu, now thy love impart  
To govern each devoted heart,  
And fit us for thy will!  
Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
Build up thy rising church, and place  
The city on the hill.
- 6 O let our faith and love abound!  
O let our lives to all around  
With purest lustre shine!  
That all around our works may see,  
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,  
The heavenly light divine!

**Hymn CCXLIV.**<sup>388</sup> (Mitchell.)

- 1 Come, let us use the grace divine,  
And all with one accord  
In a perpetual covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord:
- 2 Give up ourselves through Jesu's power  
His name to glorify,  
And promise in this sacred hour  
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant, we this moment make,  
Be ever kept in mind:  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,  
Who hears our solemn vow;  
And if thou art well pleased to hear,  
Come down, and meet us now!
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Let all our hearts receive!  
Present with the celestial host,  
The peaceful answer give!

---

<sup>388</sup>First appeared in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:36–37; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 518.

- 6 To each the covenant-blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day!

**Section IV.**  
***For the Society parting.***

**Hymn CCXLV.**<sup>389</sup> (St. Paul's.)

- 1 Blest be the dear, uniting love,  
That will not let us part!  
Our bodies may far off remove;  
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our head,  
Where he appoints we go!  
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
And shew his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem  
But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his beloved embrace;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,  
Which shall our flesh restore:  
When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more!

---

<sup>389</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1742), 159–60; stanzas 1–4, 7–8. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 520.

**Hymn CCXLVI.**<sup>390</sup> (Trumpet.)

- 1 Jesus, accept the praise,  
That to thy name belongs!  
Matter of all our praise,  
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,  
T' 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<sup>391</sup> go on  
In all thy pleasant ways,  
And, armed with patience run,  
With joy the 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<sup>392</sup> 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!

---

<sup>390</sup>First appeared in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 60–61; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 522.

<sup>391</sup>“Thus” changed to “all” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>392</sup>“Thy” changed to “the” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

- 6     These eyes shall see them fall,  
           Mountains, and stars, and skies!  
 These eyes shall see them all  
           Out of their ashes rise!  
 These lips his praises shall rehearse,  
 Whose nod restores the universe!
- 7     According to his word,  
           His oath to sinners given,  
 We look to see restored  
           The ruined earth and heaven;  
 In a new world his<sup>393</sup> 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 CCXLVII.**<sup>394</sup> (Fetter-Lane.)

- 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<sup>395</sup> 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.

---

<sup>393</sup>“His” changed to “thy” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

<sup>394</sup>This is an extract from *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 68–70; stanzas 1a, 3–8. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 523.

<sup>395</sup>“Through” changed to “To” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 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.
- 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.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God:  
Our life shall soon appear,  
And shed his glory all abroad  
On all his members here.
- 8 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.
- 9 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!
- 10 Him eye to eye we there shall see;  
Our face like his shall shine:  
O what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!
- 11 O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

- 12 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.
- 13 Then let us hasten to the day,  
When all shall be brought home!  
Come, O Redeemer, come away!  
O Jesus, quickly come!

**Hymn CCXLVIII.**<sup>396</sup> (Lamp's.<sup>397</sup>)

- 1 And let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair!  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are!
- 2 Jesus the corner-stone  
Did first our hearts unite!  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O 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!
- 5 O let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labours end!

---

<sup>396</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:317–19; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 521.

<sup>397</sup>“Lamp's” changed to “Lampe's” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

- 6     Where all our toils are o'er,  
        Our suffering and our pain!  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
        Shall never part again.
- 7     O happy, happy place,  
        When saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
        And all our brethren greet.
- 8     The church of the first-born  
        We shall with them be blest,  
And, crowned with endless joy, return  
        To our eternal rest.
- 9     With joy we shall behold  
        In yonder blest abode  
The patriarchs and prophets old,  
        And all the saints of God.
- 10    Abraham and Isaac there,  
        And Jacob shall receive  
The followers of their faith and prayer,  
        Who now in bodies live.
- 11    We shall our time beneath,  
        Live out in chearful hope,  
And fearless pass the vale of death,  
        And gain the mountain-top.
- 12    To gather home his own  
        God shall his angels send,  
And bid our bliss on earth begun  
        In deathless triumphs end.



**Hymn CCXLIX.**<sup>398</sup> (Foundery.)

- 1 Jesu, soft, harmonious name,  
Every faithful heart's desire!  
See thy followers, O Lamb,  
All at once to thee aspire:  
Drawn by thy uniting grace,  
After thee we swiftly run:  
Hand in hand we seek thy face;  
Come, and perfect us in one!
  
- 2 Mollify our harsher will:  
Each to each our tempers suit  
By thy modulating skill,  
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:  
Sweetly on our spirits move!  
Gently touch the trembling strings!  
Make the harmony of love,  
Music for the King of kings!
  
- 3 See the souls that hang on thee;  
Severed though in flesh we are,  
Joined in spirit all agree;  
All thy only love declare.  
Spread thy love to all around:  
Hark! we now our voices raise;  
Joyful, consentaneous sound,  
Sweetest symphony of praise!
  
- 4 Jesu's praise be all our song:  
While we Jesu's praise repeat,  
Glide our happy hours<sup>399</sup> along,  
Glide with down upon their feet:  
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,  
Till we take our seats above,  
Live we all as angels here,  
Only sing, and praise, and love!

---

<sup>398</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1749), 2:329–30; appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 524.

<sup>399</sup>Originally “days” in *HSP* (1749). “Hours” changed to “souls” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

**Hymn CCL.**<sup>400</sup> (Wednesbury.)

- 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 t' approve,  
 By holy, purifying hope,  
 And the sweet task of love!
- 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<sup>401</sup> of faith and prayer,  
 And lo! we 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.

---

<sup>400</sup>This is an extract from *HSP* (1749), 2:331–33; stanzas 1–2, 4–7, 10, 9, 11–12. Appears here via *Collection of Hymns* (1780), Hymn no. 525.

<sup>401</sup>“Arms” changed to “arm” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.

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<sup>402</sup> heaven to share!  
He now is fitting up our<sup>403</sup> home!  
Go on! we'll meet you there!

**FINIS.**

---

<sup>402</sup>“His” changed to “your” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1788) and following.

<sup>403</sup>Originally “your” in *HSP* (1749). “Our” changed back to “your” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1790) and following.