Redemption Hymns (1747)[1]

[Baker list, #140]

Editorial Introduction:

In July 1747, William Strahan published *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. While it was issued anonymously, Charles Wesley took the lead in its appearance, as he had with a series of shorter hymn pamphlets over the last two years. Most of the fifty-two hymns included in the collection can be traced to Charles's pen. Sixteen of the hymns appear in his manuscript notebooks. Only one of the hymns (#39) had been published in another setting before finding a place in this collection.

Some approach these hymns as if they were primarily autobiographical descriptions of Charles Wesley's spiritual journey. Undoubtedly many contain this element. But most are better seen as the work of Wesley as a "practical theologian," charting a narrative for the spiritual journey of those reading and singing the verse. The collection as a whole is marked by an evangelical focus, putting prayers and praise in the mouths of persons at various places in the spiritual pilgrimage.

Like *Graces* (1746), Wesley suggests tunes for most of the hymns in this collection. The first twenty-four hymns were arranged metrically to pair in order with the tunes in *Festival Hymns*, a pattern obscured slightly by a printer error that put tune 6 between tunes 3 and 4. Twenty-five tunes from a number of other sources are suggested in the remainder of the collection.

Redemption Hymns (1747) went through sixteen printings in England and Ireland by Charles's death, with several minor revisions. The revisions in the 1788 edition likely were made by John rather than Charles; see particularly the change from "God" to "Christ" on page 65.

Editions:

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London: Strahan, 1747.

2nd Bristol: Farley, 1747.
Dublin: Powell, 1747.
Cork: [Harrison], [ca. 1747].
3rd Bristol: Farley, 1749 .
Dublin: Powell, 1750.
3rd Newcastle: Gooding, 1751.
4th London: Cock, 1755.
5th London: [Cock], 1756.
6th London, 1761.
7th Bristol: Pine, 1765.
8th Bristol: Pine, 1768.
8th Bristol: Pine, 1769.
9th London: Hawes, 1776.
10th London: Hawes, 1779.
London: New Chapel, 1788.

---

[1]This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: April 23, 2011.

Table of Contents

Hymn I	1–2
Hymn II	2–3
Hymn III. Thanksgiving for the Success of the Gospel.	3–5
Hymn IV. The Invitation	5–6
Hymn V	6–7
Hymn VI. For a Believer, in Worldly Business	7–8
Hymn VII	9
Hymn VIII	9–11
Hymn IX.	11–12
Hymn X	12–13
Hymn XI. A Funeral Hymn	13–14
Hymn XII	14–15
Hymn XIII. *Te Deum*	16–18
Hymn XIV	18–19
Hymn XV	19–21
Hymn XVI	21–22
Hymn XVII. For a Minister of Christ	22–24
Hymn XVIII. Prov[erbs] 3:13, etc.	25–26
Hymn XIX	26–27
Hymn XX. Written After a Deliverance in a Tumult.	27–29
Hymn XXI.	29–30
Hymn XXII. At Lying Down	30–31
Hymn XXIII	31–32
Hymn XXIV	33–34
Hymn XXV. The Musician’s	34–36
Hymn XXVI. On the Death of a Child	36–37
Hymn XXVII	37–38
Hymn XXVIII	38–39
Hymn XXIX	39–40
Hymn XXX	41
Hymn XXXI. For the Outcasts of Israel	41–42
Hymn XXXII. At Meeting of Friends	43
Hymn XXXIII. Thanksgiving	43–44
Hymn XXXIV. To the Trinity	44–45
Hymn XXXV	45–46
Hymn XXXVI	46–47
Hymn XXXVII	47
Hymn XXXVIII. Thanksgiving	48
Hymn XXXIX. Before Private Prayer. *Short View of Moravians* (1745), 18	48–49
Hymn XL	49–51
Hymn XLI. The Traveller	51–52
Hymn XLII	52–54
Hymn XLIII	54–55
Hymn XLIV	55–57

Hymn XLV 57–58
Hymn XLVI 58–59
Hymn XLVII. At the Hour of Retirement 59–60
Hymn XLVIII. At the Parting of Friends 60–61
Hymn XLIX 62–63
Hymn L. The Great Supper, Luke 14:16–24 63–66
Hymn LI. The Pilgrim 66–68
Hymn LII. At Parting of Friends 68–70

[HYMNS FOR THOSE THAT SEEK, AND THOSE THAT HAVE REDEMPTION IN THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST.]

Hymn I.
To: "Father, our hearts we lift."*

1 Jesus, my Lord, attend
Thy fallen creature's cry,
And shew thyself the sinner's friend,
And set me up on high;
From hell's oppressive power,
From earth and sin release,
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

2 For this, alas! I mourn,
In helpless unbelief,
But thou my wretched heart canst turn,
And heal my sin and grief;
Salvation in thy name
To dying souls is given,
And all may, through thy merit, claim
A right to life and heaven.

3 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea,
My present and eternal peace
Are both deriv'd from thee;
Rivers of life divine
From thee their fountain flow,
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

4 O then impute, impart
To me thy righteousness,
And let me taste how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace:

* The first [tune] of *Hymns on the Great Festivals*.

That thou canst *here* forgive
I long to testify,
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

Hymn II.
To: "Angels, speak, let men give ear."

1 O how sweet it is to languish
For our God,
Till his blood
Eases all our anguish!
Blest we are in expectation
Of the bliss,
Power and peace,
Pardon and salvation.

2 We shall soon enjoy the favour
(Now the hope
Lifts us up)
Of our loving Saviour.
Confident, for God hath spoken,
Till the grace
We embrace
Hold we fast the token.

3 Though the world will not believe it,
Sure the word
Of our Lord;
All that ask, receive it.
We shall live the life of heaven,
While below,
We shall know
Here our sins forgiven.

4 Though they call our hope delusion,
Jesus here
Shall appear,
To our sin's confusion.

All the virtues of his Passion
We shall share
And declare
In the new creation.

5 Jesus shall impute his merit
Unto all
Those that call
For his promis'd Spirit;
Pour into our hearts the pardon,
Make us bud
By his blood
As a watred garden.

6 O the soul-transporting pleasure
Which we feel,
Waiting still
For the heavenly treasure!
O the joy of expectation!
Happy we
Soon shall see
All the Lord's salvation!

Hymn III.
Thanksgiving for the Success of the Gospel.[2]
To: "Away with our fears."

1 All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants his savour[3] of grace!
Who the victory gave,
The praise let him have,
For the work he hath done,
All honour and glory to Jesus alone.

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd the[4] word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell:

---

[2]Charles records writing this hymn in his *MS Journal* (August 11, 1746), quoting the first stanza. A full manuscript version is present in his journal letter covering July 27–August10, 1746 (mailed to his brother John on August 17).

[3]Charles Wesley changed "savour" to "sav'our" in *All in All* (1761).

[4]"The" changed to "his" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

His arm he hath bar'd,
And a people prepar'd,
His glory to shew,
And witness the power of his Passion below.

3 He hath open'd a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescu'd from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in:
They have heard the glad sound,
They have liberty found
Thro' the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 The opposers admire
The hammer and fire,
Which all things o'ercomes,
And breaks the hard rocks, and the mountains consumes.
With quiet amaze
They listen and gaze,
And their weapons resign,
Constrain'd to acknowledge—the work is divine!

5 And shall *we* not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee.
Thou Jesus hast bless'd,
And believers encreas'd,
Who thankfully own
We are freely forgiven thro' mercy alone.

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

[5]Ori., "The"; corrected in errata and all later editions.

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

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

Hymn IV.
The Invitation.
To: "Hearts of stone, relent, relent."

1 Weary souls, who 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,
Live on earth the life of heav'n;
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 orig'nal promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind;
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity!

Hymn V.[6]
To: "All ye that pass by."

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, shall 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.

[6]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 141–42; MS Clarke, 160–61; and MS Shent, 113a–113b.

4 But I hear a voice say,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have 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.
I freely receive
What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thy[7] Eden, to live.

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

Hymn VI.
For a Believer, in Worldly Business.
To: "Lamb of God, whose bleeding love."

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 humble Mary's heart.

2 Careful, without care, I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesus'[8] name,
Supported by his smile:

[7] "Thy" changed to "thine" in 8th edn. (1769) and following.

[8] Here and throughout this volume "Jesus'" was changed to "Jesu's" (to make the metre clearer) in 5th edn. (1756) and following.

Joyful thus my faith to shew,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

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

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

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

6 O that all the art might know,
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see:
Walk in all the works prepar'd
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their[9] full reward,
And see thy glorious face.

[9]Charles Wesley changed "their" to "the" in *All in All* (1761).

Hymn VII.
To: "With pity, Lord, a sinner see."

1 What would I have on earth beneath?
Pardon and an early death:
Out of the vale of tears
I long on mercy's wings to fly,
To leave my sins, and griefs, and fears,
To love my God, and die.

2 Jesu, I cry for help to thee;
Thou hast, Lord, the double key:
Open the gracious door,
And let me live with pardon blest,
And then obtain one blessing more,
And lay me down to rest.

3 In love forbid my longer stay,
Beckon me from earth away;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
And sign my pardon'd soul's release:
Now, now my pardon'd soul require,
And let me die in peace.

Hymn VIII.
To: "Rejoice, the Lord is King."

1 Ye tempted souls, that feel
The great and sore distress,
Waiting till Christ reveal
His joy, and love, and peace;
Lift up your heads, the signs appear,
Look up, and see your Saviour near!

2 Long have ye[10] heard and known
The wars that rage within,
And nature still fights on,
And grace opposes sin:

[10]"Ye" changed to "you" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

Lift up your heads, the signs appear,
Look up, and see your Saviour near!

3 Those strong convulsive throes,
That shake your inmost frame,
Those fears, and griefs, and woes,
His sure approach proclaim;
Lift up your heads, &c.

4 Who pine for heavenly food,
As at the point to die,
Your aching want of God,
Himself shall soon supply:
Lift up your heads, &c.

5 That plague of your own heart,
Which poisons all the race,
Shall suddenly depart,
Expell'd by sovereign grace:
Lift up your heads, &c.

6 Ye now afflicted are,
And hated for his name,
And in your bodies bear
The tokens of the Lamb:
Lift up your heads, &c.

7 Who stumble at the cross,
And vilely fall away,
Deserters of the cause,
Your brethren you betray:
Lift up your heads, &c.

8 Lo! The false prophets rise
To vilify the true,
The truth to scandalize,
And make a prey of you:
Lift up your heads, &c.

9 Iniquities increase,
And many are grown cold,
And forfeiting their peace
Have wandred from the fold:
Lift up your heads, &c.

10 Who patiently endure,
Till all these[11] trials end,
Are of salvation sure,
And shall to heaven ascend:
Lift up your heads, the signs appear,
Look up, and see your Saviour *here*.

Hymn IX.[12]
To: "Jesus, shew us thy salvation."

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 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:
Take away our *power*[13] of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

---

[11]"These" changed to "their" in 5th edn. (1756) and following.

[12]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 94a–94b; and MS Thirty, 135–36.

[13]The italics for emphasis were added in 2nd edn. (1747) and following.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

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

Hymn X.
To: "Happy Magdalene."

1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan to bear your load,
Jesus calls his wanderers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God:
Come, ye guilty spirits opprest,
Answer to the Saviour's call,
"Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will save you all."

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away:
Now the promis'd rest bestow,
Rest from servitude severe,
Rest from all our toil and woe,
Rest from all our grief and fear.

3 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our sin and care,
To thy arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

4 Burthen'd with a world of grief,
Burthen'd with our sinful load,
Burthen'd with this unbelief,
Burthen'd with the wrath of God,
Lo! We come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art,
Now our groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Hymn XI.
A Funeral Hymn.
To: "Hail the day that sees him rise!"

1 Glory be to God on high,
God, in whom we live and die,
God, who guides us by his love,
Takes us to his throne above!
Angels, that surround his throne,
Sing the wonders he hath done,
Shout, while we on earth reply,
Glory be to God on high!

2 God of everlasting grace,
Worthy thou of endless praise,
Thou hast all thy blessings shed
On the living and the dead:
Thou wast here their sure defence,
Thou hast borne their spirits hence,
Worthy thou of endless praise,
God of everlasting grace!

3 Thanks be all ascrib'd to thee,
Blessing, power, and majesty,

Thee, by whose almighty name
They their latest foe o'ercame;
Thou the victory hast won,
Sav'd them by thy grace alone,
Caught them up thy face to see,
Thanks be all ascrib'd to thee!

4 Happy in thy glorious love,
We shall from the vale remove,
Glad partakers of our hope,
We shall soon be taken up,
Meet again our heav'nly friends,
Blest with bliss that never ends,
Join'd to all thy hosts above,
Happy in thy glorious love!

Hymn XII.
To: "Hail, Jesus, hail, our great high priest!"

1 Arm of the Lord, awake for me!
Art thou not it that smote the sea,
And all its mighty waters dry'd!
Art thou not it that quell'd the boast
Of haughty Pharaoh, and his host,
And baffled all their furious pride!

2 Thou didst th' outrageous dragon wound,
Thou hast the horse and rider drown'd,
Glorious and excellent in power;
While Israel march'd in firm array,
Triumphant thro' the wondrous way,
Nor stumbled till they reach'd the shore.

3 Awake, as in the antient days:
See in our foes th' Egyptian race,
With hell's grim tyrant at their head,
Inrag'd at our escape he roars,
And follows us with all his powers,
Out of his iron furnace freed.

4 “I will pursue, I will o’ertake,
I will my fugitives bring back,
And satisfy my lust of blood,
Draw out my sword of keenest lies,
Pour a whole flood of perjuries,
And make the rebels know their god.”

5 Angel divine, who still art near,
Remove, and guard thy people’s rear,
This day for thy[14] own Israel fight;
O let the pillar interpose,
A cloud and darkness to our foes,
To us a flame of chearing light.

6 Hear us to thee for succour cry,
Nor let the hostile powers come nigh,
In all our night of doubts and fears:
They cannot force their way thro’ thee,
And thou shalt our protection be,
Till the glad morning light appears.

7 Look thro’ the tutelary cloud,
In which thou dost our souls inshroud,
And blast the alliens with thine eye,
Trouble the proud Egyptian host,
Confound their vain presumptuous boast
Who Israel’s God in us defy.

8 Arrest our fierce pursuers’ speed,
Take off their chariot-wheels, with dread
And heavy wrath their spirits pain,
Extort the cry from ev’ry heart,
“Jehovah takes his people’s part,
We fight against the Lord in vain.”

[14]“Thy” changed to “thine” in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

Hymn XIII.
Te Deum.
To: "Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made."

1 Infinite God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth ador'd
We worship thee, the common Lord,
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy[15] throne.

2 Thee all the quire of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings!
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Tri-une God,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky!

3 God of the patriarchal race
The antient seers record thy praise,
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy, and glory stand,
And all the saints and prophets join
T' extol the majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host
Of thee they justly make their boast;[16]
The church to earth's remotest bounds
Her heav'nly founder's praise resounds,
And strive with those around thy[17] throne
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee,
Thy true and only Son adore
The same in dignity and power,
And God the Holy Ghost declare
The saints' eternal Comforter.

---

[15]"Thy" changed to "the" in 1788 edn. only.

[16]Ori., "Of thee they make their glorious boast"; corrected to above in errata and all later editions.

[17]"Thy changed to "the" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

6 Messiah! Joy of ev'ry heart,
Thou, thou the King of Glory art!
The Father's everlasting Son!
Thee, thee we most delight to own,
For all our hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.

7 Bent to redeem a sinful race
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace
Into our lower world didst come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Whom all those[18] heav'ns cannot contain,
Our God appear'd—a child of man!

8 When thou hadst render'd up thy breath,
And dying drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portal[19] of the skies,
That all who trust in thee alone
Might follow, and partake thy throne.

9 Seated at God's right hand again
Thou dost in all his glory reign,
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes divine,
And thou in vengeance clad shall[20] come
To seal our everlasting doom.

10 Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
O Saviour, take our sins away!
Before thou as our judge appear
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of thy blood.

11 Hallow, and make thy servants meet,
And with thy saints in glory seat,
Sustain, and bless us by thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,

---

[18]"Those" changed to "these" in 5th edn. (1756) and 6th edn (1761); then changed to "the" in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

[19]"Portal" changed to "portals" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

[20]"Shall" changed to "shalt" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

When all thy church shall chant above
The new eternal song of love.

12 Rejoicing now in glorious hope
That thou at last will[21] take us up,
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless, and magnify thy name,
And wait thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.

13 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to day,
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below,
And ever mightily defend,
And save, O save us to the end!

14 Still let us, Lord, with love be blest,
Who in thy guardian mercy rest,
The weakest soul that trusts in thee
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
And never let me lose thy love,
Till I, e'en I am crown'd above.

Hymn XIV.[22]
To: "Jesus, we hang upon the word."

1 Father of Jesus Christ the just,
My friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul, who fain would trust
In him, who lov'd,[23] and dy'd for me;
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If drawn by thine 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.

---

[21]"Will" changed to "wilt" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

[22]A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 111a.

[23]"Lov'd" changed to "liv'd" in Dublin (1747), Dublin (1750), and 4th edn. (1755) and following.

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!

4 Thee without faith I cannot please:
Faith without thee I cannot have:
But thou hast sent the Prince of Peace
To seek my wand'ring soul, and save:
O Father! Glorify thy Son,
And save me for his sake alone!

5 Save me thro' faith in Jesus' blood,
That blood which he for all did shed:
For me, for me, thou know'st, it flow'd,
For me, for me thou hear'st it plead;
Assure me now my soul is thine,
And all thou art in Christ is mine!

Hymn XV.
To: "Jesus, dear departed Lord."

1 God of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend,
Save us, save us to the end!

Save us in the prosperous hour
From the flatt'ring tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

2 Cut off our dependance vain
On the help of feeble man,
Ev'ry arm of flesh remove,
Stay us on thy only love.

Let us still afflicted be,
Shelter'd in thy poverty,
Cover'd with thy sacred shame,
Kept by thine almighty name.

3 Men of worldly low design
Let not these thy people join,
Dare thy hallow'd ark sustain,
Touch it with their hands prophane.

Saviour, compass us about
Keep the rich and noble out,
Till their all in heart they sell,
Till the worms their baseness feel.

4 Men of dignity and power
Let not them thy flock devour,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.

Save us from the great and wise
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Till they to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.

5 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulph between,
Keep us humble and unknown,
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.

Let us still to thee look up,
Thee thy Israel's strength and hope,
Nothing known,[24] or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucify'd.

6 Dignify'd with worth divine
Let us in thine image shine,
High in heav'nly places sit,
See the moon beneath our feet.

[24]"Known" changed to "know" in Dublin (1747), Dublin (1750), and 4th edn. (1755) and following.

Far above created things
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taste our glorious liberty,
Find our happy all in thee.

Hymn XVI.
To: "Spirit of truth, descend."

1 Ye simple souls, that stray
Far from the path of peace
(That unfrequented way
To life and happiness)
How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath,
And nothing great can see
Or glorious in our death:
As born to suffer and to grieve
Beneath your feet we lie,
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 Poor pensive sojourners,
O'erwhelm'd with griefs and woes,
Perplex'd with needless fears,
And pleasure's mortal foes;
More irksome than a gaping tomb
Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
Of fanciful despair.

4 So wretched, and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak, and poor
Above your scorn we rise:

Our conscience in the Holy Ghost
Can witness better things,
For he whose blood is all our boast
Hath made us priests and kings.

5 Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know,
And pleasures from the well
Of life our souls o'erflow:
From him the Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and pow'r,
And alway sorrowful we live
Rejoicing evermore.

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

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

Hymn XVII.
For a Minister of Christ.[25]
To: "Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!"

1 Jesus, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conquering name I sing.

[25]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 124b, 134a–134b; and MS Thirty, 104–6.

Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintain'd thy cause,
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

2 Thou gavest me to speak thy word
In the appointed hour,
I have proclaimed my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power:
Superior to thy[26] foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown,
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look'd down.

3 O let me have thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To shew the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace.
O let me never blush to own
The glorious gospel-word,
Which saves a world thro' faith alone,
Faith in a BLEEDING Lord!

4 This is the saving power of God:
Whoe'er this word receive,
Feel all th' effects of Jesus' blood,
And *sensibly* believe.
Sav'd from the guilt and power of sin
By instantaneous grace
They trust to have thy *life brought in*,
And *always* see thy face.

5 The pure in heart thy face shall see
Before they hence remove,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
And perfected in love.
This is the great salvation! This
The prize at which we aim,
The end of faith, the hidden bliss,
The new mysterious name!

---

[26]"Thy" changed to "my" in 8th edn. (1768) and following.

6 The name inscrib'd in the white stone,
The unbeginning Word,
The mystery so long unknown,
The secret of the Lord;
The living bread sent down from heav'n,
The saints' and angels' food,
Th' immortal seed, the little leaven,
The effluence of God!

7 The tree of life that blooms and grows
I' th' midst of paradise,
The pure and living stream, that flows
Back to its native skies:
The Spirit's law, the cov'nant's[27] seal,
Th' eternal righteousness,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
Th' unutterable peace!

8 The treasure in the gospel-field,
The wisdom from above,
Hid from the wise, to babes reveal'd,
The precious pearl of love;
The mystic power of godliness,
The end of death and sin,
The antepast of heavenly bliss,
The kingdom fixt within.

9 The Morning Star, that glittering bright,
Shines to the perfect day,
The Sun of righteousness. The light,
The life, the truth, the way:
The image of the living God,
His nature, and his mind,
Himself he hath on us bestow'd,
And all in Christ we find.

[27]"Cov'nant's" changed to "Cov'nant" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

Hymn XVIII.
Prov[erbs] iii. 13, &c.[28]
To: "Sinners, obey the gospel-word."

1 Happy the man, who 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 heav'nly understanding gains.

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

4 Better she is than richest mines,
All earthly treasures she outshines,
Her value above rubies is,
And precious pearls are vile to this.

5 Whate'er thy heart can wish, is poor
To wisdom's all-sufficient store:
Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends,
She all created good transcends.

6 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.

7 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

[28]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 100a–100b; and MS Thirty, 163–64.

8 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends,
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.

9 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 XIX.
To: "O love divine, how sweet, thou art!"

1 Thou great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on
E'en from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I never[29] knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with an 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.

[29] "Never" changed to "ever" in 9th edn. (1776) and following.

5 Ah never let thy *servant* rest,
Till of *my* part in Christ possest
I on thy mercy feed,
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all
To eat the children's bread.

6 O may I cast my rags aside,
My filthy rags of virtuous pride,
And for acceptance groan;
My works and[30] righteousness disclaim,
With all I have, or can, or am,
And trust in grace alone.

7 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning 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.

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

Hymn XX.
Written After a Deliverance in a Tumult.[31]
To: "Head of thy church triumphant."

1 Worship, and thanks, and blessing
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone
Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.

---

[30]"And" changed to "of" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

[31]A manuscript version is present in a journal letter covering February 23–25, 1747, the first known evidence for this hymn. The contents of the journal letter are included in *MS Journal* (February 25, 1747). It is unclear if the hymn was written at this time, or written earlier.

Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver,
Our seal set to
That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee,
Our Saviour thou,
We find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshort'ned,
Brought thro' our sore temptation,
With heart and voice,
In thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep
Pass'd thro' the deep,
By chrystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our reerward,[32]
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, e'en we
Have walk'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over.

4 Thy work[33] we now acknowledge,
Thy wondrous loving-kindness,
Which help'd thine own
By means unknown,
And smote our foes with blindness.
By Satan's host surrounded
Thou didst with patience arm us,
But wouldst not give
The Syrians leave,
Or Sodom's sons to harm us.

---

[32]"Reerward" changed to "rearward" in 5th edn. (1756); then to "rereward" in 6th edn. (1761) and following. "Rearward" (in sense of back guard) seems most probable.

[33]"Work" changed to "works" in 5th edn. (1756) and following.

5 Safe as devoted Peter
Betwixt the soldiers sleeping,
Like sheep we lay
To wolves a prey,
Yet still in Jesus' keeping.
Thou from th' infernal Herod
And Jewish expectation
Hast set us free:
All praise to thee,
O God of our salvation!

6 The world and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded,
And by thy grace
With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliverance
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love
Which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

Hymn XXI.[34]
To: "Ye servants of God."

1 Ye heavens, rejoice
In Jesus's grace,
Let earth make a noise,
And eccho his praise!
Our all-loving Saviour
Hath pacified God,
And paid for his favour
The price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales
In praises abound,
Ye hills and ye dales
Continue the sound,

[34]This hymn later incorporated into a longer hymn on Isaiah 44 (Pt. II, vs. 5–8) in *HSP* (1749), 1:16.

Break forth into singing
Ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus's[35] bringing
Lost sinners to God.

3 Atonement he made
For every one,
The debt he hath paid,
The work he hath done,
Shout all the creation
Below and above,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus his[36] love.

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

Hymn XXII.
At Lying Down.
To: "Ah lovely appearance of death."

1 And can I in sorrow lie[37] down
My weary and languishing head,
Nor think on the souls that are gone,
Nor envy the peaceable dead!
The peaceable dead are set free,
The good which I covet they have,
An end of their sorrows they see,
And bury their cares in the grave.

---

[35]"Jesus's" changed to "Jesus is" in *All in All* (1761), then in 8th edn. (1768) and following.

[36]"Jesus his" changed to "Jesus's" in 5th edn. (1756) and following.

[37]"Lie" changed to "lay" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

2 Their souls are impassive above,
And nothing of mortals they know,
Unless on an errand of love
They visit a mourner below,
With pity angelical view
A spirit imprison'd in pain,
And long for his happiness too,
And wait for his bursting the chain.

3 Ye souls of the righteous, appear,
If any are waiting around,
To look on a spectacle here,
In iron and misery bound;
Survey the sad children of men,
The purchase of mercy divine,
And say, if ye ever have seen
A soul so afflicted as mine.

4 When will the affliction be o'er,
When will the fierce agony cease!
With those that are gather'd before
I press to the haven of peace:
I would as a shadow remove,
And suddenly vanish away,
Escape to the spirits above,
Ascend to the regions of day!

Hymn XXIII.
To: "'Tis finish'd 'tis done!"

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,
An heaven below.

4 No longer we join
While sinners invite,
Or envy the swine
Their brutish delight:
Their joy is all sadness,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness,
Their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last
With sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste
For which they were born,
Our Jesus receiving
Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing,
The heaven of love.

Hymn XXIV.[38]
To: "Thanks be to God alone."

1 O Lamb of God, to thee
In deep distress I flee,
Thou didst purge my guilty stain,
Didst for all atonement make;
Take away my sin[39] and pain,
Save me for thy mercy's sake.

2 Thy mercy is my prop,
And bears my weakness up;
Full of evil as I am,
Fuller thou of pard'ning grace,
Jesus is thy healing name,
Saviour of the sinful race.

3 For thine own sake, I pray,
Take all my sins away:
Other refuge have I none,
None do I desire beside;
Thou hast died for all t' atone,
Thou for me, for me hast dy'd.

4 Hast died that I might live,
Might all thy life receive;
Hasten, Lord, my heart prepare,
Bring thy death and sufferings[40] in,
Tear away my idols, tear,
Save me, save me from my sin.

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

---

[38]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 135–36; MS Clarke, 154–55; and MS Shent, 117a–117b.

[39]"Sin" changed to "sins" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

[40]"Sufferings" changed to "suffering" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

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

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

Hymn XXV.
The Musician's.

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

2 If well I know the tuneful art
To captivate a human heart,
The glory, Lord, be thine:
A servant[41] of thy blessed will
I here devote my utmost skill,
To sound the praise divine.

3 With Tubal's wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred power
To please the fiends beneath,
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with musick's hand the way
To everlasting death.

[41]Ori., "steward"; changed in errata and all later editions.

4 Suffice for this the season past:
I come, great God, to learn at last
The lesson of thy grace,
Teach me the new, the gospel song,
And let my hand, my heart, my tongue
Move only to thy praise.

5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
And let my consecrated lyre
Repeat the psalmist's part:
His Son and thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart.

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

7 O might I with thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzl'ing quire
Who chant thy[42] praise above,
Mixt with the bright musician-band,
May I an heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love.

8 What extasy of bliss is there,
While all th' angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys!
What more than extasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jesus' glorious voice.

9 Jesus! The heaven of heavens[43] he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss!
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.

---

[42]Ori., "the"; corrected in errata and all later editions.

[43]"Heavens" changed to "heaven" in 5th edn. (1756) and following.

10 O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three-One,
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

Hymn XXVI.
On the Death of a Child.

1 And is the lovely shadow fled,
The blooming wonder of her years,
So soon inshrin'd among the dead
She justly claims our pious tears,
Who to those heavenly spirits join'd
Hath left our[44] wretched world behind.

2 Her early shortliv'd excellence
With meek submission we bemoan,
Snatch'd in a fatal moment hence,
Gone from our arms, to Jesus'[45] gone,
To heighten by her swift remove
The grief below, and joy above.

3 In vain the dear departing saint
Forbids our gushing tears to flow,
"Forbear, my friends, your fond complaint
From earth to heaven I gladly go
To glorious company above,
Bright angels, and the God of love.

4 "O praise him, and rejoice for me
So happy, happy, in my God!
So soon from all my pain set free,
And hasten to that blest abode,
With swift desire my steps pursue,
And take the prize prepar'd for you.

---

[44]"Our" changed to "a" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

[45]"Jesus'" changed to "Jesus" in 5th edn. (1756) and following.

5 “Meet am I for the great reward,
The great reward, I know, is mine:
Come, O my sweet redeeming Lord,
Open those loving arms of thine,
And take me up thy face to see,
And let me die to live with thee.”

6 The prayer is seal’d, the soul is fled,
And sees her Saviour face to face:
But still she speaks to us, tho’ dead,
She calls us to that heavenly place,
Where all the storms of life are o’er,
And pain and parting is no more.

Hymn XXVII.[46]
To: “Ah, woe is me, constrain’d to dwell.”

1 Thou hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner’s prayer;
A sinner welt’ring in his blood,
Unpurg’d and unforgiven,
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

2 An unregenerate child of man
On thee for faith I call,
Pity thy fallen creature’s pain,
And raise me from my fall.
The darkness which thro’ thee I feel
Thou only canst remove,
Thine own eternal power reveal,
Thy deity of love.

3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go:
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.

[46]A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 109a–109b.

Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:
Bound, and opprest, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe submit,
But hate the tyrant's chain:
Send forth thy[47] prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain:
Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant-blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend,
The mountain-sin remove,
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art truth and love:
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 XXVIII.
To: "Faint is my head, and sick my heart."

1 Jesu, as taught by thee, I pray,
Preserve me till I see thy light,
Still let me for thy coming stay,
Stop a poor wavering sinner's flight,
Till thou my full Redeemer art,
O keep, in mercy keep my heart.

2 Keep, till this Jewish state is past,
This wintry state of doubts and fears,
Expos'd to passion's fiercest blast,
With horrors chill'd, and drown'd in tears,
Bound up in sin and grief I mourn,
And languish for the spring's return.

[47] "Thy" changed to "the" in 5th edn. (1756) and following.

3 O might I hear the turtle's voice,
The cooing of thy gentle dove,
The call that bids my heart rejoice,
"Arise, and come away my love,
The storm is gone, the winter's o'er,
Arise, for thou shalt weep[48] no more."

4 When shall this shadowy sabbath end,
This tedious length of legal woe?
O would my Lord the substance send!
O might I now his rising know!
Come, Lord, and chase the clouds away,
And bring thine own auspicious day.

5 Give me to bow with thee my head,
And sink into thy silent grave,
To rest among thy[49] quiet dead,
Till thou display thy power to save,
Thy resurrection's power exert,
And rise triumphant in my heart.

Hymn XXIX.[50]
To: "Saviour, the world's and mine."

1 Out of the deep I cry
Just at the point to die,
Hast'ning to infernal[51] pain,
Jesus, Lord, I cry to thee,
Help a feeble child of man,
Shew forth all thy power in me.

2 On thee I ever call,
Saviour and friend of all:
Well thou know'st my desp'rate case,
Thou my curse of sin remove,
Save me by thy richest grace,
Save me by thy pard'ning love.

---

[48]"Sleep" substituted for "weep" in 2nd edn. (1747), a misprint.

[49]"Thy" changed to "the" in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

[50]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 119a–119b; and MS Thirty, 216–17.

[51]"Infernal" changed to "eternal" in 1788 edn. only.

3 How shall a sinner find
The Saviour of mankind!
Canst thou not accept my prayer,
Not bestow the grace I claim?
Where are thy old mercies, where
All the powers of Jesus' name?

4 What shall I say to move
The bowels of thy love?
Are they not already stirr'd?
Have I in thy death no part?
Ask thy own compassions, Lord,
Ask the yearnings of thy heart!

5 I will not let thee go,
Till I thy mercy know:
Let me hear the welcome sound,
Speak, if still thou canst forgive,
Speak, and let the lost be found,
Speak, and let the dying live.

6 Thy love is all my plea,
Thy passion speaks for me:
By thy pangs and bloody sweat,
By thy depth[52] of grief unknown,
Save me gasping at thy feet,
Save, O save thy ransom'd one!

7 What hast thou done for me,
O think on Calvary!
By thy mortal groans, and sighs,
By thy precious death I pray,
Hear my dying spirit's cries,
Take, O take my sins away!

[52]"Depth" changed to "depths" in 1788 edn. only.

Hymn XXX.
To: "Ministerial spirits, come."

1 Weary world, when will it end,
Destin'd to the purging fire!
Fain I would to heaven ascend;
Thitherward I still aspire:
Saviour, this is not my place,
Let me die to see thy face.

2 O cut short thy[53] work in me,
Make a speedy end of sin,
Set my heart at liberty,
Bring the heavenly nature in,
Seal me to redemption's day,
Bear my new-born soul away.

3 For this only thing I wait,
This for which I here was born,
Raise me to my first estate,
Bid me to thy arms return,
Let me to thine image rise,
Give me back my paradise.

4 For thine only love I pant,
God of love thyself reveal,
Love, thou know'st, is all I want,
Now my only want fulfil,
Answer now thy Spirit's cry,
Let me love my God, and die.

Hymn XXXI.
For the Outcasts of Israel.[54]

1 Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands[55] of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we fly,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

---

[53]"Thy" changed to "the" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

[54]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 116a–116b; and MS Thirty, 212–13. Both identify the hymn as written in connection with Charles's preaching to the tinners, etc. in Cornwall.

[55]"Thousands" changed to "thousand" in 1788 edn. only.

2 See, where o'er desart wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood
The Christian savages remain,
Strangers and enemies to God,
They make thee spend thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh:
They perish whom thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should they die, when thou hast dy'd,
Hast dy'd to bear their sins away?

6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed[56] of all thy sufferings these,
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones.

7 Extend to these thy pard'ning grace,
To these be thy salvation shew'd,
O add them to thy chosen race,
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood.

8 Still let the publicans draw near,
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And whisper all their sins forgiven.

[56]Ori., "mead"; in every edition except the 6th (1761), where it occurs as above. However, Charles surely has the notion of recompense (meed) in mind, rather than that of a soothing drink (mead).

Hymn XXXII.
At Meeting of Friends.[57]
To: "When all thy mercies, O my God."

1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restor'd,
Together seek his face.
He bids us build each other up,
And gather'd into one;
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

2 The gift which he on one bestows
We all delight to prove,
The grace thro' every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.
E'en now we speak, and think[58] the same,
And cordially agree,
Concentred all thro' Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

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

Hymn XXXIII.
Thanksgiving.
To: "Praise the Lord, who reigns above."

1 Praise the Lord, ye blessed ones,
Your glorious Lord and ours,
Principalities, and thrones,
And all the heavenly powers;

---

[57]A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 70b.

[58]Charles Wesley changed "speak, and think" to "think, and speak" in *All in All* (1761).

Angels, that in strength excel,
Here your utmost strength employ,
Let your ravish'd spirits swell
With endless praise and joy.

2 Worms of earth, on gods we call,
And challenge you to sing,
Sing the sovereign cause of all,
The universal King;
While eternal ages last
The transporting theme repeat,
Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
Your crowns before his seat.[59]

3 There with you we trust to lie,
With you to rise again,
Nearest him that rules the sky,
And foremost of his train:
We shall lead the heavenly quire,
We shall give the key to you,
Singing to our golden lyre
The song forever new.

Hymn XXXIV.
To the Trinity.[60]
To: "Soldiers of Christ, arise."

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

[59]"Seat" changed to "feet" in 9th edn. (1776) and following.

[60]A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 215.

2 Incarnate deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee
For thy redeeming grace;
The grace to sinners shew'd,
Ye heavenly quires, proclaim,
And cry Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power
Not[61] angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's extatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

4 Eternal Tri-une Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon thy love;
When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise.

Hymn XXXV.
To: "Father of everlasting love."

1 Blessing, and praise, and thanks, and love
To God, who draws us from above,
And stirs us up to seek his face!
For what thou hast already done,
Father, we bless thy name alone,
And look to taste thy pard'ning grace,
We, who among the flesh-pots lay,
The dawning of a gospel-day

[61]Charles Wesley changed "Not" to "Nor" in *All in All* (1761).

Have seen, and rise to meet our God;
Our God hath heard his people's groans,
Hath out of Egypt call'd his sons,
And lo! We wait to pass the flood.

2 Prisoners of hope we meekly stand,
To see the wonders of thy hand,
The saving power divine to see:
Father, till thou our pardon seal,
Till thou in us thy Son reveal,
Our eyes, our hearts are all to thee.
O that the blood were now apply'd!
O that into the crimson tide
Our sins might sink, and rise no more!
Now, Lord, thy pard'ning mercy shew,
And bring thy ransom'd people thro',
And land us on the heavenly shore.

Hymn XXXVI.
To: "All thanks to the Lamb."

1 My Jesus, my hope,
When will he appear
A soul to lift up
That waits for him here,
In much tribulation,
In trouble's excess,
In height of temptation,
And depth of distress!

2 O when shall I see
An end of my pain,
And triumph in thee
My Saviour again?
Lord, hasten the hour,
Thy kingdom bring in,
And give me the power
To live without sin.

3 O Jesus, thou know'st
My sorrowful load,
And seest that my trust
Is all in thy blood:
Thou wilt have compassion,
My burthen remove,
Thy name is salvation,
Thy nature is love.

4 Thy nature and name
My portion shall be[62]
Who humbly lay claim
To all things in thee:
The days of my mourning
And painful distress
Shall at thy returning
Eternally cease.

Hymn XXXVII.
To: "Thou Man of Griefs, I fain would be."

1 Help, Jesus, help against my foe,
Pity on thy captive shew,
Intangled in the snare,
The hellish snare of sin I lie;
O cast not out my plaintive prayer,
But save me, or I die.

2 With all my soul I seek thy face,
Give me thy restoring grace:
Mine agony of fear,
And guilt, and shame, and sorrow end;
Appear, my Advocate appear,
And shew thyself my friend.

3 O might I feel thy blood apply'd,
Nothing would I ask beside:
Thine only love be given,
I every other good resign,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven,
Let love alone be mine!

[62]Ori., "My portion be"; a misprint, corrected in errata and all later editions.

Hymn XXXVIII.
Thanksgiving.
To: "Join all the joyful nations."

1 Jesus, take all the glory!
Thy meritorious passion
The pardon bought,
Thy mercy brought
To us the great salvation.
Thee gladly we acknowledge
Our only Lord and Saviour,
Thy name confess,
Thy goodness bless,
And triumph in thy favour.

2 With angels and archangels
We prostrate fall before thee:
Again we raise
Our souls in praise,
And thankfully adore thee.
Honour, and power, and blessing
To thee be ever given,
By all who know
Thy love below,
And all our friends in heaven.

Hymn XXXIX.
Before Private Prayer.[63]
To: "Why should the children of a King."

1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face,
Incourag'd by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.

[63]Appeared first in *Short View of the Difference Between the Moravian Brethren and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley* (London: Strahan, 1745), 18.

2 Entring into my closet, I
The busy world exclude,
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Sp'rit of love and power,
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live, and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven,
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require,
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend,
And now the work in[64] grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

Hymn XL.
To: "The Lord my pasture shall prepare."

1 O wondrous power of faithful prayer,
What tongue can tell th' almighty grace,
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elias prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "*Let me alone*!

[64]"In" changed to "of" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

2 “Let me alone,—that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume:
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the rebel’s doom,
My Son is in my servant’s prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare.”

3 O blessed word[65] of gospel-grace
Which now we for our Israel plead!
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed:
O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.

4 Father, we ask in Jesu’s name,
In Jesu’s power and Spirit pray.
Divert thy vengeful thunder’s aim,
O turn thy threat’ning wrath away,
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pard’ning love.

5 Or if thy hand be lifted up,
Now let it on thy rebels fall,
Unless thy yearning bowels stop
The stroke, and Jesus prays for all,
Unless thou hear’st his Spirit groan
Who will not let thy wrath alone.

6 Dost thou not see our lab’ring heart
Big with unutterable prayer?
Thou shalt, thou must thy wrath avert,
And spare whom Jesus bids thee spare.
His death demands that we should live,
And still the victim gasps, Forgive!

7 He cries, and weeps, and groans, and bleeds,
As for our sins *this moment* slain,
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and pleads,
And lo! We share his mortal pain!
Our cries are mingled with his cries,
Our tears gush out at Jesu’s eyes.

---

[65]“Word” changed to “words” in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

8 Father, regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send the peaceful answer down
In honour of our spokesman there,
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks[66] thy rebels up to heaven.

Hymn XLI.
The Traveller.
To: "Oft have we pass'd the guilty night."

1 Leader of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee alone[67] rely,
On thee alone our spirits[68] stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place,
And hasten thro' the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind,
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find,
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

---

[66]"Speaks" changed to "speak" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

[67]Ori., "alone on thee"; changed to above in errata and all later editions.

[68]Charles Wesley changed "spirits" to "spirit" in *All in All* (1761).

5 Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
And still with longing eyes look up,
Our hearts and prayers before us send,
Our ready scouts[69] of faith and hope,
Who bring us news of Sion near,
We soon shall see the towers appear.

6 Thro' thee, who all our sins hath[70] borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven,
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

7 E'en now we taste the pleasures there,
A cloud of spicy odours comes,
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweeter than Araby's perfumes;
From Sion's top the breezes blow,
And chear us in the vale below.

8 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd,
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

Hymn XLII.
To: "O love divine, what hast thou done."

1 O thou, whose Spirit hath made known
My want of living faith divine,
Hear thy poor mournful captive groan,
Now in my nature's darkness shine,
Now in mine inmost soul display
The glorious blaze of gospel-day.

---

[69]Ori., "scents"; a misprint, corrected in errata and all later editions.

[70]"Hath" changed to "hast" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

2 A stranger to thy people's joys,
An alien from the life of grace,
I never heard thy pard'ning voice,
I never saw thy smiling face,
I never felt thy blood applied,
Or knew for me the Saviour died.

3 Or if I did begin to taste
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The momentary bliss is past,
The tender joy no more I prove,
My faith is lost, my power is gone,
I sin, and have not Jesus known.[71]

4 But wilt thou not at last appear,
Object of all my wishful hope,
The conscious unbeliever chear,
And raise the fallen sinner up,
The God-revealing Spirit give,
And kindly help me to believe?

5 Thou only dost the Godhead know,
Thou only canst to man reveal,
To me, to me the Father shew,
To me, to me the secret tell:
Now, Saviour, now the veil remove,
And tell my heart, that God is love.

6 O never suffer me to rest,
Till I the rest of love obtain:
With trouble fill my lab'ring breast,
My aching heart with grief and pain,
And give me still to weep and grieve,
Till thou hast forc'd me to believe.

7 This, only this do I require,
Always to feel the load[72] I bear;
In veh'mence of extreme desire,
To groan the Spirit's speechless prayer,
And cry, I will not, will not rest,
Till Jesus hath pronounc'd me blest.

---

[71]Changed to "I sin, and Jesus have not known" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

[72]Ori., "Lord"; corrected in errata and all later editions.

8 I will not let my sorrow go,
Till Jesus wipes away my tears,
Kindly extorts the stubborn woe,
And lastingly his mourner chears;
Constrain'd to cry by love divine,
My God, thou art forever mine!

Hymn XLIII.[73]
To: "O thou, to whom in flesh reveal'd."

1 What shall I do my God to love,
My God, who lov'd, and died for me?
Obdurate heart, will nothing move,
Will nothing melt or soften thee?

2 Jesus, thou lovely bleeding Lamb,
To thee I pour out my complaint:
I cannot hide from thee my shame,
I own, and blush to own my want.

3 I want an heart to love my God,
I cannot bear this heart of stone:
Soften it, Saviour, by thy blood,
And melt the nether milstone down.

4 Thou know'st (but must I tell thee so,)
A wretch condemn'd, and self-abhorr'd,
Accurst, and worthy endless woe!
Thou know'st I do not love thee, Lord.

5 This is my shame, my curse, my hell,
I do not love the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb, who lov'd my soul so well:
This is my hell, my curse, my shame.

6 The stone cries out, I do not love,
And breaks my heart its want to own,
The mountain now begins to move,
And half relents my heart of stone.

[73]A manuscript precursor of the beginning of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 197; a precursor of the complete hymn appears in MS Shent, 64a–64b.

7 The word hath pass'd thy gracious lips,
I feel, I feel the waters flow,
The rock is cleft, the marble weeps,
And lo! I mourn thy love to know.

8 For thee, not without hope, I mourn,
I know, I feel thy love to me,
Thy love my flinty heart shall turn,
And get itself the victory.

9 Thou lov'dst, before the world began,
This poor unloving soul of mine:
Jesus came down, my God was man,
That I might all become divine.

10 My anchor this, which cannot move,
The servant as his Lord shall be,
And I shall live my God to love,
And die for him who died for me.

Hymn XLIV.[74]
To: "Captain, we look to thee."

1 Come, our redeeming Lord,
Come quickly from above,
Hasten, according to thy word,
The kingdom of thy love:
By all the signs foretold,
We know that thou art near,
And lift our hands, divinely bold,
And long to grasp thee here.

2 Sorrow and sins increase,
And wide-destroying war,
Forerunners of the Prince of Peace,
Thy sure approach declare:
In threatned famine we
Thy promis'd fulness find,
And close behind the plague we see
The healer of mankind.

[74]A manuscript version of this hymn appears in MS Richmond Tracts, 2–3.

3 Beset on every side
With terror and distress,
Untroubled and unterrified
We still our souls possess;
The coming of our Lord
In patient hope attend,
And see fulfill'd thy faithful word,
And calmly wait the end.

4 Disturb'd the nations are
With sad perplexity,
Tost to and fro by stormy care,
And all a troubled sea;
They faint thro' sore dismay
At desolation near,
While we exult to see thy day,
To see thy face appear.

5 The waves lift up their voice,
And horribly they roar,
The more they rage we shout our joys,
And praise our God the more:
Still in the general wreck
Immoveable we stand;
He comes, he comes, the Lord we seek,
His kingdom is at hand!

6 Jesus shall soon descend,
Our Saviour and our King,
And bring the joys that never end,
And full redemption bring:
Redemption from the grave,
We know, and feel it nigh,
Jesus shall soon descend, and save
Us up above the sky.

7 Earth to her center quakes,
And owns her judge is near;
Bowing the heavens, their powers he shakes,
And he shall soon appear:

Him we shall all survey
High on a glorious cloud,
Whose tokens cry, Prepare his way!
Prepare to meet your God!

8 Jesus, thy word we own,
And wait th' appointed[75] hour,
Come in thy glorious kingdom down
With majesty and power:
Thy heavenly bliss reveal,
And bid us take our flight,
Caught up to meet thee on the hill
With all thy saints in light.

Hymn XLV.
To: "All that pass by, behold the man."

1 Eternal power of Jesu's name,
For thee with broken heart I cry,
Saviour from sin, from fear, from shame,
Come down, or I for ever die!

2 Thy only name can be my balm,
My spirit's desp'rate sickness heal,
Thy only voice the storm can calm,
And bid my troubled heart be still.

3 If yet thou canst compassion have,
If grace doth more than sin abound,
Exert thine utmost power to save,
And let me in thy rest be found.

4 Th' irreparable loss repair,
Bind up the wound incurable,
Snatch from the jaws of deep despair,
And pluck the firebrand out of hell.

[75]Ori., "the pointed"; a misprint, corrected in 2nd edn. (1747) and following.

5 Lay to thy hand, almighty love,
The work, O God, is worthy thee,
Such huge destruction to remove,
And save a soul so lost as me!

6 Th' intolerable load sustain,
Th' inextricable knot untie,
Loose the indissoluble chain,
And shew thyself the Lord most high.

7 No opening door, no way to shun
Th' inevitable death I see,
Out of the deep I cry—Undone!
Undone to all eternity!

8 No possibility of hope
Angels or saints can ever shew,
Unless th' Almighty lift me up,
I sink into infernal woe.

9 Nor can my desp'rate heart conceive
How God himself should save so far:
But humbly all to him I leave,
If yet he will his power declare.

10 Dying in sin, condemn'd, and lost,
I cast me on a God unknown,
And cry, while rend'ring up the ghost,
Thy will, thy only will be done!

Hymn XLVI.
To: "Ah! Sister in Jesus, adieu."

1 Still out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
To see my Redeemer, and die:

I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home:
O when will my spirit be there?
O when will the messenger come?

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain,
And then in the grave to lay down
My burthen of body and pain:
O Jesus, in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear, to my rescue appear,
And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above,
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love.

Hymn XLVII.
At the Hour of Retirement.
To: "O for an heart to praise my God."

1 Father, behold with gracious eyes
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Well-pleas'd in him thyself declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.

3 Meanest of all thy servants, I
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at thy feet.

4 On me, on all some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart,
The seed of life eternal sow
In every mournful heart.

5 The loving powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven,
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.

6 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

Hymn XLVIII.
At the Parting of Friends.
To: "The Lord Jehovah reigns."

1 Jesus, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs,
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs,
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part a-while
(But still in spirit join'd)
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast for each assign'd:
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on,
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race:
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are[76] o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting is no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

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

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

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

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

---

[76]"Toils are" occurs as "toil are" in 6th edn. (1761), a misprint; corrected to "toil is" in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

Hymn XLIX.[77]
To: "O Jesus, my rest!"

1 O all-loving Lamb,
A sinner I am,
And come as a sinner thy mercy to claim.

2 With joy I embrace
The pardon and grace
Thy passion hath purchas'd for all the lost race.

3 For sinners like me
Thy mercy is free:
O who would not love such a Saviour as thee?

4 Yet long I withstood,
And fled from my God,
But mercy pursu'd with the cry of thy blood;

5 It challeng'd its stray,
And forc'd me to stay,
And wash'd all my sins in a moment away.

6 I felt it applied,
And joyfully cried,
Me, me thou hast lov'd, and for me thou hast died!

7 How mighty thou art,
O love to convert!
Love only could conquer so stubborn an heart.

8 The love of God-man
Alone could constrain
So sturdy a rebel to love thee again.

9 But surely at last[78]
Thy goodness I taste;
My soul on thy goodness delighted I cast.

---

[77]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 115–16; MS Clarke, 132–33; and MS Shent, 120b–121a. Sarah Gwynne Wesley included it in MS Gwynne, 21–22.

[78]Changed to read "But sure at the last" in 6th edn. (1761) and following.

10 Thy goodness I praise,
I sing of thy grace,
And joyfully live out my few happy days.

11 And when thy dear love
From earth shall remove,
O then I shall sing like the angels above.

12 Yet there when I am,
My work is the same,
To ascribe my salvation to God, and the Lamb.

13 Salvation to God
Will I publish abroad,
And make heaven ring with the cry of thy blood.

14 The Lamb that was slain,
Lo! He liveth again,
And I with my Jesus eternally reign.

Hymn L.
The Great Supper,
Luke xiv. 16–24.[79]
To: "Awake, Jerusalem, awake."

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.

3 Jesus to you his fulness brings,
A feast of marrow, and fat things:
All, all in Christ is freely given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

[79]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 40–43; and MS Clarke, 43–47.

4 Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah! Do not you his grace refuse;
Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,
And take what Jesus hath to give.

5 Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,
Your every earthly thought forget,
Seek not the comforts of this life,
Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.

6 "Have me excus'd" why will ye say?
Why will ye for damnation pray?
Have you excus'd—from joy and peace!
Have you excus'd—from happiness!

7 Excus'd from coming to a feast!
Excus'd from being Jesu's guest!
From knowing *now* your sins forgiven,
From tasting *here* the joys of heaven!

8 Excus'd, alas! Why should ye[80] be
From health, and life, and liberty,
From entring into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast.

9 Yet must I, Lord, to thee complain,
The world hath made thy offers vain,
Too busy, or too happy they,
They will not, Lord, thy call obey.

10 Go then, my angry Master said,
Since these on all my mercies tread,
Invite the rich and great no more,
But preach my gospel to the poor.

11 Confer not thou with flesh and blood,
Go quickly forth, invite the croud,
Search every lane, and every street,
And bring in all the souls you meet.

[80]"Ye" changed to "you" in 4th edn. (1755) and following.

12 Come then ye souls, by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ an[81] hearty welcome find.

13 Sinners my gracious Lord receives,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,
Drunkards, and all the[82] hellish crew,
I have a message now to you.

14 Come, and partake the gospel-feast,
Be sav'd from sin, in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of our God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.

15 'Tis done; my all-redeeming Lord,
I have gone forth, and preach'd thy[83] word,
The sinners to thy feast are come,
And yet, O Saviour, there is room.

16 Go then, my Lord, again injoin'd,
And other wand'ring sinners find,
Go to the hedges, and highways,
And offer all my pard'ning grace.

17 The worst unto my supper press,
Monsters of daring wickedness,
Tell them, my grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for me.

18 Tell them, their sins are all forgiven,
Tell every creature under heaven,
I died to save them from all sin,
And force the vagrants to come in.

19 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 God[84] hath died.

---

[81] "An" changed to "a" in 1788 edn. only.

[82] "The" changed to "ye" in Dublin (1747), Dublin (1750), and 4th edn. (1755) and following.

[83] "Thy" changed to "the" in 9th edn. (1776) and following.

[84] "God" changed to "Christ" in 1788 edn. only.

20 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.

21 His love is mighty to compell,
His conqu'ring love consent to feel,
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

22 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd love make haste t' embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

23 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you:
Come to the feast; be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

24 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day,
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

Hymn LI.
The Pilgrim.[85]
To: "Thee, Jesus, thee the sinner's friend."

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self-design,

[85]A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 174a–174b.

From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
An[86] happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And desecrate the whole:
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
And wait his coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.

5 I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones
Inscrib'd with Jesu's[87] name.

6 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge a while in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

7 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise,
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

---

[86]"An" changed to "A" in 1788 edn. only.

[87]Ori., "Jesus's"; corrected in Dublin (1747) and following.

8 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

9 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

Hymn LII.
At Parting of Friends.[88]
To: "Come, let us join our chearful songs."

1 God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace,
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
Not unto us, but thee, O Lord,
Glory to thee be given,
For every gracious thought and word
That brought us nearer heaven.

2 Further'd in faith, or hope, or love,
The praise to thee we give,
Thy gifts descending from above
We only can receive,
The gift, the grace, the work is thine,
If ours the ministry,
We bow, and bless the hand divine,
All, all descends from thee.

[88]Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 76a–77a; and MS Thirty, 68–70.

3 Thro' thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part:
We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one,
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain,
And mountains rise, and oceans roll
To sever us in vain.
Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We each to other fly.

5 With Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit,
Cloath'd with the sun,[89] we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.
Our life is hid with Christ in God,
Our life shall soon appear,
And spread his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

6 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a mean house of clay,
Which he shall to the utmost save
And guard against that day.
Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Sion's hill.

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

[89]Ori., "Son"; corrected in Dublin (1747) and following.

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

8 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through,
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view;
Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jesus, quickly come!