

*Earthquake Hymns, Pt. II (1750)*¹

[Baker list, #182]

Editorial Introduction:

The setting for this continuation of Charles Wesley's reflections on the earthquakes that struck London in 1750 is described in the introduction to *Earthquake Hymns, Pt. I (1750)*. The thirteen new hymns included in this second part continue the tone and themes of Part One.

For a more detailed introduction to this collection, see Karen Beth Westerfield Tucker, "'On the Occasion': Charles Wesley's Hymns on the London Earthquakes of 1750," *Methodist History* 42 (2004): 197–221.

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HYMNS

Hymn I.

- [1] And are thy plagues and mercies, Lord,
Already out of mind?
Thy threatening and preserving word
So quickly cast behind?
- 2 The crowd alarm'd with short surprize,
And spar'd, alas! In vain,
Started, and half unseal'd their eyes,
And dropp'd to sleep again.
- 3 If trouble for a moment seize
Their unawaken'd breast,
The trouble but confirms their peace,
The earthquake rocks to rest.
- 4 Thy words behind their back they cast,
Thy patient pity scorn,
Nor thank thee for the judgment *past*,
Nor dream of its return.

- 5 But whether they thine hand will see,
Or still thine anger dare,
Saviour of men, we turn to thee,
With thankfulness, and prayer.
- 6 We own thy mercy in the stroke,
Thy praise to thee we give,
That when the earth beneath us shook,
Thou wouldst not let it *cleave*.
- 7 The cause of all, our nation's sin,
We mournfully confess;
But thou who didst the shock begin,
Hast made the motion cease.
- 8 Vapours and damps confess'd their God,
And did thy word fulfil,
And earth observ'd its Maker's nod,
And trembled, and was still.
- 9 Accepting our deliverance, Lord,
Our long, or short, reprieve,
Thy wond'rous goodness we record,
And to thy glory live.
- 10 We never will the grace forget,
But thankfully improve,
And still in songs of praise repeat
Thy providential love.

Hymn II.

- [1] Awake, ye guilty souls, awake,
Nor sleep, till Tophet takes you in!
The Lord of hosts is ris'n to shake
The earth polluted with your sin.
- 2 Enter into the Rock, and hide
Your trembling spirits in the dust;
Fly to the clifts, the *riven side*,
And in a dying Saviour trust.
- 3 Before the Lord's fierce anger come,
Before he bring the vengeful day,
And fix th' irrevocable doom,
And earth's foundations melt away;
- 4 Before its mouth it opens wide,
And gasps to feel the final blow;
Firmer support, ye worms, provide,
Or sink into eternal woe.

Hymn III.

- [1] Father, and God of Abraham, hear,
Who didst in faithful mercy send
A kind celestial messenger,
To save the brother of thy friend,
While vengeance on the wicked came,
Snatch'd as a brand out of the flame;

- 2 Hear us, who now for mercy call,
 Us, who in Abraham's footsteps go,
Before thy lifted thunder fall,
 Before thy wrath our land o'erthrow,
Like Sodom and Gomorrah make,
And plunge us in the burning lake.
- 3 With kind distinguishing regard
 Preserve the poor afflicted few,
Who watch for all events prepar'd,
 With gushing eyes the wicked view,
Vext with their deeds, while day by day,
We weep our pensive lives away.
- 4 Remember, Lord, the righteous man,
 And us, and ours, far off remove,
Exempted from judicial pain,
 Conducted to the mount above,
O let us to our Zoar fly,
And find a place of refuge nigh.
- 5 Thou never canst thy foes consume,
 Unless thou first secure thy friends,
Thy friends retard th' impending doom,
 And lo! The judgment still impends,
Till all who will, escape, and rest
Close-shelter'd in their Saviour's breast.

Hymn IV.

- [1] Ah! Whither would ye fly
To skreen your guilty heads?
Danger, and death is always nigh,
Where'er a sinner treads:
Impenitent, ye strive
To 'scape with fruitless haste,
Whom earth must swallow up alive,
Or hell receive at last.
- 2 Tremble, ye Christless crowd,
Whom death and hell pursue,
Strangers, and enemies to God,
Alas! What will ye do?
In vain ye change your place,
If still unchang'd your mind,
Or fly to distant climes, unless
Ye leave your sins behind.
- 3 Your sins for vengeance call,
Your sins the scourge demand,
Your sins have judgment brought on all
The sad polluted land:
Curst for your only sake
The earth reels to and fro,
And lo! Its deep foundations shake,
And Tophet yawns below.

- 4 The nations to rebuke,
 When God his power displays,
Earth trembles at his threatning look,
 And moves, and shifts its place:
 Infernal thunders roar,
 And speak his kindled ire,
And hills dissolve like wax before
 The sin-consuming fire.
- 5 Who can escape the wreck
 In that vindictive day!
The mountains at his presence quake,
 The mountains flee away;
 The rocks he rends and tears,
 And violently throws down,
And nature in convulsions bears
 The terror of his frown.
- 6 Strong towers, and massy walls,
 From their foundations leap,
The heaven-invading city falls
 Into a ruinous heap;
 His destin'd prey to seize,
 Old ocean bursts his chain,
The fountains of the great abyss
 Are broken up again.

- 7 On hell's apparent brink
 Who shall the sinner save?
Cities, and men, and kingdoms sink
 Into a common grave:
 What man the earth survives,
 The earth to chaos hurl'd,
While final ruin fiercely drives
 Her ploughshare o'er the world!
- 8 One only *place* remains,
 And always shall endure,
A place where peace and safety reigns,
 And sinners rest secure,
 An hidden place above,
 Where once the prophet stood,
And saw the majesty of love,
 And saw the passing God.
- 9 Hither, ye worms, come up,
 Who from his judgments fly,
And meet him on the mountain top,
 And on his love rely;
 Safe in the sacred Rock,
 Look down on all beneath,
And at destruction smile, and mock
 The pointless darts of death.

10 What though the earth remove,
 Believers cannot fear,
Hid in the clifts² of dying love,
 While death, and hell are near;
 An house believers have
 Eternal in the skies,
And find a life beyond the grave,
 A life that never dies.

Hymn V.

[1] How vain, great God, and worse than vain,
 How sinful our pretended pain
 In this our evil day!
 Unless we to our smiter turn,
 The cause of all our evils mourn,
 And cast our sins away.

2 'Gainst vice we partially declaim,
 With undiscerning censure blame
 Our nation's wickedness:
 But O! The sin that loudest cries
 For all the vengeance of the skies,
 We never once confess.

3 O might we from our hearts repent
 Of scorning him thy pity sent
 To heal our sin and grief!
 Assist us thro' thy Spirit's power,
 To own, and feelingly deplore
 Our damning unbelief.

²“Clifts” changed to “clefts” in 2nd edn. London (1756) only.

- 4 Convince the wretches who deny
Their Lord, that stoop'd for them to die,
 Who triumph in his pain,
Who trample on his precious blood,
And hate, and scoff the dying God,
 And crucify again.
- 5 Confound the misbelieving pride
Of those that impiously divide
 Thy dearest Son and thee,
Who will not him thine equal own,
But madly threaten to dethrone
 The filial deity.
- 6 And O! Almighty Son of God,
Into the blind self-righteous crowd
 Thy sharpest arrows dart;
The men who infidels condemn,
Nor ever knew themselves the same,
 Mere infidels in *heart*.
- 7 A formal self-deceiving race,
Who mock the counsel of thy grace,
 The sense of sins forgiven,
The power of godliness explode,
The witness, and the peace of God,
 And faith that leads to heaven.

- 8 Forgive *us*, Lord, for such *we* were,
And all our guilty brethren spare,
Our unbelief reprove,
Give us that root of sins to own,
And make our wounded spirits groan
Beneath their want of love.
- 9 Let all the faithless nation cry,
Redeem us, Saviour, or we die,
A second death to feel:
Jesus, thine only name and blood
Can save us from the wrath of God,
Can ransom us from hell.
- 10 On thee our dying souls we cast,
Our dying souls receive at last,
And in thy arms embrace,
To triumph in thy pard'ning love,
And sing with all the sav'd above
Thine everlasting praise.

Hymn VI.

- [1] Righteous Lord, thy people spare!
Lo! We turn at last to thee,
Humbly the correction bear
Of our past iniquity,
Own the cause of our distress,
Mournfully our sins confess.

- 2 We thy judgments have abhorr'd,
We thy covenant have broke,
Daringly denied our Lord,
Cast away his easy yoke,
Would not cast our sins away,
Would not know our gracious day.
- 3 Therefore is the plague begun,
Therefore doth it still proceed,
Wrath divine by means unknown,
Wrath divine hath done the deed,
Made the stalls and pastures void,
God *our cattle hath destroy'd*.
- 4 Heavier woes he keeps in store,
If we still refuse to turn,
Dare his anger's utmost power,
All his lingring pity scorn;
But beneath thy hand we bow,
Stay thy plague, and save us now.
- 5 Jesu, save us from our sins,
Save us from our plague of heart,
All of unbelief convince,
All unto thyself convert,
Let our sin-sick spirits find
Thee the healer of mankind.
- 6 No delight thy goodness hath
In the death of him who dies,
Grant us then the living faith,
Faith that on thy blood relies,
Faith that all thy grace receives,
Faith that all thy fulness gives.

Hymn VII.

- [1] Righteous, O Lord, are all thy ways!
Thy judgments in the ancient days
 On unrepenting sinners fell;
Thy wrath descended, in a flood,
On a whole world that knew not God,
 And swept their thoughtless souls to hell.
Yet in the universal wreck,
Thou didst a kind exception make,
 In favour of a child of thine:
Thou didst for him an ark provide,
And safely with his household hide
 The heir of righteousness divine.
- 2 Thou art in every age the same,
And when *our* crimes the vengeance claim,
 And when our measure is fill'd up;
Thine anger yet again shall burn,
And force them who thy mercies spurn,
 To drink the bitter trembling cup.
Thou, Lord, out of thy place shalt rise,
Open the windows of the skies,
 To plague the people of thine ire,
Thy flaming ministers employ,
And terribly at last destroy,
 The wicked with a flood of fire.
- 3 Great God, if now thy day is near,
Alarm us with a sacred fear,
 And snatch from a devoted race,

A world, who, as thy Son foretold,
Harden their hearts like those of old,
 And live corrupt in all their ways.
They eat, they drink, they plant, they build,
Their hearts, with cares and pleasures fill'd,
 No room can find for thoughts of thee,
Till the last dreadful plagues commence,
And sweep their careless spirits hence
 Into a sad eternity.

4 But wilt thou not thine own secure,
The men, who great distress endure,
 And cruel mockings for thy sake,
Who tremble at thy tokens nigh,
And to the ark of mercy fly,
 And Jesu's wounds their refuge make!
Surely thou wilt thy word fulfil,
And give thy caution'd people still,
 Within the sacred ark to rest;
Ev'n now by faith we enter in,
And mount above the floods of sin,
 Secure in our Redeemer's breast.

5 Superior to the storms below,
The various storms of human woe,
 Shut up in Christ we mount, we rise,
Buoy'd by his mighty Spirit up,
Above the highest mountain's top,
 Above the ruin'd earth, and skies.
When earth and skies are all on fire,
We then shall mount divinely higher,
 As by Elijah's whirlwind driven,

Triumphant o'er the blazing flood,
The church, and family of God,
Our ark and we shall rest in heaven.

Hymn VIII.

- [1] Rise every soul in Jesus' name,
Who after him aspires,
The wonders of his love proclaim,
And praise him in the fires.
- 2 Amidst impending plagues and woes,
Extol his saving power:
Earth hath not yawn'd, on us to close,
Or open'd to devour.
- 3 Howe'er the wisdom of our God
With us to-morrow deal,
We were not yesterday destroy'd,
We now are out of hell.
- 4 Wherefore our lives shall shew his praise,
Long as our lives are given,
Or snatch'd from earth obtain a place
Immoveable in heaven.

Hymn IX.

- [1] How weak the thoughts 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 Let *us* in God confide,
 They for themselves provide,
Lasting settlements they make,
 Prudently their views extend,
Thought for future ages take,
 Live, as time would never end.
- 3 How soon may God rebuke
 Their folly with a look!
Caus'd by the Almighty's frown,
 When the sudden earthquake comes,
Then their hopes are tumbled down,
 Then their houses are their tombs.
- 4 Their lands alas! And they,
 Are swept at once away,
Gaping earth receives them all,
 Swallows up the nation's boast;
See the pride of ages fall,
 In a fatal moment lost!
- 5 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 a Rock of heavenly love.
- 6 An house we call our own,
 Which cannot be overthrown,

In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies,
Built immoveably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

7 High on Immanuel's land,
We see the fabrick stand,
From a tottering world remove,
To our stedfast mansions there:
Our inheritance above,
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

8 Those amaranthine bowers,
Inalienably ours,
Bloom, our infinite reward,
Rise, our permanent abode,
From the founded world prepar'd,
Purchas'd by the blood of God.

9 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.

10 High on thy great white throne,
O King of saints, come down;
In the New Jerusalem,
Now triumphantly descend,
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end!

Hymn X.

- [1] Lord of hosts, we bow before thee,
The prophetic word receive,
Now our prostrate souls adore thee,
Now we tremble, and believe:
Thou the promis'd sign hast given,
(O that all might understand!)
"I will shake the earth, and heaven;
I will shake the sea, and land."
- 2 Wars, and plagues, and great distresses,
The tremendous day fore-run,
Earthquakes felt in divers places
Shew the latter times begun,
Want, and national confusion,
Boding grief, and panic fear,
Mark the times of restitution,
Speak the great restorer near.
- 3 Never can thy word be broken,
Though the world shall pass away;
Quicken'd by another token,
Lord, we wait to see thy day,
Big with earnest expectation,
Swells our heart to make thee room,
Come, desire of every nation,
To thy human temple come!
- 4 Bring the kingdom of thy Spirit,
Joy, and righteousness, and peace;
Purchas'd by thy dying merit,

Every child of man possess;
Come to us, who languish for thee,
Us, who long thy face to see,
Fill the latter house with glory,
Then receive us up to thee.

Hymn XI.

- [1] Ye servants of the Lord,
In Jesu's praises join,
Who now confirms his word,
And sends another sign,
Sign of his day, and kingdom near:
Look up, and see your Lord appear!
- 2 His coming he foreshews
By famine, plague, and war,
And epidemick woes
His swift approach declare,
Trembles the earth to find him near:
Look up, and see your Lord appear!
- 3 Hark how all nature groans
In pangs of second birth!
Expect, ye ransom'd ones,
A new-created earth,
The ruin of the old is near:
Look up, and see your Lord appear!
- 4 His tokens we espy,
And now lift up our head,
And in the earthquake cry,
It is my Saviour's tread!

He comes to save his servants here:
Look up, and see your Lord appear.

5 We do with joy look up,
 In national distress,
 With confidence of hope,
 To meet the Prince of Peace,
We, unappall'd in general fear,
Look up, and see our Lord appear.

6 Our Lord appears again,
 His glorious power to shew,
 He comes, he comes to reign,
 With all his saints below,
Judgment is MERCY's harbinger;
The earth is gone—and Christ is here!

Hymn XII.

[1] The sinners how blest,
 Who pardon receive!
In trouble we rest,
 In dying we live,
In danger secure,
 Whom Jesus hath lov'd,
Our footing is sure,
 Though earth is remov'd.

2 The hairs of our head,
 Are registred all,
Not one, he hath said,
 Shall perish, or fall,

Without the permission
Of infinite grace,
Whose blessed decision
We gladly embrace.

3 While thus we confide
In Jesus's blood,
Whatever betide,
Shall turn to our good,
When sorrows surround us,
Our joys shall increase,
And earthquakes shall ground us
In permanent peace.

4 Plague, famine, and war
But quicken our hope,
And bid us prepare,
And bid us look up;
Assur'd by each warning,
His kingdom is near,
The Lord is returning,
And soon shall appear.

5 Appear in the skies,
Thou Saviour of men,
Our bodies shall rise
To meet thee again,
Intomb'd in the center,
We shall be restor'd,
And gloriously enter
The joy of our Lord.

Hymn XIII.

- [1] Come, desire of nations, come,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,
Hear the Spirit and the bride,
Come, and take us to thy side.
- 2 Thou who hast our place prepar'd,
Make us meet for our reward,
Then with all thy saints descend,
Then our earthly trial end.
- 3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days,
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own.
- 4 Now destroy the man of sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in,
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine.
- 5 Plant the heavenly kingdom here,
Glorious in thy saints appear,
Speak the sacred number seal'd,
Speak the mystery fulfill'd.
- 6 Take to thee thy royal power,
Reign, when sin shall be no more,
Reign, when time no more shall be,
Reign to all eternity.