

## ***Thanksgiving Hymns (1759)***<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #237]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

The Seven Year's War (1756–63) engulfed most of Europe, with Prussia joining Britain as allies against France, Russia, Austria, Sweden, and others. While the British and Prussian forces enjoyed some initial encouraging victories, things took a negative turn in the first half of 1759. Frederick the Great and the Prussian forces suffered some severe defeats and there was growing threat of a French invasion of England. Charles Wesley responded to this threat by publishing in July a set of hymns pleading for God to intervene and defend Britain in this dangerous hour—see *Invasion Hymns (1759)*.

From Charles's perspective, these prayers were dramatically answered in mid-November. On the 14<sup>th</sup> of that month Admiral Hubert de Brienne, Marshal de Conflans, headed the main French fleet of twenty-two vessels out of Brest harbor in an attempt to release his transports at Rochefort and then push on for England. He was pursued by Admiral Edward Hawke, in command of twenty-three ships of the Channel Fleet, and overtaken at the entrance of Quiberon Bay. Hawke attacked on the night of November 20, sinking or capturing six of Conflans' ships, while the remainder fled. This victory resulted in the end of French invasion plans and the termination of the French fleet as an effective offensive force.

A day of public thanksgiving for this victory was declared in Britain, set for November 29. Charles Wesley prepared a set of *Thanksgiving Hymns* that could be used on the day and after it. Some of the hymns were clearly written for the specific occasion. Others are more general in nature and likely gathered from earlier manuscripts. Their broad concern is to remind the British of God's role in any victory and to mourn the loss of life.

### **Edition:**

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns to be Used on the Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, 1759, and After it.*  
[London: Strahan, 1759.]

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<sup>1</sup>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: February 5, 2010.

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**HYMNS  
TO BE USED ON THE  
THANKSGIVING-DAY,  
NOV. 29, 1759.  
AND AFTER IT.**

**Hymn 1.**

- 1 Great God of all-victorious grace,  
Assist us worthily to praise  
Thy glorious majesty:  
Saved from the peril of the sword,  
We fain would magnify the Lord,  
And make our boast of thee.
- 2 Upheld by thine almighty hand,  
Conquerors on every side, we stand,  
And see our foes cast down,  
Author of all our God we bless,  
Our whole miraculous success  
Ascribe to God alone.
- 3 Thy single arm the victories gave,<sup>2</sup>  
And showed, thou art not bound to save  
By many or by few:  
Number and strength of hosts is vain;  
Weakness itself, if thou ordain,  
Shall earth and hell subdue.
- 4 Worship, and power to God belongs!  
Saviour, let our triumphal songs

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<sup>2</sup>Ori., “give”; a misprint.

Thine only praise record:  
Some in their fleets and armies trust,  
But we of God will make our boast,  
And glory in the Lord.

5 Wide as our conquering arms extend,  
Throughout the earth the news we send,  
The joyous news proclaim,  
Tell it to all the nations round  
SALVATION on our side is found,  
And Jesus is his name!

6 Jesus hath saved our souls from death!  
Let all who by thy mercy breathe,  
Thy mercy taste and see!  
Claim, Lord, and take the purchased race,  
And let the world, redeemed by grace  
Rejoice to God in thee.

### Hymn 2.

1 But ah! What means this frantic noise!  
Do these, good God, to thee rejoice,  
Whose echoing shouts we hear!  
A beastly Bacchanalian crowd!  
Whose oaths profane, and curses loud  
Torment the sober ear!

2 With foul and riotous excess,  
With surfeiting and drunkenness  
They *magnify* thy name,  
With vauntings proud, and impious jest,  
(The horrors of Belshazzar's feast)  
They glory in their shame.

3 The rich to thy dread courts repair,  
And offering up their formal prayer

As incense to the skies,  
With SPORTS they close the *hallowed* day,  
Their promised vows to Satan pay,  
An hellish sacrifice!

- 4 But do ye thus the Lord requite,  
(While Britain's host goes forth to fight,)  
Or thus his help engage!  
Ah! Foolish souls, who still declare  
Your hatred against God, and war  
With your defender wage!
- 5 Ye rob Britannia of her shield,  
Jehovah, by *your thanks* compelled  
To join the vanquished side:  
Ye force him to exalt the foe,  
To lay our lofty nation low,  
And scourge us for our pride.
- 6 Yet, O most patient God, forbear  
The wretches who thy anger dare,  
And court th' invader's sword;  
Rather regard the faithful seed,  
Who to the *opening seal* give heed,  
And tremble at thy word.
- 7 *We* do not dream the danger *past*!  
The first may soon become the last,  
Unless thine hand we see  
Extended o'er the nations now,  
And humbly to thy judgments bow,  
And ask our lives from thee.
- 8 Our lives are in our Maker's hand;  
And 'till thy mind we understand,  
Thine utmost counsel prove,  
O let us in the Spirit groan,  
Father, thy will on earth be done,  
As in the courts above!

**Hymn 3.**

- 1 With sober joy, and conscious fear,  
Father, we in thy sight appear,  
Thy mercies and our sins confess,  
And tremble, while we sing thy praise.
- 2 Repentance to our thanks we join,  
The ministers of wrath divine,  
The weapons in thy vengeful hand,  
The scourges of a sinful land.
- 3 Thou justly hast chastised thy foes,  
But spared the authors of their woes,  
Indulged *us* with a kind reprieve,  
And strangely suffered us to live.
- 4 Not for our nation's righteousness  
Hast thou vouchsafed our arms to bless,  
For we have most rebellious been,  
For we have added sin to sin:
- 5 Have done thy Spirit worse despite,  
Sinners against superior light,  
A favoured, but unthankful race,  
Who trample on thy choicest grace.
- 6 Yet now before thy gracious throne  
Our deep ingratitude we own,  
Poor guilty worms, who blush to prove  
The riches of thy patient love.
- 7 We offer up our weak desires  
Of giving what thy love requires,  
Of following after righteousness,  
Of living to our Saviour's praise.

8 But while we render thee thine own,  
Thy power be in our weakness shown,  
Jesus to each thy love impart,  
And bless us with a grateful heart.

**Hymn 4.**

1 Sing to the Lord by whom we live,  
From whom our blessings spring,  
Who doth to us salvation give,  
And vict'ry to our king.

2 Thee, Conqueror of our foes we greet,  
Thee, Lord of hosts proclaim,  
And cast our laurels at thy feet,  
And tremble at thy name.

3 With lowly reverential joy  
Thy mercy we embrace,  
This solemn interval employ  
In ceaseless prayer and praise.

4 Whate'er these threat'ning wars portend,  
Whate'er thy will decrees,  
Our souls that on thy love depend  
Are kept in perfect peace.

5 Our loving confidence is sure,  
Our Guardian-Rock stands fast,  
Under its shade we dwell secure,  
'Till every storm is past.

6 Who rest beneath th' Almighty's wings,  
May cast their cares away:  
Whate'er event tomorrow brings,  
We live for God today.

**Hymn 5.**<sup>3</sup>

- 1 Father of compassions, hear us,  
Us who flee  
Unto thee,  
While the scourge draws near us:
- 2 While inflamed with vengeful ire  
Babel's host  
Threats our coast,  
Armed with sword and fire.
- 3 Can we 'scape the desolation,  
If the brand  
In their hand  
Be thine indignation?
- 4 If we have filled up our measure,  
And our God  
Sends the rod  
Of his just displeasure!
- 5 Who can tell if late repentance  
May find grace,  
Screen our race  
From the dreadful sentence?
- 6 Wilt thou, Lord, be yet entreated  
By thy foes,  
Save ev'n those  
For destruction fitted?
- 7 Still in fearful expectation  
Guilty we  
Wait to see  
Thy determination.

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<sup>3</sup>A manuscript copy of this hymn (with only one variant, noted here) is present in the Methodist Archives Research Centre, The John Rylands University Library: DDWes 4/54.

- 8     Father, hear the remnant's prayer,  
          More than ten  
          Righteous men  
          Urging thee to spare.
- 9     Spare the death-devoted city;  
          Let us prove  
          All thy love,  
          All thy patient pity.
- 10    Mercy is thy heavenly<sup>4</sup> nature,  
          Make it known  
          In thy Son,  
          Hear our Mediator.
- 11    Hear his all-commanding Spirit  
          Intercede,  
          While *we* plead  
          Jesus' blood and merit.
- 12    Hear—and drop thy controversy—  
          Jesus prays!  
          Wrath, give place,  
          Judgment, yield to mercy!

**Hymn 6.**<sup>5</sup>

- 1     Most gracious God, what shall we say  
          To stop a senseless people's doom?  
How can we for the rebels pray,  
          Who court the tardy scourge to come,  
Thy grace despise, thy truth deny,  
And all thy threatened plagues defy!
- 2     Because thy ling'ring love defers  
          The long-indebted punishment,  
From time to time the wicked spares,  
          Their heart on evil fully bent

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<sup>4</sup>DDWes 4/54 had "only" written here, then crossed out and replaced with "heavenly."

<sup>5</sup>A manuscript version of this hymn appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 159–60.

Disdains the punishment to fear,  
And mocks at the destruction near.

3 Will they believe the spoiler nigh,  
Or tremble at the slaught'ring sword?  
Safe in the toils of hell they lie,  
Deaf to the watchman's warning word,  
Nor God nor man their hurt intends,  
And death and Tophet are their friends.

4 Or if the danger they confess,  
The danger on their foes they turn,  
Those treacherous enemies to peace,  
Those objects of their hate and scorn,  
"Let the presumptuous aliens come,  
And rush upon their instant doom."

5 Blind with intoxicating pride  
(Sad prelude of a nation's fall!)  
They wholly in themselves confide,  
Nor on the Lord of armies call,  
Nor humbly at thy footstool own  
Salvation is from God alone.

#### Hymn 7.<sup>6</sup>

1 Did they, O God, ascribe to thee  
Their strange escapes in dangers past?  
Alas for them, alas for me  
So soon forgetful of *the last!*  
Snatched from the anti-christian power  
The gulf wide opening to devour.

2 Appalled we saw th' invader's sword  
March unopposed through half the land!  
Jehovah then pronounced the word,  
And lo! At thy supreme command

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<sup>6</sup>A manuscript version of this hymn appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 160–62.

The blasted savages of Rome  
Recoiled—and sunk into the tomb.

- 3 But have we by their ruin rose  
    To a new life of righteousness,  
Or lulled in more profound repose  
    Abused, and forfeited our peace?  
Our peace is gone, our safety fled,  
And our dead souls are doubly dead.
- 4 Called back by an ungrateful race  
    The man on the red horse returns;  
And while thy wrath a moment stays,  
    The nation sports, the remnant mourns!  
Ah! Who of all thy saints can tell  
Shall grace or justice turn the scale!
- 5 Dare we again for respite cry,  
    Or deprecate th' impending blow?  
If now thou lay'st thy thunder by,  
    And sav'st us from our fiercest foe,  
Will Britain's sons their Saviour see,  
And give the praise entire to thee?
- 6 We fear, the saved unthankful throng  
    Will more and more obdurate prove,  
Thy providential mercy wrong,  
    And trample on thy richest love,  
And when thou turn'st the sword aside,  
Thy judgments and thy grace deride!
- 7 But, for thou hast not yet forbid  
    The good for the profane to pray,  
Hear thy own people intercede,  
    The rough east-wind of judgment stay,  
'Till general penitence remove,  
Or melt thine anger into love.

- 8 Thy mercies all our thoughts transcend,  
The worst thou canst in Christ forgive:  
O let our sins and troubles end,  
O let our ransomed nation live!  
Hear the loud cry of Jesus' blood,  
And save us through the death of God!

**Hymn [8].<sup>7</sup>**

- 1 Great guardian of thy church below,  
Stretch out thine arm on Britain's side,  
The sons of Babel to o'erthrow,  
Who deep as hell their counsels hide:  
Concealed from us with closest art  
They cannot hide them, Lord, from thee,  
Whose flaming eyes look through the heart,  
And hell without a covering see.
- 2 Thou know'st, and canst to us make known  
Whatev'r our craftiest foes devise;  
It shall be to thy servant shown,  
The least that on thy word relies:  
Things in the royal chamber said,  
(Like Syria's plots in days of old)  
By ways invisible conveyed,  
Shall to thy meanest saint be told.
- 3 For this premonished from above  
We now the opening seal attend,  
And trust thine all-disposing love,  
That judgment shall in mercy end:  
The bounded might of baffled man  
The glory of thy power shall raise,  
Advance thy all-redeeming plan,  
And spread the victory of thy grace.

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "7"; the remaining hymns are also renumbered accordingly. A manuscript copy of this hymn, with several variants, is present in the Methodist Archives Research Centre, The John Rylands University Library: DDWes 4/54 (see Assorted Loose-leaf Manuscript Hymns).

- 4     What then have thine elect to dread  
       In general peril and dismay?  
We calmly to thy word give heed  
       Prophetic of the perfect day:  
Led by thy word's unerring clue  
       Wheel within wheel involved we see,  
Look all subservient causes through,  
       And wait the birth of thy decree.
- 5     Lord, we behold thy mighty hand  
       Stretched out o'er all the nations now!  
The counsel of thy will shall stand,  
       The heathen to thy sceptre bow;  
Demons and men shall blindly join,  
       And Antichrist erect his throne,  
To execute thy grand design,  
       And bring thy glorious kingdom down!

**Hymn [9].**

- 1     Promised Prince of Peace, appear,  
Come, and fix thy kingdom here,  
Whom the longing bride desires,  
Whom the universe requires.
- 2     Thou hast lifted up thy hand,  
O'er the sea, and the dry land,  
Hast the awful signal given;  
Shake again both earth and heaven.
- 3     Still the drowsy nations shake,  
'Till out of their sins they wake,  
All in one petition joined,  
Come desire of humankind!
- 4     Lord of hosts, thine arm reveal,  
This thy house with glory fill,  
To the former church unknown,  
Glory kept for us alone.

- 5 Give the never-failing peace,  
The transcendent holiness,  
Let us all the promise prove,  
Fill our souls with perfect love.
  
- 6 Now, O Christ, thy right assert,  
Enter every human heart,  
Fulness of the Spirit give,  
King of saints forever live!

**Hymn [10].**

- 1 Be still ye isles, and wait your doom!  
Jehovah from his place is come;  
    He whets his glittering sword;  
His hand doth hold of judgment take:  
Let all the guilty nations quake  
    Before our angry Lord.
- 2 He calls his own to see him rise,  
To mark the vengeance of the skies  
    Dispread through earth abroad;  
Countries laid waste, and conquered powers,  
Cities o'erturned, and falling towers,  
    And fields and seas of blood.
- 3 Where shall this dreadful havoc end?  
What doth the righteous God intend?  
    Beneath his hand we bow,  
And trembling in the balance cry  
Will justice pass our nation by,  
    Or must he visit now?
- 4 Covered and blind is every seer;  
Nor doth the purposed thing appear  
    To one of Abraham's race:  
We hear the thunder of thy power;  
But who shall all thy mind explore,  
    But who shall see thy face?
- 5 Darkness and clouds surround thy throne,  
And wrap the hidden God unknown  
    In awful majesty:  
Unless thou dost the secret tell,  
Nor man, nor angel can reveal,  
    Or fathom thy decree.
- 6 Yet if thou hast not fixed our doom,  
Before the swift destruction come,

And sweep thy foes away,  
That mercy may incline the scale,  
And wrestling faith at last prevail,  
Vouchsafe us power to pray.

- 7 Stir up the praying seed to stand  
Protectors of a guilty land,  
And armed in its defence  
With Jesus' name, and mind and blood,  
Which stays the outstretched arm of God,  
And binds omnipotence.
- 8 The spirit that in Moses prayed,  
O might it flow from Christ our head,  
And in the members cry  
"Father, we all thy will receive;  
But let us to thy glory live,  
Or to thy glory die!"

**Hymn [11].**

- 1 See Lord a nation at thy feet!  
Do with us now as seems thee meet,  
Preserve alive, or slay:  
Whate'er we may tomorrow feel,  
Spared hitherto, thy grace we tell,  
We sing thy love today.
- 2 Thy love hath our protection been;  
Thy love, and not the sea between,  
Forbade our foes to pass:  
Our wat'ry walls had nought availed,  
Our wooden walls themselves had failed,  
Without our WALL OF BRASS.
- 3 The leopard fierce, who watches o'er  
Our cities, on the adverse shore  
Thy secret will detains:  
Howe'er impatient to get free,  
Till suffered by a beck from thee,  
He cannot burst his chains.

- 4 But if, to scourge our nation's sin,  
The foe should as a flood come in,  
Or a devouring flame,  
We'll praise our God, reprieved so long,  
Sing in the fires a gospel-song,  
And shout Immanuel's name.
- 5 That Spirit of faith and power divine  
Shall then lift up the Christian sign  
Against our enemy;  
And, O! Might all the aliens prove  
The virtue of thy dying love,  
And yield themselves to thee!.
- 6 Saviour, desire of all mankind,  
Come, and the ancient dragon bind,  
Command these wars to cease;  
Let every soul thy kingdom prove,  
In holy joy, and perfect love,  
And everlasting peace.

**[Hymn 12].**

**The Song of Moses,<sup>8</sup>**

**Sung by Great Britain and Ireland, for  
the Victory Given Them over the French  
Fleet, Nov. the 20th, 1759.**

- 1 Sing to the Lord, for he alone  
Gave us the victory!  
He hath our threat'ning foes o'erthrown,  
And cast into the sea.  
Worship and strength to him belong,  
And praise is all his due:  
The Lord is our triumphal song,  
And our salvation too.
- 2 To him we will our trophies raise,  
And chant his matchless powers:  
Our fathers's God, exalt his praise,  
Our fathers' God is ours!

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<sup>8</sup>See Exodus 15:1–18.

Prepare his place with humble zeal,  
Who takes his people's part;  
The Lord eternally shall dwell  
In every faithful heart.

- 3 The Lord, he is a man of war,  
In every age the same;  
Let Britain saved with shouts declare  
The great Jehovah's name:  
Jehovah on our foes did frown  
Amidst their furious boast,  
And cast their chosen captains down,  
And drowned half their host.
- 4 Into the depths they sunk as lead,  
Who thee and thine opposed,  
They sunk at once; and o'er their head  
The mighty waters closed!  
Thine own right hand with power supreme,  
With glorious dreadful power,  
In pieces dashed their ships and them,  
And bade the gulf devour.
- 5 In vain the fierce invader swore,  
"I will lay waste their isle,  
Pursue them on their native shore,  
And seize, and part the spoil;  
Will on the heretics abhorred  
My lust of vengeance cloy,  
And draw my *consecrated* sword,  
And young and old destroy."
- 6 For great in majesty divine,  
Thy wrathful Spirit blew,  
Blasted their arrogant design,  
And all their host o'erthrew:  
Into the depths they sunk as lead  
Who thee and thine opposed,  
They sunk at once; and o'er their head  
The mighty waters closed.

- 7 Which of the saints by Rome adored  
With superstitious prayer,  
Or who among *their* gods, O Lord,  
Can unto thee compare?  
Not all the gods of wood and stone,  
To whom their worship's given,  
Nor her they rank above her Son,  
The Virgin Queen of heaven.
- 8 Thou art our only God and King,  
Glorious in holiness,  
Thy wonder-working power we sing,  
And tremble while we praise:  
Thou stretched'st forth thy strong right hand,  
And the abyss below  
Did horribly its jaws expand,  
And swallowed up the foe.
- 9 But thou hast saved the chosen seed,  
The children of thy grace;  
And Israel's STRENGTH shall Israel lead  
Into the holy place;  
Complete the saving work begun  
By thine almighty hand,  
And bring thy favourite people on  
Into the promised land.
- 10 Struck from above with sacred fear,  
The hostile nations round  
Shall of our great deliverance hear,  
And sicken at the sound;  
Canaan's inhabitants shall quake,  
The antichristian powers,  
And Babylon the great shall shake  
Throughout her threat'ned towers.

- 11 Presaging that her time is come,  
Her retribution day,  
The chiefs of persecuting Rome  
Shall faint, and melt away:  
Horror the mighty men shall seize,  
Who sought thy church's harm,  
While all in silent awe confess  
The greatness of thine arm.
- 12 Not one, till Israel is passed o'er,  
Thy people shall molest,  
Till, led by thee, we reach the shore,  
And gain the land of rest;  
The land we surely shall possess,  
And never thence remove,  
Fixed on the mount of holiness,  
The mount of perfect love.
- 13 Then wilt thou in the saints reside,  
And make their hearts thy throne,  
And show the world thy spotless bride,  
And claim *them* for thine own;  
Then the believing world shall sing  
"The Lord his right obtains,  
Jesus is universal King,  
And God forever reigns."

**Hymn [13].**

- 1 Britons, arise with one accord,  
And learn to glory in the Lord!  
The Lord from whom salvation came,  
Doth justly all your praises claim:  
With humble heart and thankful voice  
Rejoice aright, to God rejoice.
- 2 God over all, thy work we praise,  
Revived as in the ancient days:

Thine arm, by Israel's cry awoke,  
Its own resistless strength hath took,  
Dispersed the low'ring cloud we feared,  
And glorious on our side *appeared*.

3 Rome with a new armada vowed  
To quench her thirst of British blood;  
On vengeance and destruction bent,  
They proudly told their dire intent,  
To *keep* with heretics their word,  
And waste our isle with fire and sword.

4 Where now is the invader's boast,  
The terror of our naked coast?  
Thou, Lord, who know'st the proud to quell,  
Hast showed them not *invincible*,  
Made their infernal counsel void,  
And all their vaunted strength destroyed.

5 Sing to the Lord! The Lord alone  
His strange destructive work hath done:  
Jehovah did the cloud look through,  
Jehovah gave the word *Pursue!*  
He dashed their vessels on the coast,  
He swallowed up their troubled host.

6 Thine was the power, the wisdom thine,  
Which baffled Gaul's and Rome's design:  
Whoever dealt the destined blow,  
Or launched thy thunder on the foe,  
Thee in the instrument we see,  
And give the praise entire to thee.

#### **Hymn [14].**

1 Merciful God, thy love we sing,  
From whence our public blessings spring:

Thy love is every Briton's theme,  
Who drinks the fountain in the stream,  
And looks inferior causes through,  
To keep his gracious God in view.

- 2 Bent to preserve our favoured race,  
Thou on our land, in special grace,  
The steady patriot hast bestowed,  
And formed him for Britannia's good,  
As born her ruin to retrieve,  
And bid his gasping country live.
- 3 Boldly he braved the stormy deep,  
And piloted our sinking ship:  
But still thy secret hand was near,  
Directing his the helm to steer;  
And Britain sings, to life restored,  
"Our strength and helper is the Lord."
- 4 Thy Spirit in our councils sat,  
And turned the battle to the gate:  
It laid their forts and armies low,  
It tore whole regions from the foe;  
Thine arm from France the islands rent,  
Thy thunder shook the continent.
- 5 Sent of the Lord his bolts to deal,  
And execute his awful will,  
By haughty sacrilegious boasts,  
We will not wrong the Lord of hosts,  
If fools his providence exclude,  
And heathens say There is no God.
- 6 God overruling all we own,  
Gracious and wise is God alone:  
Our counsellors he counseled right,  
He taught our mariners to fight;

His prowess in our troops we prove,  
His goodness in our king we love.

- 7 Let every instrument disclaim  
The honours due to Jesus' name:  
Him only wise and good confess,  
Him our Almighty Saviour bless,  
And praise the Rock that cannot move,  
The Rock of everlasting LOVE.

**Hymn [15].**

- 1 Unless the Most High  
For Israel had stood,  
(Our Israel may cry  
Triumphantly loud)  
Our foes on our nation  
Their fury had poured,  
And wide desolation  
Our country devoured.
- 2 But praised be the Lord,  
Our refuge and hope,  
A prey to the sword  
He gave us not up:  
Their plots he hath blasted,  
Their armaments foiled,  
The ravagers wasted,  
The pillagers spoiled.
- 3 Give glory to God,  
Who sits on the throne,  
And scatters the proud,  
And rescues his own!  
Our best adoration  
To him we will give,  
And all his salvation  
With rapture receive.

- 4 Our safety on him  
Alone doth depend;  
Who now doth redeem  
Shall save to the end:  
Almighty Creator,  
We rest in thy name,  
We trust in thy nature,  
Forever the same.
- 5 Thy name we adore,  
Thine attributes praise,  
Truth, wisdom, and power,  
And justice, and grace!  
To ransom and bless us,  
Thou cam'st from above;  
Thy name it is Jesus,  
Thy nature is LOVE.
- 6 This token for good  
We thankfully take,  
Our safety bestowed,  
For Jesus's sake;  
Our lives as a favour  
From God we receive,  
And trust with our Saviour  
Forever to live.

**Hymn [16].**

- 1 While Britain's sons their trophies raise,  
Triumphant, as in full success,  
And bliss without alloy,  
Let pity for our bleeding foes,  
Let love, which no distinction knows,  
Correct the general joy.
- 2 Our country saved from sword and fire,  
Doth every Briton's thanks require,

And lifts our hearts to God;  
But can we, Lord, *delight* to see  
These scenes of human misery,  
This waste of *Christian* blood?

- 3 We mourn the slaughtered sons of Gaul,  
We tremble, while thy judgments fall  
On our invader's head:  
Their lives to ransom ours are given,  
And crowds out of the body driven,  
Have perished in our stead.
- 4 The thousands whom our hands have slain  
Do we, alas, who still remain,  
In holiness excel?  
Our army, is it not, like theirs,  
A bundle of devoted tares,  
Our fleet a floating hell?
- 5 We, even we, the scourge demand;  
But in the gap *a people* stand,  
Poor, helpless, and unknown,  
A little flock, a remnant small,  
Afflicted, and despised by all,  
And loved of God alone.
- 6 Thou to the cry of thine elect,  
Yet once again hast had respect,  
And would'st not vengeance take:  
Thy wrath was ready to consume,  
When mercy respited our doom  
For the ten righteous' sake.
- 7 But is thine anger turned aside,  
Thy justice *fully* satisfied  
With punishing our foe?  
Thine arm *appears* extended still!  
Which of thine enemies shall feel  
The next destructive blow?

- 8 We still the bloody harness wear;  
The weapon of the Lord is bare  
    Against our wickedness:  
The sword thou didst in vengeance send,  
O when shall its commission end,  
    And wars forever cease!
- 9 Saviour of men, through whom we live,  
Do thou the peaceful answer give,  
    While at thy feet we groan:  
Stop this effusion of our blood,  
Thou who hast quenched the wrath of God  
    By pouring out thine own.
- 10 Repentance upon both bestow,  
Our foes and us; that each may know  
    Their sins through faith forgiven,  
That all may cordially embrace,  
And sweetly reconciled by grace,  
    Go hand in hand to heaven.