

*Hymns for the Nation (1781)*¹

[Baker list, #422 & #423]

Editorial Introduction:

In 1775 the Continental Congress established an army and began the military struggle for independence from Britain. The outcome of this struggle was uncertain for a few years. But on October 19, 1781, the American and French forces successfully forced the surrender of General Cornwallis at Yorktown, in the Battle of the Chesapeake. While formal peace was still over a year away, this decisive victory marked the end of a major British land force in North America. As news of the defeat reached England, George III lost control of Parliament to the peace party and the staunch royalists were deeply disheartened.

Charles Wesley was among the disheartened supporters of the king and the war. He expressed his anguish in a (growing) set of *Hymns for the Nation* that began to appear in late 1781. The hymns reflect clearly the British sense of being humbled by the defeat, though occasional glimmers of hope shine through that God might yet reverse the tables. Charles shows concern for those still loyal to the king in America, given the defeat, and betrays his presumption that the colonists will not succeed in building their own nation (see hymn 8). While there is a faint echo of the apocalyptic tone of “Hymns for 1745” in hymn 9, Charles’s resignation to a more traditional amillennial eschatology is evident in hymn 16, stanza 5.

The publication history of this collection is complex. Charles issued an initial pamphlet with nine hymns (Part I in Table of Contents below), which he followed very shortly with another pamphlet containing eight more hymns (Part II in Table of Contents below). The pagination in the second pamphlet started over, but the numbering of the hymns did not—it began with hymn 10. Within a month Charles released another printing that combined the two parts, in which the numbering of both the hymns and the pages was consecutive. Since there were minimal textual changes, and they all appeared in the same year, the text of this combined edition (shown in **red font** in the list of editions) is given below. This combined edition was reprinted once, apparently in 1782. Then an edition was printed that added the fifteen hymns of *Hymns for the National Fast* (1782) to the collection. This was followed by one last edition that removed some of the hymns from this three-part set that were most focused on the Americans.

Editions:

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for the Nation in 1782*. [np, 1781.] (hymns 1–9)

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for the Nation in 1782*, Part II. [np, 1781.] (hymns 10–17)

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for the Nation in 1782*. London: Paramore, 1781. (hymns 1–17)

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for the Nation in 1782*. London: Paramore, [1782.] (17 hymns)

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for the Nation in 1782, in Two Parts*. London: Paramore, [1782?].

— adding *Hymns for the National Fast* (1782), now 32 hymns

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for the Nation in 1782*. London: Paramore, [1782].

— edition with 25 hymns (omitting hymns 2, 3, 8, 12, 16, 21 & 22)²

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²The omission of these six hymns was requested by JW in a letter to John Atlay, Apr. 4, 1782.

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**HYMNS FOR THE NATION,
IN 1782.**

[Part I.]

**Hymn I.
After the Defeat at the Chesapeak.**

- 1 The Lord, th' Almighty Lord of hosts
His own dread purpose hath fulfill'd;
Rebuk'd a sinful nation's boasts,
That all may see his arm reveal'd;
And Britain humbled in the dust,
Confess his sharpest judgments just.
- 2 Righteous, O Lord, thy judgments are!
We bow to thy severe decree,
Who, casting out our formal prayer,
Hast giv'n our foes the victory:
As pleas'd rebellion's cause to bless,
And crown the wicked with success.
- 3 The wicked are thy sword and rod,
Our crimes commission'd to chastise;
Who long have fought against our God,
Provok'd the vengeance of the skies:
Thy threat'nings mock'd, thy favors spurn'd,
Thy blessings into curses turn'd.

- 4 Therefore the dire decree takes place,
 Abandon'd as to Satan's power,
A desperate, death-devoted race:
 We see the slaught'ring sword devour:
Our legions pass beneath the yoke,
Our nation is of God forsook.
- 5 Yet if thou hast not fixt our doom,
 And sworn, in wrath, no more to spare,
If still there is for mercy room,
 For hope, and penitence, and prayer,
Us in our blood once more relieve,
And bid *thy* sentenc'd rebels live.
- 6 Howe'er the righteous thou conceal,
 Or under, or above the skies,
The wicked *must* thy justice feel;
 And never shall Britannia rise,
Unless we to our smiter turn,
And leave the sins for which we mourn.

Hymn II.
For the Loyal Americans.

- 1 Father of everlasting love,
 The only refuge of despair,
Thy bowels toward th' afflicted move;
 And now thou hear'st the mournful prayer
We for our helpless brethren breathe,
Who pant within the jaws of death.
- 2 The men who dared their king revere,
 And faithful to their oaths abide,
Midst perjur'd hypocrites sincere,
 Harrass'd, oppress'd on every side;
Gaul'd by the tyrant's iron yoke,
By Britain's faithless sons forsook.

- 3 Our patriot chiefs betray'd their trust,
To serve their own infernal ends,
The slaves of avarice and lust,
Sparing their foes, they spoil'd their friends;
Basely repaid their loyal zeal,
And left them—to the murtherer's³ will.
- 4 As sheep appointed to be slain,
The victims of fidelity
To man they look for help in vain;
But shall they look in vain to thee,
God over all, who canst subdue
The hearts which mercy never knew.
- 5 Ev'n now thou canst disarm their rage,
(If so thy gracious will intends)
The wrath implacable assuage
The malice of remorseless fiends:
Mercy at last compell'd to show,
And let the hopeless captives go.
- 6 Yet if our brethren's doom be seal'd;
And for superior joys design'd,
They have their glorious course fulfill'd;
To souls beneath the altar join'd,
Their guiltless blood hath found a tongue,
And every drop exclaims—"How long?"
- 7 O earth, conceal not thou their blood
Which loud as Zechariah's cries!
O God, thou just, avenging God,
Behold them with thy flaming eyes,
And blast, and utterly consume
Those murtherers of *fanatic* Rome.
- 8 Till then, thou bidst thy servants rest,
Who suffered death for conscience sake,
And wait to rise completely blest,
The general triumph to partake,
To see the righteous judge come down,
And boldly claim the martyr's crown.

³Ori., "murther's"; in first release of "Part I," corrected in combined edition later that year.

Hymn III.
“By whom shall Jacob arise! For he is small.”
Amos vii.⁴ 2.

- 1 By whom, O God, shall Britain rise,
So small in all the nations' eyes,
So lessen'd in her own?
Out of the deep, we cry to thee,
And with profound humility
Besiege thy gracious throne.
- 2 By whom, O God, shall Britain rise?
Not by th' ignoble slaves of vice
Who have their country sold,
Betray'd us in their prosp'rous hour,
To raise a restless faction's power,
And glut their lust of gold.
- 3 Not by the basest tools of war,
Who all thy plagues and judgments dare,
In oaths and blasphemies,
Ravage their friends with sword and fire,
Thro' covetous or foul desire,
And hate the thoughts of peace.
- 4 By whom—but we enquire in vain,
Till thou thy own design explain,
For only Lord to thee
Thy works, before the world begun,
Thy chosen instrument were known
From all eternity.
- 5 Thy searching eye beholds him now:
While suppliant at thy feet we bow
To us the man be show'd,
Th' intrepid man of virtuous zeal,
Resolv'd and incorruptible,
Who seeks our nation's good:

⁴Ori., “viii”.

- 6 Our nation's good, and not his own;
While list'ning to the plaintive moan,
Of loyalty opprest,
He serves his king's and God's designs,
America and Britain joins,
And blends them in his breast.
- 7 O that he in the gap may stand,
Rais'd up to save a sinking land,
Our blessings to restore,
Concord, and peace, and loyal fear,
And truth, and piety sincere,
Till time shall be no more.
- 8 Then shall we, Lord, surround thy throne,
Thro' Christ inseparably one,
United in thy praise,
And sing, with all those hosts above,
The triumphs of all-conquering love
In everlasting lays.

Hymn IV.

- 1 Great God, we know not what to do,
But fix our wishful eyes on thee,
Who or by many or by few
Sav'st in the last extremity!
Whose arm, when all resources fail,
Its own immortal strength puts on,
When the infernal hosts prevail,
And Satan shouts—"The work is done."
- 2 Whom hostile multitudes surround,
And nations ready to devour,
No help for us in man is found,
No refuge in our darkest hour,
Unless thy greatness interpose,
To blast th' infallible design,
Confound our proud, triumphant foes,
And claim this ransom'd land for thine.

- 3 Oft hath thine arm, in ancient days,
 Stretch'd out in our defence appear'd,
And ransom'd a devoted race,
 And snatch'd us from the death we fear'd:
Armies and fleets invincible
 Were baffled in their surest aim,
Treasons and plots thou didst dispel
 Deep as the pit from which they came.
- 4 Thy providence revers'd our doom,
 When parricides the land o'erflow'd,
(Rebellious sects in league with Rome)
 And turn'd it to a field of blood.
For years we groan'd beneath their sway,
 But mercy by a powerful word,
Crush'd all our tyrants in a day,
 Our blessings all at once *restor'd*.
- 5 Have we not lately heard and seen
 More wonderful escapes than these,
From furious, persecuting men,
 From hosts of human savages?
Appall'd, we heard Apollyon roar,
 Aghast we saw the flames aspire,
Till rescued by almighty power,
 And pluck'd as brands out of the fire.
- 6 Why then, great God, should we despair,
 As thou wert not almighty still,
But deaf to thy own people's prayer
 Who tremble at th' impending ill;
Who will not let the scourge o'erflow,
 The desolating judgment come,
But still suspend the final blow,
 And screen the land from Sodom's doom.
- 7 Wrestling with Abraham's faithful seed
 Lo! In the gap we humbly stand,
The righteous for the wicked plead
 Protectors of a guilty land,

Thou infinite in gracious power,
With theirs our suppliant suit receive,
Stay the rough wind, the fiery shower,
And for the remnant's sake forgive.

- 8 If now in us thy Spirit cry,
In ours thy own request attend,
The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high
Deliverance to thine Israel send;
Because thou art the faithful God,
Our God in every age the same,
Because we trust in Jesu's blood,
And ask the grace in Jesu's name.

Hymn V.
For His Majesty King George.

- 1 Jesus, from whom dominion springs,
The faithful counsellor of kings,
The sovereign Lord thou art;
Thy Spirit on our king bestow,
Who only dost the mazes know
Of man's deceitful heart.
- 2 By factious demagogues gainsaid,
By fawning sycophants betrayed
Who boast their loyalty,
How can he judge, or chuse aright,
Unless assisted by thy light,
And taught himself by thee?
- 3 Do thou the true discernment give,
Whom to reject, and whom receive
His royal toils to share;
O point him out where'er concealed
The upright man, with wisdom fill'd,
An empire's weight to bear.

- 4 The man with heavenly courage bold,
Above the lust of fame, or gold,
 Detach'd and unconfin'd,
A foe to every selfish end,
Religion's, and his country's friend,
 A friend to all mankind.
- 5 Not for himself but others made,
His country and his king to aid
 With talents large endow'd;
Out of the throng thy servant chuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use,
 And for Britannia's good.
- 6 Him as a guardian angel send,
Our feuds, and woes, and wars to end,
 Our sinking state to raise;
Brethren in lasting bonds to join,
And then confess—the work is thine,
 And give thee all the praise.
- 7 So shall our happy monarch see
His kingdoms in prosperity,
 Thro' thy uniting power,
The source of all our blessings own,
And prostrate at thy gracious throne,
 The King of kings adore.

Hymn VI.

- 1 At this most alarming crisis,
 Shall we not from sin awake,
While the great Jehovah rises,
 Terribly the earth to shake?
While he doth a moment spare,
 Shall we not attend the rod,
Hear his thunder's voice, "Prepare,
 O prepare, to meet your God!"

- 2 Compass'd round with hostile nations,
 All to our destruction sworn,
 God of unexhausted patience,
 Still we may to thee return:
 Though thy peremptory sentence
 Absolute perdition sound,
 Place there is for true repentance,
 Mercy sought may yet be found.
- 3 Still thou hearst the mourners sighing
 For our wickedness abhorr'd,
 Thousands in our Israel crying
 Stop, O stop the slaughtering sword,
 Drop thy dreadful controversy,
 While we at thy footstool groan;
 Lord, in wrath remember mercy,
 Give us to thy pleading Son.
- 4 By his bloody cross and Passion,
 By his precious death, we pray,
 Turn aside thine indignation,
 Take thy heaviest plague away,
 Sin, the cause of our distresses,
 Sin, the bitter root remove,
 Then appeas'd, thine anger ceases,
 Then redeem'd, we praise and love.

Hymn VII.
For Concord.

- 1 Divided 'gainst itself so long
 How could a kingdom stand,
 Had we not a Redeemer, strong
 To prop our tottering land?
 Had he not left himself a seed
 Who deprecate the woe,
 Who day and night for mercy plead,
 And still suspend the blow.

- 2 Still let thy praying seed prevail
Our evils to remove,
Till mercy turns the hovering scale,
And justice yields to love;
His king till every Briton owns
With warmest loyalty,
And faction's and rebellion's sons
Stretch out their hands to thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, a gracious token show,
The stoutest hearts incline
Their own true happiness to know,
Their common foes' design;
Against ourselves who turn our swords,
That they the spoils may gain,
And rise at last despotic lords,
And by our ruin reign.
- 4 Why should the specious fiend deceive
The many by the few?
Saviour, the multitude forgive;
They know not what they do;
They fancy those their country's friends,
Who hasten on its doom,
And blindly serve the treacherous ends
Of tyranny and Rome.
- 5 Open their eyes almighty grace,
The latent snare to see,
That brethren may again embrace
In closest amity;
Britons no more with Britons fight,
No more our God oppose,
Let Europe then their powers unite,
And all the world be foes.

Hymn VIII.
A Prayer for the Congress.

- 1 True is the oracle divine,
 The sentence which thy lips hath past,
Tho' hand in hand the wicked join,
 They shall not, Lord, escape at last;
Who for a while triumphant seem,
 Curst with their own false heart's desire,
Their empire is a fleeting dream,
 Their hopes shall all in smoke expire.

- 2 Surely thou wilt full vengeance take
 On rebels 'gainst their king and God,
And strictest inquisition make
 For rivers spilt of guiltless blood,
By men who take thy name in vain,
 By fiends in sanctity's disguise,
As thou wert serv'd with nations slain,
 Or pleas'd with human sacrifice.

- 3 Thou know'st thine own appointed time
 Th' ungodly homicides to quell,
Chastise their complicated crime,
 And break their covenant with hell:
Thy plagues shall then o'erwhelm them all,
 From proud ambition's summit driven;
And faith foresees th' usurpers fall,
 As Lucifer cast down from heaven.

- 4 Yet if they have not sinn'd the sin
 Which never can obtain thy grace,
When Tophet yawns to take them in,
 And claims them as their proper place,
The authors of our woes forgive,
 And snatch their souls from endless woes,
Who wouldst that all mankind should live,
 Who diedst thyself to save thy foes.

Hymn IX.
“Thy kingdom come!”

- 1 Jesus, supreme in majesty,
Thy kingdom and thy glory claim,
For every soul, and every knee
Must bow to thy tremendous name,
JEHOVAH on Jehovah’s throne,
Fulness of power to thee is given;
Thou settest up, and castest down,
And orderest all in earth and heaven.

- 2 We trace thy footsteps in the deep,
Who dost in previous judgments come,
And with destruction’s besom sweep
The earth, to make thy kingdom room:
The havock which on earth we see,
The dire effects of human will
Accomplish thy unknown decree,
Thy own mysterious mind fulfil.

- 3 Thou sufferest now the evil done,
Where the rebellious multitude
In the New World rush madly on,
O’er hills of slain, through seas of blood:
Their rage for power, their fury blind
Hastens the coming of our Lord,
The good supreme for man design’d,
With paradise on earth restor’d.

- 4 Whate’er the plagues that intervene,
The judgments, and vindictive days,
Saviour, we know the final scene,
The earth renew’d in righteousness,
Descending on thine azure throne
Thee in the clouds we soon shall see,
To reign before thy saints alone,
And then through all eternity.

[Part II.]

Hymn X.

- 1 Turn us again, our Saviour-God,
And let thy righteous anger cease;
Be satisfied with seas of blood,
Spilt for our nation's wickedness:
But seas of blood cannot atone
For sins which cost thee all thine own.
- 2 Thine own, thine own, for respite cries,
When smote a sinner turns to thee;
And dares not lift his guilty eyes,
But sighs—"Be merciful to me!"
O that with hearts, not garments, rent,
We all might, as one man, repent!
- 3 In vain alas, thy patience spares,
Unless thy grace our hearts convince,
In vain are all our fasts and prayers,
Unless we cast away our sins,
(Of all our woes the bitter root,)
And bear the penitential fruit.
- 4 O that at last the faithful seed,
Who day and night besiege thy throne,
The just who for our Sodom plead,
Might pray the contrite Spirit down,
On those, who harden'd from thy fear,
Defy eternal judgments near.
- 5 Behold them with that pitying eye,
Which wept the bloody city's doom;
Who wouldst not let thy murderers die:
Who wouldst not let the flames consume,
When urg'd by fiends implacable,
We hung as o'er the mouth of hell.
- 6 Hence, by a glimmering ray of hope,
Chear'd, we presume to sue for grace;
That sin which fills the measure up,
That sin which saints and prophets slays,

That only sin, through grace alone
Restrain'd, thou know'st, we have not done.

7 Then let thy people's suit succeed,
For those that have thy people spar'd,
And save them at their greatest need,
By general penitence prepar'd,
The humbled prodigals receive,
And for thy own dear sake forgive.

8 Cut short thy work in righteousness,
That all thy gracious work may see;
Born in a day our nation bless,
With pure, primeval piety:
Born in a day, from heaven above,
The day of thine almighty love.

Hymn XI.

1 Saviour, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now assume thy royal power,
And o'er the nations reign:
Christ, the world's desire and hope,
Pow'r compleat to thee is given,
Set the last great empire up,
Eternal God of heaven.

2 When thy foes are swept away,
And meet their righteous doom,
Then thy deity display,
And let thy kingdom come:
Then in the New World appear,
In lands where thou wast never known,
There th' imperial standard rear,
And fix thy fav'rite throne.

3 Where they all thy laws have spurn'd,
Thy holiest name profan'd,
Where the ruin'd earth hath mourn'd,
With blood of millions slain:

Open there th' ethereal scene,
Claim the savage race for thine,
There thy endless reign begin
With majesty divine.

4 Universal Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless,
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess:
None shall in thy mount destroy;
War shall then be learnt no more,
Saints shall their great King enjoy,
And all mankind adore.

5 Then, according to thy word,
Salvation is reveal'd;
With thy glorious knowledge, Lord,
The new-made earth is fill'd:
Then we sound the mystery,
The depths and heights of Godhead prove,
Swallow'd up in mercy's sea,
For ever lost in love.

Hymn XII.

For the Conversion of the French.

1 Supreme, immortal potentate,
Whose will omnipotent is fate,
Who on thy lofty throne
Dost with unrivall'd glory sit,
Till earth, and heaven, and hell submit,
And bow to thee alone:

2 Hear us, in this our evil day,
Against the treacherous nation pray,
Which by pernicious wiles
Conspires our country to o'erthrow,
And with the wisdom from below
The Christian world embroils.

- 3 A nation whom no oaths can bind,
The false corrupters of mankind,
The slaves of every lust,
Despiteful, insolent, and proud,
Haters of the redeeming God,
And murderers of the just.
- 4 Fraught with the policy of Rome,
By the old felon led, they come
To scatter, steal, and slay;
Brethren and countrymen divide,
While with gigantic steps they stride
To universal sway.
- 5 Arise, O Lord of hosts, arise,
Open the drowsy nation's eyes,
To see the threatened blow;
Europe's unconscious states alarm,
In strict confederacy to arm
Against the common foe.
- 6 O let thy jealousy awake,
Into thy hand the matter take,
That all thy hand may see;
Which casts the proud and mighty down,
Which doth the weak, and humble crown
With more than victory.
- [7] Compel triumphant Gallia's pride
To own that God is on our side,
Who nothing fear but God:
Nor can their plots, or arms succeed,
While in our Saviour's steps we tread,
And glory in his blood.
- 8 The wretches, Lord, who thee blaspheme,
O let thy blood be heard for them,
Into the furnace cast;
So shall the infidels return,
Look upon thee they pierc'd, and mourn,
And 'scape the fire at last.

Hymn XIII.
For Her Majesty.

- 1 Jesus, with complaisance see,
Her our faith presents to thee;
Her, the choicest gift of heaven,
To our favor'd monarch given.
- 2 Giv'n, his joys and griefs to share,
Ev'ry toil, and ev'ry care;
Born to soften his distress,
Born t' insure his happiness.
- 3 Her thou hast on all bestow'd,
Lovely minister of good;
Her, in our flagitious days,
Beautifi'd with every grace.
- 4 Virtuous, wise, without pretence,
Meek as lamb-like innocence;
Rival of the saints above,
Object of a nation's love.
- 5 Malice ventures not to blame,
Envy sickens at her name;
Gen'ral praise is Charlotte's right,
Parties all in this unite.
- 6 Neither man, nor God they spare,
Yet they all are friends to her;
Strangest sight that earth can show,
Goodness *lives*—without a foe!
- 7 Happy that she long may live,
Jesus, all thy blessings give;
Partner of the British throne,
Count her worthy of thy own.
- 8 Let her then triumphant stand,
With the blest at thy right-hand;
She, and all her children given,
All ordained to reign in heaven.

**Hymn XIV.
For the Royal Family.**

- 1 Father, to thee we bring
 In faithful, fervent prayer,
The offspring of our gracious king,
 Thy own peculiar care:
 Acknowledging for thine,
 Into thy arms receive,
And let them in thy service join,
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 From every secret foe,
 From every flattering friend,
Who all thy creatures' hearts dost know,
 Their innocence defend:
 To make them truly great,
 Thy grace to them be given,
And with thy people's princes seat
 Th' anointed heirs of heaven.
- 3 O may they still approve
 Their gratitude to thee,
And recompense their parents' love
 With dutious piety;
 Still bow to thy command,
 Till the great King comes down,
And each receives from Jesu's hand
 An everlasting crown.

**Hymn XV.
Thanksgiving for the Success
of the Gospel in America.**

- 1 Glory to our redeeming Lord,
 Whose kingdom over all presides,
While in the chariot of the word,
 And on the whirlwind's wings he rides.

- 2 Nothing his rapid course can stay,
 Or stop his government's increase;
Earthquakes, and plagues prepare his way,
 Wars usher in the Prince of Peace.
- 3 Rebellions, massacres, and blood
 On every side as water shed,
Are suffer'd by a righteous God,
 That happier days may then succeed.
- 4 Ev'n now his word doth swiftly run,
 And saving knowledge multiplies,
And still his gracious work goes on,
 And still his temple's walls arise.
- 5 The church is built in troublous times,
 (Jehovah the commission gave)
And God from all their sins and crimes
 Would all the sons of Adam save.
- 6 Loving to the whole ransom'd race,
 He fits the creatures for his use,
In every age and every place
 One uniform design pursues.
- 7 In love he doth his sons chastise,
 His desolating judgments send!
Judgments are mercies in disguise,
 And all in man's salvation end.
- 8 Wherefore beneath thy hand we bow,
 And bless each salutary blow;
If what thou dost we know not now,
 We shall, O Lord, hereafter know.
- 9 Shall see thy footsteps in th' abyss,
 Unwind the providential maze,
And own, amidst the general bliss,
 Mercy, and truth are all thy ways.

- 10 With grateful joy we comprehend
The meaning of th' eternal mind:
Accept, thou universal friend,
The ceaseless praise of all mankind!

Hymn XVI.⁵

- 1 God, who wouldst a world forgive,
Offer'st all sufficient grace:
All *may* in thy Son believe,
Numbers *do* thy Son embrace;
Numbers sav'd, from ev'ry sect,
Form the church of thy elect.
- 2 Scatter'd o'er the earth they lie,
Sheep with wolves incompast round,
Guided by their shepherd's eye,
Safe they in the fold are found;
Angels all their steps attend,
Serve, and keep them to the end.
- 3 When thy judgments are abroad,
Them thou kindly dost conceal,
Hidden in the ark of God,
Shelter'd, they in Zoar dwell,
Find a sanctu'ry prepar'd,
Find omnipotence their guard.
- 4 Poor and mean, whom all reject,
Persecute, or else despise,
They their enemies protect,
Stay the vengeance of the skies:
Till thou hast secur'd thine own,
Stands the world for them alone.
- 5 States and empires rise, or fall,
Stands the church till time shall end,
Waiting for the Bridegroom's call,
List'ning, longing to ascend,
Fair, and spotless, and compleat,
Jesus in the clouds to meet.

⁵Ori., "XXVI".

- 6 When the number is fulfill'd,
 When the righteous are brought home,
When the mystery is seal'd,
 Then the world shall meet its doom,
Earth burnt up in smoke expire,
Sinners in eternal fire.

Hymn XVII.

- 1 Let earth be glad, the Lord is King,
The multitude of isles may sing,
Britain may still rejoice in him
The Lord almighty to redeem,
Who o'er the impatient heathen reigns,
And holds our furious foes in chains.
- 2 Frowning on us, he seems awhile
On perjur'd parricides to smile,
Our foes with much long-suffering spares
A bundle of devoted tares,
But bids us patiently attend
His time, and calmly mark the end!
- 3 Escaping for their wickedness,
Triumphant in their sure success,
Off from their necks the yoke they shake,
And as *meek saints* the kingdom take,
And 'stablish both by land and sea,
The fifth the final monarchy.
- 4 Yet instruments of thy design
The kingdom is not theirs, but thine,
Who dost with wisdom deep employ
Thy foes each other to destroy,
And use, beyond their own intent,
To shock, and purge the continent.
- 5 Extirpating th' ungodly race,
With whom wilt thou supply their place?

With Israel's tribes so long conceal'd?
Just Jews, and real Christians fill'd?
With savages thro' Jesu's blood
Redeem'd, and seal'd the sons of God?

- 6 America, we trust shall show
Thy glorious kingdom fixt below,
A kingdom of perennial peace,
Pure joy, and perfect righteousness,
Not of this world, but that above,
Where all is harmony and love.
- 7 Then shall thy whole design be seen,
How far beyond the thoughts of men!
When all authority put down,
All powers are swallow'd up in one,
And challenging thy right divine,
Thou claim'st the universe for thine.
- 8 Then shall we hallelujah sing,
Angels and saints, to Christ our King,
Loud as the mighty waters' noise,
Loud as the rattling thunder's voice,
"Th' omnipotent his sway maintains,
The Lord our God for ever reigns!"