

*Hymns and Sacred Poems (1739) – Charles Wesley Verse*¹

[Baker list, #13]

Editorial Introduction:

In March 1739 the Wesley brothers issued the first in a new series of collected verse, titled *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. While it bore the names of both brothers, printer records and diary entries make clear that John was the primary collector and editor of the work. John also authored the preface to the volume (not included below, available in John's *Works*). But several of the hymns in the collection were clearly authored by Charles (his first published verse).

Twenty-seven of the items in *HSP* (1739) were drawn from John's earlier *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* volumes. John added nearly sixty additional selections from other identifiable authors. Combined, these sources account for nearly two-thirds of the contents. Most of the remaining items are *likely* original contributions by John or Charles Wesley. The exact division in this regard is a bit unclear, as John occasionally fails to identify the source when drawing on other writers. We have tried to exclude below all items by other writers, but a few may remain unidentified.

The thornier issue is determining the specific authorship of the original contributions in this collection, because the Wesley brothers agreed from the beginning not to indicate individual authorship in their shared collections. In some cases the question can be settled by the survival of a particular item in Charles Wesley's manuscript collections of his work (indicated by adding [CW] after the title in the Table of Contents below). Beyond that, scholars are reduced to debating internal criteria for discerning when a poem might be by John rather than Charles. Two broad generalizations have emerged from this debate. First, unless there is strong evidence to the contrary (such as appearance in Charles' manuscript collections), scholars concur that John should be considered the author of the translations of German (and one Spanish) hymns—so none of these are included below. Second, scholars concur that the vast majority of the original contributions were penned by Charles, thus he should be considered the author for the verse that follows unless compelling evidence emerges to indicate otherwise.

A complete text of *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1739) can be found in the subsection of this website devoted to John Wesley's collections of hymns.

Editions:

John and Charles Wesley. *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. London: Strahan, 1739.

2nd London: Strahan, 1739.

3rd London: Strahan, 1739.

4th Bristol: Farley, 1743 [incorporating *HSP* (1740)].

5th London, 1756 [incorporating *HSP* (1740)].

The second edition is significantly abridged. **But this edition also includes five new hymns, all likely by Charles Wesley.** However, these hymns do not recur in the third edition, being moved instead to the distinct *HSP* (1740) collection—where readers will find them on this site.

NOTE: John Wesley's personal copy of the 5th edition is present in the remnants of his personal library at Wesley's House, London (shelfmark, J. 23). Notations that he made in this copy are mentioned in the notes.

¹This 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 13, 2017.

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[giving only items *likely* by Charles Wesley]

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**HYMNS
AND
SACRED POEMS.**

Part I.

**Solitude.
From the Latin.**

- [1] Solitude! Where shall I find
Thee, pleasing to the thoughtful mind!
Sweet delights to thee belong,
Untasted by the vulgar throng.
Weary of vice and noise I flee,
Sweetest comforter, to thee.
Here the mild and holy dove
Peace inspires and joy and love.
Thy unmolested, silent shade
No tumultuous sounds invade:
No stain of guilt is seen in thee,
To soil thy spotless purity.
Here the smiling fields around
Softest harmony resound.
Here with angel quires combin'd,
The lord of his own peaceful mind
Glides thro' life, from business far,
And noisy strife, and eating care.
Here, retir'd from pomp and state
(The envy'd torment of the great)
Innocent he leads his days,
Far from giddy thirst of praise.
Here his accounts with studious care
Preparing for the last great bar,
He weeps the stains of guilt away,
And ripens for eternal day.
- [2] Hoarded wealth desire who please,
Tow'rs and gilded palaces.
Fraudless silence may I find,
Solitude and peace of mind;

To all the busy world unknown,
Seen and lov'd by God alone.

- [3] Ye rich, ye learn'd, ye great, confess
This in life is happiness,
To live (unknown to all abroad)
To myself only and my God.

Zeal.

- 1 Dead as I am, and cold my breast,
Untouch'd by thee, celestial zeal,
How shall I sing th' unwonted guest?
How paint the joys I cannot feel?
- 2 Assist me thou, at whose command
The heart exults, from earth set free!
'Tis thine to raise the drooping hand,
Thine to confirm the feeble knee.
- 3 'Tis zeal must end this inward strife,
Give me to know that warmth divine!
Thro' all my verse, thro' all my life
The active principle shall shine.
- 4 Where shall we find its high abode?
To heav'n the sacred ray aspires,
With ardent love embraces God,
Parent and object of its fires.

- 5 There its peculiar influence known
 In breasts seraphic learns to glow;
Yet darted from th' eternal throne,
 It sheds a chearing light below.
- 6 Thro' earth diffus'd, the active flame
 Intensely for God's glory burns,
And always mindful whence it came,
 To heav'n in ev'ry wish returns.
- 7 Yet vain the fierce enthusiast's aim
 With this to sanctify his cause;
To skreen beneath this awful name
 The persecuting sword he draws.
- 8 In vain the mad fanatick's dreams
 To this mysteriously pretend;
On fancy built, his airy schemes
 Or slight the means, or drop the end.
- 9 Where zeal holds on its even course,
 Blind rage, and bigotry retires;
Knowledge assists, not checks its force,
 And prudence guides, not damps its fires.
- 10 Resistless then it wins its way;
 Yet deigns in humble hearts to dwell:
The humble hearts confess its sway,
 And pleas'd the strange expansion feel.

- 11 Superior far to mortal things,
In grateful extasy they own,
(Such antedated heav'n it brings,)
That zeal and happiness are one.
- 12 Now vary'd deaths their terrors spread,
Now threat'ning thousands rage—in vain!
Nor tortures can arrest its speed,
Nor worlds its energy restrain.
- 13 That energy, which quells the strong,
Which cloaths with strength the abject weak,
Looses the stamm'ring infant's tongue,
And bids the sons of thunder speak.
- 14 While zeal its heav'nly influence sheds,
What light o'er Moses' visage plays!
It wings th' immortal prophet's steeds,
And brightens fervent Stephen's face.
- 15 Come then, bright flame, my breast inspire;
To me, to me be thou but giv'n,
Like them I'll mount my car of fire,
Or view from earth an op'ning heav'n.
- 16 Come then, if mighty to redeem,
Christ purchas'd thee with blood divine:
Come, holy zeal! For thou thro' him,
Jesus himself thro' thee is mine!

On Reading Monsr. de Renty's Life.

- [1] We deem the saints, from mortal flesh releas'd,
With brighter day, and bolder raptures blest:
Sense now no more precludes the distant thought,
And naked souls now feel the God they sought,
But thy great soul, which walk'd with God on earth
Can scarce be nearer by that second birth:
By change of place dull bodies may improve,
But spirits to their bliss advance by love.
Thy change insensible brought no surprize,
Inur'd to innocence and paradise:
For earth, not heav'n, thou thro' a glass didst view,
The glass was love; and love no evil knew,
But in all places only heav'n did shew.
- [2] Canst thou love more, when from a body freed,
Which so much life, so little had of need?
So pure, it seem'd for this alone design'd,
To usher forth the virtues of the mind!
From nature's chain, from earthly dross set free,
One only appetite remained in thee:
That appetite it mourn'd but once deny'd,
For when it ceas'd from serving God, it dy'd.

John xv. 18, 19.²

- 1 Where has my slumb'ring spirit been,
 So late emerging into light?
 So imperceptible, within,
 The weight of this Egyptian night!

- 2 Where have they hid the *WORLD* so long,
 So late presented to my view?
 Wretch! Tho' myself increas'd the throng,
 Myself a part I never knew.

- 3 Secure beneath its shade I sat,
 To me were all its favours shown:
 I could not taste its scorn or hate;
 Alas, it ever lov'd its own!

²Titled by James 4:4 ("Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God") in the 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 4 Jesus, if half discerning now,
From thee I gain this glimm'ring light,
Retouch my eyes, anoint them thou,
And grant me to receive my sight.
- 5 O may I of thy grace obtain
The world with other eyes to see:
Its judgments false, its pleasures vain,
Its friendship enmity with thee.
- 6 Delusive world, thy hour is past,
The folly of thy wisdom shew!
It cannot now retard my haste,
I leave thee for the holy few.
- 7 No! Thou blind leader of the blind,
I bow my neck to thee no more;
I cast thy glories all behind,
And slight thy smiles, and dare thy pow'r.
- 8 Excluded from my Saviour's pray'r,
Stain'd, yet not hallow'd, with his blood,
Shalt thou my fond affection share,
Shalt thou divide my heart with God?
- 9 No! Tho' it rouze thy utmost rage,
Eternal enmity I vow:
Tho' hell with thine its pow'rs engage,
Prepar'd I meet your onset now.

- 10 Load me with scorn, reproach and shame;
My patient Master's portion give;
As evil still cast out my name,
Nor suffer such a wretch to live.
- 11 Set to thy seal that I am his;
Vile as my Lord I long to be:
My hope, my crown, my glory this,
Dying to conquer sin and thee!

Hymn to Contempt.

- 1 Welcome, contempt! Stern, faithful guide,
Unpleasing, healthful food!
Hail pride-sprung antidote of pride,
Hail evil turn'd to good!
- 2 Thee when with awful pomp array'd
Ill-judging mortals see,
Perverse they fly with coward speed,
To guilt they fly from thee.
- 3 Yet if one haply longing stands
To choose a nobler part,
Ardent from sin's ensnaring bands
To vindicate his heart:

- 4 Present to end the doubtful strife,
Thy aid he soon shall feel;
Confirm'd by thee, tho' warm in life,
Bid the vain world farewell.
- 5 Thro' thee he treads the shining way
That saints and martyrs trod,
Shakes off the frailty of his clay,
And wings his soul for God.
- 6 His portion thou, he burns no more,
With fond desire to please;
The fierce, distracting conflict's o'er
And all his thoughts are peace.
- 7 Sent by almighty pity down,
To thee alone 'tis giv'n
With glorious infamy to crown
The favourites of heav'n.
- 8 With thee heav'n's fav'rite Son, when made
Incarnate, deign'd t' abide;
To thee he meekly bow'd his head,
He bow'd his head, and dy'd.
- 9 And shall I still the cup decline,
His suff'rings disesteem,
Disdain to make this portion mine
When sanctify'd by him?

- 10 Or firm thro' him and undismay'd,
Thy sharpest darts abide?
Sharp as the thorns that tore his head,
The spear that pierc'd his side.
- 11 Yes—since with thee my lot is cast,
I bless my God's decree,
Embrace with joy what he embrac'd,
And live and die with thee!
- 12 So when before th' angelic host
To each his lot is giv'n,
Thy name shall be in glory lost,
And mine be found in heav'n!

Grace Before Meat.³

- 1 Fountain of being, source of good!
At whose almighty breath
The creature proves our bane or food,
Dispensing life or death:
- 2 Thee we address with humble fear,
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;
Father of all, thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.
- 3 O may our souls for ever pine
Thy grace to taste and see;
Athirst for righteousness divine,
And hungry after thee!
- 4 For this we lift our longing eyes,
We wait the gracious word;
Speak—and our hearts from earth shall rise,
And feed upon the Lord.

³Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 12.

Another [Grace Before Meat].⁴

- 1 Enslav'd to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good;
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.
- 2 Trembling we taste: for ah! No more
To thee the creatures lead;
Chang'd they exert a fatal pow'r,
And poison while they feed.
- 3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole,
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.
- 4 Grov'ling on earth we still must lie
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ descending from on high
Infected nature heal.
- 5 Come then, our heav'nly Adam, come!
Thy healing influence give;
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live.

⁴Charles adapted stanzas 5–8 of this hymn for use in a later manuscript selection for his family: MS Family, 12–13.

- 6 The bondage of corruption break!
For this our spirits groan;
Thy only will we fain would seek;
O save us from our own.
- 7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide:
Let all our actions tend
To thee their source; thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.
- 8 Earth then a scale to heav'n shall be,
Sense shall point out the road;
The creatures then⁵ shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God!

Grace After Meat.

- 1 Being of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

⁵“Then” changed to “all” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 3 Heav'nward our ev'ry wish aspires:
For all thy mercy's store
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill!
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

A Hymn for Midnight.⁶

- 1 While midnight shades the earth o'erspread,
 And veil the bosom of the deep,
Nature reclines her weary head,
 And care respites and sorrows sleep:
My soul still aims at nobler rest,
Aspiring to her Saviour's breast.

⁶Title changed in 4th edn. (1743) to "A Midnight Hymn for One under the Law." John Wesley corrects this title by hand in his personal copy of the 5th edn. (1756) to "A Midnight Hymn for One Convinced of Sin."

- 2 Aid me, ye hov'ring spirits near,
Angels and ministers of grace;
Who ever, while you guard us here,
Behold your heav'nly Father's face!
Gently my raptur'd soul convey
To regions of eternal day.
- 3 Fain would I leave this earth below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe
Allures, or tears me from my God:
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since death alone confirms me his.⁷
- 4 Till then, to sorrow born I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home;
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting till the Bridegroom come:
Come quickly, Lord! Thy own receive,
Now let me see thy face, and live.
- 5 Absent from thee, my exile'd soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans;
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And lab'ring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord! Thy face display,
And look my midnight into day.
- 6 Error⁸ and sin, and death are o'er
If thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad, Rachel weeps her loss no more,
If thou the God, the Saviour come:

⁷John Wesley inserted a manuscript "NO" at the end of this line in his personal copy of the 5th edn. (1756). He changed the line to begin "Since faith alone ..." in *Hymns* (1780), #148.

⁸John Wesley changed "Error" to "Sorrow" in *Hymns* (1780), #148.

Of thee possest, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heav'n of love.

**Written in the Beginning of a
Recovery from Sickness.**

- 1 Peace, flutt'ring soul! The storm is o'er,
 Ended at last the doubtful⁹ strife:
 Respiring now, the cause explore
 That bound thee to a wretched life.

- 2 When on the margin of the grave,
 Why did I doubt my Saviour's art?
 Ah! Why mistrust his will to save?
 What meant that fault'ring of my heart?

- 3 'Twas not the searching pain within
 That fill'd my coward flesh with fear;
 Nor conscience of uncancel'd sin;¹⁰
 Nor sense of dissolution near.

⁹Ori., "doubtless"; corrected 3rd edn. (1739) by ms. insert; and in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

¹⁰Changed to read "Nor consciousness of outward sin" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 4 Of hope I felt no joyful ground,
The fruit of righteousness alone;
Naked of Christ my soul I found,
And started from a God unknown.
- 5 Corrupt my will, nor half subdu'd,
Could I his purer presence bear?
Unchang'd, unhallow'd, unrenow'd
Could I before his face appear?
- 6 Father of mercies, hear my call!
Ere yet returns the fatal hour,
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,
And raise me by thy quick'ning pow'r.
- 7 My nature re-exchange for thine;
Be thou my life, my hope, my gain;
Arm me in panoply divine,
And death shall shake his dart in vain.
- 8 When I thy promis'd Christ have seen,
And clasp'd him in my soul's embrace,
Possess of my salvation, then—
Then, let me, Lord, depart in peace!

After a Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 And live I yet by pow'r divine?
 And have I still my course to run?
 Again brought back in its decline
 The shadow of my parting sun?
- 2 Wondring I ask, is this the breast
 Struggling so late and torn with pain!
 The eyes that upward look'd for rest,
 And dropt their weary lids again!
- 3 The recent horrors still appear:
 O may they never cease to awe!
 Still be the king of terrors near,
 Whom late in all his pomp I saw.
- 4 Torture and sin prepar'd his way,
 And pointed to a yawning tomb!
 Darkness behind eclips'd the day,
 And check'd my forward hopes of home.
- 5 My feeble flesh refus'd to bear
 Its strong redoubled agonies:
 When mercy heard my speechless pray'r,
 And saw me faintly gasp for ease.

- 6 Jesus to my deliv'rance flew,
Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay:
Pale death his ancient conq'ror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasp'd his prey!
- 7 The fever turn'd its backward course,
Arrested by almighty pow'r;
Sudden expir'd its fiery force,
And anguish gnaw'd my side no more.
- 8 God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn,
To love my God I only live!
- 9 To thee, benign and saving pow'r
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While mark'd with blessings, ev'ry hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.
- 10 How shall I teach the world to love,
Unchang'd myself, unloos'd my tongue?
Give me the pow'r of faith to prove,
And mercy shall be all my song.
- 11 Be all my added life employ'd
Thy image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee!

- 12 O give me, Saviour, give me more!
Thy mercies to my soul reveal:
Alas! I *see* their endless store,
Yet O! I cannot, cannot *feel*!
- 13 The blessing of thy love bestow:
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.
- 14 I'll weary thee with my complaint;
Here at thy feet for ever lie,
With longing sick, with groaning faint:
O give me love, or else I die!
- 15 Without this best, divinest grace
'Tis death, 'tis worse than death to live;
'Tis hell to want thy blissful face,
And saints in thee their heav'n receive.
- 16 Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home!
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
Thou with thy promis'd Father, come!
- 17 Prepare, and then possess my heart,
O take me, seize me from above:
Thee do I love, for God thou art;
Thee do I feel, for God is love!

A Prayer Under Convictions.

- 1 Father of light,¹¹ from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs,
Whose goodness providently nigh
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look; my heart prepare,
Suggest, and hearken to my pray'r.

- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants; for help they call,
And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind
Wayward, and impotent and blind,
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill:
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

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

¹¹Only the 2nd edn. (1739) uses "Father of lights," as in James 1:17.

- 5 Ah give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal:
Ah give me, Lord, (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.
- 6 Scarce I begin my sad complaint,
When all my warmest wishes faint;
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
When all my kindling ardors die;
Nor hopes nor fears my bosom move,
For still I cannot, cannot love.
- 7 Father, I want a thankful heart;
I want to taste how good thou art,
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The breadth, and length, and depth, and height
Of love divinely infinite.
- 8 Father, I long my soul to raise
And dwell for ever on thy praise,
Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,
In extasy unspeakable;
While the full pow'r of FAITH I know,
And reign triumphant here below.

The 53^d Chapter of Isaiah.

- 1 Who hath believ'd the tidings? Who?
Or felt the joys our words impart?
Gladly confess'd our record true,
And found the Saviour in his heart?
Planted in nature's barren ground,
And cherish'd by Jehovah's care,
There shall th' immortal seed be found,
The root divine shall flourish there!

- 2 See the desire of nations comes;
Nor outward pomp bespeaks him near,
A veil of flesh the God assumes,
A servant's form he stoops to wear;
He lays his every glory by;
Ignobly low, obscurely mean,
Of beauty void, in reason's eye,
The source of loveliness is seen.

- 3 Rejected and despis'd of men,
A Man of Grievs, inur'd to woe;
His only intimate is pain,
And grief is all his life below.
We saw, and from the irksome sight
Disdainfully our faces turn'd;
Hell follow'd him with fierce despight,
And earth the humble abject¹² scorn'd.

- 4 Surely for us he humbled was,
And griev'd with sorrows not his own:
Of all his woes were we the cause,
We fill'd his soul with pangs unknown.

¹²Ori., "object"; corrected in 2nd edn. (1739) and following.

Yet him th' offender we esteem'd,
 Stricken by heaven's vindictive rod,
 Afflicted for himself we deem'd,
 And punish'd by an angry God.

5 But O! With our transgressions stain'd,
 For our offence he wounded was;
 Ours were the sins that bruis'd and pain'd
 And scourg'd, and nail'd him to the cross.
 The chastisement that bought our peace,
 To sinners due, on him was laid:
 Conscience be still! Thy terrors cease!
 The debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid.

6 What tho' we all as wandring sheep
 Have left our God, and lov'd to stray,
 Refus'd his mild commands to keep,
 And madly urg'd the downward way;
 Father, on him thy bolt did fall,
 The mortal law thy Son fulfill'd,
 Thou laid'st on him the guilt of all,
 And by his stripes we all are heal'd.

7 Accused his mouth he open'd not,
 He answer'd not by wrongs opprest;
 Pure tho' he was from sinful spot
*Our*¹³ guilt he *silently* confest!
 Meek as a lamb to slaughter led,
 A sheep before his shearers dumb
 To suffer in the sinner's stead
 Behold the spotless victim come!

8 Who could his heavenly birth declare
 When bound by man he silent stood,
 When worms arraign'd him at their bar,
 And doom'd to death th' eternal God!

¹³Ori., "What"; corrected in 2nd edn. (1739) and following.

Patient the sufferings to sustain
The vengeance to transgressors due,
Guiltless he groan'd and died for man:
Sinners rejoice, he died for you!

- 9 For your *imputed* guilt he bled,
Made sin a sinful world to save;
Meekly he sunk among the dead:
The rich supplied an honour'd grave?
For O! Devoid of sin, and free
From actual or intail'd offence,
No sinner in himself was he,
But pure and perfect innocence.
- 10 Yet him th' Almighty Father's will
With bruising chastisements pursu'd,
Doom'd him the weight of sin to feel,
And sternly just requir'd his blood.
But lo! The mortal debt is paid,
The costly sacrifice is o'er,
His soul for sin an offering made
Revives, and he shall die no more.
- 11 His numerous seed he now shall see,
Scatter'd thro' all the earth abroad,
Blest with his immortality,
Begot by him, and born of God.
Head to his church o'er all below
Long shall he here his sons sustain;
Their bounding hearts his power shall know,
And bless the lov'd Messiah's reign.
- 12 'Twixt God and them he still shall stand
The children whom his Sire hath given,

Their cause shall prosper in his hand
While RIGHTEOUSNESS looks down from heaven.
While pleas'd he counts the ransom'd race,
And calls and draws them from above;
The travail of his soul surveys,
And rests in his redeeming love.

- 13 'Tis done! My justice asks no more,
The satisfaction's fully made:
Their sins he in his body bore;
Their surety all the debt has paid.
My righteous servant and my son
Shall each believing sinner clear,
And all, who stoop t' abjure their own,
Shall in his righteousness appear.
- 14 Them shall he claim his just desert,
Them his inheritance receive,
And many a contrite humble heart
Will I for his possession give.
Satan he thence shall chase away,
Assert his right, his foes o'ercome;
Stronger than hell, retrieve the prey,
And bear the spoil triumphant home.
- 15 For charg'd with all their guilt he stood,
Sinners from suffering to redeem,
For them he pour'd out all his blood,
Their substitute, he died for them.
He died; and rose his death to plead,
To testify their sins forgiven—
And still I hear him interceed,
And still he makes their claim to heaven!

Heb[rews] xii. 2.
**“Looking unto Jesus, the author
and finisher of our faith.”**

- 1 Weary of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.
- 2 From my own works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my peace;¹⁴
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And¹⁵ all my fitness is despair.
- 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel:
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.
- 4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.
- 5 With simple faith, to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

¹⁴Changed to “God must create and seal my peace” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

¹⁵“And” changed to “for” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 6 Speak gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

Gal[atians] iii. 22.

**“The scripture hath concluded all under sin,
that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ
might be given to them that believe.”**

- 1 Jesu, the sinner's friend, to thee
Lost and undone for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin—
Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole,
Fal'n, till in me thine image shine,
And cursed I am till thou art mine.
- 3 Hear, Jesu, hear my helpless cry,
O save a wretch condemn'd to die!
The sentence in myself I feel,
And all my nature teems with hell.

- 4 When shall concupiscence and pride
 No more my tortur'd heart divide!
 When shall this agony be o'er,
 And the old Adam rage no more!
- 5 Awake, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Awake, and bruise the serpent's head,
 Tread down thy foes, with power controul
 The beast and devil in my soul.
- 6 The mansion for thyself prepare,
 Dispose my heart by entring there!
 'Tis this alone can make me clean,
 'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 7 Long have I vainly hop'd and strove
 To force my hardness into love,
 To give thee all thy laws require;
 And labour'd in the purging fire.
- 8 A thousand specious arts essay'd,
 Call'd the deep *Mystic* to my aid:
 His boasted skill the brute refin'd,
 But left the subtler fiend behind.
- 9 Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,
 Nor hope to break my nature's chain:
 The fond self-emptying scheme is past,
 And lo! Constrain'd I yield at last.

- 10 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here then to thee, I all resign,
Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 11 No more to lift my eyes I dare
Abandon'd to a just despair;
I have my punishment in view.
I feel a thousand hells my due.
- 12 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord I am sin—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside
“Lord I am damn'd—but thou hast died!”
- 13 While groaning at thy feet I fall
Spurn me away, refuse my call,
If *love* permit, contract thy brow,
And, if thou canst, destroy me now!

Matth[ew] v. 3.
“Blessed are they that mourn.”¹⁶

- 1 Jesu! My great high-priest above,
My friend before the throne of love!
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there;
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,
Hear; and my weak petitions join,
Almighty advocate, to thine!

¹⁶In 2nd edn. (1739) and following this is titled: “Psalm CXXXIX. 23 [BCP]. “Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart.””

- 2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel,
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul.
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.
- 3 Jesu! My heart's desire obtain,
My earnest suit present and gain,
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displicence¹⁷ at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee.
- 4 For thee my spirit often pants,
Yet often in pursuing faints,
Drooping it soon neglects t' aspire,
To fan¹⁸ the ever-dying fire:
No more thy glory's skirts are seen,
The world, the creature steals between;
Heavenward no more my wishes move,
And I forget that thou art love.
- 5 O sovereign love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die.
Save me from death, from hell set free,
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.

¹⁷A rare word meaning "dislike."

¹⁸"To fan" changed to "Nor fans" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

Quicken'd by thy imparted flame,
Sav'd, when possess of thee, I am;
My life, my only heav'n thou art:
And lo! I feel¹⁹ thee in my heart!

¹⁹Changed to "When shall I feel" in 3rd edn. (1739); and to "O might I feel" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

**HYMNS
AND
SACRED POEMS.**

Part II.

Christ the Friend of Sinners.²⁰

- 1 Where shall my wond'ring soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
And sing my great Deliverer's praise!

- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd,
That I, a child of wrath, and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God!²¹
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

²⁰This is likely the "hymn on his conversion" that Charles records writing in *MS Journal* (May 23, 1738).

²¹Charles Wesley changes line in *All in All* (1761) to read: "Should now be called a child of God."

- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love,
 Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
 Shall I the hallow'd cross to shun
Refuse his righteousness t' impart
By hiding it within my heart?
- 4 No—tho' the antient dragon rage
 And call forth all his hosts²² to war,
Tho' earth's self-righteous sons engage;
 Them, and their god alike I dare:
Jesus the sinner's friend proclaim,
Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
 Harlots and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads his arms t' embrace you all;
 Sinners alone his grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have,
He came the lost to seek and save!
- 6 Come all ye Magdalens in lust,
 Ye ruffians fell in murders old;²³
Repent, and live: despair and trust!
 Jesus for you to death was sold;
Tho' hell protest, and earth repine,
He died for crimes like yours—and mine.
- 7 Come O my guilty brethren come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin!

²²“Hosts” changed to “host” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

²³This line is borrowed from Samuel Wesley Jr., “Upon Bishop Atterbury's Birthday,” st. 6, *Poems* (1863),

His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in.
He calls you now, invites you home—
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

- 8 For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from his wounded side:
Languish'd for you th' eternal God,
For you the Prince of Glory dy'd.
Believe; and all your guilt's²⁴ forgiven,
Only believe—and yours is heaven.

On the Conversion of a Common Harlot.²⁵

Luke xv. 10.

**“There is joy in the presence of the angels
of God over one sinner that repenteth.”**

- 1 Sing, ye heavens, and earth rejoice,
Make to God a chearful noise,
He the work alone hath done,
He hath glorified his Son.
- 2 Sons of God exulting rise
Join the triumph of the skies,
See the prodigal is come,
Shout to bear the wanderer home!

²⁴“Guilt’s” changed to “sin’s” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

²⁵Charles records writing this hymn in his *MS Journal* on February 20, 1739.

- 3 Strive in joy with angels strive,
Dead she was, but now's alive,
Loud repeat the glorious sound,
Lost she was, but now is found!
- 4 This through ages all along,
This be still the joyous song,
Wide diffus'd o'er earth abroad,
Music in the ears of God.
- 5 Rescued from the fowler's snare,
Jesus spreads his arms for her,
Jesu's arms her sacred fence:—
Come, ye fiends, and pluck her thence!
- 6 Thence she never shall remove,
Safe in his redeeming love:
This the purchase of his groans!
This the soul he died for once!
- 7 Now the gracious Father smiles,
Now the Saviour boasts his spoils;
Now the Spirit grieves no more:
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth adore!
Hallelujah.

Rom[ans] iv. 5.

**“To him that worketh not, but believeth
on him that justifieth the ungodly, his
faith is counted for righteousness.”²⁶**

- 1 Lord, if to me thy grace hath given,
A spark of life, a taste of heaven,
The gospel-pearl, the woman's seed,
The bruiser of the serpent's head;
- 2 Why sleeps my principle divine?
Why hastens not my spark to shine?
The Saviour in my heart to move
And all my soul to flame with love?
- 3 Buried, o'erwhelm'd, and lost in sin,
And seemingly extinct within,
Th' immortal seed unactive lies,
The heav'nly Adam sinks and dies:
- 4 Dies, and revives the dying flame.
Cast down, but not destroy'd I am,
'Midst thousand lusts I still respire,
And tremble, unconsum'd in fire.
- 5 Suffer'd awhile to want my God,
To groan beneath my nature's load,
That all may own, that all may see
Th' ungodly justify'd in me.

²⁶Title changed to “Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of Our Faith” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

Acts i. 4.

**“Wait for the promise of the Father,
which ye have heard of me.”²⁷**

- 1 Saviour of men, how long shall I
Forgotten at thy footstool lie!
Wash'd in²⁸ the fountain of thy blood,
Yet groaning still to be renew'd;
- 2 A miracle of grace and sin,
Pardon'd, yet still alas unclean!
Thy righteousness is *counted* mine:
When will it in my nature shine?
- 3 Darksom I still remain and void,
And painfully unlike my God,
Till thou diffuse a brighter ray,
And turn the glimm'ring into day.
- 4 Why didst thou the first gift impart,
And sprinkle with thy blood my heart,
But that my sprinkled heart might prove,
The life and liberty of love?
- 5 Why didst thou bid my terrors cease,
And sweetly fill my soul with peace,
But that my peaceful soul might know
The joys that from believing flow?

²⁷Title changed to “Another” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

²⁸“Wash'd in” changed to “Close by” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 6 See then thy ransom'd servant, see,
I hunger, Lord, I thirst for thee!
Feed me with love, thy Spirit give,
I gasp, in him, in thee to live.
- 7 The promis'd Comforter impart,
Open the fountain in my heart;
There let him flow with springing joys,
And into life eternal rise.
- 8 There let him ever, ever dwell,
The pledge, the witness, and the seal;
I'll glory then in sin forgiven,
In Christ my life, my love, my heaven!

Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Father.²⁹

- 1 Thee, O my God and King,
 My Father, thee I sing!
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous sound,
 Praise from earth and heav'n receive;
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
 Dead, by faith in Christ I live.
- 2 Father, behold thy son,
 In Christ I am thy own.

²⁹Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as July 10, 1738.

Stranger long to thee and rest,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wand'rer home.

3 Thine eye observ'd from far,
 Thy pity look'd me near:
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,
 Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
 Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
 Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
 Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
 His be righteousness divine!"

5 Thee then, my God and King,
 My Father, thee I sing!
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous sound,
 Praise from earth and heav'n receive;
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
 Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

Hymn to the Son.³⁰

1 O filial deity,
 Accept my new-born cry!

³⁰Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as July 2, 1738.

See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfy'd;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for *me*, for *me* hast dy'd!

2 Of life thou art the tree,
 My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
 Ceaseless influence derive,
Thou the true, the heav'nly vine,
 Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the fountain thou,
 I know—I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop:
 Thou art in me: thy supplies
Ev'ry moment springing up
 Into life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good shepherd art,
 From thee I ne'er shall part:
Thou my keeper and my guide,
 Make me still thy tender care,
Gently lead me by thy side,
 Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily bread;
 O Christ, thou art my head:
Motion, virtue, strength to me,
 Me thy living member flow;
Nourish'd I, and fed by thee,
 Up to thee in all things grow.

- 6 Prophet, to me reveal
 Thy Father's perfect will.
Never mortal spake like thee,
 Human prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
 Small and still and inward thine!
- 7 On thee my priest I call,
 Thy blood aton'd for all.
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
 Still thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever off'ring up my³¹ pray'rs,
 These presenting with thy own.
- 8 Jesu!³² Thou art my King,
 From thee my strength I bring!
Shadow'd by thy mighty hand,
 Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand
 Strong as thy omnipotence.
- 9 O filial deity,
 Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of thy soul,
 Saviour, and be satisfy'd;
Take me now, possess me whole,
 Who for me, for me hast dy'd!

³¹Ori., "thy"; a misprint, not corrected until the 3rd edn. (1782) of *Hymns* (1780).

³²Charles Wesley changes "Jesu!" to "Jesus," in *All in All* (1761).

Hymn to the Holy Ghost.³³

- 1 Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,
 My inward Comforter!
Loos'd by thee my stamm'ring tongue
 First essays³⁴ to praise thee now,
This the new, the joyful song,
 Hear it in thy temple thou!
- 2 Long o'er my formless soul
 The dreary waves did roll;
Void I lay and sunk in night:
 Thou, the overshadowing Dove,
Call'dst³⁵ the chaos into light,
 Bad'st me be, and live, and love.
- 3 Thee I exult to feel,
 Thou in my heart dost dwell:
There thou bear'st thy witness true,
 Shed'st the love of God abroad;
I in Christ a creature new,
 I, ev'n I am born of God!
- 4 Ere yet the time was come
 To fix in me thy home,
With me oft thou didst reside:
 Now, my God, thou in me art!³⁶
Here thou ever shalt³⁷ abide;
 One we are, no more to part.

³³Charles records use of this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as July 11, 1738.

³⁴Charles Wesley changes "essays" to "assays" in *All in All* (1761).

³⁵Charles Wesley changes "Call'dst" to "Call'd" in *All in All* (1761).

³⁶Charles Wesley changes "thou in me art" to "in me thou art" in *All in All* (1761).

³⁷Charles Wesley changes "shalt" to "shall" in *All in All* (1761).

5 Fruit of the Saviour's pray'r,
 My promis'd Comforter!
Thee the world cannot receive,
 Thee they neither know nor see,
Dead is all the life they live,
 Dark their light, while void of thee.

6 Yet I partake thy grace
 Thro' Christ my righteousness;
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,
 Mine the unction from above,
Pardon written on my heart,
 Light, and life, and joy, and love.

7 Thy gifts, blest Paraclete,
 I glory to repeat:
Sweetly sure of grace I am,
 Pardon to my soul apply'd,
Int'rest in the spotless Lamb;
 Dead for all, for me he dy'd.

8 Thou art thyself the seal;
 I more than pardon feel,
Peace, unutterable peace,
 Joy that ages ne'er can move,
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,
 All the confidence of love!

9 Pledge of thy³⁸ promise giv'n,
 My antepast of heav'n;

³⁸Charles Wesley changes "thy" to "the" in *All in All* (1761).

Earnest thou of joys divine,
Joys divine on me bestow'd,
Heav'n and Christ, and all is mine,
All the plenitude of God.

10 Thou art my inward guide,
 I ask no help beside:
Arm of God, to³⁹ thee I call,
 Weak as helpless infancy!
Weak I am—yet cannot fall
 Stay'd by faith, and led by thee!

11 Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,
 My inward Comforter!
Loos'd by thee my stamm'ring tongue
 First essays⁴⁰ to praise thee now;
This the new, the joyful song,
 Hear it in thy temple thou!

³⁹“To” changed to “on” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

⁴⁰Charles Wesley changes “essays” to “assays” in *All in All* (1761).

Free Grace.

- 1 And can it be, that I should gain
 An int'rest in the Saviour's blood!
Dy'd he for me?—Who caus'd his pain!
 For me?—Who him to death pursu'd.
Amazing love! How can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

- 2 'Tis myst'ry all! Th' immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
Let angel minds enquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Empty'd himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free!
For O my God! It found out me!
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.
- 5 Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiv'n;
Still the atoning⁴¹ blood is near,
That quench'd the wrath of hostile heav'n:
I feel the life his wounds impart;
I feel my Saviour in my heart.
- 6 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine:

⁴¹Ori., "attoning"; corrected in 5th edn. (1756).

Alive in him, my living head,
And cloath'd in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.

Therefore with Angels, &c.⁴²

- 1 Lord and God of heav'nly pow'rs,
Theirs—yet Oh! Benignly ours,
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.
- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise:
- 3 “Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd!”
Full of thee, they ever cry
“Glory be to God most high!”

Glory Be to God on High, &c.⁴³

- 1 Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky:
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man the well-belov'd of heav'n!

⁴²From the Preface to the Sanctus in the liturgy of Holy Communion, BCP. This hymn included later in *HLS* (1745), as Hymn CLXI.

⁴³The Gloria in the liturgy of Holy Communion, BCP. This hymn included later in *HLS* (1745), as Hymn CLXIII.

- 2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King!
 Thee we now presume to sing;
 Glad thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail! By all thy works ador'd,
 Hail! The everlasting Lord!
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove
 Lord of pow'r, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
 Christ the Father's only Son!
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man!
- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's attonement thou!
 Jesu, in thy name we pray,
 Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Pow'rful advocate with God,
 Justify us by thy blood!
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's attonement thou!
- 7 Hear; for thou, O Christ alone
 With thy glorious Sire art One!⁴⁴
 One the Holy Ghost with thee,
 One supreme eternal Three.

⁴⁴Line changed to "Art with they great Father one" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

The Magnificat.⁴⁵

- 1 My soul extols the mighty Lord,
In God the Saviour joys my heart:
Thou hast not my low state abhorr'd;
Now know I, thou my Saviour art.
- 2 Sorrow and sighs are fled away,
Peace now I feel, and joy and rest:
Renew'd I hail the festal day,
Henceforth by endless ages blest.
- 3 Great are the things which thou has done,
How holy is thy name, O Lord!
How wondrous is thy mercy shewn
To all that tremble at thy word!
- 4 Thy conqu'ring arm with terror crown'd
Appear'd the humble to sustain:
And all the sons of pride have found
Their boasted wisdom void and vain.
- 5 The mighty from their native sky,
Cast down thou hast in darkness bound:
And rais'd the worms of earth on high
With majesty and glory crown'd.

⁴⁵Cf. Luke 1:46–55.

- 6 The rich have pin'd amidst their store,
Nor e'er the way of peace have trod;
Mean while the hungry souls thy pow'r
Fill'd with the fulness of their God.
- 7 Come, Saviour, come, of old decreed!
Faithful and true be thou confest:
By all earth's tribes in Abraham's seed
Henceforth thro' endless ages blest.

In Affliction.

- 1 Eternal beam of light divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Thro' earth beneath, and heav'n above!

- 2 Jesu! The weary wand'rer's rest;
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear,
With stedfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love and lowly fear.

- 3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
 Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill:
Tho' bitter to the taste it be,
 Pow'rful the wounded soul to heal.

- 4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh:
 So shall each murm'ring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.

- 5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:"
Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 6 O death, where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God: or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

In Desertion or Temptation.

- 1 Ah! My dear Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?

- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide
 If thou indeed hast set me free?
 Why am I thus, if God hath dy'd;
 If God hath dy'd to purchase⁴⁶ me?
- 3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
 In deepest night I still walk on;
 Heavily moves my fainting soul,
 My comfort and my God are gone.
- 4 Chearless and all forlorn I droop;
 In vain I lift my weary eye;
 No gleam of light, no ray of hope
 Appears throughout the darken'd sky.
- 5 My feeble knees I bend again,
 My drooping hands again I rear:
 Vain is the task, the effort vain,
 My heart abhors the irksome pray'r.
- 6 Oft with thy saints my voice I raise,
 And seem to join the tastless song:
 Faintly ascends th' imperfect praise,
 Or dies upon my thoughtless tongue.
- 7 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead
 To thy dread courts I oft repair;
 By conscience drag'd, or custom led
 I come; nor know that God is there!

⁴⁶“Purchase” changed to “ransom” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 8 Nigh with my lips to thee I draw,
Unconscious at thy altar found;
Far off my heart: nor touch'd with awe,
Nor mov'd—tho' angels tremble round.
- 9 In all I do, myself I feel,
And groan beneath the wonted load,
Still unrenew'd and carnal still,
Naked of Christ, and void of God.
- 10 Nor yet the earthly Adam dies,
But lives, and moves, and fights again,
Still the fierce gusts of passion rise,
And rebel nature strives to reign.
- 11 Fondly my foolish heart essays
T' augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature-happiness.
- 12 O love! Thy sov'reign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast giv'n:
My portion thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heav'n.
- 13 Would ought with thee my wishes share,
Tho' dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolv'd to seek my all from thee.

- 14 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
 To thee, my Lord, I here restore:
Gladly I all for thee resign:
 Give me thyself, I ask no more!

Justified, But Not Sanctified.⁴⁷

- 1 My God (if I may call thee mine
 From heav'n and thee remov'd so far)
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
 And cast not out my languid pray'r.
Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
 Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee,
O break not then a bruised reed,
 Nor quench the smoaking flax in me.
- 2 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
 And burst the barriers of my tomb,
In all the marks of death appear,
 Forth at thy call, tho' bound, I come.
Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
 Thy resurrection's pow'r to know;
Free me indeed; repeat⁴⁸ the word,
 And loose my bands, and let me go.
- 3 Fain would I go to thee my God,
 Thy mercies and my wants to tell:
I feel my pardon seal'd in blood;
 Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

⁴⁷This hymn is retitled "Another" in the 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756); perhaps reflecting Wesley's distinction between "initial sanctification," which accompanies justification, and "entire sanctification."

⁴⁸"Repeat" changed to "pronounce" in 2nd edn. (1739) only.

Freed from the pow'r of cancel'd sin;
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within
In flames of joy and praise and love?

4 When shall my eye affect my heart,
Sweetly dissolv'd in gracious tears?
Ah, Lord, the stone to flesh convert!
And till thy lovely face appears,
Still may I at thy footstool keep,
And watch the smile of op'ning heav'n:
Much would I pray, and love, and weep;
I would; for I have much forgiv'n.

5 Yet O! Ten thousand lusts remain,
And vex my soul absolv'd from sin,
Still rebel nature strives to reign,
Still am I all unclean, unclean!
Assail'd by pride, allur'd by sense,
On earth the creatures court my stay;
False flatt'ring idols get ye hence,
Created good be far away!

6 Jesu, to thee my soul aspires,
Jesu, to thee I plight my vows,
Keep me from earthly base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my spouse.
Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joys in thee there is,
Without 'tis mis'ry all and woe.

- 7 Take this poor wandring, worthless heart,
 Its wandrings all to thee are known,
 May no false rival claim a part,
 Nor sin disseize thee of thine own.
 Stir up thy interposing pow'r,
 Save me from sin, from idols save,
 Snatch me from fierce temptation's hour,
 And hide, O hide me in the grave!
- 8 I *know* thou wilt accept me now,
 I *know* my sins are now forgiv'n!
 My head to death O let me bow,
 Nor keep my life, to lose my heav'n.
 Far from this snare my soul remove,
 This only cup I would decline,
 I deprecate a creature-love,
 O take me, to secure me thine.
- 9 Or if thy wiser will ordain
 The trial, I would die to shun,
 Welcome the strife, the grief, the pain,
 Thy name be prais'd, thy will be done!
 I from thy hand the cup receive,
 Meekly submit to thy decree,
 Gladly for thee consent to live!
 Thou, Lord, hast liv'd, hast died for me!

Isaiah xliii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 Peace, doubting heart—my God's I am!
Who form'd me man forbids my fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my name,
The Lord protects for ever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves, and guards his own.
- 2 When passing thro' the watry deep
I ask in faith his promis'd aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare:
They cannot harm, for God is there!
- 3 To him my eye of faith I turn,
And thro' the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its pow'r to burn,
The lambent flames around me play:
I own his pow'r, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
Shew forth in me thy saving pow'r.
Still be thy arm my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

- 5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
 (Good as thou art and strong to save)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 Upborn by the unyielding wave;
Dauntless, tho' rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
My soul a sudden calm⁴⁹ shall feel
And hear a whisper "Peace, be still."
- 7 Tho' in affliction's furnace tried,
 Unhurt on snares and deaths I'll tread;
Tho' sin assail, and hell thrown wide
 Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsum'd in fire.

⁴⁹"Calm" changed to "voice" in the 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

Hymn on the Titles of Christ.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise
 Thy Saviour's sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
 All the forms that love could take
Jesus in himself has join'd,
 Thee, my soul, his own to make.

- 2 Equal with God, most high,
 He laid his glory by:
He, th' eternal God was born,
 Man with men he deign'd t' appear,
Object of his creature's scorn,
 Pleas'd a servant's form to wear.

- 3 Hail everlasting Lord,
 Divine, incarnate *Word!*
Thee let all my pow'rs confess,
 Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel choirs, to bless,
 Shout the lov'd *Immanuel*'s name.

- 4 Fruit of a virgin's womb
 The promis'd blessing's come:
Christ the fathers' hope of old,
 Christ the *Woman's* conq'ring *Seed*,
Christ the Saviour! Long foretold,
 Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5 Refulgent from afar
 See the bright *Morning-Star!*
See the *Day-Spring* from on high
 Late in deepest darkness rise,
Night recedes, the shadows fly,
 Flame with day the op'ning skies!

6 Our eyes on earth survey
 The dazling *Shechinah!*
Bright, in endless glory bright
 Now in flesh he stoops to dwell
God of God, and light of light,
 Image of th' invisible.

7 He shines on earth ador'd
 The *Presence of the LORD:*
God, the mighty God and true,
 God by highest heav'n confest,
Stands display'd to mortal view,
 God supreme, for ever blest.

8 Jesu! To thee I bow
 Th' Almighty's *Fellow* thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son;
 Pleas'd he ever is in thee,
Just and holy thou alone
 Full of grace and truth for me.

9 High above ev'ry name
 Jesus, the great *I AM!*

Bows to *JESUS* ev'ry knee
Things in heav'n, and earth and hell,
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends and men and angels feel.

10 He left his throne above
 Emptied of all, but love:
Whom the heav'ns cannot contain
 God vouchsaf'd a worm t' appear,
Lord of glory, *Son of man*,
 Poor, and vile, and abject here.

11 His own on earth he sought,
 His own receiv'd him not:
Him, a sign by all blasphem'd,
 Outcast and despis'd of men,
Him they all a madman deem'd,
 Bold to scoff the *Nazarene*.

12 Hail *Galilean King*!
 Thy humble state I sing;
Never shall my triumphs end,
 Hail derided majesty,
Jesus, hail! The sinner's friend,
 Friend of Publicans—and me!

13 Thine eye observ'd my pain
 Thou good *Samaritan*!
Spoil'd I lay and bruis'd by sin,
 Gasp'd my faint, expiring soul,
Wine and oil thy love pour'd in,
 Clos'd my wounds, and made me whole.

14 Hail the life-giving Lord,
 Divine, engrafted word!
Thee the *Life* my soul has found,
 Thee the *Resurrection* prov'd:
Dead I heard the quick'ning sound,
 Own'd thy voice; believ'd, and lov'd!

15 With thee gone up on high
 I live, no more to die:
First and *Last*, I feel thee now,
 Witness of thy empty tomb,
Alpha and *Omega* thou
 Wast, and art, and art to come!

II^d Hymn to Christ.

1 Saviour, the world's and mine,
 Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
 All my sins were laid on thee;
Help me, Lord; to thee I look,
 Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! My God hath died,
 My love is crucify'd!
Break this stony heart of mine,
 Pour my eyes a ceaseless flood,
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine,
 Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

- 3 When, O my God, shall I
 For thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay,
 Rival of thy passion prove?
Lead me in thyself the way,
 Melt my hardness into love.
- 4 To love is all my wish,
 I only live for this:
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
 There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require
 Thee and only thee to feel.
- 5 Thy pow'r I pant to prove
 Rooted and fixt in love,
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
 Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length and breadth and height,
 What the depth of love like thine.
- 6 Ah! Give me this to know
 With all thy saints below.
Swells my soul to compass thee,
 Gasps in thee to live and move,
Fill'd with all the deity,
 All immerst and lost in love!

III^d Hymn to Christ.

- 1 Still, O my soul, prolong
 The never-ceasing song!
Christ my theme, my hope, my joy;
 His be all my happy days,
Praise my ev'ry hour employ,
 Ev'ry breath be spent in praise.

- 2 His would I wholly be
 Who liv'd and died for me:
Grief was all his life below,
 Pain and poverty and loss:
Mine the sins that bruis'd him so,
 Scourg'd and nail'd him to the cross.

- 3 He bore the curse of all,
 A spotless criminal:
Burden'd with a world of guilt,
 Blacken'd with imputed sin,
Man to save his blood he spilt,
 Died, to make the sinner clean.

- 4 Join earth and heav'n to bless
 The *LORD our righteousness!*
Myst'ry of redemption this,
 This the Saviour's strange design,
Man's offence was counted his,
 Ours is righteousness divine.

5 Far as our parent's fall
 The gift is come to all:
Sinn'd we all, and died in one?
 Just in one we all are made,
Christ the law fulfill'd alone,
 Dy'd for all, for all obey'd.

6 In him compleat we shine,
 His death, his life is mine.
Fully am I justify'd,
 Free from sin, and more than free;
Guiltless, since for me he dy'd,
 Righteous, since he liv'd for me!

7 Jesu! To thee I bow,
 Sav'd to the utmost now.
O the depth of love divine!
 Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is thine,
 All thy ways unsearchable!

Hymn to Christ the King.

1 Jesu, my God and King,
 Thy regal state I sing.
Thou, and only thou art great,
 High thine everlasting throne;
Thou the sov'reign potentate,
 Blest, immortal thou alone.

- 2 Essay your choicest strains,
 The King *Messiah* reigns!
Tune your harps, celestial quire,
 Joyful all, your voices raise,
Christ than earth-born monarchs higher,
 Sons of men and angels praise.
- 3 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
 Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs!
Source of pow'r he rules alone:
 Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
 Hail the cause, the Lord of all!
- 4 Let earth's remotest bound
 With echoing joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire:
 Praise doth all to Christ belong;
Shout ye first-born sons of fire,
 Earth repeat the glorious song.
- 5 Worthy, O Lord, art thou
 That ev'ry knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess,
 Universal nature join
Strong and mighty thee to bless,
 Gracious, merciful, benign!
- 6 Wisdom is due to thee,
 And might and majesty:

Thee in mercy rich we prove;
Glory, honour, praise receive,
Worthy thou of all our love,
More than all we pant to give.

7 Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign.
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of hearts, let all conspire,
Gratefully thy sway to own.

8 Prince of the hosts of God
Display thy pow'r abroad:
Strong and high is thy right-hand,
Terrible in majesty!
Who can in thine anger stand?
Who the vengeful bolt can flee?

9 Thee when the dragon's pride
To battle vain defy'd,
Brighter than the morning-star
Lucifer, as lightning fell,
Far from heav'n, from glory far
Headlong hurl'd to deepest hell.

10 Sin felt of old thy pow'r,
Thou patient Conqueror!
Long he vex'd the world below,
Long they groan'd beneath his reign;
Thou destroy'dst the tyrant foe,
Thou redeem'dst the captive, man.

11 Trembles the king of fears
 Whene'er thy cross appears.
Once its dreadful force he found:
 Saviour, cleave again the sky;
Slain by an eternal wound
 Death shall then for ever die!

II^d Hymn to Christ the King.

1 Jesu, thou art our King,
 To me thy succour bring.
Christ the mighty one art thou,
 Help for all on thee is laid:
This the word; I claim it now,
 Send me now the promis'd aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
 O look with pity down!
Help, O help! Attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity,
King of glory, Lord of all,
 Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

3 I pant to feel thy sway
 And only thee t' obey.
Thee my spirit gasps to meet,
 This my one, my ceaseless pray'r,
Make, O make my heart thy seat,
 O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory:
Hell and death, and sin controul,
 Pride, and self,⁵⁰ and ev'ry foe,
All subdue; thro' all my soul
 Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

⁵⁰John Wesley corrected by hand in his copy of 5th edn. (1756) to "Pride, self-will"; in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753) to "pride, self-love"; and in *Hymns* (1780) changed it to "Pride and wrath."

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 “See the day-spring from afar
Usher’d by the morning-star!”
Haste; to him who sends the light,
Hallow the remains of night.
Souls, put on your glorious dress,
Waking into righteousness:
Cloath’d with Christ aspire to shine,
Radiance he of light divine;
Beam of the eternal beam,
He in God, and God in him!
Strive we him in us to see,
Transcript of the deity.

- 2 Burst we then the bands of death,
Rais’d by his all-quickning breath;
Long we to be loos’d from earth,
Struggling⁵¹ into second birth.
Spent at length is nature’s night;
Christ attends to give us light,
Christ attends himself to give;
God we now may see, and live.

⁵¹“Struggling” changed to “Struggle” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

Tho' the outward man decay;
Form'd within us day by day
Still the inner man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

- 3 Turn, O turn us, Lord, again,
Raiser thou of fallen man!
Sin destroy and nature's boast,
Saviour thou of spirits lost!
Thy great will in us be done:
Crucified and dead our own,
Ours no longer let us be;
Hide us from ourselves in thee!
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Suffer us no more to stray;
Give us, Lord, and ever give
Thee to know, in thee to live!

Hymn to the Holy Ghost.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest!
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come, and consecrate my breast:
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!
- 2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live;
Still to my heart thyself reveal,
Give me thyself, for ever give.
A point my good, a drop my store:
Eager I ask, and pant for more.
- 3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul be thine:
Plung'd in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.
- 4 My peace, my life, my comfort now,
My treasure, and my all thou art!

True witness of my sonship thou,
Engraving pardon on my heart:
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiv'n,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heav'n.

5 Come then, my God, mark out thy heir,
Of heav'n a larger earnest give,
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live:
Let all my pow'rs thy entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest!
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come, and consecrate my breast:
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

Hymn After the Sacrament.⁵²

- 1 Sons of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiv'n,
Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n!

⁵²This hymn included later in *HLS* (1745), as Hymn CLXIV.

- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,
List'ning angels join the song:
Sing with us, ye heav'nly pow'rs,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done!
Greet we now th'accepted⁵³ Son,
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.
- 4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal;
Peace divine in Christ we feel,
Pardon to our souls applied:
Dead for all, for me he died!
- 5 Sin shall tyrannize no more,
Purg'd its guilt, dissolv'd its pow'r;
Jesus makes our hearts his throne,
There he lives, and reigns alone.
- 6 Grace our ev'ry thought controuls,
Heav'n is open'd in our souls,
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.
- 7 Christ in us; in him we see
Fulness of the deity.
Beam of the eternal beam;
Life divine we taste in him!

⁵³“Th' accepted” changed to “th' atoning” in 4th edn. (1743), 5th edn. (1756), and *HLS* (1745).

- 8 Him we only taste below,⁵⁴
Mightier joys ordain'd to know⁵⁵
Him when fully ours we prove,⁵⁶
Ours the heav'n of perfect love!⁵⁷

Acts ii. 41, &c.

- 1 The word pronounc'd, the gospel-word,
The crowd with various hearts receiv'd:
In many a soul the Saviour stir'd,
Three thousand yielded, and believ'd.
- 2 These by th' apostles' counsels led,
With them in mighty pray'rs combin'd,
Broke the commemorative bread,
Nor from the fellowship declin'd.
- 3 God from above, with ready grace
And deeds of wonder, guards his flock,
Trembles the world before their face,
By Jesus crush'd, their Conqu'ring Rock.
- 4 The happy band whom Christ redeems,
One only will, one judgment know:
None this contentious earth esteems,
Distinctions, or delights below.

⁵⁴Changed to "Him we taste; but wait to know" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756); read "Him by faith we taste below" in *HLS* (1745).

⁵⁵Changed to "Mightier happiness below" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

⁵⁶Line changed to "When his utmost grace we prove" in *HLS* (1745).

⁵⁷Line changed to "Rise to heaven by perfect love" in *HLS* (1745).

- 5 The men of worldly wealth possest
Their selfish happiness remove,
Sell, and divide it to the rest,
And buy the blessedness of love.
- 6 Thus in the presence of their God,
Jesus their life, and heav'n their care,
With single heart they took their food
Heighten'd by Eucharist and pray'r.
- 7 God in their ev'ry work was prais'd:
The people bless'd the law benign:
Daily the church, his arm had rais'd,
Receiv'd the sons of mercy in.

To Be Sung at Work.

- 1 Son of the carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labour give,
By joining it to thine.
- 2 Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

- 3 Thy bright example I pursue
To thee in all things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.
- 4 Careless thro' outward⁵⁸ cares I go,
From all distraction free:
My hands are but engag'd below,
My heart is still with thee.
- 5 O when wilt thou my life appear!
How gladly would I cry:
"Tis done, the work thou gav'st one⁵⁹ here,
'Tis finish'd Lord"—and die.

Another [To Be Sung at Work].

- 1 Summon'd my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name, my task I do,
And with a single heart.
- 2 End of my every action thou!
Thyself in all I see:
Accept my hallow'd labour now;
I do it unto thee.

⁵⁸Ori., "outwards"; corrected in 3rd edn. (1739) and following.

⁵⁹"One" changed to "me" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
 He views with gracious eyes.
Jesus! This mean oblation join
 To thy great sacrifice.
- 4 Stamp't with an infinite desert
 My work he then shall own;
Well-pleas'd in me, when mine thou art,
 And I his favourite son!

Acts iv. 29.⁶⁰

- 1 Captain of my salvation, hear!
Stir up thy strength and bow the skies
Be thou the God of battles near;
In all thy majesty arise!
- 2 The day, the dreadful day's at hand!
In battle cover thou my head:
Past is thy word: I here demand,
And confident expect thine aid.
- 3 Now arm me for the threatening fight
Now let thy power descend from high,
Triumphant in thy Spirit's might
So shall I every foe defy.⁶¹
- 4 I ask thy help; by thee sent forth
Thy glorious gospel to proclaim,
Be thou my mouth, and shake the earth,
And spread by me thy awful name.
- 5 Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace,
Arm me with all thy armour now,
Set like a flint my steady face,
Harden to adamant my brow.

⁶⁰Also published in George Whitefield's *Continuation of the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's Journal, from His Arrival at London to His Departure from thence on his Way to Georgia* (London: James Hutton, 1739), 114–15.

⁶¹“Defy” changed to “despise” in 3rd edn. (1739) only.

- 6 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold
My high commission to perform,
Nor shrink thy harshest truths t' unfold,
But more than meet the gathering storm.
- 7 Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,
Still may I turn my fearless face,
Stand as an iron pillar strong,
And stedfast as a wall of brass.
- 8 Give me thy might, thou God of power;
Then let or men or fiends assail!
Strong in thy strength, I'll stand a tower
Impregnable to earth or hell.

**Congratulation to a Friend,
Upon Believing in Christ.**

- 1 What morn on thee with sweeter ray,
Or brighter lustre e'er hath shin'd?
Be blest the memorable day
That gave thee Jesus Christ to find!
Gave thee to taste his perfect⁶² grace,
From death to life in him to pass!
- 2 O how diversify'd the scene,
Since first that heart began to beat!

⁶²“Perfect” changed to “pard'ning” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

Evil and few thy days have been:
In suff'ring, and in comfort, great,
Oft hast thou groan'd beneath thy load,
And sunk—into the arms of God!

3 Long did all hell its pow'rs engage,
And fill'd thy darken'd soul with fears:
Baffled at length the dragon's rage,
At length th' attoning blood appears:
Thy light is come, thy mourning's o'er,
Look up; for thou shalt weep no more!

4 Blest be the name that sets thee free,
The name that sure salvation brings!
The Sun of righteousness on thee
Has rose with healing in his wings.
Away let grief and sighing flee;
Jesus has died for thee—for thee!

5 And will he now forsake his own,
Or lose the purchase of his blood?
No! For he looks with pity down,
He watches over thee for good;
Gracious he eyes thee from above,
And guards and feeds thee with his love.

6 Since thou wast precious in his sight,
How highly favour'd hast thou been!
Upborn by faith to glory's height,
The Saviour-God thine eyes have seen,
Thy heart has felt its sins forgiv'n,
And tastes anticipated heav'n.

- 7 Still may his love thy fortress be
And make thee still his darling care,
Settle, confirm, and stablish thee,
On eagle's wings thy spirit bear:
Fill thee with heav'n, and ever shed⁶³
His choicest blessings on thy head.
- 8 Thus may he comfort thee below,
Thus may he all his graces give:
Him but in part thou here canst know:
Yet here by faith submit to live;
Help me to fight my passage thro',
Nor seize thy heav'n, till I may too.
- 9 Or if the sov'reign wise decree
First number thee among the blest,
(The only good I'd envy thee)
Translating to an earlier rest;
Near in thy latest hour may I
Instruct, and learn of thee, to die.
- 10 Mixt with the quires that hover round
And all th' adverse pow'rs controul,
Angel of peace may I be found
To animate thy parting soul,
Point out the crown, and smooth thy way
To regions of eternal day.
- 11 Fir'd with the thought, I see thee now
Triumphant meet the king of fears!

⁶³Changed to "Fill thee with heavenly joy, and shed" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

Stedfast thy heart, serene thy brow;
Divinely confident appears
Thy mounting soul, and spreads abroad,
And swells to be dissolv'd in God.

12 Is this the soul so late weigh'd down
By cares and sins, by griefs and pains!
Whither are all thy terrors gone?
Jesus for thee the vict'ry gains;
And death, and sin and Satan yield
To faith's unconquerable shield.

13 Blest be the God, that calls thee home;
Faithful to thee his mercies prove:
Thro' death's dark vale he bids thee come,
And more than conquer in⁶⁴ his love;
Robes thee in righteousness divine,
And makes the crown of glory thine!

Hymn for Christmas-Day.⁶⁵

1 Hark how all the welkin rings
“Glory to the King of kings,⁶⁶
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!”

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
Universal nature say
“Christ the Lord is born to day!”

⁶⁴“In” changed to “thro’” in 5th edn. (1756).

⁶⁵Charles included a manuscript copy of this hymn in MS Richmond Tracts, 20–21.

⁶⁶Opening lines changed by George Whitefield in *Hymns for Social Worship* (1753), p. 24, to:

Hark! The herald angels sing
“Glory to the new-born King!”

Whitefield introduced several other small changes throughout the hymn.

- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear
Jesus, our Immanuel here!
- 5 Hail the heav'nly⁶⁷ Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born—that man no more may die,
Born—to raise the sons of earth,
Born—to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home,
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Now display thy saving pow'r,
Ruin'd nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to thine.

⁶⁷“Heav'nly” changed to “heaven-born” in 2nd edn. (1739) and following.

9 Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp thy image in its place,
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

10 Let us thee, tho' lost, regain,
Thee, the life, the inner⁶⁸ man:
O! To all thyself impart,
Form'd in each believing heart.

Hymn for the Epiphany.⁶⁹

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far,⁷⁰
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below,
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the shade of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

⁶⁸“Inner” changed to “heav'nly” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

⁶⁹Charles included a manuscript copy of this hymn in MS Richmond Tracts, 21.

⁷⁰Reads “behold him far” in *HSP* (1747).

- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!
- 5 There behold the Day-Spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes,
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars again,
God descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man his life t' employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

Hymn for Easter-Day.⁷¹

- 1 "Christ the Lord is ris'n to day,"
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won,
Lo! Our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

⁷¹Charles included a manuscript copy of this hymn in MS Richmond Tracts, 22–23.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ has open'd paradise!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once he all doth save,⁷²
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now, where Christ has led?
Following our exalted head,
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross—the grave—the skies!
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners in our parent's fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Ris'n with him, we upward move,
Still we seek the things above,
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on his Father's throne;
- 8 Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below,
Heav'n our aim, and lov'd abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God!

⁷²Changed to "Once he died our souls to save" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 9 Hid; till Christ our life appear,
Glorious in his members here:
Join'd to him, we then shall shine
All immortal, all divine!
- 10 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail the resurrection thou!
- 11 King of Glory, soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

Hymn for Ascension-Day.⁷³

- 1 Hail the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n!
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits,
“Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in!”

⁷³Manuscript copies of this hymn appear in MS Acts, 5–6; and MS Richmond Tracts, 28–29.

- 3 Circled round with angel powers,
 Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
 Conqueror over death and sin,
 Take the King of Glory in!
- 4 Him tho' highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;
 Tho' returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.
- 5 See! He lifts his hands above!
 See! He shews the prints of love!
 Hark! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on his church below!
- 6 Still for us his death he pleads;
 Prevalent, he intercedes;
 Near himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.
- 7 Master, (will we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day;
 See thy faithful servants, see!
 Ever gazing up to thee.
- 8 Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Following thee beyond the skies.

- 9 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.
- 10 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign,
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee!

Hymn for Whitsunday.⁷⁴

- 1 Granted is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus to his heav'n restor'd:
- 2 Christ; who now gone up on high,
Captive leads captivity,
While his foes from him receive
Grace, that God with man may live.
- 3 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals his abode,
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in⁷⁵ man.

⁷⁴Charles records singing this hymn in his *MS Journal* as early as May 24, 1738. He included a manuscript copy in *MS Richmond Tracts*, 31–32.

⁷⁵“In” changed to “with” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 4 Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of an humble heart;
Carrying on his work within,
Striving till he cast out sin.
- 5 There he helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans;
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs th' unutterable prayer.
- 6 Come, divine and peaceful guest,
Enter our devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel-fire.
- 7 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle, and Lord of life;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the gift and giver too!
- 8 Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth;
Now thy quick'ning influence give,
Blow—and these dry bones shall live!
- [9]⁷⁶ Brood thou o'er our nature's night,
Darkness kindles into light;
Spread thy over-shadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.

⁷⁶Ori., "8"; a misprint.

- 10 Pain and sin, and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is peace;
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

Grace Before Meat.⁷⁷

- 1 Parent of good, whose plenteous grace
O'er all thy creatures flows,
Humbly we ask thy pow'r to bless
The food thy love bestows.
- 2 Thy love provides the sober feast:
A second gift impart,
Give us with joy our food to taste
And with a single heart.
- 3 Let it for thee new life afford,
For thee our strength repair,
Blest by thine all-sustaining word,
And sanctify'd by prayer.
- 4 Thee let us taste; nor toil below
For perishable meat:
The manna of thy love bestow,
Give us thy flesh to eat.

⁷⁷Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 13–14.

5 Life of the world, our souls to feed
Thyself descend from high!
Grant us of thee the living bread
To eat, and never die!

At Meals.⁷⁸

1 Father, our eyes we lift to thee,
And taste our daily bread:
'Tis now thy open hand we see,
And on thy bounty feed.

2 'Tis now the meaner creatures join
Richly thy grace to prove;
Fulfil thy primitive design,
Enjoy'd by thankful love.

3 Still, while our mouths are fill'd with good,
Our souls to thee we raise;
Our souls partake of nobler food,
And banquet on thy praise.

4 Yet higher still our farthest aim;
To mingle with the blest,
T' attend the marriage of the Lamb,
And heaven's eternal feast.

⁷⁸Charles included this hymn in a later manuscript selection for family use: MS Family, 14.

Grace After Meat.

- 1 Blest be the God, whose tender care
 Prevents his children's cry,
 Whose pity providently near
 Doth all our wants supply.

- 2 Blest be the God, whose bounty's⁷⁹ store
 These chearing gifts imparts;
 Who veils in bread, the secret power
 That feeds and glads our hearts.

- 3 Fountain of blessings, source of good,
 To thee this strength we owe,
 Thou art the virtue of our food,
 Life of our life below.

- 4 When shall our souls regain the skies?
 Thy heav'nly sweetness prove?
 Fulness of joys shall there arise,⁸⁰
 And all our food be⁸¹ love.

⁷⁹“Bounty's” changed to “bounteous” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

⁸⁰Changed to “Where joys in all their fullness rise” in 3rd edn. (1739) and following.

⁸¹“Be” changed to “is” in 3rd edn. (1739) and following.

Another [Grace After Meat].

- 1 Fountain of all the good we see
Streaming from heav'n above,
Saviour! Our faith we act on thee,
And exercise our love.
- 2 'Tis not the outward food we eat
Doth this new strength afford,
'Tis thou, whose presence makes it meat,
Thou the life-giving word.
- 3 Man doth not live by bread alone,
Whate'er thou wilt can feed;
Thy power converts the bread to stone,
And turns the stone to bread.
- 4 Thou art our food: we taste thee now,
In thee we move and breathe,
Our bodies' only life art thou,
And all besides is death!

John xvi. 24.
“Ask, and ye shall receive,
that your joy may be full.”

- 1 Rise my soul with ardor rise,
Breathe thy wishes to the skies;
Freely pour out all thy mind,
Seek, and thou art sure to find;
Ready art thou to receive?
Readier is thy God to give.
- 2 Heavenly Father, Lord⁸² of all,
Hear, and shew thou hear'st my call;
Let my cries thy throne assail
Entering now within the veil:
Give the benefits I claim—
Lord, I ask in Jesu's name!
- 3 Friend of sinners, King of saints,
Answer my minutest wants,
All my largest thoughts require,
Grant me all my heart's desire,
Give me, till my cup run o'er,
All, and infinitely more.
- 4 Meek and lowly be my mind,
Pure my heart, my will resign'd!

⁸²“God” substituted for “Lord” in 3rd edn. (1739) only.

Keep me dead to all below,
Only Christ resolv'd to know,
Firm and disengag'd and free,
Seeking all my bliss in thee.

- 5 Suffer me no more to grieve
Wanting what thou long'st to give,
Shew me all thy goodness, Lord,
Beaming from th' incarnate Word,
Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
Efflux of the light divine.
- 6 Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty,
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace,
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 7 Since the Son hath bought my peace,
Mine thou art, as I am his:⁸³
Mine the Comforter I see,
Christ is full of grace for me:
Mine (the purchase of his blood)
All the plenitude of God.
- 8 Abba, Father! Hear thy child
Late in Jesus reconcil'd!
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and pow'r,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.⁸⁴

⁸³Changed to "Mine I see, whate'er is his" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

⁸⁴Changed to "All the life of heaven, of love" in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

- 9 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till THE BLESSING thou bestow:
Hear my advocate divine;
Lo! To his my suit I join:
Join'd to his it cannot fail—
Bless me, for I *will* prevail!
- 10 Stoop from thy eternal throne,
See, thy promise calls thee down!
High and lofty as thou art,
Dwell within my worthless heart!
Here⁸⁵ a fainting soul revive;
Here for ever walk and live.
- 11 Heavenly Adam, life divine,
Change my nature into thine:
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now,
Living in the flesh, but thou.
- 12 Holy Ghost, no more delay,
Come, and in thy temple stay;
Now thy inward witness bear
Strong and permanent, and clear;
Spring of life, thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart!

⁸⁵Ori., “Hear”; a misprint, corrected in the 2nd edn. (1739), but reappears in the 3rd edn. (1739). Change line to “My poor fainting soul revive” in 4th edn. (1743) and 5th edn. (1756).

Isa. li. 9, &c.⁸⁶

- 1 Arm of the Lord awake, awake!
 Thy⁸⁷ own immortal strength put on.
 With terror cloath'd the nations shake,
 And cast thy foes, in fury, down.
 As in the antient days appear!
 The sacred annals speak thy fame:
 Be now omnipotently near,
 Thro' endless ages still the same.
- 2 Thy tenfold vengeance knew to quell,
 And humble haughty Rahab's pride.
 Groan'd her pale sons thy stroke to feel,
 The first-born victims groan'd and died!
 The wounded dragon rag'd in vain;
 While bold thine utmost plague to brave,
 Madly he dar'd the parted main
 And sunk beneath th' o'erwhelming wave.
- 3 He sunk; while Israel's chosen race
 Triumphant urge their wondrous way.
 Divinely led the favourites pass,
 Th' unwatry deep, and emptied sea.
 At distance heap'd on either hand,
 Yielding a strange unbeaten road,
 In chrystal walls the waters stand,
 And own the arm of Israel's God!

⁸⁶This hymn was omitted from the 4th and 5th edns., but published in *HSP* (1749), 1:20–21, as Part 2 of a paraphrase of the complete chapter. A manuscript precursor of this longer form is found in MS Clarke, 180–81.

⁸⁷“Thy” changed to “Thine” in *HSP* (1749).

- 4 That arm which is not short'ned now,
 Which wants not now the power to save.
Still present with thy people thou
 Bear'st them thro' life's disparted wave.
By earth and hell persued in vain,
 To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting their heav'nly Sion gain,
 And pass thro' death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
 The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
 And sin shall never enter there!
Where pure, essential joy is found
 The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
 And fill'd with love, and lost in praise!