

## *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution (1744)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker List, #83]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

The early Methodist revival encountered resistance and some persecution from the beginning, for various reasons. The resistance grew significantly in early 1744, as France threatened to invade England and the two countries became embroiled in the War of Austrian Succession (cf. the attacks described in Charles's *MS Journal*, Jan.–Feb. 1744). The reason that this made things worse for the Methodists is that they were broadly assumed to be Jacobites.

“Jacobite” was the nickname for supporters of the claim of James Edward Stuart (1688–1766), exiled son of King James II, to be legitimate holder of the English throne. James II had ascended to the throne in 1685 as an overt Roman Catholic, triggering popular support for the staunchly Reformed William of Orange—who was married to James's daughter Mary (also Protestant)—to invade and drive James into exile. As fellow Roman Catholics, the French received James II in exile and nurtured his group of supporters, who continued to plot ways of returning him (and, after his death in 1701, his son) to the throne. The threatened invasion in 1744 was one such effort.

While Samuel Wesley Jr., the older brother of John and Charles, had favored the Jacobite cause, both of the younger brothers had rejected it and affirmed loyalty to the Hanoverian line. But the fact that they challenged the spiritual vitality of the established church made them targets in times of intrigue for accusation of covert support for the Jacobite cause (and thus the French invaders). As such, much of their energy in 1744–45 was expended in stressing their support of George II and the British cause against the French. Charles devoted his efforts in this regard to a series of hymns for “times of trouble and persecution.”

The initial short collection in this series appeared March 1, 1744—see *HTT* (1744). It was followed a month later (after the French fleet had been driven back by storms, but the danger still lingered) by this more ambitious collection, which gathers 33 hymns under three headings: “Hymns for Times of Trouble,” “Hymns for Times of Persecution,” and “Hymns to be Sung in a Tumult.” Like the first collection, many of these hymns are general in nature and reflect settings prior to the present persecution. But several mirror the current tensions clearly, particularly those devoted to the welfare of the king and the nation.

While this second volume first appeared anonymously, the second edition (1745) was issued in the name of both brothers. This likely was meant to make clear that John was affirming the political sentiments evident in collection. There is every reason to believe that Charles was author of all the hymns included.

### **Editions:**

[John & Charles Wesley.] *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*. [London: Strahan, 1744].

2<sup>nd</sup> Bristol: Farley, 1745. [adds “Hymns for 1745”]

3<sup>rd</sup> London, 1756. [appends *HTT* (1744)]

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**HYMNS  
FOR  
TIMES OF TROUBLE.**

**I.  
The Ninth Chapter of Daniel.<sup>2</sup>**

- 1 O God, the great the fearful God,  
    To thee we humbly sue for peace,  
Groaning beneath a nation's load,  
    And crush'd by our own wickedness,  
Our guilt we tremble to declare,  
And pour out our sad souls in pray'r.
- 2 Thee we revere, the faithful Lord,  
    Keeping the cov'nant of thy grace,  
True to thine everlasting word,  
    Loving to all who seek thy face,  
And keep thy kind commands, and prove  
Their faith by their obedient love.
- 3 But we have only evil wrought,  
    Have done to our good God despite,  
Rebellious with our Maker fought,  
    And sinn'd against the gospel-light,

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<sup>2</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 127–30; and MS Clarke, 145–49.

Departed from his righteous ways,  
And fallen, fallen from his grace.

- 4 We have not hearken'd to the word  
Thy prophets and apostles spoke;  
In them we disobey'd their Lord;  
Our princes have cast off the yoke,  
Our kings thy sovereign will withstood,  
Our fathers have denied their God.
- 5 The rich, and poor, the high, and low,  
Have trampled on thy mild command;  
The floods of wickedness o'erflow,  
And deluge all our guilty land,  
People and priest lie drown'd in sin,  
And Tophet yawns to take us in.
- 6 Righteousness, Lord, belongs to thee,  
But guilt to us, and foul disgrace,  
Confusion, shame, and misery  
Is due to all our faithless race,  
Scatter'd by sin where'er we rove  
Vile rebels 'gainst thy pard'ning love.
- 7 Confusion, misery, and shame  
Our loudly-crying sins require,  
Our princes, kings, and fathers claim  
Their portion in eternal fire,  
For all the downward path have trod,  
For all have sinn'd against their God.
- 8 But O, forgivenesses are thine  
Far above all our hearts conceive,  
The glorious property divine  
Is still to pity and forgive,  
With thee is full redemption found,  
And grace doth more than sin abound.
- 9 All may in thee our gracious Lord  
Forgivenesses and mercies find,  
Tho' we thy warnings have abhor'd,  
And cast thy precepts all behind,

The voice divine refus'd t' obey,  
And started from thy plainest way.

10 All Israel have transgress'd thy law,  
And therefore did the curse take place,  
Our sins did all thy judgments draw  
In showers on our devoted race,  
Thou hast fulfill'd thy threatning word,  
We bear the fury of the Lord.

11 Justly we all thine anger bear,  
Chastis'd for our iniquity,  
Yet made we not our humble prayer,  
Yet have we not return'd to thee,  
Renounc'd our sins, or long'd to prove  
The truth of thy forgiving love.

12 Therefore the Lord, the jealous God  
Hath watch'd to bring the evil day,  
Bruis'd us with his avenging rod,  
Who would not his still voice obey,  
Righteous is God in all his ways:  
We forc'd him to withdraw his grace.

13 Yet now, O Lord our God, at last  
Our sins and wickedness we own;  
We call to mind thy mercies past,  
The antient days of thy renown,  
The wonders thou for us hast wrought,  
The arm that out of Egypt brought.

14 O Lord, according to thy love,  
Thy utmost power of love, we pray  
Thine anger and thy plague remove;  
Turn from Jerusalem away  
The curse and punishment we feel,  
Thou know'st we are thy people still.

15 The holy mountain of our God,  
The city thou hast built below,  
Thy people, tho' disperst abroad,  
A proverb of reproach and woe,

We have our fathers' sins fill'd up,  
And drunk the bitter trembling cup.

16 Now then acknowledge us for thine,  
    Regard thine humbled servant's prayer,  
And cause on us thy face to shine,  
    The ruins of thy church repair,  
O for the sake of Christ the Lord,  
Let all our souls be now restor'd.

17 My God, incline thine ear, and hear,  
    Open thine eyes our wastes to see,  
Thy fallen des'late Sion cheer,  
    The city which is nam'd by thee;  
Not for our cry the grace be shewn,  
But hear, in Jesus hear thine own.

18 All our desert, we own, is hell,  
    But spare us for thy mercy's<sup>3</sup> sake,  
We humbly to thy grace appeal,  
    And Jesus' wounds our refuge make,  
O let us all thy mercy prove,  
The riches of thy pard'ning love.

19 O Lord, attend, O Lord, forgive,  
    O Lord, regard our prayer, and do,  
Hasten, my God, and bid us live,  
    The fulness of thy mercy shew,  
Thy city, and thy people own,  
And perfect all our souls in one.

## II.<sup>4</sup>

1 God of infinite compassion,  
    God of unexhausted love,  
From a sinful sinking nation  
    Once again thy plagues remove:  
Snatch us from the jaws of ruin;  
    See thy helpless people, see!  
Death and hell are close pursuing,  
    Save, O save us into thee.

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<sup>3</sup>Ori., "mercy."

<sup>4</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 87–88; and MS Clarke, 100–101.

- 2     Have we not fill'd up the measure  
          Of our daring wickedness,  
Challeng'd all thy just displeasure,  
          Quench'd the Spirit of thy grace?  
Yes, our heinous provocations  
          For thy heaviest judgments cry:  
We have wearied out thy patience,  
          Forc'd thy love to let us die.
- 3     Why should not the dreadful sentence  
          Now on all our souls take place?  
Why should not thine instant vengeance  
          Swallow up our faithless race?  
How can we expect thy favour?  
          Good and gracious as thou art,  
Sinner's advocate and Saviour,  
          Find the answer in thy heart!
- 4     Jesus, mighty Mediator,  
          Plead the cause of guilty man:  
Pity is thy gentle nature;  
          Canst thou let us cry in vain?  
From thy Father's anger skreen us,  
          Suffer not his wrath to move;  
Stand thou in the gap between us,  
          Change his purpose into love.

### III.

- 1     Jesu, sin-atoning Lamb,  
          Thine utmost pity shew:  
All the virtue of thy name  
          O let thy rebels know!  
Us, by God and man abhor'd,  
Into thy kind protection take;  
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,  
          For thy own mercy's sake.<sup>5</sup>
- 2     Worst of all th' apostate race,  
          Yet listen to our cry;  
Most unworthy of thy grace,  
          Without thy grace we die;

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., "mercy-sake"; corrected here and in following stanzas in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745).

Tophet is our just reward,  
Yet snatch us from the burning lake,  
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,  
For thy own mercy's sake.

3 Scandal of the Christian name,  
Which still we vainly bear,  
Sodom-like, our sin and shame  
We openly declare,  
Trample on thy sacred word,  
And cast thy laws behind our back:  
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,  
For thy own mercy's sake.

4 Though thy judgments are abroad,  
Let us thy goodness prove,  
Save us, O all-gracious God,  
In honour of thy love:  
Though thy righteous wrath is stir'd,  
Arising slow, the earth to shake,  
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,  
For thy own mercy's sake.

5 In our forty days reprieve,  
Warn the rebellious race;  
Bid us turn, repent, and live  
To glorify thy grace;  
O reverse the threatning word,  
And do not, do not vengeance take,  
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,  
For thy own mercy's sake.

6 O alarm the sleeping crowd,  
And fill their souls with dread;  
Then avert the low'ring cloud,  
Impendent o'er our head:  
Turn aside th' invading sword,  
And drive the alien armies back,  
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,  
For thy own mercy's sake.



IV.

- 1     Merciful God, to thee we cry,  
      O think upon us, or we die  
          The ever-living death!  
      Lo! By a mighty tempest tost,  
      Our ship without thine aid is lost,  
          Lost in the gulph beneath.
  
- 2     The mariners are struck with fear,  
      And shudder at destruction near,  
          So high the billows swell;  
      Ready to o'erwhelm our shatter'd state;  
      Thy judgments fall with all their weight,  
          To crush us into hell.
  
- 3     Ah! Wherefore is this evil come,  
      Shew us, omniscient God, for whom  
          Thy plagues our church befall:  
      Give, while we ask, a righteous lot,  
      And let the guilty soul be caught,  
          Who brings thy curse on all.
  
- 4     With trembling awe we humbly pray,  
      Now, now the secret cause display  
          Of our calamity,  
      Whose sins have brought thy judgments down?  
      Alas, my God, the cause I own,  
          The lot is fall'n on me!
  
- 5     I am the man, the Jonas I,  
      For me the working waves run high;  
          For me the curse takes place:  
      I have encreas'd the nation's load;  
      I have call'd down the wrath of God  
          On all our helpless race.
  
- 6     With guilty unbelieving dread  
      Long have I from his presence fled,  
          And shunn'd the sight of heaven:  
      In vain the pard'ning God pursued;  
      I would not be by grace subdued;  
          I would not be forgiven.

- 7 I know the tempest roars for me,  
Till I am cast into the sea,  
Its rage can never cease:  
Here then I to my doom submit,  
Do with me as thy will sees fit,  
But give thy people peace.
- 8 Save, Jesu, save the sinking ship,  
And lo! I plunge into the deep  
Of all thy judgments here:  
I fall beneath thy threatnings, Lord;  
But let my soul, at last restor'd,  
Before thy face appear.
- 9 Beneath thine anger's present weight  
I sink, and only deprecate  
Thy sorer wrath to come:  
Give me at last in thee a part,  
And now, in mercy, now avert  
The guilty nation's doom.
- 10 O bid the angry waves subside,  
Into a calm the tempest chide  
By thy supreme command:  
Thou in our broken ship remain,  
Till ev'ry soul the harbour gain,  
And reach the heavenly land.

V.

- 1 Sinners, the call obey,  
The latest call of grace;  
The day is come, the vengeful day,  
Of a devoted race:  
Devils and men combine  
To plague the faithless seed,  
And vials full of wrath divine  
Are bursting on your head.

- 2           Enter into the Rock,  
              Ye trembling slaves of sin,  
The Rock of your salvation, struck,  
              And cleft, to take you in:  
              To shelter the distress'd,  
              He did the cross endure;  
Enter into the clefts, and rest  
              In Jesus' wounds secure.
- 3           Who would not fear the Lord,  
              Glorious in majesty!  
His justice stern hath drawn the sword;  
              To his compassion flee:  
              Vengeance he comes to take,  
              He comes his wrath to shew;  
He rises terribly to shake  
              The drowsy world below.
- 4           See how his meteors glare!  
              (The tokens understand)  
Famine, and pestilence, and war  
              Hang o'er the guilty land!  
              Signs in the heavens see,  
              And hear the speaking rod;  
Sinner, the judgment points to thee,  
              Prepare to meet thy God!
- 5           Terrible God! And true,  
              Thy justice we confess,  
Thy sorest plagues are all our due,  
              We own our wickedness,  
              Worthy of death and hell,  
              Thee in thy judgments meet:  
But lo! We to thy grace appeal,  
              And crowd thy mercy-seat.
- 6           Jesus, to thee we fly  
              From the devouring sword!  
Our city of defence is nigh,<sup>6</sup>  
              Our help is in the Lord,  
              Or if the scourge o'erflow,  
              And laugh at innocence,  
Thine everlasting arms, we know,  
              Shall be our soul's defence.

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<sup>6</sup>Ori., "high"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745).

7           We in thy word believe,  
          And in thy promise stay:  
Our life, which still to thee we give,  
          Shall be to us a prey:  
          Our life with thee we hide  
          Above the furious blast,  
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide,  
          Till all the storm is past.

8           Believing against hope,  
          We hang upon thy grace,  
Thro' every low'ring cloud look up,  
          And wait for happy days;  
          The days when all shall know  
          Their sins in Christ forgiven,  
And walk a while with God below,  
          And then fly up to heaven.

## VI.

1           The dreadful day is come  
          To fix a nation's doom!  
Who, when God doth this, shall live,  
          Stand before a righteous God,  
'Gainst the world and Satan strive,  
          Strive resisting unto blood!

2           Well may our nature fear  
          The fiery trial near:  
Who shall first his Lord betray?  
          Who his Master shall deny?  
Which of us shall fall away?  
          Is it, Saviour, is it I?

3           I shall, I surely shall,  
          Without thy succour, fall:  
Left, one moment left alone,  
          I shall make my ruin sure,  
Shamefully my God disown,  
          Thee, and all thy saints abjure.

4           But, Lord, I trust in thee,  
          Thou wilt not go from me;

Thee thy pity shall constrain  
Still with me, ev'n me, t' abide;  
Me, the weakest child of man,  
Me for whom thy pity died.

5 O that I always may  
On thee my spirit stay!  
Poor and needy as I am,  
Thou dost for my vileness care;  
Thou hast call'd me by my name;  
Thou wilt all my burdens bear.

6 Thou art the sinner's friend,  
I on thy love depend;  
Help for all is laid on thee;  
Faith and hope in thee I have;  
As my day, my strength shall be,  
Thou shalt<sup>7</sup> to the utmost save.

7 Arm me with thy great power,  
And come the fiery hour!  
Then I in thy strength shall say,  
(Feeblest of thy servants I)  
I, tho' all men fall away,  
I will never thee deny.

8 Ready, thro' grace, I am  
To suffer for thy name;  
When thou dost thyself bestow  
On so poor a worm as me,  
I shall then to prison go,  
Gladly go to death with thee.

## VII.

1 Happy souls that Christ obey,  
They are safe, and only they;  
Hidden is their life above,  
All wrapt up in Jesus' love.

2 When his judgments are abroad,  
By his timely warnings aw'd,

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "shall"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745).

They to him their spirits give,  
Closer to their Saviour cleave.

3 Neither wars nor plagues they fear,  
Still their life and peace is near;  
Undisturb'd by storms they rest,  
Harbour'd in his quiet breast.

4 Calm on tumult's wheel they sit,  
Trample death beneath their feet;  
Own their all o'er-ruling Lord,  
Smile at the destroyer's sword.

5 They its threatening point defy,  
They behold the fiend pass by,  
Sprinkled by the Lamb of God,  
Arm'd and cover'd with his blood.

6 Thanks to the atoning Lamb,  
We are shelter'd in his name;  
We our Lord begin to know,  
Ransom'd from the world below.

7 While we walk with him in light,  
Neither men nor fiends affright;  
Us, whom Jesus' blood doth arm  
Kill they may, but cannot harm.

8 O that all our friends might feel,  
How secure in Christ we dwell,  
O that all our foes might prove  
God, a pard'ning God of love!

### VIII.

1 Brethren, the end is near,  
Our Lord shall soon appear:  
These the days of vengeance be,  
Rumour'd ills the land distress;  
Wars on wars ye hear and see,  
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

- 2            His judgments are abroad,  
              Forerunners of our God;  
Nation against nation fights,  
              Kingdoms against kingdoms rise;  
Signs above, and fearful sights  
              Speak the anger of the skies.
- 3            The powers of heaven he shakes;  
              Earth to her centre quakes;  
Famine shews her meagre face;  
              Pestilence stalks close behind;  
Woes surround the sinful race;  
              Wrath abides on all mankind.
- 4            The nations are distress'd,  
              The wicked cannot rest:  
No, in sin they sleep no more,  
              Tost with sad perplexity;  
Swell the waves, and work, and roar,  
              Men are like the troubled sea.
- 5            Terror their heart assails,  
              Their heart thro' terror fails;  
Fails, o'erwhelm'd with huge dismay,  
              Looking for the plagues to come,  
Shrinking from their evil day,  
              Fainting at their instant doom.
- 6            But ye that fear the Lord,  
              Fear neither plague nor sword;  
Jesus bids your care depart,  
              Ye in Jesus' love are blest;  
Sprinkled is your peaceful heart:  
              Now expect the perfect rest.
- 7            These threatning clouds look thro',  
              Good they portend to you:  
Lift your heads, with joy look up,  
              Find your full redemption near;  
See your soul's desire and hope,  
              See your glorious Lord appear.
- 8            His near approach ye know,  
              Treated like him below;

This the word that Jesus said,  
Now your Master's lot ye find,  
Mock'd, rejected, and betray'd,  
Hated now by all mankind.

9           In calm and quiet peace  
            Your patient souls possess;  
God hath kept your innocence,  
            God shall still his own defend:  
Rest in him, your sure defence,  
            Suffer on, and wait the end.

10           His mercy's wings are spread,  
            To guard your naked head;  
None can hurt you now, or grieve,  
            Hated tho' ye be by all:  
No, without your Saviour's leave,  
            Not one sacred hair shall fall.

### IX.

1           Fly, to the mountains fly;  
            Sinners, on Christ rely!  
Our strong mountain is the Lord:  
            He keeps off th' invading bands,  
He averts th' impending sword;  
            Christ the Christian's fortress stands.

2           Happy who trust in him,  
            Almighty to redeem:  
Neither wars nor plagues they fear,  
            Publick ills they calmly meet,  
Smile at desolation near,  
            Trample death beneath their feet.

3           But woes, redoubled woes  
            Attend the Saviour's foes:  
Worldly men and things who love,  
            God, his things, and people hate,  
O what sorrows will they prove,  
            Crush'd by all his judgments' weight!



- 4           Woe to the souls at ease,  
              The slaves of foul excess;  
Charg'd with surfeiting, or wine,  
              Drunk with pleasure, or with care,  
Big with earthly low design,  
              Fond of their attachments there.
- 5           Secure on earth who dwell,  
              They all his plagues shall feel;  
Senseless, till the day oppress;  
              Thoughtless, till the ruin come;  
Pangs shall then their spirits seize,  
              Earnest of their final doom.
- 6           But we thy warning take,  
              We, Lord, the world forsake.  
Thou hast kindly said, Beware;  
              Arm'd us by thy word of grace,  
Told us of the fatal snare  
              Spread for all the earth-born race.
- 7           Thy judgments we revere,  
              Thy speaking rod we hear.  
Thou shalt keep our caution'd heart,  
              Free from care, from pleasure free:  
Thou alone our portion art,  
              All our treasure is in thee.
- 8           Thee let us still obey,  
              And always watch and pray;  
Pray against the sore distress,  
              Plagues, that on the world shall fall,  
Counted, thro' thy righteousness,  
              Worthy to escape them all.
- 9           Worthy esteem'd thro' grace  
              To stand before thy face;  
Call'd to see our judge appear,  
              Son of man, with glory crown'd;  
Glad th' archangel's voice to hear,  
              Shouting at the trumpet's sound.

10           O wouldst thou now descend,  
              And all our sufferings end!  
Hear the bride and Spirit pray,  
              Hasten, Lord, the general doom;  
Bring the great tremendous day,  
              Come away, to judgment come!

**X.**

**A Prayer for His Majesty King George.** <sup>8</sup>

[“Fear God, and Honour the King.”]<sup>9</sup>

1   Sov’ reign of all, whose will ordains  
      The powers on earth that be,  
By whom our rightful monarch reigns,  
      Subject to none but thee;

2   Stir up thy strength, appear, appear,  
      And for thy servant fight;  
Support thy great vicegerent here,  
      And vindicate his right.

3   Lo! In the arms of faith and prayer,  
      We bear him to thy throne;  
Receive thine own peculiar care,  
      The Lord’s anointed one.

4   With favour look upon his face;  
      Thy love’s pavilion spread;  
And watchful troops of angels place  
      Around his sacred head.

5   Guard him from all who dare oppose  
      Thy delegate, and thee,  
From open and from secret foes,  
      From force and perfidy.

6   Confound whoe’er his ruin seeks,  
      Or into friends convert;  
Give him his adversaries’ necks,  
      Give him his people’s heart.

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<sup>8</sup>This hymn was also appended to John Wesley’s, *A Brief Account ... of a late Trial ... extracted from Mr. Whitefield’s letter* (Bristol: Farley, 1744), 12.

<sup>9</sup>Line added in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745).

- 7 Let us, for conscience' sake, revere  
The man of thy right-hand;  
Honour and love thine image here,  
And bless his mild command.
- 8 (Thou only didst the blessing give,  
The glory, Lord, be thine.)  
Let all with thankful joy receive  
The benefit divine.
- 9 To those, who thee in him obey,  
The Sp'rit of grace impart;  
His dear, his sacred burthen lay  
On every loyal heart.
- 10 O let us pray, and never cease,  
"Defend him, Lord, defend;  
'Stablish his throne in glorious peace,  
And save him to the end."

**XI.**

**Another**

**[A Prayer for His Majesty King George].**

- 1 Immortal Potentate,  
Whose sov'reign will is fate,  
Own the king we have from thee,  
Bless the man of thy right-hand,  
Crown him with thy majesty,  
Let him in thine image stand.
- 2 Him for thy glory's sake,  
Thy faithful subject make:  
Pour the unction from above,  
All the gifts divine impart,  
Make him happy in thy love,  
Make him after thine own heart.
- 3 His sacred life defend,  
And save him to the end:

Guard from all impending harms,  
O Almighty King of kings;  
Keep him in thy mercy's arms,  
Wrap him in thy mercy's wings.

4 Defeat, confound, oppress  
The troublers of his peace:  
Blast their every vain design;  
'Stablish thou his quiet throne;  
Tell his foes "This soul is mine,  
Touch not mine anointed one."

5 Preserve a life so dear,  
And long detain him here:  
Lest his spotless soul receive  
To thy palace in the skies;  
Bid him late in glory live,  
Live the life that never dies.

## XII.

### Another

[A Prayer for His Majesty King George].

1 Fountain of power, from whom descends  
The regal dignity divine,  
Thine is the reign that never ends;  
An everlasting throne is thine:

2 Princes by thy appointment reign;  
Thou hast to ours the sceptre given;  
Confirm the grant, thine own maintain,  
The chosen delegate of heaven.

3 Honour, and majesty, and might,  
Still, Lord, on our dread sire bestow;  
Assert his cause, uphold his right,  
And give him to thy church below;

4 In answer to our fervent prayer,  
Thy blessings on his head shower down,  
And take into thy choicest care  
A life far dearer than our own.

- 5      Thousands of ours are vile to his;  
          His guardian thou be ever nigh;  
Nor let the hope of Israel cease,  
          Nor let the light of Israel die.
- 6      Still may he by thy special grace  
          A blessing to these kingdoms live;  
Give him a length of prosperous days,  
          The riches of thy mercy give.
- 7      Give him thy little flock to feed,  
          (A Cyrus to thy church below)  
To raise and nurse thy chosen seed,  
          And let thy royal captives go.
- 8      O may he in thy gracious might  
          Thy persecuted truth defend,  
Relieve th' oppress'd, the injur'd right,  
          And all the rage of tyrants end.
- 9      Long may he guard thy people's rest,  
          A glorious instrument divine,  
And late enroll'd among the bless'd  
          Bright as the stars for ever shine.

### **XIII.**

#### **For the King and the Royal Family.**

- 1      Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray  
For all that bear the sov'reign sway,  
          And thy vicegerents reign;  
Rulers, and governors, and powers:  
And lo! In faith we pray for ours;  
          Nor can we pray in vain.
- 2      Jesu, thy chosen servant guard,  
And every threatening danger ward  
          From his anointed head;  
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,  
And thro' the paths of heavenly peace  
          To life eternal lead.

- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,  
Defeat their dire malicious aim,  
    Their baffled hopes destroy;  
But shower on him thy blessings down;  
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,  
    And everlasting joy.
- 4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,  
Late may he seek that high abode,  
    Late to his heaven remove;  
Of virtues full, and happy days,  
Accounted worthy by thy grace  
    To fill a throne above.
- 5 And when thou dost his sp'rit receive,  
O give him, in his offspring, give  
    Us back our king again;  
Preserve them, providence divine,  
And let the long-illustrious line  
    To latest ages reign.
- 6 Secure us of his royal race  
A man to stand before thy face,  
    And exercise thy power;  
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,  
Our nation and our church to bless,  
    Till time shall be no more.

**HYMNS  
IN  
TIME OF PERSECUTION.**

**I.<sup>10</sup>**

- 1 Master, we call to mind thy word,  
We are not now above our Lord:  
Sufficient 'tis for us to be  
In sufferings and in griefs like thee.
- 2 The world, to prove thy saying true,  
With cruel wrath our souls pursue,  
As evil they cast out our name,  
And brand us with thy glorious shame.
- 3 All kind of ill they falsely say,  
Because we *will* thy truth obey,  
To thee with steady purpose cleave,  
And godly in thy Spirit live.
- 4 Expos'd to man's oppressive power,  
We stand in danger every hour,  
The rage of persecution bear,  
And hated as our Lord we are.
- 5 O may we in thy footsteps go,  
Thee, only thee resolv'd to know,  
To slaughter in thy Spirit led,  
Conform'd in all things to our head.

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<sup>10</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 220.

6 Give us thy strength, O God of love,  
And hide our better life above,  
Then on our side at last appear,  
And lo, we come to suffer here.

**II.**

1 Ah! Woe is me, constrain'd to dwell  
Among the sons of night,  
Poor sinners dropping into hell,  
Who hate the gospel-light.

2 Wild as the untam'd Arab's race  
Who from their Saviour fly,  
And trample on his pard'ning grace,  
And all his threats defy.

3 Yet here alas! In pain I live,  
Where Satan keeps his seat,  
And day by day for those I grieve  
Who will to sin submit.

4 With gushing eyes their deeds I see,  
Shut up in Sodom I,  
And ask with him who ransom'd me,  
"Why will ye sin and die?"

5 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,  
Display thy saving power,  
Thy mercy let these out-casts find,  
And know their gracious hour.

6 Ah! Give them, Lord, a longer space,  
Nor suddenly consume,  
But let them take the proffer'd grace,  
And flee the wrath to come.

7 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look  
(All goodness as thou art)  
Like that which faithless Peter's broke,  
Or my obdurate heart.

8 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,  
And crucified afresh,



Touch with thine all-victorious blood,  
And turn the stone to flesh.

- 9 Open their eyes, and ears to see  
Thy cross, to hear thy cries:  
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,  
For thee he weeps, and dies.
- 10 All the day long he meekly stands  
His rebels to receive,  
And shews his wounds, and spreads his hands,  
And bids you turn and live.
- 11 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye<sup>11</sup>  
He will with blood efface,  
Ev'n now he waits his blood t' apply;  
Be sav'd, be sav'd by grace.
- 12 Be sav'd from hell, from sin, and fear:  
He speaks you now forgiven,  
Walk before God, be perfect here,  
And then come up to heaven.

### III.

- 1 Jesus, our help in time of need,  
Thy suffering servants see,  
Who would in all thy footsteps tread,  
And bear the cross with thee.
- 2 Stand by us in this evil hour,  
Our feeble souls defend,  
And in our weakness shew thy power,  
And keep us to the end.
- 3 The world, and their infernal god  
Against thy people rise,  
Because our trust is in thy blood  
They mingle earth and skies.
- 4 Slaughter, and cruel threats they breathe,  
And endless battles wage,  
And gnash upon us with their teeth,  
And tear the ground with rage.

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., "die."

- 5 Captain of our salvation hear,  
In all the heathen's sight  
Make bare thine arm; appear, appear,  
And for thy people fight.
- 6 Jesus, thy righteous cause maintain,  
The sons of violence quell,  
Take to thee thy great power, and reign  
O'er heaven, and earth, and hell.
- 7 As chaff before the whirlwind drive,  
And bruise them by thy rod,  
Who madly with their Maker strive,  
And fight against their God.
- 8 Who kick against the pricks in vain  
Thy foes in anger blast,  
And chasten with judicial pain,  
But save their souls at last.
- 9 O that at last by love compel'd  
The rebels might submit,  
In humble hope of mercy yield,  
And tremble at thy feet!
- 10 The faith they persecute, imbrace,  
On thee their Lord rely,  
And live the monuments of thy grace,  
And for thy glory die!

#### IV.

- 1 See, Lord, the purchase of thy death,  
Thy little feeble flock,  
Gather, and keep our souls beneath  
The shadow of their rock.
- 2 Thy few returning sheep behold,  
By wolves encompass round,  
And let us never leave the fold,  
But still in thee be found.

- 3    Regard the number of our foes,  
      Their subtlety and might,  
Arise, and stop the way of those  
      Who 'gainst thy people fight.
- 4    Helper of every helpless soul,  
      Shew forth thy saving grace,  
The fierceness of vain man controul,  
      Or turn it to thy praise.
- 5    Thou know'st for thy dear sake alone  
      We daily suffer shame,  
Because we dare our Master own,  
      And triumph in thy name.
- 6    Thee, Lord, before thy foes we dare  
      In word and deed confess,  
Rejoice thy hallow'd cross to bear,  
      And live thy witnesses.
- 7    Witnesses of th' atoning blood  
      Which did for sinners flow,  
And brought a guilty world to God,  
      And sprinkled all below.
- 8    That blood we felt thro' faith applied,  
      And know our sins forgiven,  
And tell mankind the purple tide  
      Would waft them all to heaven.
- 9    For this we reckon all things loss,  
      Till Christ the judge comes down,  
Honours the followers of his cross,  
      And bids them wear his crown.
- 10   He tells us he will quickly come,  
      His saying we receive,  
And we shall all be taken home,  
      And in his kingdom live.
- 11   Us, who before the sons of men  
      Were bold our Lord to own,  
He will, he *will* acknowledge then  
      Before his Father's throne.

- 12 He (while the glorious angels stand  
Astonish'd at the grace)  
Shall place us all at his right-hand,  
And speak his servants' praise.
- 13 These (if our hearts may now conceive  
What God in heaven shall say)  
These were the souls who dar'd believe,  
Who dar'd my word obey.
- 14 Me for their dear redeeming Lord  
They never blush'd to own,  
But held my name, and kept my word,  
And liv'd to me alone.
- 15 A proverb of reproach below  
They suffer'd for my sake,  
Rejoic'd my daily cross to know,  
My portion to partake.
- 16 On earth they liv'd my witnesses,  
My witnesses they died,  
And now I for my own confess  
And speak them glorified.
- 17 Come then to heaven your native home,  
Be numbred with the blest,  
My Father's happy children come,  
And on my bosom rest.
- 18 The kingdom take for all prepar'd  
That should in me abide;  
Now, I am now thy great reward  
Who in my faith hast died.
- 19 My good and faithful servant thee  
I openly approve,  
Possess thy lot, enthron'd with me  
In all the pomp of love.
- 20 The meed<sup>12</sup> of all thy labours this,  
This starry diadem wear,  
Enter into thy Master's bliss,  
And reign for ever there.

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<sup>12</sup>Ori., "mead"; but Charles surely means this archaic word for "earned reward."

V.<sup>13</sup>

- 1 Lamb of God, we follow thee,  
Willing as thou art to be,  
Joyful in thy steps to go,  
Suffering for thy sake below.
- 2 Taking up our daily cross,  
Call'd to shame, and pain, and loss,  
Well-contented to sustain  
All the rage of cruel man.
- 3 Who thy lovely pattern knows  
Cannot force with force oppose,  
They that to thy fold belong  
Dare not render wrong for wrong.
- 4 Bruis'd by the oppressor's hand  
Evil they will ne'er withstand,  
All that follow thee are meek,  
Taught to turn the other cheek.
- 5 Jesu, in thy gracious power  
Lo! We meet the fiery hour,  
Calm, dispassionate, resign'd,  
Arm'd with all thy patient mind.
- 6 After thee with joy we come  
Sheep before our shearers dumb,  
Answering not one angry word,  
True disciples of our Lord.
- 7 Suffering here we threaten not,  
Innocent in word and thought,  
Harmless as a wounded dove,  
Hatred we repay with love.
- 8 Turn, almighty as thou art,  
Turn our persecutors' heart,  
Let them to our faith be given,  
Let us meet our foes in heaven.

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<sup>13</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 223–24.

VI.<sup>14</sup>

- 1        Captain, we look to thee,  
          Thy promis'd succours claim,  
Humbly assur'd of victory  
          Thro' thine almighty name:  
          With furious beasts to fight,  
          Forth in thy strength we go,  
With all the earth-born sons of night,  
          With all the fiends below.
  
- 2        Hold of thine arm we take,  
          And fearlessly march on,  
The world, the realm of Satan, shake,  
          And turn it upside down;  
          'Gainst all the powers of hell  
          Undaunted we proceed,  
Resistless and invincible  
          Thro' our triumphant head.
  
- 3        A suffering fight we wage  
          With man's oppressive power,  
Endure the persecutor's rage,  
          Till all the storm is o'er:  
          Arm'd with the patient mind  
          Which in our Saviour was,  
We bear the hate of all mankind,  
          And glory in the cross.
  
- 4        To gain that heavenly prize  
          We gladly suffer here,  
And languish in yon opening skies  
          To see his sign appear:  
          His sign we soon shall see,  
          The Lord shall quickly come,  
And give the final victory,  
          And take the conquerors home.

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<sup>14</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 219.

VII.

- 1 Jesu, thy weak disciples see,  
Entreated in the world like thee,  
Partakers of thy shame;  
Because we will not let thee go,  
Sweet fellowship with thee to<sup>15</sup> know,  
And suffer for thy name.
- 2 Thy marks we in our body bear,  
Our Master's cross we daily share,  
And bless the sacred sign,  
Buffeted here for doing well,  
We thankfully accept the seal,  
And *feel* that we are thine.
- 3 Our back we to the smiters give,  
Evil for good with joy receive,  
Nor meanly strive to hide  
From spitting, and from shame our face,  
But glory in the full disgrace  
Of Jesus crucified.
- 4 For thy dear sake we suffer wrong,  
And persecuted all day long,  
We thus the crown ensure,  
As sheep appointed to be slain,  
Our portion of contempt and pain  
We to the end endure.
- 5 We in thy strength can all things do,  
Thro' thee can all things suffer too,  
When thou the power shalt give,  
We then by faith shall see thee stand  
The great high-priest at God's right-hand,  
Our spirits to receive.
- 6 Wherefore to thee our souls we trust,  
Our Saviour to the uttermost  
To thee we boldly come,  
With joy upon our heads return,  
High on the wings of angels born  
To our eternal home.

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<sup>15</sup>Ori., "we"; changed in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745).

VIII.<sup>16</sup>

- 1 Honour, and praise, O Christ, receive,  
     Thro' whom thy saving name we know,  
 Thou gav'st us freely to believe,  
     And dost a second grace bestow;  
 Call us to bear the hallow'd cross,  
 And suffer for thy glorious cause.
- 2 Because from sin we turn away,  
     And will not from thy paths depart,  
 Lo! We have made ourselves a prey:  
     Spoil'd of our goods with chearful heart  
 We here our little all restore,  
 And would, but cannot part with more.
- 3 Far better goods we have above,  
     And substance more enduring far,  
 The earnest in our hearts we prove,  
     And taste the joys that wait us there;  
 Riches of grace, so freely given,  
 And Christ in us, and Christ in heaven.
- 4 Our heavenly wealth shall never fail,  
     Our fund of everlasting bliss,  
 Thieves do not there break thro' and steal,  
     Nor Belial's sons by violence seize,  
 They cannot spoil our goods above,  
 Or rob us of our Saviour's love.
- 5 In him we have immortal food,  
     Cloathing that always shall endure,  
 A permanent and fix'd abode,  
     An heavenly house that standeth sure,  
 Who here are destitute of bread,  
 And want a place to lay our head.
- 6 Spoiler, take all! We will not grieve,  
     We will not of our loss complain:  
 Of freedom and of life bereave,  
     Our better lot shall still remain,  
 Enough for us the part divine,  
 The good, which never can be thine.

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<sup>16</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 213–14.



**IX.**<sup>17</sup>

- 1    Come all who love the slaughter'd Lamb,  
      And suffer for his cause,  
      Enjoy with us his sacred shame,  
      And glory in his cross.
- 2    His welcome cross we daily bear,  
      Hated, revil'd, oppress'd,  
      We only can his truths<sup>18</sup> declare  
      Who calls the sufferers bless'd.
- 3    Our Master's burthen we sustain,  
      Afflicted for his sake,  
      In loss, reproach, distress, and pain,  
      A strange delight we take.
- 4    We drink the consecrated cup  
      Our Saviour drank before,  
      And fill our Lord's afflictions up,  
      And triumph in his power.
- 5    His power is in our weakness shewn,  
      And perfectly display'd;  
      The strength we feel is not our own,  
      But flows from Christ our head.
- 6    With consolations from above  
      He fills our ravish'd breast,  
      The Spirit of his glorious love  
      On every soul doth rest.
- 7    He takes his suffering people's part,  
      And sheds his love abroad,  
      And witnesses with every heart  
      Thou art a child of God.
- 8    Surely we now believe and feel  
      Our sins are all forgiven,  
      The outward and the inward seal  
      Confirms us heirs of heaven.

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<sup>17</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 220–22.

<sup>18</sup>Ori., “truth”; changed in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745).

- 9 Then let us all our burthen bear,  
To Christ our souls commend,  
Joyful his lot on earth to share,  
And patient to the end.
- 10 Be faithful unto death he cries,  
And I the crown will give,  
Amen, the glorious Sp'rit replies,  
We die with thee to live.

**X.**

- 1 O King of saints, with pitying eye,  
Thy poor afflicted people see,  
Who hold thy word, nor dare deny  
Thy name, tho' suffering loss for thee.
- 2 Expos'd to shame, and want, and pain,  
Crush'd by the persecutor's power,  
Thou, Lord, their fainting souls sustain,  
And keep them in their trying hour.
- 3 From anger, and contemptuous pride,  
From low revenge, and faithless fear,  
Preserve, and still their spirits hide,  
Till thou in their behalf appear.
- 4 Their feeble hearts confirm, unite,  
And fix on their reward above:  
Imbolden with thy Spirit's might,  
And arm them with thy patient love.
- 5 Thee let the witnesses confess  
Before the rebel sons of men,  
Proclaim thine all-victorious grace,  
And suffer till with thee they reign:
- 6 To thee, and to each other cleave,  
While midst the ravening wolves they lie,  
A pattern to believers live,  
A pattern to believers die!

**XI.**<sup>19</sup>

- 1        Jesus, the glory take!  
          Afflicted, and opprest,  
Revil'd and hated for thy sake,  
          Thou hast pronounc'd us blest:  
          The blessing we receive,  
          We all our seal set to,  
Now, Lord, we feelingly believe,  
          And own that thou art true.
- 2        Faithful and good thou art;  
          We taste the heavenly powers,  
The glorious earnest in our heart  
          Insures the kingdom ours:  
          Exceeding glad we are,  
          Our ravish'd bosoms swell  
With extacy too strong to bear,  
          With joy unspeakable.
- 3        Thro' persecutions<sup>20</sup> bold,  
          To thee our songs we raise;  
Thee in the furnace we behold,  
          Thee in the fires we praise:  
          We now the promise know,  
          Sufficient is thy love  
To bear us thro' these storms below,  
          And land us safe above.
- 4        To suffer now is sweet,  
          For thou the strength hast given:  
And O! How infinitely great  
          Is our reward in heaven!  
          We shall be surely there,  
          The fight will soon be won;  
The cross we now with Jesus bear  
          Shall lift us to the throne.

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<sup>19</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 222–23.

<sup>20</sup>“Persecutions” changed to “persecution” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745) and following.

5           'Twas thus the saints of God,  
          His messengers and seers  
The narrow path of sufferings trod,  
          And past the vale of tears,  
          Thro' sore afflictions past  
          To better worlds above,  
And more than conquer'd all at last  
          In our Redeemer's love.

6           Sufferers like them beneath,  
          Thro' much distress and pain,  
Thro' all the toils of hell and death  
          We come with them to reign;  
          With Christ the glorious King,  
          Who wipes our tears away,  
And calls us up his praise to sing  
          In everlasting day.

## XII.

1           Shepherd of souls, thy sheep behold  
          In the dark cloudy day,  
The wolf is come into thy fold,  
          To scatter, tear, and slay.

2           His bloody hand th' oppressor shakes  
          Against the faithful seed,  
And havock of thy church he makes—  
          He makes us as our head.

3           Thy marks we in our bodies bear,  
          But arm us with thy power,  
The rage of fiends and men we dare,  
          And meet the evil hour.

4           They only can our bodies kill,  
          Our souls can never die;  
Our souls exist in Jesus still,  
          And reign above the sky.

- 5     Wherefore the utmost sufferings here  
       Of those who Jesus love,  
We count not worthy to compare  
       With our reward above.
- 6     Light are the pains we now endure,  
       And quickly over-past,  
But O! The pleasures they secure,  
       Eternally shall last.
- 7     On all th' affliction we look down,  
       The joy so far exceeds,  
So bright, so weighty is the crown  
       It sets upon our heads.
- 8     O what a glorious life shall be  
       In us, ev'n us reveal'd,  
While face to face our Lord we see,  
       With all his fulness fill'd!
- 9     Who would not then, for such an hope,  
       The path of sorrow tread,  
And take his Master's burthen up,  
       And suffer with his head?
- 10    Who would not chearfully sustain  
       A cross so light as this,  
And bear a momentary pain  
       For an eternal bliss?

### XIII.

- 1     And shall we now turn back,  
       To Satan's conquest yield,  
The holy fellowship forsake,  
       And quit the well-fought field;  
No more with accord sweet  
       Our Saviour's love adore,  
And see each other's face, and meet  
       In Jesus' name no more!

- 2           We who have counted loss  
              For Christ our greatest gain,  
Shall we refuse the crown and cross,  
              And suffer all in vain?  
              Caught in the tempter's snare,  
              Shall we like Demas stop,  
Th' assembling of ourselves forbear,  
              And give our brethren up?
- 3           No, never will we part,  
              Or place to Satan give,  
But cleave to God with stedfast heart,  
              And to each other cleave.  
              Strengthen'd by his command,  
              We for the faith contend,  
In Jesus' name together stand,  
              And suffer to the end.
- 4           In vain the subtle foe  
              Allures with proffer'd ease,  
We now his false devices know,  
              And scorn his hellish peace:  
              Thy faithful servants, Lord,  
              We never will resign,  
Or buy the world's good-will and word  
              By forfeiture of thine.
- 5           No, in thy strength we say  
              To sinners and their god,  
Ye cannot tear our shield away,  
              Who trust in Jesus' blood,  
              Who to each other cleave,  
              Your malice we defy;  
We *will* in Christ together live,  
              We *will* together die.

**XIV.**

- 1           Get thee behind us, fiend,  
              With all thy baffled art!  
The sheep we know thou canst not rend,  
              Unless thou first canst part:

Jesus his ten-fold power  
His saints assembled claim:  
Tremble, thou fiend, and fly before  
Our mighty Captain's name.

2 Thy wisdom from below  
Full well we understand;  
Disperse, and then our souls o'erthrow,  
Divide us, and command:  
But Jesus still shall hold  
And keep us safe from harms,  
Together lodg'd within his fold,  
His everlasting arms.

3 While in our shepherd's breast  
Our helpless souls we hide,  
Nor devils can disturb our rest,  
Nor can the world divide:  
To build each other up  
We now in Jesus join,  
And who shall burst the bond, or stop  
The intercourse divine?

4 This God hath bid us do,  
And man forbids in vain;  
Ye never, never can break thro'  
Love's adamant chain:  
Join'd by the Saviour's will,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Ye may afflict us here, and kill,  
But ye can never part.

5 Resolv'd our Lord t' obey,  
In spite of man's command,  
Together in the antient way,  
Thro' his support we stand:  
Nor will we hence remove,  
'Till all triumphant rise  
And meet the first-born church above,  
Assembled in the skies.

**XV.**

**A Prayer for the First Martyr.<sup>21</sup>**

- 1 Head of thy suffering church below,  
    We ask in faith the passive power,  
Thy perfect strength in weakness shew,  
    And arm us for the dreadful hour.
- 2 Prepare the soul thou *first* shalt call  
    To own in death the pard'ning God,  
To die for him who died for all,  
    And seal the record with his blood.
- 3 Thy hardy soldier, Lord, enure,  
    The daily cross with joy to prove;  
Give him an heart resolv'd, and pure,  
    And meek, and full of patient love.
- 4 Give him, when now the day draws near,  
    His utter helplessness to see;  
Give him the self-mistrusting fear,  
    The humble awe that cleaves to thee.
- 5 To thee let him in faith look up,  
    And claim the succours from above,  
And rise to all the strength of hope,  
    To all th' omnipotence of love.
- 6 O'erwhelm him with th' amazing grace,  
    That he, so poor, so self-abhor'd,  
Least of the blood-besprinkled race,  
    That he should suffer for his Lord!
- 7 Give him th' indubitable sign,  
    That all his sufferings are for thee;  
Assure his heart the cause is thine,  
    And thou wilt get the victory.
- 8 Give him, before he bows his head,  
    The sight to fervent Stephen given,  
The everlasting doors display'd,  
    The glories of a wide spread heaven.

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<sup>21</sup>This hymn is likely in reference to the death of William Seward in October 1740, as a "Methodist martyr."



- 9 Shew him thyself at God's right-hand:  
Thou on the faithful soul look down,  
Thou by thy dying champion stand,  
And reach him out the starry crown.
- 10 Inspire him with thy tender care  
For those who nail'd thee to the wood,  
And give to his expiring prayer  
The men that drive his soul to God.

**XVI.**<sup>22</sup>

- 1 Lord, we have all forsook  
Thy dying love to know,  
To bear thy light and easy yoke,  
And in thy foot-steps go;  
Pleasure, and goods, and fame,  
We gladly have restor'd,  
In pain, and poverty, and shame,  
Partakers with our Lord.
- 2 Arm'd with thy strength alone,  
We still our all resign;  
Our lives, which once we call'd our own,  
Are not our own, but thine:  
Ready we always stand  
In thine almighty power,  
To yield them up at thy command,  
And meet the fiery hour.
- 3 Where is the promise then,  
The bliss thou hast prepar'd  
For us before the sons of men,  
Where is our great reward?  
The hundred-fold increase  
Of goods, and lands, and friends,  
The sweet unutterable peace,  
The joy that never ends!
- 4 Surely we *are* possest  
Of thee our recompence,  
Extacy fills our panting breast,  
And pains our aching sense:

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<sup>22</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 225–27.

What hath the world like this!  
The joy which now we know—  
'Tis more than joy, or life, or bliss,  
'Tis heaven begun below.

5        Yet O! We look for more  
          And mightier joys above,  
The fulness of thy heavenly store,  
          Of thine eternal love:  
          Glory shall end the strife,  
          And in these bodies shine;  
Jesu, our everlasting life,  
          Our flesh shall be like thine.

6        Chang'd by his mighty love,  
          We shall be as our Lord,  
And sit upon our thrones above,  
          And bless his just award:  
          While trembling at the bar,  
          Devils and tyrants stand,  
We shall with him their doom declare,  
          And shout at his right-hand.

7        Then every saint of his  
          Shall lean upon his breast;  
The wicked there from troubling cease,  
          And there the weary rest:  
          Our sufferings all are o'er,  
          Our tears are wip'd away,  
We only love, rejoice, adore,  
          Thro' one eternal day.

8        The rivers of delight  
          That there our souls embrace,  
The glorious beatific sight  
          That veils the angels' face,  
          The joys ineffable  
          That from thy presence flow,  
The fulness here we cannot tell,  
          But, Lord, we die to know.

**HYMNS  
TO BE SUNG IN A  
TUMULT.**

**I.<sup>23</sup>**

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad his wonderful name,  
The name all-victorious of Jesus extoll;  
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 The waves of the sea have lift up their voice,  
Sore troubled that we in Jesus rejoice;  
The floods they are roaring, but Jesus is here,  
While we are adoring, he always is near.
- 3 Men, devils engage, the billows arise,  
And horribly rage, and threaten the skies:  
Their fury shall never our stedfastness shock,  
The weakest believer is built on a Rock.
- 4 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;  
The great congregation his triumphs<sup>24</sup> shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 5 Salvation to God who sits on the throne!  
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son!  
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 6 Then let us adore, and give him his right,  
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,  
All honour, and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

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<sup>23</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 202.

<sup>24</sup>“Triumphs” changed to “triumph” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745) and following.

**II.**<sup>25</sup>

- 1 Omnipotent King, who reignest on high,  
Thy mercy we sing, thy haters defy,  
We give thee thy glory, tho' Satan oppose,  
And gladly adore thee, in sight of thy foes.
- 2 The reprobates dare their master proclaim,  
And loudly declare their sin and their shame;  
Presumptuous in evil, their god they avow,  
Their father the devil; and worship him now.
- 3 And shall we not sing our Master and Lord,  
Our Maker and King, by angels ador'd,  
Our merciful Saviour, who brought us to God,  
And purchas'd us favour by shedding his blood.
- 4 Yes, Lord we adore, tho' all men deny,  
And tell of thy power, triumphantly nigh:  
O Jesu, we bless thee, our Jesus proclaim,  
And gladly confess thee, for ever the same.
- 5 In tumult and noise, we sing of thy grace,  
More mighty our joys, more hearty our praise,  
Our triumphs are higher, and warmer our zeal,  
And thee ever nigher than Satan we feel.
- 6 The sinners we see, who Satan obey,  
Much happier we, much wiser than they,  
Our Master is greater, he makes us his heirs,  
And O! How much better our wages than theirs!
- 7 Our Jesus is near, whenever we sing,  
Among us we hear the shout of a King;  
Our voices are stronger than theirs who blaspheme,  
And surely we longer shall triumph than them.

**III.**<sup>26</sup>

- 1 All conquering Lord, whom sinners adore,  
Remember thy word, and stir up thy power,  
Drive Satan before thee, his advocates chase:  
Or let them adore thee, or yield to thy grace.

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<sup>25</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 203.

<sup>26</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 203–4.

- 2 O pity, and spare, and save them from death,  
Pluck'd out of his snare, snatch'd out of his teeth;  
Almighty Redeemer, to whom all things bow,  
Cast down the blasphemer, and rescue them now.
- 3 O why should he take thy purchase away?  
Thy fury awake, and fly on the prey;  
Thy purchase recover, that Satan may feel,  
Thy kingdom is over earth, heaven, and hell.
- 4 O answer the prayer of prevalent faith,  
In mercy forbear these children of wrath,  
And give them repentance, let mercy take place,  
Reverse the sad sentence, and save them by grace.

[IV.]

**The Fourteenth Chapter of Hosea.<sup>27</sup>**

- 1 Sinners, obey the gracious call,  
Unto the Lord your God return,  
The dire occasion of your fall  
Your foolishness of folly mourn.
- 2 Sin only hath your ruin been;  
In humble words your grief express,  
Turn to the Lord, your shameful sin  
The burden of your soul confess.
- 3 God of all power, and truth, and grace,  
All our iniquity remove,  
Spare, and accept a fallen race,  
God of all power, and truth, and love.
- 4 Take all, take all our sins away,  
Nor guilt, nor power, nor being have,  
Forgive us now, thine arm display,  
Thine own for Jesus' sake receive.
- 5 So will we render thee the praise,  
With joyful lips and hearts renew'd,  
Present thee all our sinless days  
A living sacrifice to God.

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<sup>27</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 130–33.

- 6 So will we trust in man no more,  
No more to man for succour fly,  
The works of our own hands adore,  
Or seek ourselves to justify.
- 7 Not by an arm of flesh, but thine  
We look from sin to be set free;  
O love, O righteousness divine,  
The helpless all find help in thee.
- 8 Surely in me (your God replies)  
The fatherless shall mercy find,  
Whoe'er on me for help relies,  
Shall know the Saviour of mankind.
- 9 I (for my Son hath died to seal  
Their peace, and all my wrath remove)  
I will their sin-sick spirits heal,  
And freely the backsliders love.
- 10 I will my sovereign art display,  
To perfect health their soul restore,  
And take their bent to sin away,  
And lift them up to fall no more.
- 11 In blessings will I then come down,  
And water them with gracious dew,  
And all my former mercies crown,  
And every pardon'd soul renew.
- 12 Israel shall as the lilly grow,  
As chaste, and<sup>28</sup> beautiful, and white,  
Yet striking deep his roots below,  
And tow'ring as the cedar's height.
- 13 His branching arms he wide shall spread,  
And flourish in eternal bloom,  
Fair as the olive's verdant shade,  
Fragrant as Lebanon's perfume.
- 14 Whoe'er beneath his shadow dwell,  
Shall as the putrid corn revive,  
A mortal quickning virtue feel,  
And sink to rise, and die to live.

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<sup>28</sup>“And” changed to “as” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745) and following.

- 15 Their boughs with fruit ambrosial crown'd,  
As Lebanon's thick-clustering vine,  
Shall spread their odours all around,  
Grateful to human taste, and mine.
- 16 Ephraim, my pleasant child, shall say,  
"With idols what have I to do?  
I cannot sin: get hence away,  
Vain world! I cannot stoop to you.
- 17 "God, only God hath all my heart,  
My vile idolatries are o'er,  
I cannot now from God depart,  
For, born of God, I sin no more."
- 18 Whoe'er to this high prize aspire,  
And long my utmost grace to prove,  
I heard, and mark'd their heart's desire,  
And I will perfect them in love.
- 19 Beneath my love's almighty shade,  
O Israel, sit, and rest secure,  
On me thy quiet soul be stay'd,  
'Till pure as I thy God am pure.
- 20 Surely I will my people save;  
Who on my faithful word depend  
Their fruit to holiness shall have,  
And glorious-all to heaven ascend.