

## *Hymns on the Lord's Supper (1745)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #98]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

One of the most recognized characteristics of the early Methodist revival is the increased place given to singing in formal and informal worship. Equally central, though sometimes less recognized, is the emphasis of the Wesley brothers on frequent reception of the Lord's Supper. These two characteristics came together with the introduction of singing during reception of the bread and cup. It appears from the charges brought against him in Georgia that John Wesley began this practice prior to the revival (see his *MS Journal*, 21–22 Aug. 1737, *Works* 18:555). It became common practice in Methodist celebration of the Lord's Supper.

This required the gathering of appropriate songs for such use. Several selections appeared in the first collection focused on funding Methodist worship—*HSP* (1739). John also included a few in the collection aimed more toward Anglican worship—*CPH* (1741). These were supplemented in March 1745 by publication of *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, which is likely the largest single collection in Christian history of hymns devoted specifically to this focus.

*HLS* (1745) was prefaced by an extract of Daniel Brevint's *The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice* (1673), which highlighted the various theological dimensions of communion. This was followed by 166 hymns gathered into groups corresponding to the six sub-sections of the preface. John Wesley was responsible for the extract of Brevint (not included below). While the hymns are again unidentified, scholars concur that the vast majority come from the pen of Charles. Seven of the hymns (signified by blue font in the Table of Contents) are taken over, with slight revisions, from *HSP* (1739); the remainder are new. Three of the seven repeats are adaptations from other authors, and comprise those most likely the work of John. For more reflection on the issue of authorship in this specific work see Daniel Stevick, *The Altar's Fire: Charles Wesley's Hymns on the Lord's Supper* (Peterborough: Epworth, 2004), 247–49.

Charles's journal and letters give little information on the composition of these hymns. He surely was writing occasional verse on this theme over the years. But the strong echoes of the exposition of Brevint in many of the hymns suggest that they were composed in a focused setting, likely near the time of publication.

This volume proved popular in Methodist worship, going through nine British editions over the next forty years. Few significant revisions emerged in the process. Cf. Frank Baker, "Approaching a Variorum Edition of *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*," *Proceedings of the Charles Wesley Society* 2 (1995): 7–15.

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**Editions:**

John & Charles Wesley. *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*. Bristol: Farley, 1745.

2<sup>nd</sup> Bristol: Farley, 1747

3<sup>rd</sup> London: Cock, 1751

4<sup>th</sup> London: sold at the Foundery, 1757

5<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1762

6<sup>th</sup> Bristol: Pine, 1771

7<sup>th</sup> London: Hawes, 1776

8<sup>th</sup> London: Hawes, 1779

9<sup>th</sup> London: Paramore, 1786

## Table of Contents

### I. As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ.

Hymn I	1–2
Hymn II	2–3
Hymn III	3–4
Hymn IV	4–5
Hymn V	5
Hymn VI	6
Hymn VII	6
Hymn VIII	7
Hymn IX. (George Herbert) <i>HSP</i> (1739), 125–26	7–8
Hymn X	8–9
Hymn XI	9–10
Hymn XII	10
Hymn XIII	10–11
Hymn XIV	11–12
Hymn XV	12
Hymn XVI	13
Hymn XVII	13–14
Hymn XVIII	14
Hymn XIX	14
Hymn XX	15
Hymn XXI	16–18
Hymn XXII	18
Hymn XXIII	18–19
Hymn XXIV	19
Hymn XXV	19–20
Hymn XXVI	20
Hymn XXVII	21

### II. As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.

Hymn XXVIII	22
Hymn XXIX	22–23
Hymn XXX. <i>HSP</i> (1742), 28–29	23–24
Hymn XXXI	24–25
Hymn XXXII	25
Hymn XXXIII	25–26
Hymn XXXIV	26
Hymn XXXV	26–27
Hymn XXXVI	27
Hymn XXXVII	27–28
Hymn XXXVIII	28–29
Hymn XXXIX	29

Hymn XL	30
Hymn XLI	30
Hymn XLII	31
Hymn XLIII	32
Hymn XLIV	32–33
Hymn XLV	33–34
Hymn XLVI	34
Hymn XLVII	35
Hymn XLVIII	35
Hymn XLIX	36
Hymn L	36
Hymn LI	37
Hymn LII	37
Hymn LIII	38
Hymn LIV	38–39
Hymn LV	39–40
Hymn LVI	40
Hymn LVII	41
Hymn LVIII	42
Hymn LIX	43
Hymn LX	43–44
Hymn LXI	44–45
Hymn LXII	45–47
Hymn LXIII	47
Hymn LXIV	47
Hymn LXV	48
Hymn LXVI	48
Hymn LXVII	49
Hymn LXVIII	49
Hymn LXIX	49–50
Hymn LXX	50
Hymn LXXI	50–51
Hymn LXXII	51
Hymn LXXIII	51–52
Hymn LXXIV	52
Hymn LXXV	52, 65 <sup>2</sup>
Hymn LXXVI	65
Hymn LXXVII	66
Hymn LXXVIII	66–67
Hymn LXXIX	68
Hymn LXXX	68–69
Hymn LXXXI	69–70
Hymn LXXXII	70
Hymn LXXXIII	71
Hymn LXXXIV	71–72
Hymn LXXXV. (Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf) <a href="#">HSP (1739), 189–90</a>	72–73
Hymn LXXXVI	73–74

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<sup>2</sup>Editorial numbering error in 1<sup>st</sup> edn. has page 52 followed by page 65. However, text is complete.

Hymn LXXXVII	74–75
Hymn LXXXVIII	75
Hymn LXXXIX	76
Hymn XC	76–77
Hymn XCI	77–78
Hymn XCII	78–80

### **III. The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven.**

Hymn XCIII	81–82
Hymn XCIV	82–83
Hymn XCV	83
Hymn XCVI	83–84
Hymn XCVII	84
Hymn XCVIII	85–86
Hymn XCIX	86
Hymn C	86–87
Hymn CI	87
Hymn CII	88
Hymn CIII	88–89
Hymn CIV	89
Hymn CV	89–90
Hymn CVI	90–91
Hymn CVII	91–92
Hymn CVIII	92
Hymn CIX	92–93
Hymn CX	93
Hymn CXI	94
Hymn CXII	94–95
Hymn CXIII	95
Hymn CXIV	96
Hymn CXV	97

### **IV. The Holy Eucharist as it Implies a Sacrifice.**

Hymn CXVI	98–99
Hymn CXVII	99
Hymn CXVIII	100
Hymn CXIX	101
Hymn CXX	101–2
Hymn CXXI	102–3
Hymn CXXII	103–4
Hymn CXXIII	104–5
Hymn CXXIV	105
Hymn CXXV	106
Hymn CXXVI	106–7
Hymn CXXVII	107–8

## V. Concerning the Sacrifice of Our Persons.

Hymn CXXVIII	109–10
Hymn CXXIX	110
Hymn CXXX	111
Hymn CXXXI	111–12
Hymn CXXXII	113
Hymn CXXXIII	113–14
Hymn CXXXIV	114–15
Hymn CXXXV	115
Hymn CXXXVI	116
Hymn CXXXVII	116–17
Hymn CXXXVIII	117
Hymn CXXXIX	117–18
Hymn CXL	118–19
Hymn CXLI	119–20
Hymn CXLII	120–21
Hymn CXLIII	121–22
Hymn CXLIV	122
Hymn CXLV	123
Hymn CXLVI	123–24
Hymn CXLVII	124–25
Hymn CXLVIII	125
Hymn CXLIX	125–26
Hymn CL	126
Hymn CLI	127
Hymn CLII	127–28
Hymn CLIII	128
Hymn CLIV	128–29
Hymn CLV	129–30
Hymn CLVI	130–31
Hymn CLVII	131

## [VI.] After the Sacrament.

Hymn CLVIII	132–33
Hymn CLIX	133
Hymn CLX. (George Herbert) <i>HSP</i> (1739), 126–28	133–34
Hymn CLXI. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 128	134–35
Hymn CLXII	135–36
Hymn CLXIII. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 128–29	136–37
Hymn CLXIV. <i>HSP</i> (1739), 190–92	137–38
Hymn CLXV	138
Hymn CLXVI	139–41

**HYMNS  
ON THE  
LORD'S SUPPER.**

**I. As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings  
and Death of Christ.**

**Hymn I.**

- 1 In that sad memorable night,  
    When Jesus was for us betray'd,  
He left his death-recording rite,  
    He took, and bless'd, and brake the bread,  
And gave his own their last bequest,  
And thus his love's intent exprest:
  
- 2 Take eat, this is my body given,  
    To purchase life and peace for you,  
Pardon and holiness and heaven;<sup>3</sup>  
    Do this, my dying love to shew,

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<sup>3</sup>“And heaven” changed to “in heaven” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757) only.

Accept your precious legacy,  
And thus, my friends, remember me.

- 3 He took into his hands the cup,  
    To crown the sacramental feast,  
And full of kind concern look'd up,  
    And gave what he to them had blest,  
And drink ye all of this, he said,  
In solemn memory of the dead.
- 4 This is my blood which seals the new  
    Eternal covenant of my grace,  
My blood so freely shed<sup>4</sup> for you,  
    For you and all the sinful race,  
My blood that speaks your sins forgiven,  
And justifies your claim to heaven.
- 5 The grace which I to all bequeath  
    In this divine memorial take,  
And mindful of your Saviour's death,  
    Do this, my followers, for my sake,  
Whose dying love hath left behind  
Eternal life for all mankind.

### Hymn II.

- 1 In this expressive bread I see  
The wheat by man cut down for me,  
    And beat, and bruis'd, and ground:  
The heavy plagues and pains and blows  
Which Jesus suffer'd from his foes,  
    Are in this emblem found.
- 2 The bread dried up and burnt with fire  
Presents the Father's vengeful ire  
    Which my Redeemer bore:  
Into his bones the fire he sent,  
Till all the flaming darts were spent,  
    And justice ask'd no more.

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<sup>4</sup>“Shed” changed to “spilt” in 9<sup>th</sup> edn. (1786).



- 3 Why hast thou, Lord, forsook thine own?  
Alas, what evil hath he done,  
The spotless Lamb of God?  
Cut off, not for himself, but me,  
He bears my sins on yonder tree,  
And pays my debt in blood.
- 4 Seiz'd by the rage of sinful man  
I see him bound, and bruis'd, and slain;  
'Tis done, the martyr dies!  
His life to ransom ours is given,  
And lo! The fiercest fire of heaven  
Consumes the sacrifice.
- 5 He suffers both from man and God,  
He bears the universal load  
Of guilt and misery;  
He suffers to reverse our doom;  
And lo! My Lord is here become  
The bread of life to me!

### Hymn III.

- 1 Then let us go, and take, and eat  
The heavenly everlasting meat  
For fainting souls prepar'd;  
Fed with the living bread divine  
Discern we in the sacred sign  
The body of the Lord.
- 2 The instruments that bruis'd him so  
Were broke and scatter'd long ago,  
The flames extinguish'd were,  
But Jesu's death is ever new,  
He whom in ages past they slew  
Doth still as slain appear.

- 3 Th' oblation sends as sweet a smell,  
Ev'n now it pleases God as well  
    As when it first was made,  
The blood doth now as freely flow,  
As when his side receiv'd the blow  
    That shew'd him newly dead.
- 4 Then let our faith adore the Lamb  
To day as yesterday the same,  
    In thy great offering join,  
Partake the sacrificial food,  
And eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,  
    And live for ever thine.

#### Hymn IV.

- 1 Let all who truly bear  
The bleeding Saviour's name,  
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,  
And eat the Pascal Lamb.  
Our Passover was slain  
At Salem's hallow'd place,  
Yet we who in our tents remain,  
Shall gain his largest grace.
- 2 This eucharistic feast  
Our every want supplies,  
And still we by his death are blest,  
And share his sacrifice.  
By faith his flesh we eat,  
Who here his Passion shew,  
And God out of his holy seat  
Shall all his gifts bestow.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ  
His sufferings to record,  
Ev'n now we mournfully enjoy  
Communion with our Lord,

As tho' we every one  
Beneath his cross had stood,  
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,  
And felt his gushing blood.

- 4 O God! 'Tis finish'd now!  
The mortal pang is past!  
By faith his head we see him bow,  
And hear him breathe his last!  
We too with him are dead,  
And shall with him arise,  
The cross on which he bows his head,  
Shall lift us to the skies.

### Hymn V.

- 1 O thou eternal victim slain  
A sacrifice for guilty man,  
By the eternal Spirit made  
An offering in the sinner's stead,  
Our everlasting priest art thou,  
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.
- 2 Thy offering still continues new,  
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue,  
Thou stand'st the ever slaughter'd Lamb,  
Thy priesthood still remains the same,  
Thy years, O God, can never fail,  
Thy goodness is unchangeable.
- 3 O that our faith may never move,  
But stand unshaken as thy love,  
Sure evidence of things unseen,  
Now let it pass the years between,  
And view thee bleeding on the tree,  
My God, who dies for me, for me!

**Hymn VI.**

- 1 Ah give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,  
My sins which have thy body torn,  
Give me with broken heart to see  
Thy last tremendous agony,  
To weep o'er an expiring God,  
And mix my sorrow with thy blood.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,  
And look upon that piteous sight!  
O that with Salem's daughters I  
Might stand and see my Saviour die,  
Smite on my breast and inly mourn,  
But never from thy cross return!

**Hymn VII.**

- 1 Come Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,  
Thine inward witness give,  
To all our waiting souls reveal  
The death by which we live.
- 2 Spectators of the pangs divine  
O that we now may be,  
Discerning in the sacred sign  
His Passion on the tree.
- 3 Give us to hear the dreadful sound  
Which told his mortal pain,  
Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,  
And rent the rocks in twain.
- 4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry  
In every heart so loud,  
That every heart may now reply  
This was the Son of God!

**Hymn VIII.**

- 1       Come to the Supper come,  
          Sinners there still is room;  
Every soul may be his guest,  
          Jesus gives the general word;  
Share the monumental feast,  
          Eat the Supper of your Lord.
  
- 2       In this authentic sign  
          Behold the stamp divine:  
Christ revives his sufferings here,  
          Still exposes them to view,  
See the crucified appear,  
          Now believe he died for you!

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

- 1       Come hither all, whose grov'ling taste  
          Inslaves your souls, and lays them waste,  
          Save your expence, and mend your chear:  
Here God himself's prepar'd and drest,  
          Himself vouchsafes to be your feast,  
          In whom alone all dainties are.  
  
          Come hither all, whom tempting wine  
          Bows to your father Belial's shrine,  
          Sin all your boast, and sense your God:  
Weep now for what ye've drank amiss,  
          And lose your taste of sensual bliss  
          By drinking here your Saviour's blood.
  
- 2       Come hither all, whom searching pain,  
          And conscience's loud cries arraign,

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<sup>5</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 174–75 (#152). This adaptation appeared first in *HSP* (1739): 125–26; divided there into six stanzas.

Producing all your sins to view:  
Taste; and dismiss your guilty fear,  
O taste, and see that God is here,  
To heal your souls, and sin subdue.

Come hither all, whom careless joy  
Doth with alluring force destroy  
While loose ye range beyond your bounds:  
True love is here, that passes quite,  
And all your transient mean delight  
Drowns, as a flood the lower grounds.

- 3 Come hither all, whose idol-love,  
While fond the pleasing pain ye prove,  
Raises your foolish raptures high,  
True love is here, whose dying breath  
Gave life to us; who tasted death,  
And dying once no more can die.

Lord, I have now invited all:  
And instant still the guests shall call,  
Still shall I all invite to thee:  
For O my God, it seems but right  
In mine, thy meanest servant's sight,  
That where all is there all should be.

### Hymn X.

- 1 Father, thy own in Christ receive,  
Who deeply for our follies grieve,  
And cast our sins away,  
Resolv'd to lead our lives anew,  
Thine only glory to pursue,  
And only thee obey.
- 2 Faith in thy pard'ning love we have,  
Willing thou art our souls to save,

For Jesu's sake alone:  
Jesus thy wrath hath pacified,  
Jesus, thy well-belov'd hath died  
For all mankind t' atone.

- 3 The death sustain'd for all mankind  
With humblest thanks we call to mind,  
With grateful joy approve;  
And every soul of man embrace,  
And love the dearly ransom'd race  
In the Redeemer's love.
- 4 Receive us then, thou pard'ning God,  
Partakers of his flesh and blood  
Grant that we now may be:  
The Sp'rit's attesting seal impart,  
And speak to every sinner's heart  
The Saviour died for thee!

#### Hymn XI.

- 1 O God, that hear'st the prayer,  
Attend thy people's cry,  
Who to thy house repair,  
And on thy death rely,  
Thy death which now we call to mind,  
And trust our legacies to find.
- 2 Thou meetest them that joy  
In these thy ways to go,  
And to thy praise employ  
Their happy lives below,  
And still within thy temple-gate  
For all thy promis'd mercies wait.
- 3 We wait t' obtain them now,  
We seek the crucified,  
And at thy altar bow;  
And long to feel applied

The blood for our redemption given,  
And eat the bread that came from heaven.

- 4        Come then our dying Lord,  
            To us thy goodness shew,  
            In honour of thy word  
            The inward grace bestow,  
And magnify the sacred sign,  
And prove the ordinance divine.

**Hymn XII.**

- 1        Jesu, suffering deity,  
            Can we help remembring thee,  
            Thee, whose blood for us did flow,  
            Thee, who di'dst to save thy foe!
- 2        Thee Redeemer of mankind,  
            Gladly now we call to mind,  
            Thankfully thy grace approve,  
            Take the tokens of thy love.
- 3        This for thy dear sake we do,  
            Here thy bloody Passion shew,  
            Till thou dost to judgment come,  
            Till thy arms receive us home.
- 4        Then we walk in means no more,  
            There their sacred use is o'er,  
            There we see thee face to face,  
            Sav'd eternally by grace.

**Hymn XIII.**

- 1        Come all who truly bear  
            The name of Christ your Lord,  
His last mysterious Supper share,  
            And keep his kindest word:



Hereby your faith approve  
In Jesus crucified,  
In mem'ry of my dying love  
Do this, he said; and died.

2       The badge and token this,  
          The sure confirming seal  
That he is ours, and we are his,  
          The servants of his will,  
          His dear peculiar ones,  
          The purchase of his blood;  
His blood which once for all atones,  
          And brings us *now* to God.

3       Then let us still profess  
          Our Master's honour'd name,  
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,  
          True followers of the Lamb:  
          In proof that such we are  
          His saying we receive,  
And thus to all mankind declare  
          We *do* in Christ believe.

4       Part of his church below  
          We thus our right maintain,  
Our living membership we shew,  
          And in the fold remain;  
          The sheep of Israel's fold,  
          In England's pastures fed,  
And fellowship with all we hold  
          Who hold it with our head.

#### **Hymn XIV.**

1       Father, hear the blood of Jesus,  
          Speaking in thine ears above!  
From thy wrath and curse release us,  
          Manifest thy pard'ning love;

O receive us to thy favour,  
For his only sake receive,  
Give us to our bleeding Saviour,  
Let us by thy dying live.

- 2 “To thy pard’ning grace receive them”  
Once he pray’d upon the tree,  
Still his blood cries out “Forgive them,  
All their sins were purg’d by me.”  
Still our advocate in heaven  
Prays the prayer on earth begun,  
“Father, shew their sins forgiven,  
Father, glorify thy Son!”

### Hymn XV.

- 1 Dying friend of sinners, hear us  
Humbly at thy cross who lie,  
In thine ordinance be near us,  
Now th’ ungodly justify:  
Let thy bowels of compassion  
To thy ransom’d creatures move,  
Shew us all thy great salvation,  
God of truth, and God of love.
- 2 By thy meritorious dying  
Save us from this death of sin,  
By thy pretious blood’s applying  
Make our inmost nature clean;  
Give us worthily t’ adore thee,  
Thou our full Redeemer be,  
Give us pardon, grace, and glory,  
Peace, and power, and heaven in thee.

**Hymn XVI.**

- 1    Come, thou everlasting Spirit,  
      Bring to every thankful mind  
All the Saviour's dying merit  
      All his suffering<sup>6</sup> for mankind:  
True recorder of his Passion,  
      Now the living faith impart,  
Now reveal his great salvation,  
      Preach his gospel to our heart.
  
- 2    Come, thou witness of his dying,  
      Come, remembrancer divine,  
Let us feel thy power applying  
      Christ to every soul and mine;  
Let us groan thine inward groaning,  
      Look on him we pierc'd, and grieve,  
All receive the grace atoning,  
      All the sprinkled blood receive.

**Hymn XVII.**

- 1    Who is this, that comes from far  
      Clad in garments dipt in blood!  
Strong triumphant traveller,  
      Is he man, or is he God?
  
- 2    I that speak in righteousness,  
      Son of God and man I am,  
Mighty to redeem your race;  
      Jesus is your Saviour's name.
  
- 3    Wherefore are thy garments red,  
      Died as in a crimson sea?  
They that in the wine-vat<sup>7</sup> tread  
      Are not stain'd so much as thee.

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<sup>6</sup>“Suffering” changed to “sufferings” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1747) and following.

<sup>7</sup>Ori., “wine-fat” (in all edns.).

- 4 I the Father's fav'rite Son,  
Have the dreadful wine-press trod,  
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,  
All the fiercest wrath of God.

**Hymn XVIII.**

- 1 Lift your eyes of faith, and look,  
On the signs he did ordain!  
Thus the bread of life was broke,  
Thus the Lamb of God was slain,  
Thus was shed on Calvary  
His last drop of blood for me!
- 2 See the slaughter'd sacrifice,  
See the altar stain'd with blood!  
Crucified before our eyes  
Faith discerns the dying God,  
Dying that our souls might live,  
Gasping at his death, forgive!

**Hymn XIX.**

Forgive, the Saviour cries,  
They know not what they do,  
Forgive, my heart replies,  
And all my soul renew;  
I claim the kingdom in thy right,  
Who now thy suffering<sup>8</sup> share,  
And mount with thee to Sion's height,  
And see thy glory there.

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<sup>8</sup>“Suffering” changed to “sufferings” in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757) and following.

**Hymn XX.**

- 1 Lamb of God, whose bleeding love  
We thus recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find;  
Think on us, who think on thee  
And every struggling soul release:  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,  
And bloody sweat, we pray,  
By thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away;  
Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
From all iniquity release:  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied  
The sinner's pardon seal,  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal:  
By thy Passion on the tree  
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.
- 4 Never will we hence depart,  
Till thou our wants relieve,  
Write forgiveness on<sup>9</sup> our heart,  
And all thine image give:  
Still our souls shall cry to thee  
Till perfected in holiness:  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

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<sup>9</sup>“On” changed to “in” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1747) only.

**Hymn XXI.**

- 1 God of unexampled grace,  
    Redeemer of mankind,  
Matter of eternal praise  
    We in thy Passion find:  
Still our choicest strains we bring,  
    Still the joyful theme pursue,  
Thee the friend of sinners sing  
    Whose love is ever new.
  
- 2 Endless scenes of wonder rise  
    With that mysterious tree,  
Crucified before our eyes  
    Where we our Maker see:  
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done!  
    Publish we the death divine,  
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own  
    Was never love like thine!
  
- 3 Never love nor sorrow was  
    Like that my Jesus show'd;  
See him stretch'd on yonder cross  
    And crush'd beneath our load!  
Now discern the deity,  
    Now his heavenly birth declare!  
Faith cries out 'Tis he, 'tis he,  
    My God that suffers there!
  
- 4 Jesus drinks the bitter cup;  
    The wine-press treads alone,  
Tears the graves and mountains up  
    By his expiring groan:  
Lo! The powers of heaven he shakes;  
    Nature in convulsions lies,  
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,  
    The great Jehovah dies!

- 5 Dies the glorious cause of all,  
The true eternal Pan,  
Falls to raise us from our fall,  
To ransom sinful man:  
Well may Sol withdraw his light,  
With the sufferer sympathize,  
Leave the world in sudden night,  
While his Creator dies.
- 6 Well may heaven be cloath'd with black  
And solemn sackcloth wear,  
Jesu's agony partake  
The hour of darkness share:  
Mourn th' astonish'd<sup>10</sup> hosts above,  
Silence saddens all the skies,  
Kindler of seraphick love  
The God of angels dies.
- 7 O my God, he dies for me,  
I feel the mortal smart!  
See him hanging on the tree—  
A sight that breaks my heart!  
O that all to thee might turn!  
Sinners, ye may love him too,  
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn  
For one who bled for you.
- 8 Weep o'er your desire and hope  
With tears of humblest love;  
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,  
And reigns enthron'd above!  
Lives our head, to die no more:  
Power is all to Jesus given,  
Worship'd as he was before  
Th' immortal King of heaven.
- 9 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace,  
And truth which never fail,  
Hastning to behold thy face  
Without a dimming veil:

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<sup>10</sup>Ori., "astonied"; corrected in 6<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

We shall see our heavenly King,  
All thy glorious love proclaim,  
Help the angel-quires to sing  
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

**Hymn XXII.**

- 1 Prince of life, for sinners slain,  
Grant us fellowship with thee,  
Fain we would partake thy pain,  
Share thy mortal agony,  
Give us now the dreadful power,  
Now bring back thy dying hour.
- 2 Place us near th' accursed wood  
Where thou didst thy life resign,  
Near as once thy mother stood;  
Partners of the pangs divine,  
Bid us feel her sacred smart,  
Feel the sword that pierc'd her heart.
- 3 Surely now the prayer he hears:  
Faith presents the crucified!  
Lo! The wounded Lamb appears  
Pierc'd his feet, his hands his side,  
Hangs our hope on yonder tree,  
Hangs, and bleeds to death for me!

**Hymn XXIII.**

- 1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent,  
Break by Jesu's cross subdued,  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Cover'd with a gore of blood!  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
Murther'd God's eternal Son!



- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Drove the nails that fix him here,  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierc'd him with the soldier's spear,  
Made his soul a sacrifice;  
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Shall we let him die in vain?  
Still to death pursue our God?  
Open tear his wounds again,  
Trample on his precious blood?  
No; with all our sins we part,  
Saviour, take my broken heart!

**Hymn XXIV.**

- 1 Expiring in the sinner's place,  
Crush'd with the universal load  
He hangs!—Adown his mournful face,  
See trickling fast the tears and blood!  
The blood that purges all our stains  
It starts in rivers from his veins.
- 2 A fountain gushes from his side,  
Open'd that all may enter in,  
That all may feel the death applied,  
The death of God, the death of sin,  
The death by which our foes are kill'd,  
The death by which our souls are heal'd.

**Hymn XXV.**

- 1 In an accepted time of love  
To thee, O Jesus, we draw near,  
Wilt thou not now the veil remove,  
And meet thy mournful followers here,

Who humbly at thy altar lie,  
And wait to find thee passing by?

2 Thou bidst us call thy death to mind,  
    But thou must give the solemn power,  
Come then thou Saviour of mankind,  
    And bring that last tremendous hour,  
And stand in all thy wounds confest,  
And wrap us in thy bloody vest.

3 With reverential faith we claim  
    Our share in thy great sacrifice:  
Come, O thou all-atoning Lamb,  
    Revive us by thy dying cries,  
Apply to all thy healing blood,  
And sprinkle *me, my Lord, my God!*

### Hymn XXVI.

1 'Tis done! Th' atoning work is done:  
    Jesus the world's Redeemer dies!  
All nature feels th' important groan  
    Loud-ecchoing thro' the earth and skies,  
The earth doth to her center quake,  
And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black!

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,  
    While Jesus meekly bows his head,  
The rocks resent his mortal pain,  
    The yawning graves give up their dead,  
The bodies of the saints arise,  
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

3 And shall not we his death partake,  
    In sympathetic anguish groan?  
O Saviour, let thy Passion shake  
    Our earth, and rend<sup>11</sup> our hearts of stone,  
To second life our souls restore,  
And wake us that we sleep no more.

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., "rent" (in all edns.).

**Hymn XXVII.**

- 1     Rock of Israel, cleft for me,  
          For us, for all mankind,  
See, thy feeblest followers see  
          Who call thy death to mind:  
Sion is the weary land;  
          Us beneath thy shade receive,  
Grant us in the cleft to stand,  
          And by thy dying<sup>12</sup> live.
  
- 2     In this howling wilderness  
          On Calvary's steep top,  
Made a curse our souls to bless  
          Thou once was lifted up;  
Stricken there by Moses' rod,  
          Wounded with a deadly blow;  
Gushing streams of life o'erflow'd  
          The thirsty world below.
  
- 3     Rivers of salvation still  
          Along the desert roll,  
Rivers to refresh and heal  
          The fainting sin-sick<sup>13</sup> soul;  
Still the fountain of thy blood  
          Stands for sinners open'd wide,  
Now, e'en now, my Lord, and God,  
          I wash me in thy side.
  
- 4     Now, e'en now we all plunge in  
          And drink the purple wave,  
This the antidote of sin,  
          'Tis this our souls shall save:  
With the life of Jesus fed,  
          Lo! From strength to strength we rise,  
Follow'd by our Rock, and led  
          To meet him in the skies.

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<sup>12</sup>“Thy dying” changed to “thy death to” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751), 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757), and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762).

<sup>13</sup>“Sin-sick” changed to “sinking” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1747); and in 6<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

**II. As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.**

**Hymn XXVIII.**

- 1 Author of our salvation thee  
With lowly thankful hearts we praise  
Author of this great mystery,  
Figure and means of saving grace.
- 2 The sacred true effectual sign  
Thy body and thy blood it shews,  
The glorious instrument divine  
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.
- 3 We see the blood that seals our peace,  
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive:  
The bread doth visibly express  
The strength thro' which our spirits live.
- 4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,  
And eat the bread so freely given,  
Till borne on eagles' wings we fly,  
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

**Hymn XXIX.**

- 1 O thou who this mysterious bread  
Didst in Emmaus break,  
Return herewith our souls to feed  
And to thy followers speak.

- 2 Unseal the volume of thy grace,  
Apply the gospel-word,  
Open our eyes to see thy face,  
Our hearts to know the Lord.
- 3 Of thee we commune still, and mourn  
Till thou the veil remove,  
Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn  
With flames of fervent love.
- 4 Inkindle now the heavenly zeal,  
And make thy mercy known,  
And give our pardon'd souls to feel  
That God and love are one.

**Hymn XXX.**<sup>14</sup>

- 1 Jesu, at whose supreme command  
We thus approach to God,  
Before us in thy vesture stand,  
Thy vesture dipt in blood.
- 2 Obedient to thy gracious word  
We break the hallow'd bread,  
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,  
And trust on thee to feed.
- 3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,  
And make thy nature known,  
Affix the sacramental seal,  
And stamp us for thine own.
- 4 The tokens of thy dying love,  
O let us all receive,  
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,  
And *sensibly* believe.

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<sup>14</sup>Appeared first in *HSP* (1742): 28–29.

- 5 The cup of blessing blest by thee,  
Let it thy blood impart;  
The bread thy mystic body be,  
And cheer each languid heart.
- 6 The grace which sure salvation brings  
Let us herewith receive;  
Sate the hungry with good things,  
The hidden manna give.
- 7 The living bread sent down from heaven  
In us vouchsafe to be;  
Thy flesh for all the world is given,  
And all may live by thee.
- 8 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,  
And let us drink thy blood,  
Till all our souls are fill'd below  
With all the life of God.

**Hymn XXXI.**

- 1 O Rock of our salvation, see  
The souls that seek their rest in thee,  
Beneath thy cooling shadow hide,  
And keep us, Saviour, in thy side,  
By water and by blood redeem,  
And wash us in the mingled stream.
- 2 The sin-atonement blood apply,  
And let the water sanctify,  
Pardon and holiness impart,  
Sprinkle and purify our heart,  
Wash out the last remains of sin,  
And make our inmost nature clean.
- 3 The double stream in pardons rolls,  
And brings thy love into our souls,

Who dare the truth divine receive,  
And credence to thy witness give,  
We here thy utmost power shall prove  
Thy utmost power of perfect love.

**Hymn XXXII.**

- 1 Jesu, to thee for help we call,  
Plung'd in the depth of Adam's fall,  
    Plagu'd with a carnal heart and mind,  
No distance or of time or place  
Secures us from the foul disgrace  
    By him entail'd on all mankind.
  
- 2<sup>15</sup> Six thousand years are now past by,  
Yet still like him we sin and dye,  
    As born within his house we were,  
As each were that accursed Cain,  
We feel the all-polluting stain,  
    And groan our inbred sin to bear.
  
- 3 Thou God of sanctifying love,  
Adam descended from above,  
    The virtue of thy blood impart,  
O let it reach to all below,  
As far extend as freely flow  
    To cleanse, as his t' infect our heart.
  
- 4 Ruin in him compleat we have,  
And canst not thou as greatly save,  
    And fully here our loss repair?  
Thou canst, thou wilt, we dare believe,  
We here thy nature shall retrieve,  
    And all thy heavenly image bear.

**Hymn XXXIII.**

- 1 Jesu, dear, redeeming Lord,  
Magnify thy dying word,

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<sup>15</sup>In 1745 original only the first and third stanzas are numbered, but in all later editions all four stanzas are numbered.

In thine ordinance appear,  
Come, and meet thy followers here.

- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd<sup>16</sup>  
Let us now our Saviour find,  
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,  
Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,  
Thou thy pardoning grace declare,  
Thou that hast for sinners died,  
Shew thyself the crucified!
- 4 All the power of sin remove,  
Fill us with thy perfect love,  
Stamp us with the stamp divine,  
Seal our souls for ever thine.

**Hymn XXXIV.**

- 1 Lord of life, thy followers see  
Hungry, thirsting after thee,  
At thy sacred table feed,  
Nourish us with living bread.
- 2 Cheer us with immortal wine,  
Heavenly sustenance divine,  
Grant us now a fresh supply,  
Now relieve us, or we die.

**Hymn XXXV.**

- 1 O thou Pascal Lamb of God,  
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,  
Life and strength thy death supplies,  
Feast us on thy sacrifice.

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<sup>16</sup>Ori., “enjoyn’ d”; spelling changed in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751) and following.



2     Quicken our dead souls again,  
      Then our living souls sustain,  
      Then in us thy life keep up,  
      Then confirm our faith and hope.

3     Still, O Lord, our strength repair,  
      Till renew'd in love we are,  
      Till thy utmost grace we prove,  
      All thy life of perfect love.

**Hymn XXXVI.**

1     Amazing mystery of love!  
      While posting to eternal pain,  
      God saw his rebels from above,  
      And stoop'd into a mortal man.

2     His mercy cast a pitying look;  
      By love, meer causeless love inclin'd,  
      Our guilt and punishment he took,  
      And died a victim for mankind.

3     His blood procur'd our life and peace,  
      And quench'd the wrath of hostile heaven;  
      Justice gave way to our release,  
      And God hath all *my* sins forgiven.

4     Jesu, our pardon we receive,  
      The purchase of that blood of thine,  
      And now begin by grace to live,  
      And breathe the breath of love divine.

**Hymn XXXVII.**

[1]    But soon the tender life will die,  
      Though bought by thy atoning blood,  
      Unless thou grant a fresh supply,  
      And wash us in the wat'ry flood.

- 2 The blood remov'd our guilt in vain  
If sin in us must always stay;  
But thou shalt purge our inbred stain,  
And wash its relicks all away.
- 3 The stream that from thy wounded side  
In blended blood and water flow'd,  
Shall cleanse whom first it justified,  
And fill us with the life of God.
- 4 Proceeds from thee the double grace;  
Two effluxes with life divine  
To quicken all the faithful race,  
In one eternal current join.
- 5 Saviour, thou didst not come from heaven,  
By water or by blood alone,  
Thou died'st that we might live forgiven,  
And all be sanctified in one.

**Hymn XXXVIII.**

- 1 Worthy the Lamb of endless praise,  
Whose double life we here shall prove,  
The pard'ning and the hallowing grace,  
The childish and the perfect love.
- 2 We here shall gain our calling's prize,  
The gift unspeakable receive,  
And higher still in death arise,  
And all the life of glory live.
- 3 To make our right and title sure,  
Our dying Lord himself hath given,  
His sacrifice did all procure,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

- 4 Our life of grace we here shall feel  
Shed in our loving hearts abroad,  
'Till Christ our glorious life reveal,  
Long hidden with himself in God.
- 5 Come dear Redeemer of mankind,  
We long thy open face to see,  
Appear, and all who seek shall find  
Their bliss consummated in thee.
- 6 Thy presence shall the cloud dispart,  
Thy presence shall the life display,  
Then, then our all in all thou art,  
Our fullness of eternal day.

**Hymn XXXIX.**

- 1 Sinner with awe draw near,  
And find thy Saviour here,  
In his ordinances still,  
Touch his sacramental cloaths,  
Present in his power to heal,  
Virtue from his body flows.
- 2 His body is the seat  
Where all our blessings meet,  
Full of unexhausted worth,  
Still it makes the sinner whole,  
Pours divine effusions forth,  
Life to every dying soul.
- 3 Pardon, and power, and peace,  
And perfect righteousness  
From that sacred fountain springs;  
Wash'd in his all-cleansing blood  
Rise, ye worms, to priests and kings,  
Rise in Christ, and reign with God.

**Hymn XL.**

- 1        Author of life divine,  
              Who hast a table spread,  
              Furnish'd with mystick wine  
              And everlasting bread,  
Preserve the life thyself hast given,  
And feed, and train us up for heaven.
- 2        Our needy souls sustain  
              With fresh supplies of love,  
              Till all thy life we gain,  
              And all thy fulness prove,  
And strength'ned by thy perfect grace,  
Behold without a veil thy face.

**Hymn XLI.**

- 1        Truth of the pascal sacrifice,  
Jesu, regard thy people's cries,  
              Nor let us in our sins remain;  
Surely thou hear'st the prisoners groan,  
Come down, to our relief come down,  
              And break the dire accuser's chain.
- 2        Humble the proud oppressive king,  
Deliverance to thine Israel bring,  
              And while th' unsprinkled victims die,  
Thy death for us present to God,  
Write our protection in thy blood,  
              And bid the hellish fiend pass by.

**Hymn XLII.**

- 1    Glory to him who freely spent  
      His blood that we might live,  
      And through this choicest instrument  
      Doth all his blessings give.
- 2    Fasting he doth and hearing bless,  
      And prayer can much avail,  
      Good vessels all to draw the grace  
      Out of salvation's well.
- 3    But none like this mysterious rite  
      Which dying mercy gave  
      Can draw forth all his promis'd might  
      And all his will to save.
- 4    This is the richest legacy  
      Thou hast on man bestow'd,  
      Here chiefly, Lord, we feed on thee,  
      And drink thy precious blood.
- 5    Here all thy blessings we receive,  
      Here all thy gifts are given;  
      To those that would in thee believe,  
      Pardon, and grace, and heaven.
- 6    Thus may we still in thee be blest  
      'Till all from earth remove,  
      And share with thee the marriage-feast,  
      And drink the wine above.

**Hymn XLIII.**

- 1           Saviour, and can it be  
              That thou should dwell with me!  
From thy high and lofty throne,  
              Throne of everlasting bliss,  
Will thy majesty stoop down  
              To so mean an house as this?
- 2           I am not worthy, Lord,  
              So foul, so self-abhor'd,  
Thee, my God, to entertain  
              In this poor polluted heart;  
I am a frail a sinful man,<sup>17</sup>  
              All my nature cries, depart!
- 3           Yet come thou heavenly guest,  
              And purify my breast,  
Come thou great and glorious King,  
              While before thy cross I bow,  
With thyself salvation bring,  
              Cleanse the house by entering now.

**Hymn XLIV.**

- 1           Our Passover for us is slain,  
The tokens of his death remain,  
              On these authentic signs imprest:  
By Jesus out of Egypt led  
Still on the Pascal Lamb we feed,  
              And keep the sacramental feast.
- 2           That arm which smote the parting sea  
Is still stretch'd out for us, for me,

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<sup>17</sup>Reads "I am a frail sinful man" in all editions until the 8<sup>th</sup> (1786), which corrects to proper metre.

The Angel-God is still our guide,  
And lest<sup>18</sup> we in the desert faint,  
We find our spirit's every want  
By constant miracle supplied.

3 Thy flesh for our support is given,  
Thou art the bread sent down from heaven,  
That all mankind by thee might live;  
O that we evermore may prove  
The manna of thy quick'ning love,  
And all thy life of grace receive!

4 Nourish us to that awful day  
When types and veils shall pass away,  
And perfect grace in glory end;  
Us for the marriage-feast prepare,  
Unfurl thy banner in the air,  
And bid thy saints to heaven ascend.

#### Hymn XLV.

[1] Tremendous love to lost mankind!  
Could none but Christ the ransom find,  
Could none but Christ the pardon buy?  
How great the sin of Adam's race!  
How greater still the Saviour's grace,  
When God doth for his creature dye!

Not heaven so rich a grace can shew  
As this he did on worms bestow,  
Those darlings of th' incarnate God;  
Less favour'd were the angel-powers;  
Their crowns are cheaper far than ours,  
Nor ever cost the Lamb his blood.

2 Our souls eternally to save  
More than ten thousand worlds he gave;

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., "least"; changed in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1747) and following.

That we might know our sins forgiven,  
That we might in thy glory shine,  
The purchase-price was blood divine,  
And bought the Aceldama<sup>19</sup> of heaven.

Jesu, we bless thy saving name,  
And trusting in thy merits claim  
Our rich inheritance above;  
Thou shalt thy ransom'd servants own,  
And raise and seat us on thy throne  
Dear objects of thy dying love.

### Hymn XLVI.

- 1 How richly is the table stor'd  
Of Jesus our redeeming Lord!  
Melchisedec and Aaron join  
To furnish out the feast divine.
- 2 Aaron for us the blood hath shed,  
Melchisedec bestows the bread,  
To nourish this, and that t' atone;  
And both the priests in Christ are one.
- 3 Jesus appears to sacrifice,  
The flesh and blood himself supplies;  
Enter'd the veil his death he pleads,  
And blesses all our souls, and feeds.
- 4 'Tis here he meets the faithful line,  
Sustains us with his bread and wine;  
We feel the double grace is given,  
And gladly urge our way to heaven.

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<sup>19</sup>Ori., "Acaldema" (in all edns.).



**Hymn XLVII.**

- 1 Jesu, thy weakest servants bless,  
Give what these hallow'd signs express,  
And what thou giv'st secure;  
Pardon into my soul convey,  
Strength in thy pard'ning love to stay,  
And to the end endure.
- 2 Raise, and enable me to stand,  
Save out of the destroyer's hand  
This helpless soul of mine,  
Vouchsafe me then thy strength'ning grace,  
And with the arms of love embrace,  
And keep me ever thine.

**Hymn XLVIII.**

- [1] Saviour of my soul from sin,  
Thou my kind preserver be,  
Stablish what thou dost begin,  
Carry on thy work in me,  
All thy faithful mercies shew,  
Hold, and never let me go.
- 2 Never let me lose my peace,  
Forfeit what thy goodness gave,  
Give it still, and still increase,  
Save me, and persist to save,  
Seal the grant conferr'd before,  
Give thy blessing evermore.

**Hymn XLIX.**

- 1 Son of God, thy blessing grant,  
Still supply my every want,  
Tree of life thine influence shed,  
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch alas am I,  
Wither without thee and die,  
Weak as helpless infancy,  
O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall,  
Send the strength for which I call,  
Weaker than a bruised reed  
Help I every moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,  
Love me, save me to the end,  
Give me the continuing grace,  
Take the everlasting praise.

**Hymn L.**

- 1 Father of everlasting love,  
Whose bowels of compassion move,  
    To all thy gracious hands have made,  
See, in the howling desart see  
A soul from Egypt brought by thee,  
    And help me with thy constant aid.
- 2 Ah, do not, Lord, thine own forsake,  
Nor let my feeble soul look back,  
    Or basely turn to sin again,  
No never let me faint or tire,  
But travel on in strong desire,  
    'Till I my heavenly Canaan gain.

**Hymn LI.**

- 1       Thou very Pascal Lamb,  
          Whose blood for us was shed,  
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;  
          Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2       Angel of gospel-grace,  
          Fulfil thy character,  
To guard and feed the chosen race,  
          In Israel's camp appear.
- 3       Throughout the desart-way  
          Conduct us by thy light,  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
          A chearing fire by night.
- 4       Our fainting souls sustain  
          With blessings from above,  
And ever on thy people rain  
          The manna of thy love.

**Hymn LII.**

- 1       O thou who hanging on the cross,  
          Didst buy our pardon with thy blood,  
Canst thou not still maintain our cause,  
          And fill us with the life of God,  
Bless with the blessings of thy throne,  
And perfect all our souls in one?
- 2       Lo, on thy bloody sacrifice  
          For all our graces we depend!  
Supported by thy cross arise,  
          To finish'd holiness ascend,  
And gain on earth the mountain's height,  
And then salute our friends in light.

**Hymn LIII.**

- 1 O God of truth and love,  
Let us thy mercy prove  
Bless thine ordinance divine,  
Let it now effectual be,  
Answer all its great design,  
All its gracious ends in me.
- 2 O might the sacred word  
Set forth our dying Lord,  
Point us to thy sufferings past,  
Present grace and strength impart,  
Give our ravish'd souls a taste,  
Pledge of glory in our heart.
- 3 Come in thy Spirit down,  
Thine institution crown,  
Lamb of God as slain appear,  
Life of all believers thou,  
Let us now perceive thee near,  
Come thou hope of glory now.

**Hymn LIV.**

- 1 Why did my dying Lord ordain  
This dear memorial of his love?  
Might we not all by faith obtain,  
By faith the mountain-sin remove,  
Enjoy the sense of sins forgiven,  
And holiness the taste of heaven?
- 2 It seem'd to my Redeemer good  
That faith should *here* his coming wait,  
Should here receive immortal food,  
Grow up in him divinely great,

And fill'd with holy violence seize  
The glorious crown of righteousness.

- 3 Saviour, thou didst the mystery give  
That I thy nature might partake,  
Thou bidst me outward signs receive,  
One with thyself my soul to make,  
My body, soul and spi'rit to join  
Inseparably one with thine.
- 4 The prayer, the fast, the word conveys,  
When mixt with faith, thy life to me,  
In all the channels of thy grace,  
I still have fellowship with thee,  
But chiefly here my soul is fed  
With fullness of immortal bread.
- 5 Communion closer far I feel,  
And deeper drink th' atoning blood,  
The joy is more unspeakable,  
And yields me larger draughts of God,  
'Till nature faints beneath the power,  
And faith fill'd up can hold no more.

#### **Hymn LV.**

- 1 'Tis not a dead external sign  
Which here my hopes require,  
The living power of love divine  
In Jesus I desire.
- 2 I want the dear Redeemer's grace,  
I seek the crucified,  
The man that suffer'd in my place,  
The God that groan'd, and dyed.

- 3 Swift, as their rising Lord to find  
The two disciples ran,  
I seek the Saviour of mankind,  
Nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 Come all who long his<sup>20</sup> face to see  
That did our burthen bear,  
Hasten to Calvary with me,  
And we shall find him there.

**Hymn LVI.**

- 1 How dreadful is the mystery,  
Which instituted, Lord, by thee  
Or life or death conveys!  
Death to the impious and profane;  
Nor shall our faith in thee be vain,  
Who here expect thy grace.
- 2 Who eats unworthily this bread  
Pulls down thy curses on his head,  
And eats his deadly bane;  
And shall not we who rightly eat  
Live by the salutary meat,  
And equal blessings gain?
- 3 Destruction if thy body shed,  
And strike the soul of sinners dead  
Who dare the signs abuse;  
Surely the instrument divine  
To all that are, or would be thine  
Shall saving health diffuse.
- 4 Savour of life and joy and bliss,  
Pardon, and power, and perfect peace  
We shall herewith receive,  
The grace imply'd through faith is given,  
And we that eat the bread of heaven  
The life of heaven shall live.

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<sup>20</sup>Ori., "this"; changed in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751) and following.

**Hymn LVII.**

- 1 O the depth of love divine,  
Th' unfathomable grace!  
Who shall say how bread and wine  
God into man conveys?  
*How* the bread his flesh imparts,  
*How* the wine transmits his blood,  
Fills his faithful people's hearts  
With all the life of God!
  
- 2 Let the wisest mortal shew  
How we the grace receive:  
Feeble elements bestow  
A power not theirs to give:  
Who explains the wondrous way?  
How thro' these the virtue came?  
These the virtue did convey,  
Yet still remain the same.
  
- 3 How can heavenly spirits rise  
By earthly matter fed,  
Drink herewith divine supplies  
And eat immortal bread?  
Ask the Father's wisdom *how*;  
Him that did the means ordain  
Angels round our altars bow  
To search it out, in vain.
  
- 4 Sure and real is the grace,  
The manner be unknown;  
Only meet us in thy ways  
And perfect us in one,  
Let us taste the heavenly powers,  
Lord, we ask for nothing more;  
Thine to bless, 'tis only ours  
To wonder, and adore.

**Hymn LVIII.**

- 1 How long, thou faithful God shall I  
Here in thy ways forgotten lye,  
When shall the means of healing be  
The channels of thy grace to me!
- 2 Sinners on every side step in,  
And wash away their pain and sin,  
But I an helpless sin-sick soul  
Still lye expiring at the pool.
- 3 In vain I take the broken bread,  
I cannot on thy mercy feed,  
In vain I drink the hallow'd wine,  
I cannot taste the love divine.
- 4 Angel and Son of God come down,  
Thy sacramental banquet crown,  
Thy power into the means infuse,  
And give them now their sacred use.
- 5 Thou seest me lying at the pool,  
I would, thou know'st, I would be whole;  
O let the troubled waters move,  
And minister thy healing love.
- 6 Break to me now the hallow'd bread,  
And bid me on thy body feed,  
Give me the wine, Almighty God,  
And let me drink thy precious blood.
- 7 Surely if thou the symbols bless,  
The cov'nant blood shall seal my peace,  
Thy flesh e'en now shall be my food,  
And all my soul be fill'd with God.



**Hymn LIX.**

- 1 God incomprehensible  
    Shall man presume to know,  
Fully search him out, or tell  
    His wondrous ways below?  
Him in all his ways we find;  
    *How* the means transmit the power  
Here he leaves our thought behind,  
    And faith inquires no more.
  
- 2 How he did these creatures raise  
    And make this bread and wine  
Organs to convey his grace  
    To this poor soul of mine,  
I cannot the way descry,  
    Need not know the mystery,  
Only this I know, that I  
    Was blind, but now I see.
  
- 3 Now mine eyes are open'd wide  
    To see his pard'ning love,  
Here I view the God that died  
    My ruin to remove;  
Clay upon mine eyes he laid  
    (I at once my sight receiv'd)  
Bless'd and bid me eat the bread,  
    And lo! My soul believ'd.

**Hymn LX.**

- 1 Come to the feast, for Christ invites,  
    And promises to feed,  
'Tis here his closest love unites  
    The members to their head.

- 2 'Tis here he nourishes his own  
With living bread from heaven,  
Or makes himself to mourners known,  
And shews their sins forgiven.
- 3 Still in his instituted ways  
He bids us ask the power,  
The pard'ning or the hallowing grace,  
And wait th' appointed hour.
- 4 'Tis not for us to set our God  
A time his grace to give,  
The benefit whene'er bestow'd  
We gladly should receive.
- 5 Who seek redemption thro' his love  
His love shall them redeem;  
He came self-emptied from above  
That we might live thro' him.
- 6 Expect we then the quick'ning word  
Who at his altar bow:  
But if it be thy pleasure, Lord,  
O let us find thee now.

**Hymn LXI.**

- 1 Thou God of boundless power and grace,  
How wonderful are all thy ways,  
How far above our loftiest thought!  
In presence of the meanest things,  
(While all from thee the virtue springs,)  
Thy most stupendous works are wrought.

Struck by a stroke of Moses' rod  
The parting sea confess'd its God,

And high in crystal bulwarks rose;  
At Moses' beck it burst the chain,  
Return'd to all its strength again,  
And swept to hell thy church's foes.

- 2 Let but thy ark the walls surround,  
Let but the ram's-horn trumpets sound,  
The city boasts its height no more,  
Its bulwarks are at once o'erthrown,  
Its massy walls by air blown down,  
They fall before almighty power.

Jordan at thy command shall heal  
The sore disease incurable,  
And wash out all the leper's stains;  
Or oyl the med'cine shall supply,  
Or cloaths, or shadows passing by,  
If so thy sovereign will ordains.

- 3 Yet not from these the power proceeds,  
Trumpets, or rods, or cloaths, or shades,  
Thy only arm the work hath done,  
If instruments thy wisdom chuse,  
Thy grace confers their saving use;  
Salvation is from God alone.

Thou in this sacramental bread  
Dost now our hungry spirits feed,  
And chear us with the hallow'd wine,  
(Communion of thy flesh and blood)  
We banquet on immortal food,  
And drink the streams of life divine.

### Hymn LXII.

- 1 The heavenly ordinances thine,  
And speak their origine divine,  
The stars diffuse their golden blaze,  
And glitter to their Maker's praise.

- 2     They each in different glory bright  
       With stronger or with feebler light  
       Their influence on mortals shed,  
       And cheer us by their friendly aid.
- 3     The gospel-ordinances here  
       As stars in Jesu's church appear,  
       His power they more or less declare,  
       But all his heavenly impress bear.
- 4     Around our lower orb they burn,  
       And cheer and bless us in their turn,  
       Transmit the light by Jesus given,  
       The faithful witnesses of heaven.
- 5     They steer the pilgrim's course aright,  
       And bounteous of their borrow'd light  
       Conduct throughout the desert way,  
       And lead us to eternal day.
- 6     But first of the celestial train  
       Benignest to the sons of men,  
       The *sacramental glory* shines,  
       And answers all our God's designs.
- 7     The heavenly host it passes far,  
       Illustrious as the morning star,  
       The light of life divine imparts,  
       While Jesus rises in our hearts.
- 8     With joy we feel its sacred power,  
       But neither stars nor<sup>21</sup> means adore,  
       We take the blessing from above,  
       And praise the God of truth and love.
- 9     What he did for our use ordain  
       Shall still from age to age remain,  
       Who e'er rejects the kind command  
       The word of God shall ever stand.

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<sup>21</sup>“Nor” changed to “or” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751), 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757), and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762).

- 10 Go, foolish worms, his word deny,  
Go tear those planets from the sky,  
But while the sun and moon endure,  
The ordinance on earth is sure.

**Hymn XLIII.**

- 1 O God thy word we claim,  
Thou here record'st thy name,  
Visit us in pard'ning grace,  
Christ the crucified appear,  
Come in thy appointed ways,  
Come, and meet, and bless us here.
- 2 No local deity  
We worship, Lord, in thee:  
Free thy grace and unconfin'd,  
Yet it here doth freest move;  
In the means thy love enjoin'd  
Look we for thy richest love.

**Hymn LXIV.**

- 1 O the grace on man bestow'd!  
Here my dearest Lord I see  
Offering up his death to God,  
Giving all his life to me:  
God for Jesu's sake forgives  
Man by Jesu's Spirit lives.
- 2 Yes, thy sacrament extends  
All the blessings of thy death  
To the soul that here attends,  
Longs to feel thy quick'ning breath;  
Surely we who wait shall prove  
All thy life of perfect love.

**Hymn LXV.**

- 1    Blest be the Lord forever blest  
      Who bought us with a price,  
      And bids his ransom'd servants feast  
      On his great sacrifice.
- 2    Thy blood was shed upon the cross  
      To wash us white as snow,  
      Broken for us thy body was  
      To feed our souls below.
- 3    Now on the sacred table laid  
      Thy flesh becomes our food,  
      Thy life is to our souls convey'd  
      In sacramental blood.
- 4    We eat the offerings of our peace,  
      The hidden manna prove,  
      And only live t' adore and bless  
      Thine all-sufficient love.

**Hymn LXVI.**

- 1    Jesu, my Lord and God bestow  
      All which thy sacrament doth shew,  
      And make the real sign  
      A sure effectual means of grace,  
      Then sanctify my heart and bless,  
      And make it all like thine.
- 2    Great is thy faithfulness and love,  
      Thine ordinance can never prove  
      Of none effect and vain,  
      Only do thou my heart prepare,  
      To find thy real presence there,  
      And all thy fullness gain.

**Hymn LXVII.**

- 1 Father, I offer thee thine own  
This worthless soul, and thou thy Son  
Dost offer here to me:  
Wilt thou so mean a gift receive,  
And will the holy Jesus live  
With loathsome leprosy?
- 2 Saint of the Lord, my soul is sin,  
Yet O eternal priest come in,  
And cleanse thy mean abode,  
Convert into a sacred shrine,  
And count this abject soul of mine  
A temple meet for God.

**Hymn LXVIII.**

- 1 Jesu, Son of God draw near,  
Hasten to my sepulchre,  
Help, where dead in sin I lie,  
Save, or I forever die.
- 2 Let no savour of the grave  
Stop thy power to help and save,  
Call me forth to life restor'd  
Quicken'd by my dying Lord.
- 3 By thine all-atoning blood  
Raise and bring me now to God,  
Now pronounce my sins forgiven,  
Loose, and let me go to heaven.

**Hymn LXIX.**

- 1 Sinful, and blind, and poor,  
And lost without thy grace,  
Thy mercy I implore,  
And wait to see thy face,

Begging I sit by the way-side,  
And long to know the crucified.

- 2        Jesu, attend my cry,  
          Thou Son of David hear,  
          If now thou passest by,  
          Stand still and call me near,  
Thy darkness from my heart remove,  
And shew me now thy pard'ning love.

**Hymn LXX.**

Happy the man, to whom 'tis given,  
To eat the bread of life in heaven:  
This happiness in Christ we prove,  
Who feed on his forgiving love.

**Hymn LXXI.**

- 1        Draw near ye blood-besprinkled race,  
          And take what God vouchsafes to give;  
The outward sign of inward grace,  
          Ordain'd by Christ himself, receive:  
The sign transmits the signified,  
The grace is by the means applied.
- 2        Sure pledges of his dying love  
          Receive the sacramental meat,  
And feel the virtue from above,  
          The mystic flesh of Jesus eat,  
Drink with the wine his healing blood,  
And feast on the incarnate God.
- 3        Gross misconceit be far away!  
          Thro' faith we on his body feed,  
Faith only doth the Spi'rit convey,  
          And fills our souls with living bread,



Th' effects of Jesu's death imparts,  
And pours his blood into our hearts.

**Hymn LXXII.**

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,  
And realize the sign,  
Thy life infuse into the bread,  
Thy power into the wine.
- 2 Effectual let the tokens prove,  
And made by heavenly art  
Fit channels to convey thy love  
To every faithful heart.

**Hymn LXXIII.**

- 1 Is not the cup of blessing, blest  
By us, the sacred means t' impart  
Our Saviour's blood, with power imprest  
And pardon to the faithful heart?
- 2 Is not the hallow'd broken bread  
A sure communicating sign,  
An instrument ordain'd to feed  
Our souls with mystic flesh divine?
- 3 Th' effects of his atoning blood,  
His body offer'd on the tree  
Are with the awful types bestow'd  
On me, the pardon'd rebel *me*.<sup>22</sup>
- 4 On all, who at his word draw near,  
In faith the outward veil look thro':  
Sinners, believe; and find him here:  
Believe; and feel he died for you.

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<sup>22</sup>“Me” lacks emphasis in the 1<sup>st</sup> edn., but is italicized in all subsequent editions.

- 5 In mem'ry of your dying God  
The symbols faithfully receive,  
And eat the flesh, and drink the blood  
Of Jesus, and for ever live.

**Hymn LXXIV.**

- 1 This, this is he that came  
By water and by blood!  
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,  
Our sanctifying God.
- 2 See from his wounded side  
The mingled current flow!  
The water and the blood applied  
Shall wash us white as snow.
- 3 The water cannot cleanse  
Before the blood we feel,  
To purge the guilt of all our sins,  
And our forgiveness seal.
- 4 But both in Jesus join,  
Who speaks our sins forgiven,  
And gives the purity divine  
That makes us meet for heaven.

**Hymn LXXV.**

- 1 Father the grace we claim,  
The double grace bestow'd,  
On all who trust in him that came  
By water and by blood.
- 2 Jesu, the blood apply,  
The righteousness bring in,  
Us by thy dying justify,  
And wash out all our sin.

- 3 Spirit of faith, come down,  
Thy seal with power set to,  
The banquet by thy presence crown,  
And prove the record true.
- 4 Pardon, and grace impart:  
Come quickly from above,  
And witness now in every heart  
That God is perfect love.

**Hymn LXXVI.**

- 1 Searcher of hearts, in ours appear,  
And make, and keep them all sincere,  
Or draw us burthen'd to thy Son,  
Or make him to his mourners known.
- 2 Thy promis'd grace vouchsafe to give  
As each is able to receive,  
The blessed grief to all impart;  
Or joy; or purity of heart.
- 3 Our helpless unbelief remove,  
And melt us by thy pard'ning love,  
Work in us faith, or faith's increase,  
The dawning, or the perfect peace.
- 4 Give each to thee as seemeth best,  
But meet us all at thy own feast,  
Thy blessing in thy means convey,  
Nor empty send one soul away.

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<sup>23</sup>Printer numbering error in *HLS* (1745) has page 52 followed by page 65. However, no text seems to be missing. Numbering corrected in later editions.

**Hymn LXXVII.**

- 1           How long, O Lord, shall we  
              In vain lament for thee!  
Come, and comfort them that mourn,  
              Come, as in the antient days,  
In thine ordinance return,  
              In thine own appointed ways.
- 2           Come to thy house again,  
              Nor let us seek in vain:  
This the place of meeting be,  
              To thy weeping flock repair,  
Let us here thy beauty see,  
              Find thee in the house of prayer.
- 3           Let us with solemn awe  
              Nigh to thine altar draw,  
Taste thee in the broken bread,  
              Drink thee in the mystic wine;  
Now the gracious Spirit shed,  
              Fill us now with love divine.
- 4           Into our minds recall  
              Thy death endur'd for all:  
Come in this accepted day,  
              Come, and all our souls restore,  
Come, and take our sins away,  
              Come, and never leave us more.

**Hymn LXXVIII.**

- 1   Lamb of God, for whom we languish,  
          Make thy grief our relief,  
          Ease us by thine anguish.

- 2 O our agonizing Saviour,  
By thy pain let us gain  
God's eternal favour.
- 3 Suffer sin no more t' oppress us,  
Set us free (all with me)  
By thy bonds release us.
- 4 Clear us by thy condemnation;  
Slain for all, let thy fall  
Be our exaltation.
- 5 Thy deserts to us make over;  
Speak us whole, every soul  
By thy wounds recover.
- 6 Let us thro' thy curse inherit  
Blessings' store, love and power,  
Fulness of thy Spirit.
- 7 The whole ben'fit of thy Passion,  
Present peace, future bliss,  
All thy great salvation.
- 8 Power to walk in all well-pleasing  
Bid us take, come and make  
This th' accepted season.
- 9 In thine own appointments bless us,  
Meet us here, now appear,  
Our Almighty Jesus.
- 10 Let the ordinance be sealing,  
Enter now, claim us thou  
For thy constant dwelling.
- 11 Fill the heart of each believer,  
We are thine, love divine,  
Reign in us for ever.

**Hymn LXXIX.**

- 1 Jesu regard the plaintive cry  
The groaning of thy prisoners hear,<sup>24</sup>  
Thy blood to every soul apply,  
The heart of every mourner chear,  
The tokens of thy Passion shew,  
And meet us in thy ways below.
- 2 Th' atonement thou for all hast made,  
O that we all might now receive!  
Assure us now the debt is paid,  
And thou hast died that all may live,  
Thy death for all, for us reveal,  
And let thy blood *my* pardon seal.

**Hymn LXXX.**

- 1 With pity, Lord, a sinner see  
Weary of thy ways and thee:  
Forgive my fond despair  
A blessing in the means to find,  
My struggling to throw off the care  
And cast them all behind.
- 2 Long have I groan'd thy grace to gain,  
Suffer'd on but all in vain:  
An age of mournful years  
I waited for thy passing by,  
And lost my prayers, and sighs, and tears,  
And never found thee nigh.
- 3 Thou wouldst not let me go away;  
Still thou forcest me to stay.

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<sup>24</sup>Ori., "here"; a mistake, corrected in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757) & in 7<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

O might the secret power  
Which will not with its captive part,  
Nail to the posts of mercy's door  
My poor unstable heart.

- 4 The nails that fixt thee to the tree  
Only they can fasten me:  
The death thou didst endure  
For me let it effectual prove:  
Thy love alone my soul can cure,  
Thy dear expiring love.
- 5 Now in the means the grace impart,  
Whisper peace into my heart;  
Appear the justifier  
Of all who to thy wounds would fly,  
And let me have my one desire  
And see thy face, and die.

**Hymn LXXXI.**

- 1 Jesu, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word,  
Here in thine own appointed way  
We come to meet our Lord;  
The way thou hast injoin'd  
Thou wilt therein appear:  
We come with confidence to find  
Thy special presence here.
- 2 Our hearts we open wide  
To make the Saviour room:  
And lo! The Lamb, the crucified,  
The sinner's friend is come!  
His presence makes the feast,  
And now our bosoms feel  
The glory not to be exprest,  
The joy unspeakable.

- 3       With pure celestial bliss  
          He doth our spirits cheer,  
His house of banquetting is this,  
          And he hath brought us here:  
          He doth his servants feed  
          With manna from above,  
His banner over us is spread,  
          His everlasting love.
- 4       He bids us drink and eat  
          Imperishable food,  
He gives his flesh to be our meat,  
          And bids us drink his blood:  
          Whate'er th' Almighty can  
          To pardon'd sinners give,  
The fulness of our God made man  
          We here with Christ receive.

**Hymn LXXXII.**

- 1       Jesu, sinner's friend, receive us  
          Feeble, famishing, and faint,  
O thou bread of life relieve us,  
          Now, or now we die for want  
Least<sup>25</sup> we faint, and die for ever  
          Thou our sinking spirits stay,  
Give some token of thy favour,  
          Empty send us not away.
- 2       We have in the desert tarried  
          Long, and nothing have to eat,  
Comfort us thro' wandring wearied,  
          Feed our souls with living meat,  
Still with bowels of compassion  
          See thy helpless people see,  
Let us taste thy great salvation,  
          Let us feed by faith on thee.

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<sup>25</sup>“Least” changed to “Lest” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751) and following.



**Hymn LXXXIII.**

- 1 Lord, if now thou passest by us,  
Stand and call us unto thee,  
Freely, fully justify us,  
Give us eyes thy love to see,  
Love that brought thee down from heaven,  
Made our God a man of grief:  
Let it shew our sins forgiven;  
Help, O help our unbelief.
  
- 2 Long we for thy love have waited,  
Begging sat by the way-side,  
Still we are not new-created,  
Still we are not sanctified,<sup>26</sup>  
Thou to some in great compassion  
Hast in part their sight restor'd,  
Shew us all thy full salvation,  
Make the servants as their Lord.

**Hymn LXXXIV.**

- 1 Christ our Passover for us  
Is offer'd up and slain!  
Let him be remembred thus  
By every soul of man:  
We are bound above the rest  
His oblation to proclaim,  
Keep we then the solemn feast  
And banquet on the Lamb.
  
- 2 Purge we all our sin away  
That old accursed leaven,  
Sin in us no longer stay  
In us thro' Christ forgiven:

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<sup>26</sup>Line changed to "Are not wholly sanctified" in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1747) and following.

Let us all with hearts sincere  
Eat the new<sup>27</sup> unleavened bread,  
To our Lord with faith draw near,  
And on his promise feed.

3 Jesus, master of the feast,  
The feast itself thou art,  
Now receive thy meanest guest,  
And comfort every heart:  
Give us living bread to eat,  
Manna that from heaven comes down,  
Fill us with immortal meat,  
And make thy nature known.

4 In this barren wilderness  
Thou hast a table spread,  
Furnish'd out with richest grace,  
Whate'er our souls can need;  
Still sustain us by thy love,  
Still thy servants' strength repair,  
Till we reach the courts above,  
And feast for ever there.

**Hymn LXXXV.**<sup>28</sup>

1 O thou, whom sinners love, whose care  
Doth all our sickness heal,  
Thee we approach with heart sincere,  
Thy power we joy to feel.  
To thee our humblest thanks we pay,  
To thee our souls we bow,  
Of hell e'erwhile the helpless prey,  
Heirs of thy glory now.

2 As incense to thy throne above,  
O let our prayers arise  
Wing with the flames of holy love  
Our living sacrifice:

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<sup>27</sup>Ori., "now"; a misprint, corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1747) and following.

<sup>28</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 969 (#1072, by Zinzendorf). First appeared as "Prayer to Christ Before the Sacrament. From the German," in *HSP* (1739), 189–90.

Stir up thy strength, O Lord of might,  
Our willing breasts inspire,  
Fill our whole souls with heavenly light,  
Melt with seraphic fire.

- 3 From thy blest wounds life let us draw,  
Thine all-atoning blood  
Now let us drink with trembling awe;  
Thy flesh be now our food.  
Come, Lord, thy sovereign aid impart,  
Here make thy likeness shine,  
Stamp thy whole image on our heart,  
And all our heart is thine.

**Hymn LXXXVI.**<sup>29</sup>

- 1 And shall I let him go?  
If now I do not *feel*  
The streams of living water flow  
Shall I forsake the well?
- 2 Because he hides his face,  
Shall I no longer stay,  
But leave the channels of his grace,  
And cast the means away?
- 3 Get thee behind me fiend,  
On others try thy skill,  
Here let thy hellish whispers end,  
To thee I say “Be still!”
- 4 Jesus hath spoke the word,  
His will my reason is,  
*Do this* in memory of thy Lord,  
Jesus hath said, “Do this!”

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<sup>29</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 15–16.

- 5        He bids me eat the bread,  
          He bids me drink the wine,  
No other motive, Lord, I need  
          No other word than thine.
- 6        I cheerfully comply  
          With what my Lord doth say,  
Let others ask a reason why,  
          My glory is t' obey.
- 7        His will is good and just:  
          Shall I his will withstand?  
If Jesus bid me lick the dust  
          I bow at his command:
- 8        Because he saith "Do this,"  
          This I will always do,  
Till Jesus come in glorious bliss  
          I *thus* his death will *shew*.

**Hymn LXXXVII.**

- 1        By the picture of thy Passion  
          Still in pain I remain  
Waiting for salvation.
- 2        Jesu, let thy sufferings ease me,  
          Saviour, Lord, speak the word,  
By thy death release me.
- 3        At thy cross behold me lying,  
          Make my soul throughly whole  
By thy blood's applying.
- 4        Hear me, Lord, my sins confessing,  
          Now relieve, Saviour give,  
Give me now the blessing.

- 5 Still my cruel sins oppress me,  
Tyed and bound 'till the sound  
Of thy voice release me.
- 6 Call me out of condemnation,  
To my grave come and save,  
Save me by thy Passion.
- 7 To thy foul and helpless creature,  
Come, and cleanse all my sins,  
Come and change my nature.
- 8 Save me now, and still deliver,  
Enter in, cast out sin,  
Keep thine house for ever.

**Hymn LXXXVIII.**

- 1 Give us this day, all bounteous Lord,  
Our sacramental bread,  
Who thus his sacrifice record  
That suffer'd in our stead.
- 2 Reveal in every soul thy Son,  
And let us taste the grace  
Which brings assur'd salvation down  
To all who seek thy face.
- 3 Who here commemorate his death  
To us his life impart,  
The loving filial Spirit breathe  
Into my waiting heart.
- 4 My earnest of eternal bliss  
Let my Redeemer be,  
And if even now he present is,  
Now let him speak in me.

**Hymn LXXXIX.**

- 1 Ye faithful souls, who thus record  
The Passion of that Lamb divine,  
Is the memorial of your Lord  
An useless form, an empty sign,  
Or doth he here his life impart?  
What saith the witness in your heart?
- 2 Is it the dying master's will  
That we should this persist to do?  
Then let him here himself reveal,  
The tokens of his presence shew,  
Descend in blessings from above,  
And answer by the fire of love.
- 3 Who thee remember in thy ways,  
Come, Lord, and meet and bless us here,  
In confidence we ask the grace,  
Faithful and true appear, appear,  
Let all perceive thy blood apply'd,  
Let all discern the crucified.
- 4 'Tis done; the Lord sets to his seal,  
The prayer is heard, the grace is given,  
With joy unspeakable we feel  
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,  
The altar streams with sacred blood,  
And all the temple flames with God!

**Hymn XC.<sup>30</sup>**

- 1 Blest be the love, forever blest  
The bleeding love we thus record!  
Jesus, we take the dear bequest,  
Obedient to thy kindest word,

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<sup>30</sup>Ori., "XL"; a misprint, corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1747) and following.

Thy word which stands divinely sure,  
And shall from age to age endure.

- 2 In vain the subtle tempter tries  
    Thy dying precept to repeal,  
To hide the letter from our eyes,  
    And break the testamental seal,  
Refine the solid truth away,  
And make us free—to disobey.
- 3 In vain he labours to persuade  
    Thou didst not mean the word should bind,  
The feast for thy first followers made  
    For them and us, and all mankind,  
Mindful of thee we still attend,  
And this we do, till time shall end.
- 4 Thro' vain pretence of clearer light  
    We do not, Lord, refuse to see,  
Or weakly the commandment slight  
    To shew our Christian liberty,  
Or seek rebelliously to prove  
The pureness of our cath'lic love.
- 5 Our wandring brethren's hearts to gain  
    We will not let our Saviour go,  
But in thine antient paths remain,  
    But thus persist thy death to shew,  
Till strong with all thy life we rise,  
And meet thee coming in the skies!

**Hymn XCI.**

- 1 All-loving, all-redeeming Lord,  
    Thy wandring sheep with pity see,  
Who slight thy dearest dying word,  
    And will not thus remember thee,

To all who would perform thy will  
The glorious promis'd truth reveal.

- 2 Can we enjoy thy richest love,  
Nor long that they the grace may share?  
Thou from their eyes the scales remove,  
Thou the eternal word declare,  
Thy Spirit with thy word impart,  
And speak the precept to their heart.
- 3 If chiefly here thou may'st be found,  
If now, e'en now we find thee here,  
O let their joys like ours abound,  
Invite them to the royal cheer,  
Feed with imperishable food,  
And fill their raptur'd souls with God.
- 4 Jesu, we will not let thee go,  
But keep herein our fastest hold,  
Till thou to them thy counsel shew,  
And call and make us all one fold,  
One hallow'd undivided bread,  
One body knit to thee our head.

**Hymn XCII.**

- 1 Ah tell us no more  
The Spirit and power  
Of Jesus our God  
Is not to be found in this life-giving food!
- 2 Did Jesus ordain  
His Supper in vain,  
And furnish a feast  
For none but his earliest servants to taste?
- 3 Nay, but this is his will  
(We know it and feel)



That *we* should partake  
The banquet for all he so freely did make.

4        In rapturous bliss  
          He bids us do this,  
          The joy it imparts  
Hath witness'd his gracious design in our hearts.

5        'Tis God we believe,  
          Who cannot deceive,  
          The witness of God  
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

6        Receiving the bread  
          On Jesus we feed,  
          It doth not appear  
His manner of working; but Jesus is here!

7        With bread from above,  
          With comfort and love  
          Our spirit he fills,  
And all his unspeakable goodness reveals.

8        O that all men would haste  
          To the spiritual feast,  
          At Jesus's word  
Do this, and be fed with the love of our Lord!

9        True light of mankind  
          Shine into their mind,  
          And clearly reveal  
Thy perfect and good and acceptable will.

10       Bring near the glad day  
          When all shall obey  
          Thy dying request,  
And eat of thy Supper, and lean on thy breast.

- 11        To all men impart  
            One way and one heart,  
            Thy people be shewn  
All righteous and sinless and perfect in one.
- 12        Then, then let us see  
            Thy glory, and be  
            Caught up in the air  
This heavenly Supper in heaven to share.

**III. The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven.**

**Hymn XCIII.**

- 1    Come let us join with one accord  
      Who share the Supper of the Lord,  
          Our Lord and Master's praise to sing,  
      Nourish'd on earth with living bread  
      We now are at his table fed,  
          But wait to see our heavenly King;  
      To see the great invisible  
      Without a sacramental veil,  
          With all his robes of glory on,  
      In rapt'rous joy and love and praise  
      Him to behold with open face,  
          High on his everlasting throne.
  
- 2    The wine which doth his Passion shew,  
      We soon with him shall drink it new  
          In yonder dazzling courts above,  
      Admitted to the heavenly feast  
      We shall his choicest blessings taste,  
          And banquet on his richest love.  
      We soon the midnight cry shall hear,  
      Arise, and meet the Bridegroom near,  
          The marriage of the Lamb is come,  
      Attended by his heavenly friends  
      The glorious King of saints descends  
          To take his bride in triumph home.

- 3 Then let us still in hope rejoice,  
And listen for th' archangel's voice  
    Loud-echoing to the trump of God,  
Haste to the dreadful joyful day,  
When heaven and earth shall flee away  
    By all-devouring flames destroy'd:  
While we from out the burnings fly,  
With eagles' wings mount up on high,  
    Where Jesus is on Sion seen;  
'Tis there he for our coming waits,  
And lo, the everlasting gates  
    Lift up their heads to take us in!
- 4 By faith and hope already there  
Ev'n now the marriage-feast we share,  
    Ev'n now we by the Lamb are fed,  
Our Lord's celestial joy we prove,  
Led by the Spirit of his love,  
    To springs of living comfort led  
Suffering and curse and death are o're,  
And pain afflicts the soul no more  
    While harbour'd in the Saviour's breast,  
He quiets all our plaints and cries,  
And wipes the sorrow from our eyes,  
    And lulls us in his arms to rest!

**Hymn XCIV.**

- 1 O what a soul-transporting feast  
    Doth this communion yield!  
Remembring here thy Passion past  
    We with thy love are fill'd.
- 2 Sure instrument of present grace  
    Thy sacrament we find,  
Yet higher blessings it displays,  
    And raptures still behind.

- 3 It bears us now on eagles' wings,  
If thou the power impart,  
And thee our glorious earnest brings  
Into our faithful heart.
- 4 O let us still the earnest feel,  
Th' unutterable peace,  
This loving Spirit be the seal,  
Of our eternal bliss!

**Hymn XCV.**

- 1 In Jesus we live, in Jesus we rest,  
And thankful receive his dying bequest;  
The cup of salvation his mercy bestows,  
And all from his Passion our happiness flows.
- 2 With mystical wine he comforts us here,  
And gladly we join, till Jesus appear,  
With hearty thanksgiving his death to record;  
The living, the living should sing of their Lord.
- 3 He hallow'd the cup which now we receive,  
The pledge of our hope with Jesus to live,  
(Where sorrow and sadness shall never be found)  
With glory and gladness eternally crown'd.
- 4 The fruit of the vine (the joy it implies)  
Again we shall join to drink in the skies,  
Exult in his favour, our triumph renew;  
And I, saith the Saviour, will drink it with you.

**Hymn XCVI.**

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And sav'd by grace alone,  
Walking in all thy ways we find  
Our heaven on earth begun.

- 2 The church triumphant in thy love  
Their mighty joys we know,  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before thy throne,  
We in the kingdom of thy grace,  
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,  
From hence our spirits rise,  
And he that in thy statutes treads  
Shall meet thee in the skies.

**Hymn XCVII.**

- 1 Thee King of saints we praise  
For this our living bread,  
Nourish'd by thy preserving grace,  
And at thy table fed;
- Who in these lower parts  
Of thy great kingdom feast,  
We feel the earnest in our hearts  
Of our eternal rest.
- 2 Yet still an higher seat  
We in thy kingdom claim,  
Who here begin by faith to eat  
The Supper of the Lamb,
- That glorious heavenly prize  
We surely shall attain,  
And in the palace of the skies  
With thee for ever reign.

**Hymn XCVIII.**

- 1    Where shall this memorial end?  
      Thither let our souls ascend,  
      Live on earth to heaven restor'd,  
      Wait the coming of our Lord.
  
- 2    Jesus terminates our hope,  
      Jesus is our wishes' scope,  
      End of this great mystery  
      Him we fain would die to see.
  
- 3    He whom we remember here,  
      Christ shall in the clouds appear,  
      Manifest to every eye,  
      We shall soon behold him nigh.
  
- 4    Faith ascends the mountain's height,  
      Now enjoys the pompous sight,  
      Antedates the final doom,  
      Sees the judge in glory come.
  
- 5    Lo, he comes triumphant down,  
      Seated on his great white throne!  
      Cherubs bear it on their wings,  
      Shouting bear the King of kings.
  
- 6    Lo, his glorious banner spread  
      Stains the skies with deepest red,  
      Dies the land, and fires the wood,  
      Turns the ocean into blood.
  
- 7    Gather'd to the well-known sign  
      We our elder brethren join,  
      Swiftly to our Lord fly up,  
      Hail him on the mountain-top;

- 8 Take our happy seats above,  
Banquet on his heavenly love,  
Lean on our Redeemer's breast,  
In his arms for ever rest.

**Hymn XCIX.**

- 1 Whither should our full souls aspire  
At this transporting feast?  
They never can on earth be higher,  
Or more compleatly blest.
- 2 Our cup of blessing from above  
Delightfully runs o'er,  
Till from these bodies they remove  
Our souls can hold no more.
- 3 To heav'n the mystic banquet leads,  
Let us to heaven ascend,  
And bear this joy upon our heads  
Till it in glory end:
- 4 Till all who truly join in this,  
The marriage-supper share,  
Enter into their Master's bliss  
And feast for ever there.

**Hymn C.**

- 1 Returning to his throne above  
The friend of sinners cried,  
Do this in mem'ry of my love;  
He spoke the word, and died.
- 2 He tasted death for every one,  
The Saviour of mankind  
Out of our sight to heaven is gone,  
But left his pledge behind.



- 3 His sacramental pledge we take,  
Nor will we let it go;  
Till in the clouds our Lord comes back  
We thus his death will shew.
- 4 Come quickly, Lord, for whom we mourn,  
And comfort all that grieve,  
Prepare the bride, and then return  
And to thyself receive.
- 5 Now to thy gracious kingdom come,  
(Thou hast a token given)  
And when thy arms receive us home  
Recall thy pledge in heaven.

**Hymn CI.**

- 1 How glorious is the life above  
Which in this ordinance we *taste*;  
That fulness of celestial love,  
That joy which shall for ever last!
- 2 That heavenly life in Christ conceal'd  
These earthen vessels could not bear,  
The part which now we find reveal'd  
No tongue of angels can declare.
- 3 The light of life eternal darts  
Into our souls a dazzling ray,  
A drop of heav'n o'reflows our hearts,  
And deluges the house of clay.
- 4 Sure pledge of extacies unknown  
Shall this divine communion be,  
The ray shall rise into a sun,  
The drop shall swell into a sea.

**Hymn CII.**

- 1 O the length and breadth and height  
And depth of dying love!  
Love that turns our faith to sight  
And wafts to heaven above!  
Pledge of our possession this,  
This which nature faints to bear;  
Who shall then support the bliss,  
The joy the rapture there!
  
- 2 Flesh and blood shall not receive  
The vast inheritance;  
God we cannot see, and live  
The life of feeble sense,  
In our weakest nonage, here,  
Up into our head we grow,  
Saints before our Lord appear,  
And ripe for heaven below.
  
- 3 We his image shall regain,  
And to his stature rise,  
Rise unto<sup>31</sup> a perfect man,  
And then ascend the skies,  
Find our happy mansions there,  
Strong to bear the joys above  
All the glorious weight to bear  
Of everlasting love.

**Hymn CIII.**

- 1 Take, and eat, the Saviour saith,  
This my sacred body is!  
Him we take and eat by faith,  
Feed upon that flesh of his,

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<sup>31</sup>Charles Wesley changed “unto” to “into” in *All in All* (1761).

All the benefits receive  
Which his Passion did procure,  
Pardon'd by his grace we live,  
Grace which makes salvation sure.

- 2 Title to eternal bliss  
Here his precious death we find,  
This the pledge the earnest this  
Of the purchas'd joys behind:  
Here he gives our souls a taste,  
Heaven into our hearts he pours;  
Still believe, and hold him fast,  
God and Christ and all is ours!

#### Hymn CIV.

- 1 Returning to his Father's throne  
Hear all the interceding Son,  
And join in that eternal prayer:  
He prays that we with him may reign,  
And he that did the kingdom gain  
For us, shall soon conduct us there.
- 2 "I will that those thou giv'st to me  
May all my heavenly glory see,  
But first be perfected in one."  
Amen, amen our heart replies,  
Prepare and take us to the skies,  
Thy prayer be heard, thy will be done!

#### Hymn CV.

- 1 Lift up your eyes<sup>32</sup> of faith and see  
Saints and angels join'd in one,  
What a countless company  
Stands before yon dazling throne!

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<sup>32</sup>Charles Wesley changed to "Lift your eyes" in *All in All* (1765), to correct metre.

Each before his Saviour stands,  
All in milk-white robes array'd,  
Palms they carry in their hands,  
Crowns of glory on their head.

- 2 Saints begin the endless song,  
Cry aloud in heavenly lays  
Glory doth to God belong,  
God the glorious Saviour praise,  
All from him salvation came,<sup>33</sup>  
Him who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb  
Let the morning stars reply.
- 3 Angel-powers the throne surround,  
Next the saints in glory they,  
Lull'd with the transporting sound  
They their silent homage pay,  
Prostrate on their face before  
God and his Messiah fall,  
Then in hymns of praise adore,  
Shout the Lamb that died for all.
- 4 Be it so, they all reply,  
Him let all our orders praise,  
Him that did for sinners die,  
Saviour of the favour'd race,  
Render we our God his right,  
Glory, wisdom, thanks and power,  
Honour, majesty and might,  
Praise him, praise him evermore!

#### **Hymn CVI.**

- 1 What are these array'd in white  
Brighter than the noonday sun,  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne?

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<sup>33</sup>Charles Wesley changed to read "All salvation from him came" in *All in All* (1761).

These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood,  
Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,  
Wash'd their robes by faith below  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow.  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night.  
God resides among his own,  
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o're,  
They have all their sufferings past,  
Hunger now and thirst no more;  
No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's directer ray,  
In a milder clime they dwell,  
Region of eternal day!

4 He that on the throne doth reign  
Them the Lamb shall always feed,  
With the tree of life sustain,  
To the living fountains lead,  
He shall all their sorrows chace,  
All their wants at once remove,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Fill up every soul with love.

### **Hymn CVII.**

1 All hail thou suffering Son of God,  
Who did'st these mysteries ordain,  
Communion of thy flesh and blood,  
Sure instrument thy grace to gain,

Type of the heavenly marriage-feast,  
Pledge of our everlasting rest.

- 2 Jesu, thine own with pity see,  
Our helpless unbelief remove,  
Impower us to remember thee,  
Give us the faith that works by love,  
The faith which thou hast giv'n increase,  
And seal us up in glorious peace.

**Hymn CVIII.**

- 1 Ah give us, Saviour, to partake  
The sufferings, which this emblem shews,  
Thy flesh our food immortal make,  
Thy blood which in this chanel flows  
In all its benefits impart,  
And sanctify our sprinkled heart.
- 2 For all that joy which now we taste  
Our happy hallow'd souls prepare,  
O let us hold the earnest fast,  
This pledge that we thy heaven shall share,  
Shall drink it new with thee above  
The wine of thy eternal love.

**Hymn CIX.**

- 1 Lord, thou knowst my simpleness,  
All my groans are heard by thee,  
See me hungry after grace,  
Gasping at thy table see,  
One who would in thee believe  
Would with joy the crumbs receive.

- 2     Look as when thy closing eye  
       Saw the thief beside thy cross;  
Thou art now gone up on high,  
       Undertake my desperate cause,  
In thy heavenly kingdom thou  
Be the friend of sinners now.
- 3     Saviour, prince, enthron'd above,  
       Send a peaceful answer down,  
Let the bowels of thy love  
       Echo to a sinner's groan,  
One who feebly thinks of thee  
Thou for good remember me.

**Hymn CX.**

- 1     Jesu on thee we feed  
       Along the desert way,  
Thou art the living bread  
       Which doth our spirits stay,  
And all who in this banquet join  
Lean on the staff of life divine .
- 2     While to thy upper courts  
       We take our joyful flight  
Thy blessed cross supports  
       Each feeble Israelite,  
Like hoary dying Jacob we  
Lean on our staff, and worship thee.
- 3     O may we still abide  
       In thee our pard'ning God,  
Thy Spirit be our guide,  
       Thy body be our food,  
Till thou who hast the token given  
Shalt bear us on thyself to heaven.

**Hymn CXI.**

- 1       And can we call to mind  
          The Lamb for sinners slain,  
          And not expect to find  
          What he for us did gain,  
What God to us in him hath given,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven?
- 2       We now forgiveness have,  
          We feel his work begun,  
          And he shall fully save,  
          And perfect us in one,  
Shall soon in all his image drest  
Receive us to the marriage-feast.
- 3       This token of thy love  
          We thankfully receive,  
          And hence with joy remove  
          With thee in heaven to live,  
There Lord we shall thy pledge restore,  
And live to praise thee evermore.

**Hymn CXII.**

- 1       Eternal Spirit gone up on high  
          Blessings for mortals to receive,  
Send down those blessings from the sky,  
          To us thy gifts and graces give;  
With holy things our mouths are fill'd,  
          O let our hearts with joy o'erflow;  
Descend in pard'ning love reveal'd,  
          And meet us in thy courts below.



- 2 Thy sacrifice without the gate  
Once offer'd up we call to mind,  
And humbly at thy altar wait  
Our interest in thy death to find:  
We thirst to drink thy precious blood,  
We languish in thy wounds to rest,  
And hunger for immortal food,  
And long on all thy love to feast.
- 3 O that we now thy flesh may eat,  
Its virtue really receive,  
Impower'd by this immortal meat  
The life of holiness to live:  
Partakers of thy sacrifice  
O may we all thy nature share,  
Till to the holiest place we rise,  
And keep the feast for ever there.

**Hymn CXIII.**

- 1 Give us, O Lord, the children's bread,  
By ministerial angels fed,  
(The angels of thy church below)  
Nourish us with preserving grace  
Our forty years or forty days,  
And lead us thro' the vale of woe:
- 2 Strengthen'd by this immortal food,  
O let us reach the mount of God,  
And face to face our Saviour see,  
In songs of praise and love and joy,  
With all thy first-born sons employ  
An happy whole eternity.

**Hymn CXIV.**

- 1 See there the quickning cause of all  
Who live the life of grace beneath!  
God caus'd on him the sleep to fall,  
And lo, his eyes are clos'd in death!
- 2 He sleeps; and from his open'd side  
The mingled blood and water flow;  
They both give being to his bride,  
And wash his church as white as snow.
- 3 True principles of life divine  
Issues from these the second Eve,  
Mother of all the faithful line,  
Of all that by his Passion live.
- 4 O what a miracle of love  
Hath he, our heavenly Adam shew'd!  
Jesus forsook his throne above,  
That we might all be born of God.
- 5 'Twas not an useless rib he lost,  
His heart's last drop of blood he gave;  
His life, his pretious life it cost  
Our dearly ransom'd souls to save.
- 6 And will he not his purchase take  
Who died to make us all his own,  
One spirit with himself to make  
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone?
- 7 He will, our hearts reply, he will;  
He hath ev'n here a token given,  
And bids us meet him on the hill,  
And keep the marriage-feast in heaven.

**Hymn CXV.**

- 1 O glorious instrument divine  
Which blessings to our souls conveys,  
Brings with the hallow'd bread and wine  
His strength'ning and refreshing grace,  
Presents his bleeding sacrifice,  
His all-reviving death applies!
  
- 2 Glory to God who reigns above,  
But suffer'd once for man below,  
With joy we celebrate his love,  
And thus his pretious Passion shew,  
Till in the clouds our Lord we see,  
And shout with all his saints—'TIS HE!

**IV. The Holy Eucharist as it Implies a Sacrifice.**

**Hymn CXVI.**

- 1 Victim divine, thy grace we claim  
While thus thy precious death we shew,  
Once offer'd up a spotless Lamb  
In thy great temple here below,  
Thou didst for all mankind atone,  
And standest now before the throne.
- 2 Thou standest in the holiest place,  
As now for guilty sinners slain,  
Thy blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays  
All-prevalent for helpless man,  
Thy blood is still our ransom found,  
And spreads<sup>34</sup> salvation all around.
- 3 The smoke of thy atonement here  
Darken'd the sun and rent the vail,  
Made the new way to heaven appear,  
And shew'd the great invisible:  
Well pleas'd in thee our God look'd down,  
And call'd his rebels to a crown.
- 4 He still respects thy sacrifice,  
Its savour sweet doth always please,  
The offering smoaks thro' earth and skies,  
Diffusing life and joy and peace,  
To these thy lower courts it comes,  
And fills them with divine perfumes.

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<sup>34</sup>“Spreads” changed to “speaks” in 7<sup>th</sup> edn. (1776) and following.

- 5 We need not now go up to heaven  
To bring the long-sought Saviour down,  
Thou art to all already given:  
Thou dost ev'n now thy banquet crown,  
To every faithful soul appear,  
And shew thy real presence here.

**Hymn CXVII.**

- 1 Thou Lamb that suffer'dst on the tree,  
And in this dreadful mystery  
Still offer'st up thyself to God,  
We cast us on thy sacrifice,  
Wrapt in the sacred smoke arise,  
And cover'd with th' atoning blood.

Thy death presented in our stead  
Enters us<sup>35</sup> now among the dead,  
Parts of thy mystic body here,  
By thy divine oblation rais'd,  
And on our Aaron's ephod plac'd  
We now with thee in heaven appear.

- 2 Thy death exalts thy ransom'd ones,  
And sets us 'midst the precious stones,  
Closest thy dear thy loving breast,  
Israel as on thy shoulders stands;  
Our names are graven on the hands  
The heart of our eternal priest.

For us he ever interceeds,  
His heaven-deserving Passion pleads  
Presenting us before the throne;  
We want no sacrifice beside,  
By that great offering sanctified,  
One with our head, for ever one.

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<sup>35</sup>“Us” is mistakenly omitted in 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757) and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762).

**Hymn CXVIII.**

- 1       Live our eternal priest  
          By men and angels blest!  
Jesus Christ, the crucified,  
          He who did for all atone,  
From the cross where once he died  
          Now he up to heaven is gone.
  
- 2       He ever lives, and prays  
          For all the faithful race;  
In the holiest place above  
          Sinners' advocate he stands,  
Pleads for us his dying love,  
          Shews for us his bleeding hands.
  
- 3       His body torn and rent  
          He doth to God present;  
In that dear memorial shews  
          Israel's chosen tribes imprest:  
All our names the Father knows,  
          Reads them on our Aaron's breast.
  
- 4       He reads, while we beneath  
          Present our Saviour's death,  
Do as Jesus bids us do,  
          Signify his flesh and blood,  
Him in a memorial shew,  
          Offer up the Lamb to God.
  
- 5       From this thrice hallow'd shade  
          Which Jesu's cross hath made,  
Image of his sacrifice,  
          Never, never will we move,  
Till with all his saints we rise,  
          Rise, and take our place above.

**Hymn CXIX.**

- 1 Father, God, who seest in me  
Only sin and misery,  
See thine own anointed one,  
Look on thy beloved Son.
- 2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes  
To that bloody sacrifice,  
To the full atonement made,  
To the utmost ransom paid;
- 3 To the blood that speaks above,  
Calls for thy forgiving love;  
To the tokens of his death  
Here exhibited beneath.
- 4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry,  
Let thy bowels then reply,  
Then thro' him the sinner see,  
Then in Jesus look on me.

**Hymn CXX.**

- 1 Father see the victim slain,  
Jesus Christ the just, the good,  
Offer'd up for guilty man,  
Pouring out his precious blood,  
Him, and then the sinner see,  
Look thro' Jesu's wounds on me.
- 2 Me, the sinner most distrest,  
Most afflicted, and forlorn,  
Stranger to a moment's rest,  
Ruing that I e'er was born,

Pierc'd with sin's invenom'd dart,  
Dying of a broken heart.

3 Dying, whom thy hands have made  
All thy blessings to receive,  
Dying, whom thy love hath stay'd,  
Whom thy pity would have live,  
Dying at my Saviour's side,  
Dying for whom Christ hath died.

4 Can it, Father, can it be?  
What doth Jesu's blood reply?  
If it doth not plead for me,  
Let my soul for ever die;  
But if mine thro' him thou art,  
Speak the pardon to my heart.

#### **Hymn CXXI.**

1 Father, behold thy fav'rite Son,  
The glorious partner of thy throne,  
For ever plac'd at thy right hand,  
O look on thy Messiah's face,  
And seal the cov'nant of thy grace,  
To us who in thy Jesus stand.

To us thou hast redemption sent;  
And we again to thee present  
The blood that speaks our sins forgiven,  
That sprinkles all the nations round;  
And now thou hear'st the solemn sound  
Loud-echoing thro' the courts of heaven.

2 The cross on Calvary he bore,  
He suffer'd once to die no more,



But left a sacred pledge behind:  
See here!—It on thy altar lies,  
Memorial of the sacrifice  
He offer'd once for all mankind.

Father, the grand oblation see,  
The death as present now with thee,  
As when he gasp'd on earth—"Forgive!"  
Answer, and shew the curse remov'd,  
Accept us in the well-belov'd,  
And bid thy world of rebels live.

**Hymn CXXII.**

- [1] Father, let the sinner go,  
The Lamb did once atone,  
Lo! We to thy justice shew  
The Passion of thy Son;  
Thus to thee we set it forth:  
He the dying precept gave,  
He, who hath sufficient worth  
A thousand worlds to save.
- 2 Can thy justice aught<sup>36</sup> reply  
To our prevailing plea?  
Jesus died thy grace to buy  
For all mankind and me;  
Still before thy righteous throne  
Stands the Lamb as newly slain:  
Canst thou turn away thy Son,  
Or let him bleed in vain?
- 3 Still the wounds are open wide,  
The blood doth freely flow,  
As when first his sacred side  
Receiv'd the deadly blow:

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<sup>36</sup>Ori. (in all edns.), "ought"; a misprint.

Still, O God, the blood is warm,  
Cover'd with the blood we are;  
Find a part it doth not arm,  
And strike the sinner there!

**Hymn CXXIII.**

- 1 O thou whose offering on the tree  
The legal offerings all foreshew'd,  
Borrow'd their whole effect from thee,  
And drew their virtue from thy blood;  
The blood of goats and bullocks slain  
Could never for one sin atone;  
To purge the guilty offerer's stain  
Thine was the work, and *thine* alone.
- 2 Vain in themselves their duties were,  
Their services could never please,  
'Till join'd with thine, and made to share  
The merits of thy righteousness:  
Forward they cast a faithful look  
On thy approaching sacrifice,  
And thence their pleasing savour took,  
And rose accepted in the skies.
- 3 Those feeble types and shadows old  
Are all in thee the truth fulfill'd,  
And thro' this Sacrament we hold  
The substance in our hearts reveal'd;  
By faith we see thy sufferings past  
In this mysterious rite<sup>37</sup> brought back,  
And on thy grand oblation cast  
Its saving benefit partake.
- 4 Memorial of thy sacrifice  
This eucharistick mystery  
The full atoning grace supplies,  
And sanctifies our gifts in thee:

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<sup>37</sup>“Rite” mistakenly replaced by “right” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1747), 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751), and 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757).

Our persons and performance please,  
While God in thee looks down from heaven,  
Our acceptable service sees,  
And whispers all our sins forgiven.

**Hymn CXXIV.**

1 All hail, Redeemer of mankind!  
Thy life on Calvary resign'd  
Did fully once for all atone,  
Thy blood hath paid our utmost price,  
Thine all-sufficient sacrifice  
Remains eternally alone:

Angels and men might strive in vain,  
They could not add the smallest grain  
T' augment thy death's atoning power,  
The sacrifice is all-compleat,  
The death thou never canst repeat,  
Once offer'd up to die no more.

2 Yet may we celebrate below,  
And daily thus thine offering shew  
Expos'd before thy Father's eyes;  
In this tremendous mystery  
Present thee bleeding on the tree  
Our everlasting sacrifice;

Father, behold thy dying Son!  
Ev'n now he lays our ransom down,  
Ev'n now declares our sins forgiven:  
His flesh is rent, the living way  
Is open'd to eternal day,  
And lo, thro' him we pass to heaven!

**Hymn CXXV.**

- 1 O God of our forefathers hear,  
    And make thy faithful mercies known,  
To thee thro' Jesus we draw near,  
    Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,  
In whom thy smiling face we see,  
In whom thou art well-pleas'd with *me*.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,  
    And spread before thy glorious eyes  
That only ground of all our hope,  
    That precious, bleeding sacrifice,  
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,  
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance thro' his only name,  
    Forgiveness in his blood we have;  
But more abundant life we claim  
    Thro' him who died our souls to save,  
To sanctify us by his blood,  
And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son,  
    And hear his blood that speaks above,  
On us let all thy grace be shewn,  
    Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
And all thou hast and all thou art.

**Hymn CXXVI.**

- 1 Father to him we turn our face  
    Who did for all atone,  
And worship tow'rd thy holy place,  
    And seek thee in thy Son.

- 2 Him the true ark and mercy-seat  
By faith we call to mind,  
Faith in the blood atoning yet  
For us and all mankind.
- 3 To thee his Passion we present,  
Who for our ransom dyes,  
We reach by this great instrument  
Th' eternal sacrifice.
- 4 The Lamb as crucified afresh  
Is here held out to men,  
The tokens of his blood and flesh  
Are on this table seen.
- 5 The Lamb his Father now surveys,  
As on this altar slain,  
Still<sup>38</sup> bleeding and imploring grace  
For every soul of man.
- 6 Father, for us ev'n us he bleeds,  
The sacrifice receive,  
Forgive, for Jesus interceeds,  
He gasps in death—"Forgive!"

**Hymn CXXVII.**

- 1 Did thine ancient Israel go  
With solemn praise and prayer  
To thy hallow'd courts below  
To meet and serve thee there?  
To thy body, Lord, we flee;  
This the consecrated shrine,  
Temple of the deity,  
The real house divine.

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<sup>38</sup>“Still” changed to “Its” in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751), 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757), and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762).

2 Did they tow'rd the altar turn  
Their hopes and heart and face,  
Whence the victim's blood was borne  
Into the holiest place?  
Tow'rd the cross we still look up,  
Tow'rd the Lamb for sinners given,  
Thro' thine only death we hope  
To find our way to heaven.

**V. Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons.**

**Hymn CXXVIII.**

- 1 All hail, thou mighty to atone!  
To expiate sin is thine alone,  
    Thou hast alone the wine-press trod,  
Thou only hast for sinners died,  
By one oblation satisfied  
    Th' inexorably righteous God:
- Should the whole church in flames arise,  
Offer'd as one burnt-sacrifice  
    The sinner's smallest debt to pay,  
They could not, Lord, thine honour share,  
With thee the Father's justice bear,  
    Or bear one single sin away.
- 2 Thyself our utmost price hast paid,  
Thou hast for all atonement made,  
    For all the sins of all mankind;  
God doth in thee redemption give:  
But how shall we the grace receive,  
    But how shall we the blessing find?
- We only can *accept* the grace,  
And humbly our Redeemer praise  
    Who bought the glorious liberty:  
The life thou didst for all procure  
We make by our believing sure  
    To us who live and die to thee.

3 While faith th' atoning blood applies,  
Ourselves a living sacrifice  
    We freely offer up to God:  
And none but those his glory share  
Who crucified with Jesus are,  
    And follow where their Saviour trod.

Saviour, to thee our lives we give,  
Our meanest sacrifice receive,  
    And to thy own oblation join,  
Our suffering and triumphant head,  
Thro' all thy states thy members lead,  
    And seat us on the throne divine.

**Hymn CXXIX.**

1 See where our great high-priest  
    Before the Lord appears,  
    And on his loving breast  
    The tribes of Israel bears,  
Never without his people seen,  
The head of all believing men!

2 With him the corner stone  
    The living stones conjoin,  
    Christ and his church are one,  
    One body and one vine,  
For us he uses all his powers,  
And all he has, or is, is ours.

3 The motions of our head  
    The members all pursue,  
    By his good Spirit led  
    To act, and suffer too  
Whate'er he did on earth sustain,  
'Till glorious all like him we reign.



**Hymn CXXX.**

1        Jesu, we follow thee,  
          In all thy footsteps tread,  
And pant for full conformity  
          To our exalted head;

          We would, we would partake  
          Thy every state below,  
And suffer all things for thy sake,  
          And to thy glory go.<sup>39</sup>

2        We in thy birth are born,  
          Sustain thy grief and loss,  
Share in thy want and shame and scorn,  
          And die upon thy cross.

          Baptiz'd into thy death  
          We sink into thy grave,  
Till thou the quick'ning Spirit breathe,  
          And to the utmost save.

3        Thou said'st "Where'er I am  
          There shall my servant be."  
Master, the welcome word we claim,  
          And die to live with thee;

          To us who share thy pain  
          Thy joy shall soon be given,  
And we shall in thy glory reign,  
          For thou art now in heaven.

**Hymn CXXXI.**

1        Would the Saviour of mankind  
          Without his people die?  
No, to him we all are join'd  
          As more than standers by.

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<sup>39</sup>"Go" changed to "do" in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751), 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (1757), and 5<sup>th</sup> edn. (1762).

Freely as the victim came  
To the altar of his cross,  
We attend the slaughter'd Lamb,  
And suffer for his cause.

2 Him ev'n now by faith we see:  
Before our eyes he stands!  
On the suffering deity  
We lay our trembling hands,  
Lay our sins upon his head,  
Wait on the dread sacrifice,  
Feel the lovely victim bleed,  
And die while Jesus dies!

3 Sinners see, he dies for all,  
And feel his mortal wound,  
Prostrate on your faces fall,  
And kiss the hallow'd ground;  
Hallow'd by the streaming blood,  
Blood, whose virtue all may know,  
Sharers with the dying God,  
And crucified below.

4 Sprinkled with the blood we lye,  
And bless its cleansing power,  
Crying in the Spirit's cry,  
Our Saviour we adore!  
Jesu, Lord, whose cross we bear,  
Let thy death our sins destroy,  
Make us who thy sorrow share  
Partakers of thy joy.

**Hymn CXXXII.**

1        Let heaven and earth proclaim  
          Our common Saviour's name,  
Offer'd by himself to God  
          In his temple here beneath,  
Him who shed for all his blood,  
          Him for all who tasted death.

2        By faith ev'n now we see  
          The suffering deity,  
At the head of whole mankind  
          Lo! He comes for all to die,  
Not a soul is left behind  
          Whom he did not love and buy.

3        First-born of many sons  
          His blood for us atones,  
Saves us from the mortal pain,  
          If we by his cross abide,  
If we in the house remain  
          Where our elder brother died.

**Hymn CXXXIII.**

1        O thou, who hast our sorrows took,  
          Who all our sins didst singly bear,  
To thy dear, bloody cross we look,  
          We cast us on thy offering there,  
For pardon on thy death rely,  
For grace and strength to reach the sky.

2        We look on thee our dying Lamb,  
          On thee whom we have pierc'd, and mourn,  
Partakers of thy grief and shame:  
          Thy anguish hath our bosoms torn,

For us thou didst thy life resign;  
Was ever love or grief like thine!

- 3 O what a killing thought is this,  
    A sword to pierce the faithful heart!  
Our sins have slain the Prince of Peace;  
    Our sins, which caus'd his mortal smart,  
With him we vow to crucify;  
Our sins which murder'd God shall die!
- 4 By faith we nail them to the tree,  
    Till not one breath of life remain,  
But what we can present to thee,  
    (To thee whose blood hath purg'd our stain)  
Conjoin'd to thy great sacrifice,  
Well-pleasing in thy Father's eyes.
- 5 The sav'd and Saviour now agree  
    In closest fellowship combin'd,  
We grieve, and die, and live with thee,  
    To thy great Father's will resign'd;  
And God doth all thy members own  
One with thyself, for ever one.

**Hymn CXXXIV.**

- 1 Jesu, we know that thou hast died,  
    And share the death we shew,  
If the first fruits be sanctified,  
    The lump is holy too.
- 2 The sheaf was wav'd before the Lord,  
    When Jesus bow'd his head,  
And we who thus his death record  
    One with himself are made.

- 3 The sheaf and harvest is but one  
Accepted sacrifice,  
And we who have thy sufferings known  
Shall in thy life arise.
- 4 Still all-involv'd in God we are,  
And offer'd with the Lamb,  
Till all in heaven with Christ appear  
Eternally the same.

**Hymn CXXXV.**

- 1 Amazing love to mortals shew'd!  
The sinless body of our God  
Was fasten'd to the tree;  
And shall our sinful members live?  
No, Lord, they shall not thee survive,  
They all shall die with thee.
- 2 The feet which did to evil run,  
The hands which violent acts have done,  
The greedy heart and eyes,  
Base weapons of iniquity,  
We offer up to death with thee  
A whole burnt sacrifice.
- 3 Our sins are on thine altar laid,  
We do not for their being plead,  
Or circumscribe thy power:  
Bound on thy cross thou seest them lie:  
Let all this cursed Adam die,  
Die, and revive no more.
- 4 Root out the seeds of pride and lust,  
That each may of thy Passion boast  
Which doth the freedom give,  
"The world to me is crucified,  
And I who on his cross have died  
To God for ever live."

**Hymn CXXXVI.**

- 1 O thou holy Lamb divine,  
How canst thou and sinners join?  
God of spotless purity,  
How shall man concur with thee;
- 2 Offer up one sacrifice  
Acceptable to the skies?  
What shall wretched sinners bring  
Pleasing to the glorious king?
- 3 Only sin we call our own,  
But thou art the darling Son,  
Thine it is our God t' appease,  
Him thou dost for ever please.
- 4 We on thee alone depend,  
With thy sacrifice ascend,  
Render what thy grace hath given,  
Lift our souls with thee to heaven.

**Hymn CXXXVII.**

- 1 Ye royal priests of Jesus, rise,  
And join the daily sacrifice,  
Join all believers in his name  
To offer up the spotless Lamb.
- 2 Your meat and your drink-offerings throw  
On him who suffer'd once below,  
But ever lives with God above,  
To plead for us his dying love.
- 3 Whate'er we cast on him alone  
Is with his great oblation one,  
His sacrifice doth ours sustain,  
And favour and acceptance gain.

- 4 On him, who all our burthens bears,  
We cast our praises and our prayers,  
Ourselves we offer up to God,  
Implung'd in his atoning blood.
- 5 Mean are our noblest offerings,  
Poor feeble unsubstantial things;  
But when to him our souls we lift,  
The altar sanctifies the gift.
- 6 Our persons and our deeds aspire  
When cast into that hallow'd fire,  
Our most imperfect efforts please  
When join'd to Christ our righteousness.
- 7 Mixt with the sacred smoke we rise,  
The smoke of his burnt sacrifice,  
By the eternal Spirit driven  
From earth, in Christ we mount to heaven.

**Hymn CXXXVIII.**

- 1 All praise to the Lord, all praise is his due,  
To day is his word of promise found true;  
We, we are the nations, presented to God,  
Well-pleasing oblations thro' Jesus's<sup>40</sup> blood.
- 2 Poor heathens from far to Jesus we came,  
And offer'd we are to God thro' his name,  
To God thro' the Spirit ourselves do we give,  
And sav'd by the merit of Jesus we live.

**Hymn CXXXIX.**

- 1 God of all-redeeming grace,  
By thy pard'ning love compell'd  
Up to thee our souls we raise,  
Up to thee our bodies yield.

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<sup>40</sup>Ori., "Jesus his"; changed in 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1751) and following.

- 2    Thou our sacrifice receive,  
          Acceptable thro' thy Son,  
While to thee alone we live,  
          While we die to thee alone.
- 3    Just it is, and good, and right  
          That we should be wholly thine,  
In thy only will delight,  
          In thy blessed service join.
- 4    O that every thought and word  
          Might proclaim how good thou art,  
HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD  
          Still be written on our heart.

**Hymn CXL.**

- 1    He dies, as now for us he dies!  
          That all-sufficient sacrifice  
Subsists eternal as the Lamb,  
In every time and place the same,  
To all alike it co-extends,  
Its saving vertue never ends.
- 2    He lives for us to interceed,  
For us he doth this moment plead,  
And all who could not see him die  
May now with faith's interior eye  
Behold him stand as slaughter'd there,  
And feel the answer to his prayer.
- 3    While now for us the Saviour prays,  
Father, we humbly sue for grace,  
Poor helpless dying victims we,  
Laden with sin and misery  
His infinite atonement plead,  
Ourselves presenting with our head.



- 4 Assur'd we shall acceptance find,  
To Jesus in oblation join'd,  
Where'er the scatter'd members look,  
To him who all our sorrows took,  
The saving efflux we receive,  
And quicken'd by his Passion live.

**Hymn CXLI.**

- 1 Happy the souls that follow'd thee  
Lamenting to th' accursed wood,  
Happy who underneath the tree  
Unmoveable in sorrow stood.
- 2 When nature felt the deadly blow  
By which thy soul to God was driven,  
Which shook with sympathetick woe  
Temple, and graves, and earth, and heaven.
- 3 O what a time for offering up  
Their souls upon thy sacrifice!  
Who would not with thy burthen stoop,  
And bow the head when Jesus dies!
- 4 Not all the days before or since  
An hour so solemn could afford  
For suffering with our bleeding prince,  
For dying with our slaughter'd Lord.
- 5 Yet in this ordinance divine  
We still the sacred load may bear;  
And now we in thy offering join,  
Thy sacramental Passion share.
- 6 We cast our sins into that fire  
Which did thy sacrifice consume,  
And every base and vain desire  
To daily crucifixion doom.

7     Thou art with all thy members here,  
       In this tremendous mystery  
We jointly before God appear  
       To offer up ourselves with thee.

8     True followers of our bleeding Lamb  
       Now on thy daily cross we die,  
And mingled in a common flame  
       Ascend triumphant to the skie.

**Hymn CXLII.**

1         Come we that record  
           The death of our Lord,  
           The death let us bear,  
By faithful remembrance his sacrifice share.

2         Shall we let our God groan  
           And suffer alone,  
           Or to Calvary fly,  
And nobly resolve with our Master to die!

3         His servants shall be  
           With him on the tree,  
           Where Jesus was slain,  
His crucified servants shall always remain.

4         By the cross we abide  
           Where Jesus hath died,  
           To all we are dead;  
The members can never out-live their own head.

5         Poor penitents we  
           Expect not to see  
           His glory above,  
Till first we have drunk of the cup of his love:

- 6 Till first we partake  
The cross for his sake,  
And thankfully own  
The cup of his love and his sorrow are one.
- 7 Conform'd to his death  
If we suffer beneath,  
With him we shall know  
The power of his first resurrection below.
- 8 If his death we receive,  
His life we shall live,  
If his cross we sustain,  
His joy and his crown we in heaven shall gain.

**Hymn CXLIII.**

- 1 Father, behold I come to do  
Thy will, I come to suffer too  
Thy acceptable will;  
Do with me, Lord, as seems thee good,  
Dispose of this weak flesh and blood,  
And all thy mind fulfil.
- 2 Thy creature in thy hands I am,  
Frail dust and ashes is my name;  
Thy earthen vessel use,  
Mould as thou wilt the passive clay,  
But let me all thy will obey,  
And all thy pleasure chuse.
- 3 Welcome whate'er my God ordain!  
Afflict with poverty or pain  
This feeble flesh of mine,  
(But grant me strength to bear my load)  
I will not murmur at thy rod,  
Or for relief repine.

- 4 My spirit wound (but oh! Be near)  
With what far more than death I fear,  
The darts of keenest shame,  
Fulfill'd with more than killing smart,  
And wounded in the tenderest part  
I still adore thy name.
- 5 Beneath thy bruising hand I fall,  
Whate'er thou send'st I take it all,  
Reproach, or pain, or loss,  
I will not for deliverance pray,  
But humbly unto death obey,  
The death of Jesu's cross.

**Hymn CXLIV.**

- 1 Let both Jews and Gentiles join,  
Friends and enemies combine,  
Vent their utmost rage on me,  
Still I look thro' all to thee.
- 2 Humbly own it is the Lord!  
Let him wake on me<sup>41</sup> his sword:  
Lo, I bow me to thy will;  
Thou thy whole design fulfil.
- 3 Stricken by thine anger's rod,  
Dumb I fall before my God;  
Or my dear chastiser bless,  
Sing the pascal psalm of praise.
- 4 While the bitter herbs I eat,  
Him I for my foes entreat;  
Let me die, but Oh! Forgive,  
Let my pardon'd murderers live.

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<sup>41</sup>“Wake on me” changed to “wave o'er me” in 6<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

**Hymn CXLV.**

- 1     Father, into thy hands alone  
        I have my all restor'd,  
My all thy property I own,  
        The steward of the Lord.
  
- 2     Hereafter none can take away  
        My life or goods or fame,  
Ready at thy demand to lay  
        Them down I always am.
  
- 3     Confiding in thy only love,  
        Thro' him who died for me,  
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,  
        And give back all to thee.
  
- 4     Take when thou wilt into thy hands,  
        And as thou wilt require;  
Resume by the Sabeian bands,  
        Or the devouring fire.
  
- 5     Determin'd all thy will t' obey,  
        Thy blessings I restore;  
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,  
        I praise thee evermore.

**Hymn CXLVI.**

- 1     Father, if thou willing be,  
        Then my griefs a while suspend,  
Then remove the cup from me,  
        Or thy strength'ning angel send;  
Would'st thou have me suffer on?  
Father, let thy will be done.

- 2 Let my flesh be troubled still,  
Fill'd with pain or sore disease,  
Let my wounded spirit feel  
Strong, redoubled agonies,  
Meekly I my will resign,  
Thine be done, and only thine.
- 3 Patient as my great high-priest  
In his bitterness of pain,  
Most abandon'd and distrest,  
Father, I the cross sustain;  
All into thy hands I give,  
Let me die or let me live.
- 4 Following where my Lord hath led,  
Thee I on the cross adore,  
Humbly bow like him my head,  
All thy benefits restore,  
Till my spirit I resign  
Breath'd into the hands divine.

**Hymn CXLVII.**

- 1 Jesu, to thee in faith we look,  
O that our services might rise  
Perfum'd and mingled with the smoke  
Of thy sweet-smelling sacrifice.
- 2 Thy sacrifice with heavenly powers  
Replete, all-holy, all-divine,  
Human and weak, and sinful ours;  
How can the two oblations join?
- 3 Thy offering doth to ours impart  
Its righteousness and saving grace,  
While charg'd with all our sins thou art,  
To death devoted in our place.

- 4 Our mean imperfect sacrifice  
On thine is as a burthen thrown,  
Both in a common flame arise,  
And both in God's account are one.

**Hymn CXLVIII.**

- 1 Father of mercies hear  
Thro' thine atoning Son,  
Who doth for us in heaven appear,  
And prays before thy throne;
- 2<sup>42</sup> By that great sacrifice  
Which he for us doth plead,  
Into our Saviour's death baptize,  
And make us like our head.
- 3 Into the fellowship  
Of Jesu's sufferings take,  
Us who desire with him to sleep,  
That we with him may wake:
- 4 Plant us into his death  
That we his life may prove,  
Partakers of his cross beneath,  
And of his crown above.

**Hymn CXLIX.**

- 1 Jesu, my strength and hope,  
My righteousness and power,  
My soul is lifted up  
Thy mercy to implore;  
My hands I still stretch out to thee,  
My hands I fasten to the tree.
- 2 No more may they offend,  
But do thy work below;

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<sup>42</sup>First edition numbers this hymn as two double stanzas; numbered as four stanzas in all subsequent edns.

Thou know'st I fain would spend  
My life thy praise to shew;  
Nor will thy gracious love despise  
A sinner's meanest sacrifice.

3 Thy wounds have wounded me,  
Thy bloody cross subdu'd,  
I feel my misery,  
And ever gasp for God;  
My prayers and griefs and groans I join,  
And mingle all my pangs with thine.

4 Jesu, a soul receive  
Upon thine altar cast  
To die with thee, and live  
When all my deaths are past;  
To live where grief can never rise,  
And reign with thee above the skies.

#### **Hymn CL.**

1 Father, on us the Spirit bestow,  
Thro' which thine everlasting Son  
Offer'd himself for man below,  
That *we*, ev'n *we* before thy throne  
Our souls and bodies may present,  
And pay thee all thy grace hath lent.

2 O let thy Spirit sanctify  
Whate'er to thee we now restore,  
And make us with thy will comply,  
With all our mind and soul and power,  
Obey thee as thy saints above  
In perfect innocence and love.



**Hymn CLI.**

- 1     Come thou Spirit of contrition,  
        Fill our souls with tender fears,  
Conscious of our lost condition  
        Melt us into gracious tears,  
Just and holy detestation  
        Of our bosom-sins impart,  
Sins that caus'd our Saviour's Passion,  
        Sins that stabb'd him to the heart.
  
- 2     Fill our flesh with killing anguish,  
        All our members crucify,  
Let th' offending nature languish  
        Till on Jesu's cross it die;  
All our sins to death deliver,  
        Let not one, not one survive;  
Then we live to God forever,  
        Then in heaven on earth we live.

**Hymn CLII.**

- 1             Arm of the Lord, whose vengeance laid  
My sins upon my Saviour's head,  
In mercy now the sinner see,  
And O destroy them all in me.
  
- 2             Accept all-gracious as thou art,  
Accept a mournful sinner's heart,  
Who pour my tears before my God,  
As a poor victim does its blood.
  
- 3             My feeble soul would fain aspire,  
Its zeal and thoughts, and whole desire  
Lift up to thee, through Jesu's name,  
As a burnt-sacrifice, its flame.

4       And since it cannot please alone,  
Accept it, Father, thro' thy Son;  
Supported by his sacrifice,  
O may it from his altar rise.

5       Cloath'd in his righteousness receive,  
And bid me one with Jesus live,  
Join all he sanctifies in one,  
One cross, one glory, and one crown.

**Hymn CLIII.**

1       Father, thy feeble children meet,  
      And make thy faithful mercies known;  
Give us thro' faith the flesh to eat,  
      And drink the blood of Christ thy Son;  
Honour thine own mysterious ways,  
      Thy sacramental presence shew,  
And all the fullness of thy grace,  
      With Jesus, on our souls bestow.

2       Father, our sacrifice receive,  
      Our souls and bodies we present,  
Our goods, and vows, and praises give,  
      Whate'er thy bounteous love hath lent.  
Thou can'st not now our gift despise,  
      Cast on that all-atoning Lamb,  
Mixt with that bleeding sacrifice,  
      And offer'd up thro' Jesu's name.

**Hymn CLIV.**

1       Jesu, did they crucify  
      Thee by highest heaven ador'd?  
Let us also go and die  
      With our dearest dying Lord!

- 2 Lord, thou seest our willing heart,  
Knowst its uppermost desire,  
With our nature's life to part,  
Meekly on thy cross t' expire.
- 3 Fain we would be all like thee,  
Suffer with our Lord beneath:  
Grant us full conformity,  
Plunge us deep into thy death.
- 4 Now inflict the mortal pain,  
Now exert thy Passion's power,  
Let the man of sin be slain,  
Die the flesh to live no more.

**Hymn CLV.**<sup>43</sup>

- 1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host  
Let thy will on earth be done;  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!
- 2 Vilest of the fallen race,  
Lo! I answer to thy call,  
Meanest vessel of thy grace,  
(Grace divinely free for all)  
Lo, I come to do thy will,  
All thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I  
May to thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify,  
All my words and thoughts receive:  
Claim me, for thy service claim  
All I have, and all I am.

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<sup>43</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 172a–172b.

- 4     Take my soul and body's powers,  
       Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
       All I know, and all I feel,  
All I think, and speak, and do;  
Take my heart—but make it new.
- 5     Now, O God, thine own I am,  
       Now I give thee back thy own,  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
       Consecrate to thee alone;  
Thine I live, thrice happy I,  
Happier still, for thine I die.
- 6     Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
       One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
       Let thy will on earth be done;  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

**Hymn CLVI.**

- 1         All glory and praise  
           To the antient of days,  
Who was born, and was slain to redeem a lost race.
- 2         Salvation to God,  
           Who carried our load,  
And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.
- 3         And shall he not have  
           The lives which he gave  
Such an infinite ransom forever to save.

4        Yes, Lord, we are thine,  
          And gladly resign  
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

5        We yield thee thine own,  
          We serve thee alone,  
Thy will upon earth as in heaven be done.

6        How, when it shall be  
          We cannot foresee;  
But Oh! Let us live, let us die unto thee!

**Hymn CLVII.**

1        Let him to whom we now belong  
          His sovereign right assert,  
And take up every thankful song,  
          And every loving heart.

2        He justly claims us for his own  
          Who bought us with a price:  
The Christian lives to Christ alone  
          To Christ alone he dies.

3        Jesu, thine own at least receive,  
          Fulfil our heart's desire,  
And let us to thy glory live,  
          And in thy cause expire.

4        Our souls and bodies we resign,  
          With joy we render thee  
Our all, no longer ours, but thine  
          Thro' all eternity!

[VI.] After the Sacrament.

Hymn CLVIII.

- 1 All praise to God above  
In whom we have believ'd!  
The tokens of whose dying love  
We have ev'n now receiv'd,  
  
Have with his flesh been fed,  
And drank his precious blood:  
His precious blood is drink indeed,  
His flesh immortal food.
- 2 O what a taste is this  
Which now in Christ we know,  
An earnest of our glorious bliss,  
Our heaven begun below!  
  
When he the table spreads,  
How royal is the cheer!  
With rapture we lift up our heads,  
And own that God is here.
- 3 He bids us taste his grace,  
The joys of angels prove,  
The stammerers' tongues are loos'd to praise  
Our dear Redeemer's love.  
  
Salvation to our God  
That sits upon the throne;  
Salvation be alike bestow'd  
On his triumphant Son!

4           The Lamb for sinners slain,  
              Who died to die no more,  
Let all the ransom'd sons of men  
              With all his hosts adore:

              Let earth and heaven be join'd  
              His glories to display,  
And hymn the Saviour of mankind  
              In one eternal day.

**Hymn CLIX.**

1           All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord!  
              His ransoming grace we gladly record,  
              His bloody oblation, and death on the tree,  
              Hath purchas'd salvation and heaven for me.

2           The Saviour hath died for *me* and for *you*,  
              The blood is applied, the record is true;  
              The Spirit bears witness, and speaks in the blood,  
              And gives us the fitness for living with God.

**Hymn CLX.<sup>44</sup>**

1           Welcome delicious sacred cheer,  
              Welcome my God, my Saviour dear!  
              O with me, in me, live and dwell;  
              Thine, earthly joy surpasses quite,  
              The depths of thy supreme delight  
              Not angel-tongues can fully tell.

2           What streams of sweetness from the bowl  
              Surprize and deluge all my soul,  
              Sweetness which is, and makes divine,  
              Surely from God's right-hand they flow,  
              From thence deriv'd to earth below,  
              To cheer us with immortal wine.

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<sup>44</sup>Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 175–77 (#153). This adaptation appeared first in *HSP* (1739), 126–28.

- 3     Soon as I taste the heavenly bread,  
      What manna o'er my soul is shed,  
          Manna that angels never knew!  
      Victorious sweetness fills my heart,  
      Such as my God delights t' impart,  
          Mighty to save, and sin subdue.
- 4     I had forgot my heavenly birth,  
      My soul degen'rate clave to earth,  
          In sense and sin's base pleasures drown'd,  
      When God assum'd humanity,  
      And spilt his sacred blood for me,  
          To wash, and lift me from the ground.
- 5     Soon as his love has rais'd me up,  
      He mingles blessings in a cup,  
          And sweetly meets my ravish'd taste;  
      Joyous I now throw off my load,  
      I cast my sins and care on God,  
          And wine becomes a wing at last.
- 6     Upborn on this, I mount, I fly;  
      Regaining swift my native sky,  
          I wipe my streaming eyes, and see  
      Him, whom I seek, for whom I sue,  
      My God, my Saviour there I view,  
          And live with him who dy'd for me.

**Hymn CLXI.**

**"Therefore with Angels and Arch-Angels," &c.<sup>45</sup>**

- 1     Lord, and God of heavenly powers,  
      Theirs—yet Oh! Benignly ours;  
      Glorious King, let earth proclaim,  
      Worms attempt to chant thy name.

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<sup>45</sup>From the Preface to the Sanctus in the liturgy of Holy Communion, BCP. Appeared first in *HSP* (1739), 128.



2       Thee to laud in songs divine,  
Angels and arch-angels join;  
We with them our voices raise,  
Ecchoing thy eternal praise.

3       Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Live by heaven and earth ador'd!  
Full of thee they ever cry  
Glory be to God most high!

**Hymn CLXII.**

1       Hosannah in the highest  
To our exalted Saviour,  
      Who left behind  
      For all mankind  
These tokens of his favour:

His bleeding love and mercy,  
His all-redeeming Passion,  
      Who here displays  
      And gives the grace  
Which brings us our salvation.

2       Louder than gather'd waters,  
Or bursting peals of thunder,  
      We lift our voice  
      And speak our joys,  
And shout our loving wonder!

Shout all our elder brethren,  
While we record the story  
      Of him that came,  
      And suffer'd shame  
To carry us to glory.

3       Angels in fixt amazement  
Around our altars hover,  
      With eager gaze  
      Adore the grace  
Of our eternal lover:

Himself and all his fulness  
Who gives to the believer;  
And by this bread  
Whoe'er are fed  
Shall live with God for ever!

**Hymn CLXIII.**  
**“Glory be to God on High,  
and on Earth Peace,” &c.<sup>46</sup>**

- 1 Glory be to God on high,  
God whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
Man the well-belov'd of heaven!
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly 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 power, 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 atonement thou:  
Jesu, in thy name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away.

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<sup>46</sup>The Gloria in the liturgy of Holy Communion, BCP. Appeared first in *HSP* (1739), 128–29.

- 6 Powerful advocate with God,  
Justify us by thy blood!  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's atonement thou!
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,  
With thy glorious Sire art one,  
One the Holy Ghost with thee,  
One supreme eternal Three!

**Hymn CLXIV.**<sup>47</sup>

- 1 Sons of God, triumphant rise,  
Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice,  
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,  
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!
- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,  
Listening angels join the song;  
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,  
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done;  
Greet we now th' atoning 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 power,  
Jesus makes our hearts his throne,  
There he lives, and reigns alone.

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<sup>47</sup>Appeared first in *HSP* (1739), 190–92.

- 6 Grace our every thought controuls,  
Heaven 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.
- 8 Him by faith we taste below,  
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,  
When his utmost grace we prove,  
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

**Hymn CLXV.**

- 1 How happy are thy servants, Lord,  
Who thus remember thee!  
What tongue can tell our sweet accord,  
Our perfect harmony!
- 2 Who thy mysterious Supper share,  
Here at thy table fed,  
Many, and yet but one we are,  
One undivided bread.
- 3 One with the living bread divine,  
Which now by faith we eat,  
Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,  
And all in Jesus meet.
- 4 So dear the tie where souls agree  
In Jesu's dying love;  
Then only can it closer be,  
When all are join'd above.

**Hymn CLXVI.**

- 1 Happy the saints of former days  
Who first continued in the word,  
A simple lowly loving race,  
True followers of their lamb-like Lord.
- 2 In holy fellowship they liv'd,  
Nor would from the commandment move,  
But every joyful day receiv'd  
The tokens of expiring love.
- 3 Not then above their Master wise,  
They simply<sup>48</sup> in his paths remain'd,  
And call'd to mind his sacrifice  
With stedfast faith and love unfeign'd.
- 4 From house to house they broke the bread  
Impregnated with life divine,  
And drank the Spirit of their head  
Transmitted in the sacred wine.
- 5 With Jesu's constant presence blest,  
While duteous to his dying word,  
They kept the eucharistick feast,  
And supp'd in Eden with their Lord.
- 6 Throughout their spotless lives was seen  
The virtue of this heavenly food,  
Superior to the sons of men  
They soar'd aloft, and walk'd with God.
- 7 O what a flame of sacred love  
Was kindled by the altar's fire!  
They liv'd on earth like those above,  
Glad rivals of the heavenly choir.

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<sup>48</sup>“Simply” changed to “simple” in 6<sup>th</sup> edn. (1771) and following.

- 8 Strong in the strength herewith receiv'd,  
And mindful of the crucified;  
His confessors for him they liv'd,  
For him his faithful martyrs dyed.
- 9 Their souls from chains of flesh releas'd,  
By torture from their bodies driven  
With violent faith the kingdom seiz'd,  
And fought and forc'd their way to heaven.
- 10 Where is the pure primeval flame,  
Which in their faithful bosom glow'd?  
Where are the followers of the Lamb,  
The dying witnesses for God?
- 11 Why is the faithful seed decreas'd,  
The life of God extinct and dead?  
The daily sacrifice is ceas'd,  
And charity to heaven is fled.
- 12 Sad mutual causes of decay,  
Slackness and vice together move,  
Grown cold we cast the means away,  
And quench'd our latest spark of love.
- 13 The sacred signs thou didst ordain,  
Our pleasant things are all laid waste;  
To men of lips and hearts profane,  
To dogs and swine, and heathen cast.
- 14 Thine holy ordinance contemn'd  
Hath let the flood of evil in,  
And those who by thy name are nam'd,  
The sinners unbaptiz'd out-sin.
- 15 But canst thou not thy work revive  
Once more in our degenerate years?  
O wouldst thou with thy rebels strive,  
And melt them into gracious tears!

- 16 O wouldst thou to thy church return!  
For which the faithful remnant sighs,  
For which the drooping nations mourn,  
Restore the daily sacrifice.
- 17 Return, and with thy servants sit,  
Lord of the sacramental feast,  
And satiate us with heavenly meat,  
And make the *world* thy happy guest.
- 18 Now let the spouse, reclin'd on thee,  
Come up out of the wilderness,  
From every spot, and wrinkle free,  
And wash'd, and perfected in grace.
- 19 Thou hear'st the pleading Spirit's groan,  
Thou knowst the groaning Spirit's will:  
Come in thy gracious kingdom down,  
And all thy ransom'd servants seal.
- 20 Come quickly, Lord, the Spirit cries,  
The number of thy saints compleat,  
Come quickly, Lord, the bride replies,  
And make us all for glory meet.
- 21 Erect thy tabernacle here,  
The New Jerusalem send down,  
Thyself amidst thy saints appear,  
And seat us on thy dazling throne.
- 22 Begin the great millennial day,  
Now, Saviour, with a shout descend,  
Thy standard in the heavens display,  
And bring thy joy which ne'er shall end!