

“Hymns for 1745”¹

[in 2nd edn., *HTTP* (1744); Baker list, #83]

Editorial Introduction:

The first edition of *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744) was released in the context of the feared invasion of Britain by France, supporting the Jacobite cause of restoring to the British throne the descendants of deposed king James II—see *HTTP* (1744). This threat was largely thwarted when the French fleet was driven back by storms in April 1744.

While the French were unable to provide troops, and counseled him against it, Charles Edward Stuart (grandson of James II) decided to carry forward the family cause. In July 1745 he landed in Scotland with a few of his supporters, proclaimed his father as king of both Scotland and England, and was able to draw on strong Jacobite sympathies there to gain a significant toehold in Scotland. He gathered over 5,000 troops, which he turned southward in December toward England.

In this context, the Wesley brothers released on December 17, 1745 a 2nd edition of *HTTP* (1744), with a set of fifteen new hymns added in a section titled “Hymns for Times of Trouble for the Year 1745.” Most of these hymns continue the theme of those earlier in the collection, calling for God’s protection and deliverance. But a few strike a more apocalyptic note (see hymns 3, 6, 10–12), suggesting that current events portend an imminent return of God for final judgment of the world. As Charles noted in a letter to his brother on August 23, 1745 (copied in his *MS Journal*), this was characteristically his tone, in contrast to John—referring to himself as a “prophet of bad things.”

This second edition was the first printing in the series to be published naming the Wesley brothers as the authors. The presence of John’s name may indicate some editorial role, but likely was intended more to affirm that he shared the political sentiments evident in collection. There is every reason to believe that Charles was author of all fifteen new hymns (as of all the other hymns in the collection).

The positive fortunes of Charles Edward Stuart proved short-lived. The Jacobite sympathies in England were much weaker than in Scotland and he gained few new troops. Indeed his Scottish troops soon began deserting. Thus, the English army, led by William, Duke of Cumberland and son of King George II, was able to rout the Jacobite forces in April 1746 at the battle of Culloden. This effectively ended the Jacobite threat. Charles celebrated this victory by writing yet further verses for the official day of thanksgiving—see *Thanksgiving Hymns* (1746).

Editions:

[Charles Wesley.] “Hymns for Times of Trouble for the Year 1745.” In John & Charles Wesley. *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 49–69. 2nd edn. Bristol: Farley, 1745.
3rd London, 1756 (pp. 54–76).

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**HYMNS
FOR
TIMES OF TROUBLE,
FOR THE YEAR 1745.**

1.

- 1 Righteous sin-avenging God,
 To thee what shall we say?
 Dare we deprecate the rod,
 Or still for respite pray?
 Thou hast given our sinful land
A longer, and a longer space,
 But we still thy love withstand,
 And mock thee to thy face.
- 2 Thou in danger's darkest hour
 Didst on our side appear,
 Snatch us from the wasting power
 Of Rome and Satan near:
 Whom the winds and seas obey,
Thou, Lord, thy mighty arm didst show,
 Chase the alien hosts away,
 And stop th' invading foe.

- 3 Not our providence or sword
 Did us from ruin save,
 Our Deliverer is the Lord,
 Let him the glory have:
 But alas, we have not feared
Thy power, or rendered thee thy due,
 Have not honoured, or revered
 A God we never knew.
- 4 Viler still, if that can be,
 We have been in thy sight,
 Scorned to give the praise to thee,
 And robbed thee of thy right,
 Wronged thine interposing grace,
Denied thy providential care,
 Hardened as th' Egyptian race
 Thine utmost plague to dare.
- 5 What can our destruction stop,
 Or now reverse our doom?
 God the just must give us up,
 And let the ruin come:
 Lo! He whets his glittering sword,
His hand doth hold of judgment take,
 Rises the Almighty Lord
 A guilty land to shake!
- 6 O Almighty Lord, we own
 Thine awful righteousness,
 Make in us thy goodness known,
 Who all our sins confess,
 Us who tremble at the rod,
And meekly to the judgment bow,
 O remember us for good
 Who sue for mercy now!

2.

- 1 Lamb of God, who bear'st away
 All the sins of all mankind,
Bow a nation to thy sway
 While we may acceptance find,

Let us thankfully embrace
The last offers of thy grace.

- 2 Thou thy messengers hast sent
 Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we should all repent,
 Know salvation in thy name,
Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
Find in thee the way to heaven.
- 3 Jesu, roll away the stone,
 Good Physician show thine art,
Make thine healing virtue known,
 Break the unbelieving heart,
Soften the obdurate crowd,
Melt the rebels by thy blood.
- 4 Let thy dying love constrain
 Those that disregard thy frown,
Sink the mountain to a plain,
 Bring the pride of sinners down,
By thy bloody cross subdued,
Tell them, I have died for you!
- 5 Or if yet they will not turn
 In their acceptable day,
Will not look on thee and mourn,
 Will not cast their sins away,
Them at last by judgments shake,
By thy thunder's voice awake.
- 6 Force our hardened souls to fear,
 Visit with affliction's rod,
Let us have our chastening here,
 Fall into the hands of God;
Scourge, but make not a full end,
Punish us, but, Lord, amend.
- 7 Let th' effect of Jacob's pain
 Be to purge his sin away,
Let the stock take root again,
 Flourish in a gospel-day,

Forth in gracious blossoms shoot,
Fill the earth with golden fruit.

- 8 If the ruin be decreed,
 Turn it to thy people's good,
Still preserve the holy seed,
 Arm us with thy sprinkled blood,
Till the utmost grace we prove,
Perfect in all-patient love.

3.

Zephaniah 1:12ff; 2:1-2.

- 1 The day, the dreadful day draws nigh,
 When God in judgment shall appear,
Shall by his laws his people try,
 And prove with scrutiny severe
The sinners settled on their lees,
And punish all that dwell at ease.
- 2 The men whose hearts deny his love,
 His guardian love and righteous sway,
Who say "Secure he sits above,
 And lets us each pursue our way,
Nor will he e'er our deeds regard,
Or punish mortals, or reward."
- 3 On these the Lord his wrath shall show,
 And give them to the waster's power
Stir up the fierce invading foe,
 Their goods and houses to devour:
Houses they shall for others build,
And sow, but never reap the field.
- 4 For lo! The Lord's great day is near,
 Is near and swiftly hastens on,
The mighty men shall cry for fear
 And anguish while his wrath comes down,
While God the sacred panic darts
And speaks in thunder to their hearts.

- 5 Who can that awful day declare?
A day of trouble and distress,
A day of raging wasteful war,
Of darkness, clouds and gloominess,
A day to join th' embattled powers,
And storm the forts, and shake the towers.
- 6 The Lord shall bring a sudden snare,
The wicked by his judgments blind,
Because his utmost plagues they dare
They here their punishment shall find,
Their blood shall be as dust poured forth,
Their carcasses shall dung the earth.
- 7 Not all their treasures shall redeem
Their lives in that tremendous day,
When God's great jealousy shall flame
Vindictive, and devour its prey,
The land where in their sins they dwell
Burn up,—burn after them to hell.
- 8 Turn then to God, ye sinners turn,
Let every heart at once relent,
The whole devoted nation mourn,
By general grief the curse prevent,
In penitential sorrow join,
And deprecate the wrath divine.
- 9 Repent before the dire decree
Bring forth the irrevocable doom;
Before the day as chaff ye see
Pass by; before the vengeance come;
Before the Lord let loose his ire,
And make you fuel to the fire.
- 10 Or if the wicked will not hear,
Ye humble souls that keep his word,
Ye meek ones of the earth, revere,
And seek with double zeal your Lord,
Walk on in all his righteous ways,
And labour for the perfect grace.

11 It may be God, the God ye love
 Will hide you in his anger's day,
Far off from you the sword remove—
 Or if it sweeps your lives away,
Your souls with swifter motion driven
Shall in a whirlwind fly to heaven.

4.

1 O God, thy righteousness we own,
 Laid by thy threat'ning judgments low,
Beneath a nation's load we groan,
 And more than share the common woe,
The common woe, so long delayed
Which bursts in thunder on our head.

2 Warned by thy Spirit's gracious call
 We looked for this vindictive day;
And still we at thy footstool fall,
 And still we weep, and watch, and pray:
Hear, Jesu, hear our mournful prayer,
And spare, the sinful nation spare.

3 Why should they still be stricken, Lord,
 When all thy strokes are spent in vain?
They *will* not see the invading sword,
 But dare thy lifted arm again,
And deep-revolting more and more,
Defy thine anger's utmost power.

4 Still they provoke thy glorious eyes,
 And scorn thy outstretched arm to fear,
Thy gracious calls they still despise,
 And vex thy faithful servants here,
And hunt to death the righteous soul,
And make their guilty measure full.

5 Though *twice ten thousand* souls are fled
 With pain to their eternal home,
The rest disdain thy wrath to dread,
 And eager for their instant doom,

With Pharaoh's rage pursue thy sheep,
And rush into the hellish deep.

- 6 Yet for the honour of thy love
The people of thy wrath forbear,
Their sin and punishment remove,
The fury and the waste of war;
Pluck from the fire, Almighty God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood!

5.

For His Majesty King George.

- 1 Lord of hosts we look to thee,
To thee in faith we call,
Terrible in majesty
Thou reignest over all,
Thy great arm salvation brings,
Thou o'errul'st th' embattled powers,
Giv'st the victory to kings—
O give it now to ours!
- 2 Sovereign Arbiter arise,
His lawful right maintain,
Blast and scatter with thine eyes
Whoe'er oppose his reign:
All their strength o'erturn, o'erthrow,
Knap² their spears, and break their swords,
Make the daring rebels know
The battle is the Lord's.
- 3³ Not by many or by few
Art thou restrained to save:
They shall all their foes subdue
Who thee their helper have;
Let the world their powers engage,
Rome's and hell's whole *conclave* join,
Calm we meet their utmost rage,
If armed with strength divine.

²This is defined in *OED* as a verb meaning “to knock” or “strike with a hard short blow.” When Wesley quotes the last four lines in this stanza in his *MS Journal* (May 2, 1746), he uses “Snap” instead.

³Ori., “4.”

4⁴ O Almighty God of love,
 Appear on Israel's side,
Send us succour from above,
 Who in thine aid confide:
Lo! We trust in thee alone,
 On thy single arm depend,
Jesus help, and save thine own,
 And save us to the end.

6.

Isaiah 26:20–21.

1 Come, O my chosen people come,
 Far from the evil world retire,
Wise to escape th' impending doom,
 The weight of heaven's vindictive ire.

2 Enter into thy secret place,
 With silent awe thy God adore,
Hide thee for one short moment's space,
 And rest till all the wrath be o'er.

3 For lo! The Lord from heaven comes down,
 Vengeance on sinful man to take,
The world shall tremble at his frown,
 The earth shall to her centre quake.

4 The earth shall at his word her blood
 Disclose, nor longer hide her slain,
The dead shall rise to meet their God,
 And sink into eternal pain.

7.

A Prayer for a Minister.

1 Bishop of souls, regard our cry
Our faithful guide with strength supply,
 And hide his life above,
The teacher teach, the leader lead,
The pastor every moment feed
 With thy sufficient love.

⁴Ori., "10."

- 2 His hands confirm, his breast inspire,
And touch his lips with hallowed fire,
That zeal of charity
That apostolic spi'rit impart,
And make him after thy own heart,
And count him worthy thee.
- 3 Harden to adamant his brow,
His wisdom and his mouth be thou,
His might invincible:
Arm him in all the arms divine,
Send forth this messenger of thine
To shake the gates of hell.
- 4 Thy power be in his weakness seen,
A spectacle to fiends and men,
Support him with thy mind:
Nor let the pastor die for want,
Nor let the standard-bearer faint,
Assailed by all mankind.
- 5 Be with him in that darkest hour,
When hell exerts its utmost power
Thy minister t' oppress;
Reviled, forsaken and betrayed,
In all things like his Master made,
Yet kept in perfect peace.
- 6 When every *human* friend is fled,
Stand by him at his greatest need,
Nor suffer him to fear,
Strongly upheld by thee alone,
To make the preaching fully known
That all the world may hear.
- 7 Unto thy heavenly kingdom keep,
And grant him there in joy to reap
What he in tears did sow,
Late to thy paradise remove,
And let him to his throne above
In glorious triumph go.

- 8 When ready to be offered up,
 Give him to speak th' immortal hope
 That fills his swelling heart,
 "Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,
 According to thy faithful word
 In perfect peace depart.
- 9 "I the good fight have fought and won,
 I all my course on earth have run,
 And passed my mourning days,
 Have kept the faith by Jesus given,
 And haste to my reward in heaven,
 A crown of righteousness.
- 10 "That glorious wreath which now I see,
 The Lord, the righteous judge on me
 Shall at that day bestow,
 On me, and all my brethren here,
 Who long to see my Lord appear,
 And love his work below."
- 11 So be it, Lord, for whom we stay,
 Hasten the long-expected day,
 And call our friend to share,
 The heavenly joy of saints deceased,
 And let us all with him be bless'd,
 And die to meet him there!

8.

- 1 Dreadful sin-chastising God,
 If the decree is past,
 If the long-impending rod
 Must scourge our land at last,
 When thou dost in wrath reprove
The sinners who thy judgments dare,
 Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
 Thy praying people spare.

- 2 If on such a land as this
 Thou must avenged be,
 Yet preserve in perfect peace
 The souls that trust on thee,
 Hide their precious lives above,
And make them thy peculiar care,
 Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
 Thy praying people spare.
- 3 Mark the men, who deeply sigh
 Our loathsome crimes to view,
 Hear their deprecating cry,
 And save the mournful few,
 Far from them the plague remove,
The famine, and the waste of war;
 Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
 Thy praying people spare.
- 4 To thy little flock of sheep,
 O that thy grace might join
 Us, ev'n us who fain would weep
 Beneath the wrath divine:
 Help us, O thou Holy Dove,
To breathe the much-availing prayer,
 Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
 Thy praying people spare.
- 5 Surely now in part we feel
 The answer to our cry,
 Thou thine anger dost reveal,
 And bring the judgment nigh,
 Now the coming woes we prove,
And groan the common ills to bear;
 Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
 Thy praying people spare.
- 6 Grant us still to pray and grieve
 Till all the wrath is past;
 This the sign thou wilt forgive
 And heal our land at last:

Heavily till then we move,
And sigh our sympathizing care,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people spare.

9.

- 1 Thou awful God, whose righteous ire
 In Sion as a furnace burns,
Fit fuel of eternal fire,
 A race that all thy mercy scorns;
Behold us where in death we lie,
Nor let our souls forever die.
- 2 All we like sheep have gone astray,
 Have turned to our own wickedness,
Rushed headlong down the spacious way;
 But O! How few their sins confess,
Their foul apostasy bemoan,
Or tremble as the wrath comes down.
- 3 Yet hast thou left thyself a seed,
 A remnant of peculiar grace,
A little flock who mourn and plead,
 And wrestle for the faithless race
That will not hear thy threat'ning rod,
Or turn, and find a pard'ning God.
- 4 Touched from above with fear divine,
 We would the weeping few increase,
Our broken hearts and voices join,
 And wail our nation's wickedness,
In deepest groans our crimes declare,
In all the agony of prayer.
- 5 Alas for us, to evil sold,
 A seed of lips and hearts unclean,
In vice beyond example bold,
 Sunk in the dregs of time and sin,
Laden with all iniquity,
As Satan contrary to thee!

6 Yet for the righteous remnant's sake
Our death-devoted Sodom spare,
And call the storms of vengeance back—
Or if thou canst no more forbear,
Thyself resume our wretched breath,
But save us from eternal death.

10.

The Second Chapter of Joel.

Part 1.

1 Blow ye the trump, in Sion blow,
That all may hear and understand,
Their time of visitation know;
Sound an alarm throughout my land,
Let all the people quake for fear,
The day, the evil day is near.

2 A day of gloominess and dread,
A day of clouds and sore affright,
As mists upon the mountains spread,
Dark as the deepest noon of night,
A day where only meteors shine,
A day of righteous wrath divine.

3 Destruction from the Lord is come,
The terrible Almighty Lord,
To seal a guilty nation's doom:
Lo! He hath bared th' avenging sword,
And sent his hostile armies forth
To plague, and waste, and shake the earth.

4 Lo! At his word th' embattled powers
Marching in dread array appear!
A fire before their face devours,
A flame is kindled by their rear,
Plague, famine, fire and sword are joined,
And ghastly ruin stalks behind.

- 5 Before their face an Eden blooms,
But where the grounded staff hath passed,
Their breath the paradise consumes,
And lays the pleasant landscape waste,
No more the seat of joy and peace,
But one great dreary wilderness.
- 6 As horsemen harnessed for the fight,
They rush impetuous from afar,
Borne headlong with resistless might,
Loud-rattling as the rolling car,
Light o'er the mountaintops they bound,
The vales with clanging arms resound.
- 7 As fire on crackling stubble feeds,
And wins its desolated way,
The mighty host destruction spreads,
Wide-wasting, and devours its prey,
With noise confused, and shoutings loud,
And groans, and garments rolled in blood.
- 8 Where'er they turn, the people fail,
Pained and astonished at the sight,
Their face o'erspread with deadly pale,
Their heart o'erwhelmed with huge affright,
Hopeless to stand the invader's force,
Or stop their all-victorious course.
- 9 Nothing against their might shall stand,
While firmly ranked in close array
And marshaled by divine command,
Secure they urge their rapid way,
Or rise when fallen on the sword,
Unwounded champions of the Lord.
- 10 Swift to the slaughter and the spoil
The fierce invulnerable powers
Shall run, shall fly; their foemen foil,
And scale the walls, and mount the towers:
The earth beneath their rage shall quake,
The battlements of heaven shall shake.

- 11 The sun no more shall rule the day,
But set eclipsed in sudden night,
The moon shall lose her paler ray,
The stars withdraw their glimm'ring light,
The higher powers shall disappear,
When God, the glorious King, is near.
- 12 Before his dreadful camp the Lord
Shall utter his majestic voice,
For he is strong, and keeps his word,
And all his vengeful power employs
Against the world in that great day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away.

11.

[The Second Chapter of Joel.]

Part 2.

- 1 Wherefore he now in mercy cries
With all your heart ye sinners turn,
To me, before my wrath arise,
To me confess your sins and mourn,
Chasten your souls with fast severe,
And tremble at my judgments near.
- 2 Your hearts, and not your garments rent,
And turn unto the Lord your God,
For he is kind, on mercy bent,
Gracious to those that hear his rod,
To anger slow, and loath to chide,
But swift to lay his bolt aside.
- 3 Who knows but he may now return,
Repent and from his wrath forbear,
Grieved at the heart for them that mourn,
And vanquished by their humble prayer,
May for a curse a blessing leave,
And every weeping soul forgive?

- 4 Blow ye the trumpet's loudest blast,
A shrill alarm in Sion sound,
Proclaim a soul-afflicting fast,
To all the guilty nation round:
A solemn sad assembly call,
And let the summons reach to all.
- 5 Gather and sanctify the crowd,
To deprecate the wrath divine,
Bring all into the house of God,
The elders, and the infants join,
The sucklings place beneath his eye,
And let your babes for mercy cry.
- 6 His chamber let the bridegroom leave,
The bride out of her closet go,
The priests of God lament and grieve,
And prostrate at his altar show
By tears and cries the load they bear,
And pray their angry God to spare.
- 7 With pity, O thou gracious Lord,
Thy poor afflicted people see,
Nor give us to th' invader's sword,
The little flock redeemed by thee,
Nor leave us to their scornful rage,
But spare thy drooping heritage.
- 8 Why should the heathen aliens say,
Where is he now, their boasted God?
Why should they bear the cruel sway,
And wash their footsteps in our blood?
Wilt thou not, Lord, at last awake,
And save us for thy Jesus' sake?
- 9 He will, Jehovah surely will
Be jealous for his fav'rite land,
His pitying love at last reveal,
Redeem us by his outstretched hand,
Answer our prayer in power and peace,
And fill us with his righteousness.

- 10 The Lord shall to his people say,
 Lo! I again mine own will feed,
With corn and wine and oil convey
 Into your souls the living bread,
Send down my Spirit from above,
The oil of joy, the wine of love.
- 11 Sion, I will no more expose
 To heathens a reproach and prey,
But turn mine hand against your foes,
 And drive the alien host away,
Satan, and all his powers subdue,
And slay the sins that wasted you.

12.

[The Second Chapter of Joel.]

Part 3.

- 1 Then, then the gospel-day shall rise,
 (Jehovah speaks, let earth attend)
I from my throne above the skies
 Will on all flesh my Spirit send;
Not one but may the promise find
The gift poured out on all mankind.
- 2 Your sons and daughters at that day
 Shall in the solemn worship join,
Or fervent in the Spirit pray,
 Or utter words of praise divine,
The old shall dream, inspired by me,
The young shall heavenly visions see.
- 3 I will to the whole ransomed race
 My glorious deity reveal,
Pour out the Spirit of my grace,
 My servants and my handmaids fill
With love, shed in their hearts abroad,
With all the plenitude of God.

- 4 Who slight my miracles of love
 On them I will my judgments show,
 Portentous signs in heaven above,
 And prodigies in earth below;
 The earth shall be burnt up with fire,
 And all its works in smoke expire.
- 5 The sun shall black as sackcloth turn,
 The moon shall redden into blood,
 The el'ments melt, the heav'ns shall burn,
 At that great awful day of God,
 The stars shall from their orbits fall,
 And flames and darkness cover all.
- 6 Then shall the Lord his truth display,
 (The merciful Almighty Lord)
 To those that did his call obey,
 The residue that kept his word;
 He shall the full salvation give,
 And bid his saints in glory live.
- 7 Then all that on the Lord rely,
 And call in faith on Jesu's name,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 Their Master's glorious joy shall claim,
 Joy to his faithful servants given,
 Joy in a new eternal heaven.

13.

For His Majesty King George.

- 1 O God, who hear'st the prayer
 For Jesus' sake alone,
 Receive thy darling care,
 Thy own anointed one,
 Our king into thine arms receive,
 And let him to thy glory live.

- 2 Thy minister for good
To us he long hath been,
And in the gap hath stood;
And still he stands between
Thy little flock and papal power,
Nor lets the Romish wolf devour.
- 3 His mild and gentle sway
Hath checked our brethren's rage,
And spoiled them of their prey,
And saved thine heritage,
Who still with his protection blest,
Beneath his sacred shadow rest.
- 4 O for thy Jesus' sake,
Thy Sion's debt restore,
And pay the blessing back,
In thy protecting power;
Ten thousand thousand blessings shed
In showers on our defender's head.
- 5 Prolong his glorious race,
And let him late remove
To see thy blissful face,
And take his seat above;
Keep, till his full reward is given,
And guard him to a throne in heaven.

14.

- 1 The Lord is King, ye saints rejoice,
And ceaseless hallelujahs sing!
The angry floods lift up their voice
In vain, for lo! The Lord is King.
- 2 All ocean's waves may swell and roar,
They cannot break their sandy chain:
Supreme in majesty and power
Jehovah shall forever reign.

- 3 Though war's devouring surges rise,
 Beyond their bounds they cannot go,
Jehovah sits above the skies,
 And rules th' embattled hosts below.
- 4 The counsels vain of earthly kings
 He blasts and baffles at his will,
All their designs to nought he brings,
 And bids the madding world be still.
- 5 'Tis God who bids contention cease,
 And makes the flames of war expire,
Destroys the cruel foes of peace,
 And burns the weapons of his ire.
- 6 Wherefore to him our souls we raise,
 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
We dwell within his secret place,
 We on the Rock of Ages stand.
- 7 Thou, Lord, shalt take thy people's part,
 Our lives beneath thy shadow hide:
Head over all to us thou art,
 To us who in thy name confide.
- 8 Jesus, we trust in thee alone:
 The strength that in thy name we have,
The love that still preserves thine own,
 Through all eternity shall save.

15.

- 1 Head of thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
- We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.

We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.

The world with sin and Satan
In vain our march opposes,
In⁵ thee we shall,
Break through them all
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.

And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand
To take us up to heaven.

⁵“In” changed to “by” in *Festival Hymns* (1746).