

## *Festival Hymns (1746)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #124]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

In his desire to provide a rich set of resources for celebrating the major Christian festivals on the life of Christ, Charles Wesley published four pamphlet hymn collections in 1745–46: *Nativity Hymns* (1745), *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), *Ascension Hymns* (1746), and *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746). Like the other hymn collections published by the Wesley brothers to that point, these pamphlets included only the words. There was no music, or even suggested tunes.

During this same time period the Wesley brothers became acquainted with John Frederick Lampe (1703–51). Lampe was a German-born musician and composer, a friend and compatriot of G. F. Handel. He first met John Wesley in late 1745, after experiencing a religious awakening through reading Wesley's *Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*. Lampe and Charles Wesley made contact through mutual friends in early 1746, and Charles came to appreciate how Lampe's musical settings might increase the appeal of his hymns among a genteel audience (see his *MS Journal* for 29 March 1746). Accordingly, Charles encouraged Lampe to compose a number of musical settings for some of his hymns on the Christian festivals. The result was issued in October 1746 as *Hymns on the Great Festivals*.

Charles was clearly responsible for selecting the twenty-four hymns included in this collection. Twenty-one of them had been published previously (indicated in blue font in the Table of Contents below), most in the series of pamphlets he was just completing. One of the hymns had been written by Samuel Wesley Jr. The remainder were by Charles. The three hymns that appear in printed form first in this collection were taken from manuscript, and are included later (with some revisions) in his collected *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1749).

In addition to providing the musical score, it was almost certainly Lampe who introduced the textual changes (when compared to their prior published form) that occur in some of the hymns, for musical purposes. Comparison shows more frequent variation in the text placed within the musical score than in the accompanying plain form. The text that follows reproduces only the plain form. For those who wish access to the musical scores, a facsimile reprint edition is available through the Charles Wesley Society. This facsimile edition includes a helpful four-part introduction.<sup>2</sup>

While Lampe's ornate (often florid) musical settings were fairly typical of German pietism of the time, and popular in genteel culture in eighteenth-century England, few of his tunes made their way into enduring use in Methodist and other worship traditions.

### **Editions:**

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns on the Great Festivals*. London: for M. Cooper, 1746.

2<sup>nd</sup> London: for Cox, 1753.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: November 8, 2010.

<sup>2</sup>*Hymns on the Great Festivals, and other Occasions* (Madison, NJ: The Charles Wesley Society, 1996), 7–47. See also Martin V. Clarke, "John Frederick Lampe's *Hymns on the Great Festivals and Other Occasions*," in *Music and the Wesleys*, ed. N. Temperley & S. Banfield (Urbana, IL: University of Illinois Press, 2010), 141–53.

## Table of Contents

Hymn I. On the Nativity [ <i>Nativity Hymns</i> (1745), 12–13 (#9)]	1–3
Hymn II. On the Nativity; or, The Shepherd’s Song [ <i>Nativity Hymns</i> (1745), 4–5 (#3)]	4–6
Hymn III. On the Nativity [ <i>Nativity Hymns</i> (1745), 11–12 (#8)]	6–8
Hymn IV. On the Crucifixion	8–10
Hymn V. On the Crucifixion [ <i>HLS</i> (1745), 15 (#20)]	11–12
Hymn VI. On the Crucifixion [ <i>HLS</i> (1745), 18–19 (#23)]	13
Hymn VII. On the Crucifixion [ <i>HLS</i> (1745), 68–69 (#80)]	14–15
Hymn VIII. On the Resurrection [ <i>Resurrection Hymns</i> (1746), 12–13 (#8)]	16–18
Hymn IX. On the Resurrection [ <i>Resurrection Hymns</i> (1746), 10–12 (#7)]	18–22
Hymn X. On the Resurrection [ <i>Resurrection Hymns</i> (1746), 4–5 (#3)]	23–26
Hymn XI. On the Ascension [ <i>HSP</i> (1739), 211–13]	26–28
Hymn XII. On the Ascension [ <i>Ascension Hymns</i> (1746), 7–9 (#4)]	29–31
Hymn XIII. On the Ascension [ <i>Ascension Hymns</i> (1746), 10–11 (#6)]	31–33
Hymn XIV. On Whit-Sunday [ <i>Whitsunday Hymns</i> (1746), 9–10 (#7)]	34–35
Hymn XV. On Whit-Sunday [ <i>Whitsunday Hymns</i> (1746), 27–28 (#24)]	36–37
Hymn XVI. On Whit-Sunday [ <i>Whitsunday Hymns</i> (1746), 25–27 (#23)]	38–41
Hymn XVII. To the Trinity [Samuel Wesley Jr.] [ <i>CPH</i> (1737), 14]	42–43
Hymn XVIII. The Invitation	44–46
Hymn XIX. Desiring to Love	47–49
Hymn XX. The Triumph of Faith [ <i>HTTP2</i> (1745), 68–69]	50–52
Hymn XXI. The Triumph of Faith [ <i>HTTP</i> (1744), 43]	53–55
Hymn XXII. On the Corpse of a Believer [ <i>Funeral Hymns</i> (1746), 7–8 (#5)]	56–58
Hymn XXIII. On the Death of a Believer [ <i>Funeral Hymns</i> (1746), 8–9 (#6)]	59–61
Hymn XXIV. On the Death of Mrs. F. C. [ <i>Funeral Hymns</i> (1746), 17–19 (#12)]	61–66

**HYMNS  
ON THE  
GREAT FESTIVALS**

**Hymn I.  
On the Nativity.<sup>3</sup>**

1        Father, our hearts we lift  
          Up to thy gracious throne,  
And bless thee for the precious gift  
          Of thine incarnate Son:  
          The gift unspeakable  
          We thankfully receive,  
And to the world thy goodness tell,  
          And to thy glory live. (\*)<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>First appeared in *Nativity Hymns* (1745), 12–13 (#9).

<sup>4</sup>Lampe's prefatory note: "A single asterisk (\*) shows that one line is to be repeated; a double asterisk (\*\*), that two."

2        Jesus, the holy child,  
          Doth by his birth declare  
That God and man are reconcil'd,  
          And one in him we are.  
          Salvation thro' his name  
          To all mankind is given,  
And loud his infant-cries proclaim  
          A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

3        A peace on earth he brings  
          Which never more shall end:  
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings  
          Declares himself our friend;  
          Assumes our flesh and blood,  
          That we his Spir't may gain,  
The everlasting Son of God,  
          The mortal Son of man.

- 4            His kingdom from above  
              He doth to us impart,  
And pure benevolence and love  
              O'erflow the faithful heart:  
              Chang'd in a moment we  
              The sweet attraction find,  
With open arms of charity  
              Embracing all mankind.
- 5            O might they all receive  
              The new-born Prince of Peace,  
And meekly in his Spirit live,  
              And in his love increase!  
              Till he convey us home,  
              Cry every soul aloud,  
Come, thou desire of nations come,  
              And take us all to God.

**Hymn II.<sup>5</sup>**  
**On the Nativity; or, The Shepherd's Song.**

- 1 Angels speak, let men<sup>6</sup> give ear!  
Sent from high  
They are nigh,  
And forbid our fear. (\*)  
News they bring us of salvation,  
Sounds of joy  
To employ  
Every tongue and nation. (\*)
  
- 2 Welcome tidings! To retrieve us  
From our fall,  
Born for all,  
Christ is born to save us:  
Born, his creatures to restore:  
Abject earth  
Sees his birth,  
Whom the heavens adore.

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<sup>5</sup>First appeared in *Nativity Hymns* (1745), 4–5 (#3).

<sup>6</sup>*Nativity Hymns* ori., “man.”

- 3    Wrapt in swathes<sup>7</sup> th' immortal stranger  
      Man with men  
      We have seen  
      Lying in a manger.  
All to God's free grace is owing:  
      We are his  
      Witnesses  
      Poor, and nothing knowing.
- 4    Simple shepherds, us he raises,  
      Bids us sing  
      Christ the King,  
      And shew forth his praises.  
We have seen the King of Glory,  
      We proclaim  
      Christ his name,  
      And record his story.

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<sup>7</sup>*Nativity Hymns* ori., "swaths."

5 Sing we with the host of heaven,  
Reconcil'd  
By a child  
Who to us is given.  
Glory be to God the giver!  
Peace and love  
From above  
Reign on earth for ever!

**Hymn III.  
On the Nativity.<sup>8</sup>**

1 Away with our fears!  
The Godhead appears,  
In Christ reconcil'd,  
The Father of mercies in Jesus the child.  
He comes from above  
In manifest love,  
The desire of our eyes,  
The meek Son of man<sup>9</sup> in a manger he lies. (\*)

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<sup>8</sup>First appeared in *Nativity Hymns* (1745), 11–12 (#8).

<sup>9</sup>*Nativity Hymns* reads “Lamb of God”, rather than “Son of man.”



- 2        At Immanuel's birth  
          What a triumph on earth!  
          Yet could it afford  
          No better a place for its heavenly Lord?  
          The Antient of Days,  
          To redeem a lost race,  
          From his glory comes down,  
          Self-humbled, to carry us up to a crown.
- 3        Made flesh for our sake,  
          That we might partake  
          The nature divine,  
          And again in his image, his holiness, shine,  
          An heavenly birth  
          Experience on earth,  
          And rise to<sup>10</sup> his throne,  
          And live with our Jesus eternally one.

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<sup>10</sup>*Nativity Hymns* ori., "rise on."

4        Then let us believe,  
          And gladly receive  
          The tidings they bring,  
Who publish to sinners their Saviour and King.  
          And while we are here,  
          Our King shall appear,  
          His Spirit impart,  
And form his whole<sup>11</sup> image of love in our heart.

**Hymn IV.**  
**On the Crucifixion.**<sup>12</sup>

1        All ye that pass by,  
          To Jesus draw nigh;  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
          Your ransom and peace,  
          Your surety he is:  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his! (\*)

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<sup>11</sup>*Nativity Hymns* ori., “full.”

<sup>12</sup>This hymn included later in *HSP* (1749), 1:87–88. Manuscript precursors of the hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 116–18; MS Clarke, 134–35; and MS Shent, 120a–120b.

- 2           For what you have done  
              His blood must atone;  
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.  
              The Lord, in the day  
              Of his anger, did lay  
Our<sup>13</sup> sins on the Lamb; and he bore them away.
- 3           He answer'd for all:  
              O come at his call,  
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.  
              But lift up your eyes  
              At Jesus's cries;  
Impassive, he suffers; immortal, he dies.
- 4           He dies to atone  
              For sins not his own:  
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done.  
              Ye all may receive  
              The peace he did leave,  
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!"

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<sup>13</sup>"Our" changed to "Your" in *HSP* (1749).

- 5           For you and for me  
              He pray'd on the tree:  
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free.  
              The sinner am I,  
              Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 6           My pardon I claim,  
              For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.  
              He purchas'd the grace  
              Which now I embrace:  
O Father, thou know'st he hath dy'd in my place.
- 7           His death is my plea;  
              My Advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak, that hath answer'd for me.  
              Acquitted I was,  
              When he bled on the cross;  
And by losing his life, he hath carry'd my cause.

**Hymn V.  
On the Crucifixion.<sup>14</sup>**

- 1 Lamb of God, whose bleeding love  
We now<sup>15</sup> 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.

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<sup>14</sup>First appeared in *HLS* (1745), 15 (#20).

<sup>15</sup>*HLS* (1745) ori., "We thus."

- 3        Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,  
          The sinner's pardon seal;  
          Speak us freely justify'd,  
          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 our heart,  
          And all thine image give:  
          Still our souls shall cry to thee,  
Till all renew'd<sup>16</sup> in holiness:  
          O remember Calvary,  
          And bid us go in peace.

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<sup>16</sup>*HLS* (1745) ori., "Till perfected."

**Hymn VI.**  
**On the Crucifixion.**<sup>17</sup>

- 1   Hearts of stone, relent, relent,  
      Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd:  
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!

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<sup>17</sup>First appeared in *HLS* (1745), 18–19 (#23).

**Hymn VII.**  
**On the Crucifixion.**<sup>18</sup>

- 1 With pity, Lord, a sinner see,  
Weary of thy ways and thee:  
Forgive my rash<sup>19</sup> despair,  
A blessing in the means to find,  
My strugglings 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 pray'rs, and sighs, and tears,  
And never found thee nigh.

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<sup>18</sup>First appeared in *HLS* (1745), 68–69 (#80).

<sup>19</sup>*HLS* (1745) ori., “fond.”



- 3    Thou wouldst not let me go away;  
      Still thou forcest me to stay.  
      O might the secret pow'r,  
      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 only love<sup>20</sup> my soul can cure,  
      Thy balmy bleeding love.<sup>21</sup>
- 5    Now in the means the grace impart,  
      Whisper peace into my heart;  
      Appear the justifier  
      Of all that<sup>22</sup> to thy wounds would fly;  
      And let me have my one desire,  
      To taste thy love, and die.<sup>23</sup>

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<sup>20</sup>*HLS* (1745) ori., "Thy love alone."

<sup>21</sup>*HLS* (1745) ori., "Thy dear expiring love."

<sup>22</sup>*HLS* (1745) ori., "Of all who."

<sup>23</sup>*HLS* (1745) ori., "And see thy face, and die."

**Hymn VIII.**  
**On the Resurrection.**<sup>24</sup>

- 1        Rejoice, the Lord is King!  
          Your Lord and King adore:  
          Mortals, give thanks, and sing,  
          And triumph evermore;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. (\*)
  
- 2        Jesus, the Saviour reigns,  
          The God of truth and love,  
          When he had purg'd our stains,  
          He took his seat above:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

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<sup>24</sup>First appeared in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 12–13 (#8).

- 3            His kingdom cannot fail,  
              He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
              The keys of death and hell  
              Are to our Jesus given:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4            He sits at God's right-hand  
              Till all his foes submit,  
              And bow to his command  
              And fall beneath his feet:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5            He all his foes shall kill,<sup>25</sup>  
              Shall all our sins destroy,  
              And every bosom fill<sup>26</sup>  
              With pure seraphic joy:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

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<sup>25</sup>*Resurrection Hymns* ori., "shall quell."

<sup>26</sup>*Resurrection Hymns* ori., "bosom swell."

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound Rejoice!

**Hymn IX.**  
**On the Resurrection.**<sup>27</sup>

1 Jesu, shew us thy salvation,  
(In thy strength we strive with thee)  
By thy mystic incarnation,  
By thy pure nativity:  
Save us thou, our new-Creator,  
Into all our souls impart  
Thy divine unsinning nature,  
Form thyself within our heart. (\*)

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<sup>27</sup>First appeared in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 10–12 (#7).

- 2 By thy first bloodshedding heal us;  
Cut us off from every sin:  
By thy circumcision seal us,  
Write thy law of love within.  
By thy Spirit circumcise us,  
Kindle in our hearts a flame:  
By thy baptism baptize us  
Into all thy glorious name.
  
- 3 By thy fasting and temptation  
Mortify our vain desires,  
Take away what sense or passion,  
Appetite or flesh requires:  
Arm us with thy self-denial,  
Every tempted soul defend;  
Save us in the fiery trial,  
Make us faithful to the end.

- 4 By thy sorer sufferings save us,  
Save us while<sup>28</sup> conform'd to thee;  
By thy miseries relieve us,  
By thy painful agony.  
When beneath thy frown we languish,  
When we feel thine anger's weight,  
Save us by thine unknown anguish,  
Save us by thy bloody sweat.
- 5 By that acme of thy passion,<sup>29</sup>  
By thy suffering<sup>30</sup> on the tree,  
Save us from the indignation  
Due to all mankind, and me:  
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,  
Gasping out thy latest breath,  
By thy precious death's applying,  
Save us from eternal death!

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<sup>28</sup>*Resurrection Hymns* ori., "Save us when."

<sup>29</sup>*Resurrection Hymns* ori., "By that highest point of passion."

<sup>30</sup>*Resurrection Hymns* ori., "sufferings."

- 6 From the world of care release us,  
By thy decent burial save;  
Crucify'd with thee, O Jesus,  
Hide us in thy quiet grave.  
By thy pow'r divinely glorious,  
By thy resurrection's pow'r  
Raise us up, o'er sin victorious,  
Raise us up to fall no more.
- 7 By the pomp of thine ascending  
Live we here to heaven restor'd,  
Live in pleasures never ending,  
Share the portion of our Lord.  
Let us have our conversation  
With the blessed spir'its above,  
Sav'd with all thy great salvation,  
Perfectly renew'd in love.

- 8     Glorious head, triumphant Saviour,  
          High enthron'd above all height,  
We have now thro' thee found favour,  
          Righteous in thy Father's sight:  
Hears he not thy pray'r unceasing?  
          Can he turn away thy face?  
Send us down the purchas'd blessing,  
          Fulness of the gospel-grace.
- 9     By the coming of thy Spirit  
          As a mighty rushing wind,  
Save us into all thy merit,  
          Into all thy sinless mind.  
Let the perfect gift be giv'n,  
          Let thy will in us be seen,  
Done on earth as 'tis in heav'n:  
          Lord, thy Spirit cries Amen!



**Hymn X.**  
**On the Resurrection.**<sup>31</sup>

- 1 Happy Magdalene, to whom  
Christ the Lord vouchsaf'd t' appear!  
Newly risen from the tomb  
Would he first be seen by her?  
Her, by seven devils possest,  
Till his word the fiends expell'd,  
Quench'd the hell within her breast,  
All her sins and sickness heal'd. (\*)
  
- 2 Yes, to her the Master came,  
First his welcome voice she hears:  
Jesus calls her by her name,  
He the weeping sinner cheers;  
Lets her the dear task repeat,  
While her eyes again run o'er;  
Lets her hold<sup>32</sup> his bleeding feet,  
Kiss them, and with joy adore.

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<sup>31</sup>First appeared in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 4–5 (#3).

<sup>32</sup>*Resurrection Hymns* ori., “Lets her wash.”

- 3 Highly-favour'd soul! To her  
Farther still his grace extends,  
Raises the glad messenger,  
Sends her to his drooping friends:  
Tidings of their living Lord  
First in her report they find;  
She must spread the gospel-word,  
Teach the teachers of mankind.
- 4 Who can now *presume* to fear?  
Who despair *his* Lord to see?  
Jesus, wilt thou not appear,  
Shew thyself alive to me?  
Yes, my God, I dare not doubt,  
Thou shalt all my sins remove,  
Thou hast cast a legion out,  
Thou wilt perfect me in love.

- 5 Surely thou hast call'd me now!  
Now I hear the voice divine,  
At thy wounded feet I bow,  
Wounded for whose sins but mine!  
I have nail'd him to the tree,  
I have sent him to the grave:  
But the Lord is ris'n for me,  
Hold of him by faith I have.
- 6 Here for ever would I lie,  
Didst thou not thy servant raise:  
Send me forth to testify  
All the wonders of thy grace.  
Lo! I at thy bidding go,  
Gladly to thy followers tell  
They their rising God may know,  
They the life of Christ may feel.

- 7 Hear, ye brethren of the Lord,  
(Such he you vouchsafes to call)  
O believe the gospel-word,  
Christ hath dy'd, and rose for all.  
Turn ye from your sins to God:  
Haste to Galilee, and see  
Him, who bought *thee* with his blood,  
Him, who rose to live in *thee*.

**Hymn XI.**  
**On the Ascension.**<sup>33</sup>

- 1 Hail the day that sees him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!  
Christ, a while to mortals giv'n,  
Reascends his native heaven.

There the pompous triumph waits:  
“Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of Glory in.” (\*)

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<sup>33</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 211–13.

2     Circled round with angel-pow'rs,  
       Their triumphant Lord and ours,  
       Conqu'ror o'er death, hell, and sin,<sup>34</sup>  
       Take the King of Glory in.

       Him though highest heaven receives,  
       Still he loves the earth he leaves;  
       Though returning to his throne,  
       Still he calls mankind his own.

3     See, he lifts his hands above!  
       See, he shews the prints of love!  
       Hark, his gracious lips bestow,  
       Blessings on his church below!

       Still for us he intercedes,  
       Prevalent his death he pleads;<sup>35</sup>  
       Next<sup>36</sup> himself prepares our place,  
       Harbinger of human race.

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<sup>34</sup>*HSP* (1739) ori., "Conqueror over death and sin."

<sup>35</sup>*HSP* (1739) ori.:  
       Still for us his death he pleads.  
       Prevalent, he intercedes.

<sup>36</sup>*HSP* (1739) ori., "Near."

4 Master (will we ever say)  
Taken from our head to-day,  
See, thy faithful servants see,  
Ever gazing up to thee!

Grant, though parted from our sight,  
High above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following thee beyond the skies.

5 Ever upward let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love,  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with thee remain  
Partners of thine<sup>37</sup> endless reign;  
There thy face unclouded see,  
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

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<sup>37</sup>*HSP* (1739) ori., “thy.”

**Hymn XII.**  
**On the Ascension.**<sup>38</sup>

- 1 Hail, Jesus, hail, our great high-priest,  
Entred into thy glorious rest,  
That holy blissful place above;  
The conquest thou hast more than gain'd,  
The heavenly happiness obtain'd  
For all that trust thy dying love.<sup>39</sup> (\*)
  
- 2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain  
Could never purge our guilty stain,  
Could never for our sins atone:  
But thou thine own most precious blood  
Hast spilt, to quench the wrath of God,  
Hast sav'd us by thy blood alone.

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<sup>38</sup>First appeared in *Ascension Hymns* (1746), 7–9 (#4).

<sup>39</sup>Final four lines of this stanza in *Ascension Hymns*:

That holy happy place above!  
Thou hast the conquest more than gain'd,  
The everlasting bliss obtain'd  
For all who trust thy dying love.

- 3 Shed on the altar of thy cross,  
Thy blood to God presented was  
    Thro' the eternal Spirit's pow'r:  
Thou didst, a spotless victim, bleed,  
That we from sin and suffering freed,  
    Might live to God, and sin no more.
- 4 That we the promise might receive,  
Might soon with thee in glory live,  
    Thou stand'st before thy Father now!  
For us thou dost in heaven appear,  
Our surety, head, and harbinger,  
    Our Saviour to the utmost thou.
- 5 Not without blood—thou pray'st above:  
The marks of thy expiring love  
    God on thy hands engraven sees!  
He hears thy blood for mercy cry,  
And sends his Spirit from the sky,  
    And seals our everlasting peace.



- 6 Thankful we now the earnest take,  
The pledge thou wilt at last come back  
And openly thy servants own:  
To us, who long to see thee here,  
Thou shalt a second time appear,  
And bear us to thy glorious throne.

**Hymn XIII.**  
**On the Ascension.**<sup>40</sup>

- 1 Sinners, rejoice; your peace is made  
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled:  
Your God, in Jesus reconcil'd,  
On all his works again hath smil'd,  
Hath grace thro' Christ<sup>41</sup> and blessing giv'n  
To all in earth, and all in heaven. (\*\*)

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<sup>40</sup>First appeared in *Ascension Hymns* (1746), 10–11 (#6)

<sup>41</sup>*Ascension Hymns* ori., “thro’ him.”

- 2 Angels rejoice in Jesus' grace,  
And vie with man's more favour'd race:  
The blood that did for us atone,  
Confer'd on you some gift unknown;  
Your joys thro' Jesu's pains abound,  
Ye triumph by his glorious wound.
- 3 Or 'stablish'd and confirm'd by him  
Who did our lower world redeem,  
Secure ye keep your blest estate,  
Firm on an everlasting seat;  
Or rais'd above yourselves, aspire  
In bliss improv'd, in glory higher.
- 4 Him ye beheld, our conqu'ring God,  
Return with garments roll'd in blood!  
Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,  
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light,  
With loudest hallelujahs met,  
And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding feet.

- 5    Ye saw him in your courts<sup>42</sup> above,  
      With all his recent prints of love:  
      The wounds! The blood! Ye heard its voice,  
      That heightned all your highest joys;  
      Ye felt it sprinkled thro' the skies,  
      And shar'd the better<sup>43</sup> sacrifice.
- 6    But who of all your hosts can tell  
      The mystic bliss unspeakable,  
      The joy that issued from his side,  
      And how the pure it purify'd,  
      The grace supreme by Jesus giv'n,  
      When heav'n itself was double heav'n!
- 7    Nor angel-tongues can e'er express  
      Th' unutterable happiness,  
      Nor human hearts can e'er conceive  
      The bliss wherein thro' Christ ye live:  
      But all your heav'n, ye blessed pow'rs,<sup>44</sup>  
      And all your God, is doubly ours!

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<sup>42</sup>*Ascension Hymns* ori., “the courts.”

<sup>43</sup>*Ascension Hymns* ori., “that better.”

<sup>44</sup>*Ascension Hymns* ori., “glorious powers.”

**Hymn XIV.**  
**On Whit-Sunday.**<sup>45</sup>

- 1 Jesus, we hang upon the word  
Our faithful souls have heard of thee,<sup>46</sup>  
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,  
Thy promise made to all and me,  
Thy followers, who thy steps pursue,  
And dare believe that God is true. (\*\*)
  
- 2 Thou said'st, I will the Father pray,  
And he the Paraclete shall give,  
Shall give him in your hearts to *stay*,  
And never more his temple leave;  
Myself will to my orphans come,  
And make you mine<sup>47</sup> eternal home.

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<sup>45</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 9–10 (#7).

<sup>46</sup>*Whitsunday Hymns* ori., “from thee.”

<sup>47</sup>*Whitsunday Hymns* ori., “my.”

- 3    Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,  
      And let the promise now take place,  
Be it according to thy will,  
      According to thy word of grace:  
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,  
And send us down the Comforter.
- 4    He visits now the troubled breast,  
      And oft relieves our sad complaint,  
But soon we lose the transient guest,  
      But soon we droop again and faint,  
Repeat the melancholy moan,  
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!
- 5    Hasten him, Lord, into our heart,  
      Our sure inseparable guide:  
O might we meet and never part!  
      O might he in our hearts<sup>48</sup> *abide!*  
And keep his house of praise and pray'r,  
And rest, and reign for ever there!

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<sup>48</sup>*Whitsunday Hymns* ori., "heart."

**Hymn XV.**  
**On Whit-Sunday.**<sup>49</sup>

1 Jesus, dear departed Lord,  
True and gracious is thy word;  
We in part have found it true:  
All thy faithful mercies shew.

Thou art to thy Father gone,  
Thou hast left us here alone;  
Left us a long fast to keep,  
Left us for thy loss to weep.

2 Laugh the world, secure and glad,  
They rejoice, but we are sad;  
We, alas! Lament and grieve,  
Comfortless, till thou relieve.

As a woman in her throes  
Sinks o'erwhelm'd with fears and woes,  
Sinks our soul thro' grief and pain,  
Struggling to be born again.

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<sup>49</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 27–28 (#24).

3 As she soon forgets to mourn,  
Joyful that a child is born;<sup>50</sup>  
Let us, lighten'd of our load,  
Find relief in thee our God.

Jesu, visit us again,  
Look us out of sin and pain,  
Kindly comfort us that mourn,  
Into joy our sorrow turn.

4 Thy own joy to us impart,  
Root it deeply in our heart;  
Joy, which none can take away,  
Joy, which shall for ever stay:

All the kingdom from above,  
All the happiness of love,  
Be it to thy servants giv'n,  
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

---

<sup>50</sup>*Whitsunday Hymns* ori., "Glad, that a man-child is born."

**Hymn XVI.**  
**On Whit-Sunday.<sup>51</sup>**

- 1 Spirit of truth, descend,  
And with thy church abide,  
Our guardian to the end,  
Our sure unerring guide;  
Us into the whole counsel lead  
Of God reveal'd below,  
And teach us all the truth we need,  
To life eternal know. (\*)
- 2 Whate'er thou hear'st above,  
To us with pow'r impart,  
And shed abroad the love  
Of Jesus in our heart.  
One with the Father and the Son,  
Thy record is the same;  
O make to us the Godhead known,  
Thro' faith in Jesus' name.

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<sup>51</sup>First appeared in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 25–27 (#23).



- 3           To all our souls apply  
              The doctrine of our Lord,  
              Our conscience certify,  
              And witness with the word:  
Thy realizing light display,  
              And shew us things to come,  
The after-state, the final day,  
              And men' s<sup>52</sup> eternal doom.
- 4           The judge of quick and dead,  
              The God of truth and love,  
              Who doth for sinners plead,  
              Our Advocate above;  
Exalted by his Father there,  
              Thou dost exalt below,  
And all his grace on earth declare,  
              And all his glory shew.

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<sup>52</sup>*Whitsunday Hymns* ori., “man’s.”

5           Sent in his name thou art  
              His work to carry on,  
              His Godhead to assert,  
              And make his mercy known:  
Thou searchest the deep things of God,  
              Thou know'st the Saviour's mind,  
And tak'st of his atoning blood  
              To sprinkle all mankind.

6           Now then of his receive,  
              And shew to us the grace,  
              And all his fulness give  
              To all the ransom'd race.  
Whate'er he did for sinners buy  
              With his expiring groan,  
By faith in us reveal, apply,  
              And make it all our own.

7           Descending from above,  
              Into our souls convey  
              His comfort, joy, and love,  
              Which none can take away:  
His merit and his righteousness,  
              Which makes an end of sin,  
Apply to every heart his peace,  
              And bring his kingdom in.

8           The plenitude of God,  
              That doth in Jesus dwell,  
              On us thro' him bestow'd,  
              To us secure and seal.  
Now let us taste our Master's bliss,  
              The glorious heav'nly pow'rs:  
For all the Father hath is his,  
              And all he hath is ours.

**Hymn XVII.**  
**To the Trinity.**<sup>53</sup>

- 1 Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee!  
Supreme, essential one, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three.  
Inthron'd in everlasting state  
E'er time its round began,  
Who join'd in council to create  
The dignity of man. (\*)
  
- 2 To whom, Isaiah's vision shew'd,  
The seraphs veil their wings,  
While thee Jehovah, Lord and God,  
Th' angelic army sings.  
To thee by mystic pow'rs on high  
Were humble praises giv'n,  
When John beheld with favour'd eye  
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.

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<sup>53</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to the Trinity," *Weekly Miscellany*, 89 (Aug. 24, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 6–7. Included in *CPH* (1737), 14; and in *MSP* (1740), 3:183–84.

3 All that the name of creature owns,  
To thee in hymns aspire;  
May we, as angels, on our thrones  
For ever join the choir.  
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential one, ador'd  
In co-eternal Three!

**Hymn XVIII.**  
**The Invitation.**<sup>54</sup>

- 1 Sinners, obey the gospel-word;  
Haste to the supper of my Lord;  
Be wise to know your gracious day;  
All things are ready; come away!
  
- 2 Ready the Father is to own  
And kiss his late-returning son;  
Ready the<sup>55</sup> loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
  
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love  
Just now the stony to remove;  
T' apply and witness with the blood,  
And wash and seal the sons of God.

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<sup>54</sup>This hymn included later in *HSP* (1749), 1:259–60. Manuscript precursors of the hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 86–87; and MS Clarke, 98–100.

<sup>55</sup>“The” changed to “your” in *HSP* (1749).

- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate;  
Tuning<sup>56</sup> their harps, they long to praise  
The wonder<sup>57</sup> of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
*Is* ready with their shining host;  
All heaven is ready, to resound  
The dead's alive, the lost is found!
- 6 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,  
To happiness in Christ restor'd,<sup>58</sup>  
His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel-grace.
- 7 A pardon written with his blood,  
The favour and the peace of God,  
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joy<sup>59</sup> of penitence;

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<sup>56</sup>Ori., "turning"; a misprint corrected in *HSP* (1749).

<sup>57</sup>"Wonder" changed to "wonders" in *HSP* (1749).

<sup>58</sup>Line changed to "In Christ to paradise restor'd" in *HSP* (1749).

<sup>59</sup>"Joy" changed to "joys" in *HSP* (1749).

- 8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,  
The meltings of a broken heart,  
The tears that speak<sup>60</sup> your sins forgiv'n,  
The sighs that waft your soul to heav'n.
- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
Th' unutterable tenderness,  
The genuine meek humility,  
The wonder, why such love to me!
- 10 Th' o'erwhelming pow'r of saving grace,  
The sight that veils the seraph's face,  
The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love!

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<sup>60</sup>“Speak” changed to “tell” in *HSP* (1749).



**Hymn XIX.**  
**Desiring to Love.<sup>61</sup>**

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my longing<sup>62</sup> heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint,<sup>63</sup> and die, to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me. (\*)
  
- 2 Stronger his love, than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable:  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depth to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.

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<sup>61</sup>This hymn included later in *HSP* (1749), 1:58–59. Manuscript precursors of the hymn appear in MS Shent, 129a–129b; and MS Thirty, 6–7.

<sup>62</sup>“Longing” changed to “willing” in *HSP* (1749).

<sup>63</sup>“I faint” changed to “and faint” in *HSP* (1749).

- 3 God only knows the love of God.  
O that it now were shed abroad  
    In this poor stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
    Be mine this better part!
- 4 O that I could for ever sit,  
With Mary, at the Master's feet!  
    Be this my happy choice!  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,  
    To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that with humbled Peter I  
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,  
    My faithfulness to prove!  
Thou know'st, for all to thee is known,  
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,  
    Thou know'st, that thee I love.

- 6 O that I could, with favour'd John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast!  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.
- 7 Thy only love do I require,  
Nothing on<sup>64</sup> earth beneath desire,  
Nothing in heaven above:  
Let earth and heaven, and all things go,  
Give me thine<sup>65</sup> only love to know,  
Give me thine<sup>66</sup> only love.

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<sup>64</sup>“On” changed to “in” in *HSP* (1749).

<sup>65</sup>“Thine” changed to “thy” in *HSP* (1749).

<sup>66</sup>“Thine” changed to “thy” in *HSP* (1749).

**Hymn XX.**  
**The Triumph of Faith.**<sup>67</sup>

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.

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<sup>67</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (1745), 68–69.

2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing thro' 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 for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Thro' 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;  
By thee<sup>68</sup> we shall  
Break thro' them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.

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<sup>68</sup>Ori. in *HTTP* 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1745), "In thee."

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.

**Hymn XXI.**  
**The Triumph of Faith.**<sup>69</sup>

- 1 Ye servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name:  
The name all-victorious  
Of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all. (\*\*)
  
- 2 The waves of the sea  
Have lift up their voice,  
Sore troubled that we  
In Jesus rejoice:  
The floods they are roaring;  
But Jesus is here:  
While we are adoring  
He always is near.

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<sup>69</sup>First appeared in *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution* (1744), 43. A manuscript precursor of the hymn appears in MS Thirty, 202.

- 3 Men, devils engage;  
The billows arise,  
And horribly rage,  
And threaten the skies:  
Their fury shall never  
Our stedfastness shock,  
The weakest believer  
Is built on a Rock.
- 4 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save,  
And still he is nigh;  
His presence we have.  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.



- 5    Salvation to God,  
      Who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud,  
      And honour the Son!  
Our Jesus's praises  
      The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
      And worship the Lamb.
- 6    Then let us adore,  
      And give him his right,  
All glory, and pow'r,  
      And wisdom, and might;  
All honour and blessing,  
      With angels above,  
And thanks never-ceasing,  
      And infinite love.

**Hymn XXII.**  
**On the Corpse of a Believer.<sup>70</sup>**

- 1 Ah! Lovely appearance of death!  
    No sight upon earth is so fair:  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe  
    Can with a dead body compare.  
With solemn delight I survey  
    The corpse, when the spirit is fled,  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
    And longing to lie in its stead. (\*)
  
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft  
    Of all that could burthen his mind!  
How easy the soul, that hath left  
    This wearisom body behind!  
Of evil incapable thou,  
    Whose relicks with envy I see;  
No longer in misery now,  
    No longer a sinner like me.

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<sup>70</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 7–8 (#5).

- 3 This earth is affected no more  
    With sickness, or shaken with pain:  
The war in the members is o'er,  
    And never shall vex him again:  
No anger hence forward, or shame,  
    Shall redden this innocent clay;  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
    And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing<sup>71</sup> head is at rest,  
    Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
This quiet<sup>72</sup> immoveable breast  
    Is heav'd by affliction no more:  
This heart<sup>73</sup> is no longer the seat  
    Of trouble and torturing pain,  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
    It never shall flutter again.

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<sup>71</sup>*Funeral Hymns* (1746) ori., "The languishing."

<sup>72</sup>*Funeral Hymns* (1746) ori., "The quiet."

<sup>73</sup>*Funeral Hymns* (1746) ori., "The heart."

- 5    The lids he so seldom could close,  
      By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
      Have strangely forgotten to weep:  
The fountains can yield no supplies,  
      These hollows from water are free,  
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
      And evil they never shall see.
- 6    To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
      While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
      And press to the issues of death:  
What now with my tears I bedew,  
      O might I this moment become,  
My spirit created anew,  
      My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

**Hymn XXIII.**  
**On the Death of a Believer.<sup>74</sup>**

- 1 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done!  
The spirit is fled,  
The pris'ner is gone,  
The Christian is dead!  
The Christian is living  
Thro' Jesus's love,<sup>75</sup>  
And gladly receiving  
A kingdom above. (\*\*)
  
- 2 All honour and praise  
Are Jesus's due;  
Supported by grace,  
He fought his way thro';  
Triumphantly glorious  
Thro' Jesus's zeal,  
And more than victorious  
O'er sin, death, and hell.

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<sup>74</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 8–9 (#6).

<sup>75</sup>*Funeral Hymns* (1746) ori., “In Jesus his love.”

- 3 Then let us record  
The conquering name,  
Our Captain and Lord  
With shoutings proclaim:  
Who trust in his passion,  
And follow our head,  
To certain salvation  
We all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on  
Thy militant care,  
And give us the crown  
Of righteousness there,  
Where dazled with glory  
The seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee  
In silence of praise.

5     Come, Lord, and display  
       Thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away  
       To mansions on high;  
The kingdom be giv'n,  
       The purchase divine,  
And crown us in heav'n  
       Eternally thine.

**Hymn XXIV.**  
**On the Death of Mrs. F. C.**<sup>76</sup>

1             Thanks be to God alone  
              Thro' Jesus Christ his Son!  
He who hath for us<sup>77</sup> obtain'd,  
       Gives our friend the victory:  
Sister, thou the prize hast gain'd,  
       Died for him, who died for thee. (\*)

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<sup>76</sup>First appeared in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 17–19 (#12).

<sup>77</sup>*Funeral Hymns* (1746) ori., “for all.”

- 2           The mortal hour is past,  
              Thou hast o'ercome at last,  
Freed from pain, for ever freed:  
              Ended is the<sup>78</sup> glorious strife,  
Death, the latest foe, is dead,  
              Death is swallow'd up of life.
- 3           Thy lamb-like innocence  
              Is soon departed hence;  
From a<sup>79</sup> world of sin and pain  
              Thou art clean escap'd away,  
Sav'd from sin's infectious stain,  
              Taken from the evil day.
- 4           Stranger to guilty fears  
              Thou liv'dst thy twenty years,  
From the great transgression free;  
              Never did the poison spread;  
Jesus, e'er it rose in thee,  
              Jesus crush'd the serpent's head.

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<sup>78</sup>*Funeral Hymns* (1746) ori., "thy."

<sup>79</sup>*Funeral Hymns* (1746) ori., "From the."



- 5            His Spirit's gentlest art  
              Open'd thy simple heart:  
The eternal gospel-word  
              Lydia like thou didst receive,  
Fall before thy bleeding Lord,  
              Own him, and with ease believe.
- 6            Soon as thy heart did feel  
              The pardon-stamping seal,  
Heard thy soul the warning-cry,  
              "Here thou hast not long to stay;  
Rise, my love, make haste to die!  
              Rise, my love, and come away!"
- 7            Thy chearful soul obey'd,  
              Thro' sufferings perfect made,  
Perfect made in a short space:  
              Thy resign'd and Christ-like soul  
Started forth, and won the race,  
              Reach'd at once the glorious goal.

- 8            Aloft the spirit flies,  
              And gains her native skies!  
Kindred souls salute her there,  
              Springing from their azure throne,  
All in shouts their joy declare,  
              All their new-born sister own.
- 9            Th' angelic army sings,  
              And clap their golden wings!  
Harping with their harps, they praise  
              Him, thro' whom she all o'ercame,  
Sharer of his richest grace,  
              Closest follower of the Lamb.
- 10           From love's soft witchcraft free,  
              Her spotless purity  
Liv'd to only Christ below;  
              Higher now she reigns above,  
Mightier joys advanc'd to know,  
              Honour'd with his choicest love.

- 11            Among the morning stars  
              A brighter crown she wears,  
With peculiar glories grac'd,  
              Seated on a loftier throne,  
To superior raptures rais'd,  
              Nearest God's eternal Son.
- 12            Mixt with the virgin-train,  
              She charms th' etherial plain;  
With the Lamb for ever found:  
              Angels listen while she sings,  
Catch th' inimitable sound,  
              Musick for the King of kings.
- 13            O happy, happy soul!  
              Thy heavenly joy is full:  
Thee the Lamb hath made his bride,  
              Call'd thee to his feast above,  
Thee he now hath glorify'd,  
              Taught thee the new song of love.

14           O that at last ev'n I  
              Like thee might sweetly die!  
Die, and leave a world of woe;  
              Die out of the reach of sin;  
Die, the joys of heaven to know;  
              Open, Lord, and take me in.

15           Give me thy bliss to share  
              The meanest spirit there:  
Only let me see thy face,  
              See with thee my happier friend,  
At an awful distance gaze,  
              Taste the joys that never end.

16           Thou wilt cut short my years,  
              And wipe away my tears:  
Lo! I wait thy leisure still,  
              Humbly at thy footstool lie,  
Calm to suffer all thy will,  
              Glad in thee to live and die.