

## *Hymns and Sacred Poems (1749), Vol. 2*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #171]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

This two-volume collection was gathered by Charles Wesley, and is composed entirely of his own work over the last decade. The stimulus for the collection was the need to demonstrate to the parents of Sarah (Sally) Gwynne that he could provide sufficient financial support in their proposed marriage. The formal proposal to raise subscribers for printing the two-volume set was dated Dec. 18, 1748. The first subscriber was Sarah Gwynne. A copy of the proposal and an invoice for Sally's subscription were included in a letter from Charles to Sally dated Dec. 27, 1748.<sup>2</sup> Charles copyrighted the volumes by entering them into the register at Stationer's Hall, London on July 12, 1749. The volumes sold well enough to have a second printing. The few revisions in this second edition were limited mainly to incorporating the errata suggestions into the text (pagination remains identical). There were 685 copies of this second printing remaining in the inventory at John Wesley's house, London in 1791.

Sixteen of the hymns in this collection had appeared before in scattered settings, typically attached to prose pieces published by John Wesley. A seventeenth hymn published earlier is also incorporated into a larger setting in this collection (#4 in volume one). These prior publications are signaled in **blue font** in the Table of Contents and detailed in attached notes.

The manuscript precursors to nearly half of the items in these two volumes survive among Wesley's manuscript poetry collections. Their location is also detailed in attached notes.

Several of the "Hymns for Christian Friends" in this second volume are actually slight rewrites of manuscript poems that Charles sent to Sally Gwynne during their courtship.

### **Editions:**

Charles Wesley. *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. 2 vols. Bristol: Farley, 1749.  
2<sup>nd</sup> Bristol: Farley, 1755–56.

### **Note:**

John Wesley's personal copy of the second edition is present in the remnants of his personal library at Wesley's House, London (shelfmark, J. 10–11). John's reactions to the text and suggested corrections will be recorded in footnotes.

### **Acknowledgment:**

Special thanks go to Randall McElwain for help in preparing this two-volume set for the present web publication.

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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: April 13, 2017.

<sup>2</sup>Sarah's copy of volume 2, with her inscription on the front inside cover, is present in the collection at John Wesley's House, London.

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<p>(<a href="#">published in 1743</a>)</p>	

**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**[PART 1.]**

**1.**

**The Trial of Faith.**

**[Hymn 1.]**

**“Christ also suffered, leaving us an example.”**

**[1 Peter 2:21.]**

- 1     Come, O my soul, the call obey,  
          Take up the burden of thy Lord!  
His practice is thy living way,  
          Thy guide his pure unerring word,  
The lovely perfect pattern read,  
And haste in all his steps to tread.
  
- 2     What did my Lord from sinners bear?  
          His patience is the rule for me:  
Walking in him I cannot err:  
          And lo! The Man of Grievs I see,  
Whose life one scene of sufferings was,  
Quite from the manger to the cross.

- 3 Here then my calling I discern,  
('Tis written in affliction's book)  
My first, and latest lesson learn,  
For nothing here but sufferings look,  
I bow me to the will divine,  
To suffer *with* my Lord be mine.
- 4 To suffer *as* my Lord I come:  
How did the Lamb his wrongs endure?  
Clam'rous, and warm? Or meek, and dumb?  
Did he by force his life secure?  
His injured innocence defend;  
Or bear his burden to the end?
- 5 Did he evade the pain, and shame,  
Impatient of unjust disgrace?  
Did he throw off the imputed blame?  
Did he from spitting hide his face?  
Did he to man for succour fly;  
Or offer up himself, and die?
- 6 When nature sunk beneath her load,  
Would he the dreadful cup decline?  
Prostrate, and bruised, and sweating blood,  
"Father, thy will be done, not mine,"  
He speaks, and meets his enemies,  
And gives them power himself to seize.
- 7 The word, which struck them to the ground,  
Could it not strike them into hell?  
Whom all the hosts of heaven surround,  
He will not force by force repel,  
Put up, he cries, thy needless sword,  
Nor stain the meekness of thy Lord.
- 8 He chides his rash disciple's zeal,  
Accepts nor man's nor angel's aid:  
Vouchsafes his wounded foe to heal:  
The hands, that had his murderers made,

He stretches out; he lets them bind  
The hands that could unmake mankind.

- 9 Doth he in deed or word gainsay,  
Or ask or struggle to be freed?  
They lead the speechless Lamb away:  
To scorn, and pain, and death they lead  
The speechless Lamb; resigned unto  
The utmost earth and hell could do.
- 10 O that I might like him *withstand*,  
Like him mine innocence *clear*,  
Like him *resist* the ruffian-band,  
Like him *refuse* the cross to bear,  
Like him the persecutor *fly*;  
Like him submit to live, and die?

**2.**  
**[The Trial of Faith.]**  
**Hymn 2.**

- 1 Jesu, thy record I receive,  
With lowly self-mistrusting fear:  
As many days as here I live,  
So many must I suffer here:  
In all my Master's steps to go,  
To suffer is my lot below.
- 2 Thy Spirit witnesses to mine,  
I must thy daily cross endure:  
I know the warning is divine:  
The word of *promised pain* is sure;  
Afflictions all my steps attend,  
And but with life my griefs shall end.
- 3 Whate'er the rage of fiends, and men,  
Can by divine permission do,  
I come expecting to sustain:  
It must be so, for God is true;

And God hath spoke the faithful word,  
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

- 4 Master, if thee the world blasphemed,  
Will they not scorn, and cast out me?  
I shall be more and more contemned,  
I shall be more and more like thee,  
'Till all-conformed to thee I am,  
And honoured with thine utmost shame.
- 5 If thee th' ungrateful world could hate,  
Thou friend, and lover of mankind,  
Shall I not feel their anger's weight,  
Shall I not all their malice find,  
Hated, oppressed, despised, abhorred,  
And persecuted with my Lord!
- 6 They will, thyself hast said, they will,  
With mortal hate my life pursue,  
As helpless sheep thy people kill,  
Service to God by murder do,  
Offer thee human sacrifice,  
And glut thee with thy martyrs' cries.
- 7 With steadfast faith for this I wait,  
To bear th' inevitable cross,  
A sharer in thy low estate,  
Afflicted as my Master was,  
I must on earth thy treatment find,  
The scorn, and outcast of mankind.
- 8 I feel it settled in my heart,  
Fixed in my inmost soul I feel  
A looking for that better part,  
A sure presage of *promised* ill,  
Of all my Saviour bore beneath,  
Sorrow, and shame, and bonds, and death.

**3.**  
**[The Trial of Faith.]**  
**Hymn 3.**

- 1    Come then, my Jesu, from above,  
      Endue me with thy constant mind,  
      Inspire me with thy patient love,  
      Thou bleeding Saviour of mankind,  
      My faith increase, my heart prepare,  
      And arm, and bid me all things bear.
  
- 2    Mine utter helplessness I own,  
      And every moment more than see;  
      Thou know'st I cannot stand alone,  
      My strength to bear is all from thee,  
      Mine all-sufficient strength be thou,  
      And lo! I come to suffer now!
  
- 3    Thy power into my heart inspeak,  
      And lo! I come to meet thy pain,  
      To turn like thee the other cheek,  
      All wrong and violence to sustain,  
      Never against my foes to stand,  
      But sink beneath their bruising hand.
  
- 4    I will not take the proffered sword,  
      Or stoop to feeble man for aid:  
      Lead me away with Christ my Lord,  
      To scorn, or bonds, or slaughter lead,  
      A follower of that silent Lamb  
      The man whom now ye seek, I am.
  
- 5    Come, threat'ning world, thy prisoner take,  
      I will not from my Master fly,  
      Jesus in life or death forsake,  
      But stay, with him to live, and die;  
      Before his foes my Lord I own,  
      And tell you all, that I am one.

- 6 His servant and disciple see,  
Resolved his weal, or woe to share;  
A Galilean seize in me,  
And let me as my Master fare,  
Convict (for I my crime confess)  
Of following after righteousness.

**4.**  
**[The Trial of Faith.]**  
**Hymn 4.**

- 1 Yes, thou dear lamb-like Son of God,  
Whom now with eyes of faith I view,  
Thou know'st, I in thy steps have trod,  
And would to Calvary pursue,  
Through all thy passion's stages run,  
'Till thou pronounce the word "'Tis done!"
- 2 Thy Spirit breathe into my breast,  
Spirit of patient charity,  
And lo! I meet the fiery test,  
To prison go, and death with thee,  
Anticipate the dreadful hour,  
And stand in thine almighty power.
- 3 A witness of thy truth I stand,  
Arraigned at man's unrighteous bar,  
In vain my answer they demand,  
My silence shall thy truth<sup>3</sup> declare,  
A sheep before the shearers dumb,  
To answer as my Lord<sup>4</sup> I come.
- 4 Falsely accused I hold<sup>5</sup> my peace,  
The Judge Supreme doth all things know,  
I want no rescue, or release,  
No justice I expect below,  
Nor mercy,—more than Jesus found,  
The man to yonder pillar bound.

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<sup>3</sup>John Wesley underlined "silence shall thy truth" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>4</sup>John Wesley underlined "as my Lord" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>5</sup>John Wesley underlined "I hold" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 5 O what a piteous sight is there!  
His tender hands are tied behind,<sup>6</sup>  
His back their cruel scourges tear,  
Yet no complaint, or sigh we find;  
Or if he groans in all the smart,  
'Tis for the hardness of their heart.
- 6 My pattern here I plainly see,  
A voice is in thy streaming blood,  
It bids me bear the scourge like thee,  
Like thee commit my cause to God,  
Like thee th' injurious world *oppose*,  
Like thee *avenge* me of my foes.

**5.**  
**[The Trial of Faith.]**  
**Hymn 5.**

- 1 Still let me on my pattern gaze,  
How meek and motionless he stands!  
They spit upon his sacred face,  
They buffet with unhallowed hands,  
They bow the knee, present the reed,  
And mock whom they have doomed to bleed.
- 2 No answer yet? No late reply  
To clear his suffering innocence?  
So tamely will the guiltless die,  
Die for his guilty foes' offence,  
Die, that his murderers may live!  
"Father (he gasps in death) forgive!"
- 3 Silent for them, for them he pleads,  
And spends in prayer his latest breath,  
To purge a sinful world he bleeds,  
To bless them dies a cursed death,  
Expires into the arms divine—  
Jesu, was ever love like thine!

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<sup>6</sup>John Wesley underlined "are tied behind" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), and wrote in the margin "NO."

- 4 O might it now my heart constrain,  
My every rising thought control,  
Sweeten the cup of grief, and pain,  
And melt, and meeken all my soul,  
Conform me to the crucified,  
My God, who for his murderers died.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,  
And make me as my lamb-like God:  
Through love I conquer all their sin,  
And strive resisting unto blood,  
Strive to secure the glorious wreath,  
Resisting, by enduring death.
- 6 O might I now thy love retrieve,  
And sink among the happy dead,  
Into thine hands my spirit give,  
And bow upon thy cross my head,  
When I its utmost virtue prove,  
Made perfect by all-patient love.

**6.**  
**[The Trial of Faith.]**  
**Hymn 6.**

- 1 Saviour of all, what hast thou done,  
What hast thou suffered on the tree?  
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,  
Obedient unto death for me?  
The mystery of thy passion show,  
The end of all thy griefs below.
- 2 Thy soul for sin an offering made  
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine,  
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,  
To change my human to divine,  
To cleanse from all iniquity,  
And make the sinner all like thee.

- 3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,  
My bleeding sacrifice expired:  
But didst thou not my pattern die,  
That by thy glorious Spirit fired,  
Faithful I might to death endure,  
And make the crown by suffering sure?
- 4 Thou didst the meek example leave,  
That I might in thy footsteps tread,  
Might like the Man of Sorrows grieve,  
And groan, and bow with thee my head,  
Thy dying in my body bear,  
And all thy state of passion share.
- 5 Thy every perfect servant, Lord,  
Shall as his patient master be,  
To all thine inward life restored,  
And outwardly conformed to thee,  
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,  
And grasp through death the glorious prize.
- 6 This is the straight, and royal way,  
That leads us to the courts above;  
Here let me ever, ever stay,  
'Till on the wings of perfect love,  
I take my last triumphant flight,  
From Calvary's to Sion's height.

**7.**

**[The Trial of Faith.]**

**Hymn 7.**

- 1 And did my Lord on earth endure  
Sorrow, and hardship, and distress,  
That I might sit me down secure,  
And rest in self-indulgent ease,  
His delicate disciple I  
Like him might neither live, nor die!

- 2 Master, I have not learnt thee so:  
Thy yoke, and burden I receive,  
Resolve in all thy steps to go,  
And bless the cross by which I live,  
And curse the wisdom from beneath,  
That strives to rob me of thy death.
- 3 Thy holy will be done, not mine,  
Be suffered all thy holy will:  
I dare not, Lord, the cross decline,  
I will not *lose* the slightest ill,  
Or lay the heaviest burden down,  
The richest *jewel* of my crown.
- 4 Sorrow is solid joy, and pain  
Is pure delight, endured for thee,  
Reproach and loss are glorious gain,  
And death is immortality;  
And who for thee their all have given,  
Have nobly bartered earth for heaven.
- 5 Saved is the life for Jesus lost,  
Hidden from earth, but found in God,  
To suffer is to triumph most,  
The highest gift on man bestowed,  
Seal of my sure election this,  
Seal of mine everlasting bliss.
- 6 The touchstone, and the proof of grace,  
The standard of perfection here,  
The measure of my heavenly place,  
When Christ and all his saints appear,  
The mark divine, by Jesu's<sup>7</sup> art  
Imprinted on my faithful heart.
- 7 O might it deeper sink (but give  
Me strength thy strongest love to bear)  
Fain would I die with thee to live,  
Fain would I all thy passion share;

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "Jesus"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

To me thy thorny crown be given  
On earth, thy glorious crown in heaven.

**8.**  
**[The Trial of Faith.]**  
**Hymn 8.**

- 1 It must be so; thou say'st it must!  
True is thine acceptable word,  
They will from their communions thrust  
The faithful followers of their Lord,  
Buffet, and vex, and scourge, and bind  
The friends, and patrons of mankind.
- 2 Full of the wicked one, and born  
After the flesh, they *will* pursue  
With restless hate, and cruel scorn  
The souls whom thou hast formed anew,  
The saints begotten from above,  
Born of the Spirit of thy love.
- 3 Who *would* the life of God regain,  
And thee for their example take,  
They too the honour shall obtain,  
And persecuted for thy sake,  
Thy confessors their seal set to,  
True witnesses that God is true.
- 4 Who only seek in thee our rest,  
Are we not now a proverb made,  
Reviled, rejected, and oppressed,  
By brethren, and by friends betrayed,  
By bitterest household-foes pursued,  
Hated of all that love not God?
- 5 Since first we heavenward turned our face,  
Exposed, and outraged all day long,  
An helpless, poor, afflicted race,  
For doing good, we suffer wrong.

We suffer shame, distress, and loss,  
And wait for all thy glorious cross.

6 The scriptures they in vain deny,  
The world unknowingly fulfil,  
Bursting through nature's closest tie,  
The brother shall the brother kill,  
The son shall stop his father's breath,  
The parent drag his child to death.

7 No pity, or humane<sup>8</sup> regard  
We in our savage foes shall find,  
For all their cruelties prepared;  
From those who cast thy words behind  
Justice, alas! We look for none;  
Our help is all in Christ alone.

8 Holpen by him to suffer more,  
From strength to strength we meekly go;  
And when we gain the perfect power,  
The world their utmost rage shall show,  
And when we all thy life retrieve,  
Shall count us then not fit to live.

**9.**  
**[The Trial of Faith.]**  
**Hymn 9.**

1 Jesu, thy legacy I take,  
The pattern thou hast left behind,  
To suffer all things for thy sake,  
Thy patient, meek, submissive mind  
I long throughout my life t' express,  
And copy all thy righteousness.

2 I will not point thee out the way,  
Or rashly this, or that require,  
I dare not for affliction pray;  
But, Lord, thou know'st my heart's desire,

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<sup>8</sup>Ori., "human"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

Which pants for full conformity,  
And struggles to be all like thee.

- 3 I thirst to drink my Master's cup,  
Thy fiery baptism to know,  
To take thy hallowed burden up,  
Companion of the Man of Woe,  
To tread where'er the Lamb hath trod,  
One with the suffering Son of God.
- 4 My soul, with just ambition fired,  
Hath languished to be great in thee,  
Hath oft to Calvary aspired,  
Honoured the ignominious tree,  
And envied those, who earliest bear  
Thy cross, and longest suffer there.
- 5 Who now to every ill submit,  
Foremost of all thy saints they stand,  
Who suffer most, with Jesus sit,  
Exalted at their Lord's right hand,  
While here on earth, they reign above,  
Triumphant on a throne of love.

**10.**

**[The Trial of Faith.]**

**Hymn 10.**

- 1 How long thou suffering Son of God,  
Shall sinners take thy name in vain,  
Start from the thorny narrow road  
Of sacred salutary pain,  
Fondly presume to call thee, Lord,  
But tremble to obey thy word?
- 2 The man that will thy follower be,  
Thou bidd'st him still himself deny,  
Take up his daily cross with thee,  
Thy shameful death rejoice to die,

And choose a momentary pain,  
A crown of endless life to gain.

3 But who the dreadful word receive,  
Or gladly take thy burden up?  
We dare not, Lord, the truth believe,  
But soothed with a self-flattering hope  
To feeble man for succour run,  
The crown-ensuring cross to shun.

4 A thousand ways and means we try,  
The cross of none effect to make,  
To Egypt we for chariots fly,  
Shelter in human laws we take,  
Assured the world will do us right,  
And Satan against Satan fight.

5 Fools that we are, and slow of heart,  
Our richest portion to refuse,  
The patient Saviour's better part,  
The labour, and reward, to lose,  
The fairest prize to sufferers given,  
The largest recompense in heaven.

6 But O! Suffice the season past  
That we thy saying have abhorred,  
Disdained thy passion's cup to taste,  
And strove to be above our Lord;  
To thy sweet yoke at length we bow,  
And meekly come to suffer *now*.

7 Or let us here on Tabor stop,  
Thy glorious face awhile to see,  
Or climb yon adverse mountain's top,  
The height of rugged Calvary;  
To Calv'ary we with joy repair,  
And die to find our Saviour there.

**11.**  
**[The Trial of Faith.]**  
**Hymn 11.**

- 1 Help, gracious Lord, the time is come  
Of suffering for thy righteous cause,  
I see, I see thy people's doom,  
T' endure with thee the sacred cross,  
And now my own convictions fear,  
And tremble at the trial near.
- 2 The flesh, alas! Thou know'st is weak,  
Nor can the lightest cross sustain,  
Convinced, on earth I must not seek  
A rescue from reproach, or pain,  
Or put the hallowed cup aside,  
But bow with Jesus crucified.
- 3 Called to distress, and patient grief,  
Have I not made thy portion mine?  
I have: I look for no relief,  
No lessening of my lot divine,  
But hold thy rigid *literal* word,  
A simple follower of my Lord!
- 4 Let Jews their slightest wrong repay,  
And fiercely eye for eye require:  
More excellent the Christian way,  
We will not call for vengeful fire,  
Evil resist in word or deed,  
But close in all thy footsteps tread.
- 5 Let others human succour seek,  
With all their powers the cross evade,  
We learn to turn the other cheek,  
We look to thee alone for aid;  
In suffering all we cannot err,  
We cannot follow thee too far.

- 6 To suffer all things for thy sake,  
My calling this I humbly own;  
Nor will from thee the matter take,  
But trust my cause to thee alone:  
My help is all laid up above,  
My only refuge is thy love.
- 7 The word, the awful word, is true,  
Howe'er my feeble flesh may fail,  
I should my patient Lord pursue,  
The utmost rage of earth and hell,  
Meek, as the Lamb of God endure,  
And die to make my calling sure.

**12.**

**The Inward Cross.**

- 1 O my dear Master, and my Lord,  
Good is thine acceptable will,  
I yield obeisance to thy word,  
I come, thy humbled state to feel,  
My calling here I plainly see,  
To bear, and bleed, and die with thee.
- 2 Sufferer for sin my Master was,  
A Man of Grievs, enured to woe,  
I bow me to thine inward cross,  
Sad fellowship with thee I know:  
Thou for another's sin didst groan,  
And shall not I lament mine own?
- 3 Yes, Lord, I drink thy bitter cup  
Of grief, astonishment, and pain,  
I fill thy sore afflictions up,  
I faint thy burden to sustain,

My spirit sweats thy sweat of blood,  
And gasping calls "*My God, my God!*"

4 My spirit by thy pangs is torn,  
While thou art pleased my faith to try;  
For thee disconsolate I mourn,  
And still repeat thy bitter cry,  
"My God, my God, I cry like thee,  
Ah! Why hast thou forsaken me!"

5 Abandoned to the tempter's power,  
Still on thy daily cross I bleed,  
'Till all the rage of hell is o'er,  
'Till all my nature's life is dead;  
Then, then my utmost wish I have,  
And sink into my Saviour's grave.

6 I sink with thee, with thee to rise,  
Thy quick'ning Spirit to regain,  
T' insure my calling's heavenly prize,  
And suffer with my Lord to reign,  
Thy resurrection's power to prove,  
And live the life of perfect love.

### 13.

**"And he said to (\* them) all, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Luke 9:23.**

1 Master, I own thy lawful claim,  
Thine, wholly thine I long to be,  
Thou seest at last I willing am,  
Where'er thou go'est to follow thee,  
Myself in all things to deny;  
Thine wholly, thine to live and die.

\* The word "them" is not in the original.

- 2    Whate'er my sinful flesh requires  
       For thee I cheerfully forego,  
 My covetous and vain desires,  
       My hopes of happiness below,  
 My senses and my passion's food,  
 And all my lust of creature-good.
- 3    Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more  
       Shall lead my captive soul astray,  
 My fond pursuits I all give o'er,  
       Thee, only thee resolved t' obey,  
 My own in all things to resign,  
 And know no other will than thine.
- 4    Reason, blind leader of the blind,  
       No more my sinking soul shall stay,  
 The wisdom of the carnal mind  
       That broken reed I cast away,  
 And stand by trusting in thy might,  
 And follow thy unerring light.
- 5    The beast, and devil I deny,  
       Sensual, and animal delight,  
 The wanton and the curious eye,  
       Be closed in everlasting night;  
 My learned lust be cast aside,  
 And all my filth of self and pride.
- 6    Henceforth I will not comfort take,  
       Or pleasure in myself but thee,  
 Myself I cheerfully forsake,  
       From self I would at once get free,  
 I would not live, whate'er is (I,  
 But O! My God, must † Isaac die!

† Not necessarily; not always; yet if God call for him, we *must* be ready to sacrifice our Isaac, or *joy* in himself.

- 7 My joy in thee, my pure delight,  
So long desired, so late bestowed,  
The comfort of thy blissful sight,  
The offspring and the gift of God,  
The sweet refreshments of thy grace,  
The glimpses of thy heavenly face!
- 8 O the insufferable loss!  
To lay my gifts and comforts down,  
To nail my Isaac to the cross,  
Before thy feet to cast my crown,  
Jesus, my Jesus to restore!  
All earth and heaven can give no more.
- 9 Yet will I offer in thy might  
This only offering worthy thee,  
Give up my spiritual delight,  
My taste of glorious liberty,  
Thine to thyself I render back,  
Thy all for thee I now forsake.
- 10 All power is thine in earth and heaven,  
All fulness dwells in thee alone;  
Whate'er I had was freely given,  
Nothing but sin I call my own,  
Other propriety disclaim,  
Thou only art the great I AM.
- 11 Wherefore to thee I all resign,  
Being thou art, and good, and power,  
Thy only will be done, not mine;  
Thee, Lord, let earth and heaven adore,  
Flow back the rivers to their sea,  
And let our all be lost in thee.

**14.**

- 1 O this agony of grief!  
When shall it all be past?

Surely God will send relief,  
And rescue me at last:  
Comforter of all that mourn,  
Jesus shall my peace restore,  
Root out of my flesh the thorn,  
And bid me weep no more.

2 Thrice, three thousand, times have I  
For speedy rescue prayed,  
Can the God of love deny  
His kindly promised aid?  
Shall I never, never know  
Full release from sin and pain,  
First of all the sons of woe  
That asked his help in vain.

3 No, thou gracious God and true,  
Thy promise cannot fail,  
Thou at last shall bring me through  
The toils of sin and hell:  
This from thee ev'n now I have—  
If thou art not always nigh,  
If thou canst not, wilt not, save,  
Let me forever die.<sup>9</sup>

**15.**

1 O my only ease in pain,  
O my only joy in grief,  
Hear me secretly complain,  
Sigh for permanent relief,  
Burdened more than I can bear,  
Still with earthly passions torn,  
Let me tell thee all my care,  
Let me in thy bosom mourn.

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<sup>9</sup>John Wesley underlined the last two lines in this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), then wrote in the margin “Too Bold.”

- 2 Jesus, why dost thou delay  
Thy poor prisoner to release,  
All my sin to take away,  
All my soul to fill with peace?  
Surely, Lord, I would be free,  
Would from every evil fly:  
Set my heart at liberty,  
Give me love, and let me die.
- 3 Nothing do I seek below,  
Lord, I dare to thee appeal,  
Thou my tempted soul dost know,  
All I fear, and all I feel:  
Nothing here but sin I dread,  
Nothing here but love I crave:  
Let me rest my weary head,  
Let me find a quiet grave.
- 4 Grant me first the rest from sin,  
Then permit me to depart,  
Thou who seest this war within,  
Thou who read'st this troubled heart.  
When it doth to sin incline,  
O the agony I bear!  
This unworthy heart of mine  
Would I not in pieces tear?
- 5 Wherefore then, thou gracious God,  
(Let me yet again inquire)  
Dost thou leave me to my load,  
Still deny my best desire?  
Why dost thou to help forbear,  
Heedless of my griefs and fears,  
Deaf to my continual prayer,  
Silent at my ceaseless tears?
- 6 What thou dost I know not now,  
But my soul on thee I cast,  
To thy secret counsel bow,  
Sure to know the whole at last,

Sure thine utmost grace to know,  
 Sure to prove thine utmost will,  
 Th'roughly sanctified below,  
 Caught up to thy heavenly hill.

[16].<sup>10</sup>

**The Last Wish.**

- 1 To do, or not to do; to have,  
 Or not to have, I leave to thee:  
 To be, or not to be, I leave:  
 Thy only will be done in me:  
 All my requests are lost in one,  
 Father, thy only will be done.
- 2 Suffice that for the season past  
 Myself in things divine<sup>11</sup> I sought,  
 For comforts cried with eager haste,<sup>12</sup>  
 And murmured that I found them not:  
 I leave it now to thee alone,  
 Father, thy only will be done.
- 3 Thy gifts I clamour for<sup>13</sup> no more,  
 Or selfishly thy grace<sup>14</sup> require  
 An evil heart to varnish o'er;  
 Jesus the giver I desire,  
 After the flesh<sup>15</sup> no longer known:  
 Father, thy only will be done.
- 4 Welcome alike the crown or cross;  
 Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,<sup>16</sup>  
 Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,  
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,<sup>17</sup>  
 Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,  
 Father, thy only will be done.

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<sup>10</sup>Ori., "17"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>11</sup>John Wesley underlined "Myself in things divine" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), placing a "Q" in the margin.

<sup>12</sup>John Wesley underlined "with eager haste" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>13</sup>John Wesley underlined "clamour for" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>14</sup>John Wesley underlined "selfishly thy grace" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>15</sup>John Wesley underlined "After the flesh" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>16</sup>John Wesley underlined "nor peace" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>17</sup>John Wesley underlined "nor joy" and "nor ease" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

## 17.

- 1 Rock of everlasting love,  
    Into thy clefts I flee,  
Never, never to remove  
    I build my house on thee;  
On thy dying love I stand,  
    Hear thy words, and keep them too,  
Duteous to thy kind command,  
    By works my faith I show.
  
- 2 Made unto salvation wise,  
    And freely saved by grace,  
Thee, on whom my soul relies,  
    My faithful soul obeys:  
Faithful, and obedient still,  
    Let me not be put to shame,  
Coming now t' endure thy will,  
    And suffer for thy name.
  
- 3 Lo! The rains descend, o'erflow,  
    And to a deluge spread,  
Winds, and storms, and tempests blow,  
    And beat upon my head:  
Satan drives the furious blast,  
    Floods of wickedness assail,  
Stands my house on Jesus fast;  
    That Rock can never fail.
  
- 4 Higher let the torrent rise,  
    The tempest louder roar,  
Satan, storm with all thy lies,  
    And use thine utmost power,  
Firm I stand the general shock,  
    Never from my basis move,  
Built, and 'stablished on the rock  
    Of everlasting love.

**18.**

- 1 Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Our Saviour we adore,  
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,  
And magnify thy power.  
Thy power in human weakness shown,  
Shall make us all entire;  
We now thy guardian presence own,  
And walk unburnt in fire.
  
- 2 Thee, Son of man, by faith we see,  
And glory in our guide,  
Surrounded, and upheld by thee,  
The fiery test abide.  
The fire our graces shall refine,  
'Till moulded from above  
We bear the character divine,  
The stamp of perfect love.

**19.**

**For the Brotherhood.**

- 1 Head of thy patient church beneath,  
Attend the faithful prayer we breathe  
In thy own Spirit's power,  
And by thy grace protect, and keep,  
Thy little flock of helpless sheep  
In every trying hour.
  
- 2 Our brethren, and companions dear,  
Who suffer in thy kingdom here,

Preserve in their distress,  
Support us by that glorious hope,  
And bring, O bring us quickly up  
Out of the wilderness.

- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,  
Ah! Do not suffer him to slay  
One soul that would be thine:  
To us the wiles of Satan show,  
And arm us 'gainst our hellish foe  
In panoply divine.
- 4 By human wolves encompassed round,  
Let none without the fold be found  
Of all thy lambs or sheep:  
From worldly rage and malice hide,  
And keep us ever by thy side,  
And in thy bosom keep.
- 5 But above all thy power display,  
To screen us in our evil day  
And from ourselves defend;  
Subdue, destroy our foes within,  
And save the tempted soul from sin,  
And save us to the end.
- 6 O for thy great and glorious name,  
The dire reproach, the guilty shame  
The cursed thing avert,  
In all th' assaults of sense and pride  
Continue on thy people's side,  
And guard the feeble heart.
- 7 No more may we to sin submit,  
But trample it beneath our feet  
With holy rage and scorn,  
'Till each is more than conqueror,  
And all obtain the perfect power,  
And all to God return.

**20.**

**Another [For the Brotherhood].**

- 1    Thou God of love, and truth, and power,  
      Guard us in the evil hour,  
          By sore temptation tried,  
Shelter thy poor, afflicted flock,  
And in the clefts of Israel's Rock  
      Our trembling spirits hide.
  
- 2    Long as the war subsists within,  
      Save, O save us, Lord, from sin,  
          The lusting flesh subdue;  
The Spirit's stronger lust exert,  
And watch o'er every helpless heart,  
      'Till thou hast made it new.
  
- 3    For this we strive, for this we pray,  
      Take the stumbling-block away,  
          The cursed thing remove,  
Uphold, and make our footsteps sure,  
And let us stand, and walk secure  
      In humble faith, and love.
  
- 4    Sin, only sin we deprecate,  
      Fill us with a perfect hate  
          Of that thy soul abhors;  
O let us every sin eschew  
'Till all are brought victorious through,  
      And more than conquerors.

**21.**

**Another [For the Brotherhood].**

- 1    Still, Lord, we ask, and urge thee still,  
      Ask according to thy will,

And urge our strong request:  
Preserve thy little flock from sin,  
And keep, 'till thou hast brought us in  
To thine eternal rest.

- 2 Ah! Do not suffer us to stray,<sup>18</sup>  
Thee our Master to betray,  
And shamefully deny:  
But (for thou know'st our treacherous heart)  
Command us sooner to depart,  
And innocently die.
- 3 Be jealous for thy glorious name,  
Never let the heathen blame  
The truth for our offence;  
But rather now confirm us thine,  
And let us all our souls resign,  
And fly this moment hence.
- 4 Canst thou despise our fear and pain,  
Suffer us to cry in vain  
Beneath the load we bear?  
Our load of pain and fear remove,  
And answer by the fire of love  
Our agonizing prayer.
- 5 'Tis done! He hears his Spirit's cry,  
Surely now we feel him nigh  
To grant *his own* request:  
We shall not live to fall away,  
But taken from the evil day  
With him forever rest.

22.<sup>19</sup>

- 1 Come on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., "stay" (both editions); a clear misprint.

<sup>19</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 48–50.

Who still your bodies feel,  
A while forget your griefs, and fears,  
And look beyond the<sup>20</sup> vale of tears  
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time, and space,  
Look forward to that happy place,  
The saints' secure abode,  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

3 See, where the Lamb in glory stands,  
Encircled with his radiant bands,  
And join th' angelic powers,  
For all that height of glorious bliss  
Our everlasting portion is,  
And all that heaven is ours.

4 Who suffer for our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all, that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.

5 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead:  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last  
Triumphant with our head.

6 That great mysterious deity  
We soon with open face shall see:  
The beatific sight  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

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<sup>20</sup>Charles Wesley changed "the" to "this" in *All in All* (1761).

- 7 The Father shining on his throne,  
The glorious coeternal Son,  
The Spirit one and seven,  
Conspire our rapture to complete,  
And lo! We fall before his feet,  
And silence heightens heaven.
- 8 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
Jesus, we now sustain thy cross,  
And at thy footstool fall,  
'Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
'Till thou our ravished spirits fill,  
And God is all in all.

**23.**

**Desiring to Pray.<sup>21</sup>**

**[Hymn 1.]**

- 1 O that I could but pray!  
How gladly should I bear  
The burden of this evil day  
With the support of prayer!  
Happy, could I but tell  
To God my inward woe,  
My depth of wickedness reveal,  
My height of trouble show.
- 2 Alas, he knows it all,  
My whole of sin and grief;  
Yet O, for help I cannot call,  
I cannot ask relief:  
Mountains on mountains rise,  
And quite block up the way;  
O that I could but lift my eyes,  
O that I could but pray!

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<sup>21</sup>Manuscript precursorss of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 93–96; MS Clarke, 108–11; MS Occasional Hymns, 64–67; and MS Shent, 81a–82a.

- 3        I struggle still, and fain  
          I would throw off my load,  
Stir myself up, and strive again  
          To apprehend my God:  
          Farther he doth from me,  
          And farther still depart;  
In vain I bow my feeble knee,  
          But not my stubborn heart.
- 4        My heart, alas, is dead,  
          Or unconcerned it sleeps,  
Or starts, of its own wish afraid,  
          And contradicts my lips;  
          Or with suggestions fraught  
          Too horrible to bear,  
Breaks off the suit, to 'scape the thought  
          Of blasphemous despair.
- 5        Ah, whither, or to whom  
          Shall I for succour fly!  
My Saviour bids the weary come,  
          Yet do I not draw nigh:  
          I would (but all in vain)  
          To him my wants display:  
My heart abhors the fruitless pain,  
          I cannot, cannot pray.
- 6        But shall I then depart,  
          And cast away my hope,  
Yield to a wretched, faithless heart,  
          And give my Saviour up?  
          No, no! That killing thought  
          Is worse than all I feel;  
Still let me seek, though clean forgot,  
          And want my Saviour still.
- 7        Dead as I am to God,  
          I will not him forego,  
But patiently take up my load,  
          And suffer all my woe:

Forever will I lie,  
 Before his mercy seat,  
 Though not allowed with Mary I  
 To wash, and kiss his feet.

8        In quiet, calm distress  
           Will I my cross sustain,  
 Content to sigh for happiness,  
           And strive to pray,—in vain!  
           Unless he from his throne  
           The speechless mourner hear,  
 The deep, unutterable groan,  
           The loudly-silent tear.

9        He hears, he hears it now!  
           The anguish not expressed,<sup>22</sup>  
 The struggle of my soul to bow,  
           And fall upon his breast!  
           Silence a voice hath found,  
           A cry is in the void,  
 Through earth and heaven my woes resound,  
           And pierce the ears of God.

10       Believing against hope,  
           I will expect his grace,  
 Through all the clouds of sin look up,  
           And wait to see his face:  
           Forgotten though I seem,  
           He knows what I would say;  
 The darkness is not dark to him,  
           The night is clear as day.

11       I dare no longer doubt  
           His readiness to save;  
 Will Jesus therefore cast me out,  
           Because no good I have?  
           To sinners truly poor  
           Will God himself deny!  
 He cannot cast me out—no more  
           Than he again can die!

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<sup>22</sup>“Not expressed” changed to “unexpressed” in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

**24.**  
**[Desiring to Pray.]**  
**Hymn 2.**

- 1    Jesu, full of grace for me,  
      Help my soul's infirmity;  
      Grant the supplicating grace,  
      Give the power to seek thy face:  
      Hear a feeble sinner groan,  
      Burdened with an heart of stone;  
      Take the heart of stone away,  
      Give me will, and power to pray.
  
- 2    Once again revive the dead,  
      Stir me up to ask thine aid;  
      By thy Spirit's breath incline  
      This unyielding heart of mine;  
      Now the rock in sunder rend,  
      Now eject the silent fiend,  
      Power into my soul convey,  
      Sigh the pitying Ephphatha!
  
- 3    O my God, how long shall I  
      Coldly with my lips draw nigh,  
      Lift my eyes with useless pain,  
      Drop their weary lids again,  
      Feebly struggle to declare  
      The sad meaning of my prayer,  
      Give the fruitless labour o'er,  
      Gasp for utterance no more!
  
- 4    Help a poor and needy soul,  
      Make the wilderness a pool,  
      Pour thy Spirit from above,  
      Bless me with a flood of love;  
      For thy mercy sake alone  
      Let the miracle be done;  
      Take my heart of stone away,  
      Give me will, and power to pray.

**25.**  
**[Desiring to Pray.]**  
**Hymn 3.**<sup>23</sup>

- 1 O thou Father of compassions,  
O thou God of mercies hear,  
Send the Spirit of supplications,  
Send the gracious Comforter:  
Have respect to Jesus' merit,  
To thy church the gift impart,  
Send him now; the pleading Spirit  
Pour into thy people's heart.
  
- 2 If we have through him found favour,  
If for us he ever prays,  
Now in honour of our Saviour,  
Grant the all-commanding grace;  
Stir us up to prayer unceasing,  
Let us all the promise claim,  
Wrestle for the mighty blessing,  
For the new, mysterious name.
  
- 3 Send our long-desired Messiah,  
Us to teach thy perfect way;  
Faithful, fervent as Elias,  
Let us in the Spirit pray,  
Let the power to us be given,  
(Weak and helpless as we are)  
Power to shut, and open heaven,  
All th' omnipotence of prayer.

**26.**  
**[Desiring to Pray.]**  
**Hymn 4.**<sup>24</sup>

- 1 Jesu, thou sovereign Lord of all,  
The same through one eternal day,

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<sup>23</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 55–56.

<sup>24</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 56–58.

Attend thy feeblest followers' call,  
And O! Instruct us how to pray;  
Pour out the supplicating grace,  
And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,  
We cannot feel a good desire,  
'Till thou who call'dst a world from nought,  
The power into our hearts inspire;  
And then we in thy Spirit groan,  
And then we give thee back thy own.

3 Proceeds from thee the wish to pray,  
The longing wish which now we feel;  
But O! We know not what to say,  
We would, but cannot, Lord, reveal  
The load our fainting spirits bear,  
Or tell thee all our wants in prayer.

4 Lost in a labyrinth of sin,  
Long have we wandered to and fro,  
The wilderness hath shut us in,  
And only faith the way can show,  
And only prayer can lend the clue,  
To guide our weary footsteps through.

5 Tormented, destitute, distressed,  
Scattered in the dark, cloudy day,  
We labour for that farther rest,  
And fain would force our hearts to pray,  
And strive and pant with endless care  
To heave away the mountain-bar.

6 Dost thou not, Lord, our trouble see,  
Our sore, unprofitable pain?  
A thousand times we bow the knee,  
Approach thee with our lips in vain,  
Present with lifted hands and eyes,  
An heartless, lifeless sacrifice.

- 7 A thousand times o'erwhelmed with woe,  
    We groan impatient at thy stay,  
Ready to let the promise go,  
    Ready to cast our shield away,  
The fruitless labour to forbear,  
And fold our arms in sad despair.
- 8 Jesu, regard the joint complaint  
    Of all thy tempted followers here,  
And now supply the common want,  
    And send us down the Comforter,  
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,  
And fix thine agent in our heart.
- 9 To help our soul's infirmity,  
    To heal thy sin-sick people's care,  
To urge our God-commanding plea,  
    And make our heart an house of prayer,  
That promised Intercessor give,  
And let us now thyself receive.
- 10 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,  
    To us, who for thy coming stay;  
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,  
    We ask the constant power to pray:  
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,  
And, if thou canst,<sup>25</sup> deny the rest.

**27.**

**[Desiring to Pray.]**

**Hymn 5.**

- 1 Shepherd divine, our want relieve  
    In this our evil day,  
To all thy tempted followers give  
    The power to watch and pray.

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<sup>25</sup>John Wesley substituted "Thou canst not then" for "And, if thou canst" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
 Long as the cross we bear,  
 O let our souls on thee be cast  
 In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit of interceding grace  
 Give us in faith to claim,  
 To wrestle, 'till we see thy face,  
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 'Till thou the perfect love impart,  
 'Till thou thyself bestow,  
 Be this the cry of every heart  
 I will not let thee go.
- 5 I will not let thee go, unless  
 Thou tell thy name to me,  
 With all thy great salvation bless,  
 And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountaintop  
 Behold thine open face,  
 While faith in sight is swallowed up,  
 And prayer in endless praise.

**28.**

**[Desiring to Pray.]**

**Hymn 6.**<sup>26</sup>

**“Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.”**

**Luke 18:1.**

- 1 Come, ye followers of the Lord,  
 In Jesus' service join;  
 Jesus gives the sacred word,  
 The ordinance divine;  
 Let us his command obey,  
 And ask, and have whate'er we want,  
 Pray we, every moment pray,  
 And never, never faint.

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<sup>26</sup>Published previously in *Short View of the Difference Between the Moravian Brethren and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley* (London: Strahan, 1745), 20–21. A manuscript precursor appears in MS Shent, 60a–60b.

- 2           Place no longer let us give  
               To the old tempter's will,  
               Never more our duty leave,  
               While Satan cries "Be still!"  
               Stand we in the ancient way,  
               And here with God ourselves acquaint,  
               Pray we, ...<sup>27</sup>
- 3           Be it weariness and pain  
               To slothful flesh and blood,  
               Yet we will the cross sustain,  
               And bless the welcome load,  
               All our griefs to God display,  
               And humbly pour out our complaint;  
               Pray we, ...
- 4           Let us patiently endure,  
               And still our wants declare;  
               All the promises are sure  
               To persevering prayer:  
               'Till we see the perfect day,  
               And each wakes up a sinless<sup>28</sup> saint,  
               Pray we, ...
- 5           Pray we on, when all-renewed,  
               And perfected in love,  
               'Till we see the Saviour-God  
               Descending from above,  
               All his heavenly charms survey,  
               Beyond what angel-minds can paint,  
               Pray we, ...
- 6           Pray we, in the realms of light  
               'Till we behold his face,  
               Faith shall there be lost in sight,  
               And prayer in endless praise,  
               Blest through one eternal day,  
               Possessed of all that God<sup>29</sup> can grant;  
               There we need not,<sup>30</sup> cannot pray,  
               For heaven is<sup>31</sup> all we want.

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<sup>27</sup>I.e., repeat last two lines of stanza 1.

<sup>28</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>29</sup>John Wesley underlined "all that God" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), and wrote "Q" in the margin at the end of the line.

<sup>30</sup>John Wesley underlined "need not" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>31</sup>John Wesley underlined "heaven is" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

**29.**  
**On the Loss of His Friends.**  
**[Hymn 1.]**

- 1    Take these broken reeds away!  
      On the Rock of Ages I  
      Calmly now my spirit stay,  
      Now on Christ alone rely,  
      Every other prop resign,  
      Sure the sinners' friend is mine.
  
- 2    Fly, my friends, with treacherous speed,  
      Melt as snow before the sun,  
      Leave me at my greatest need,  
      Leave me to my God alone,  
      To my help which cannot fail,  
      To my friend unchangeable.
  
- 3    O! How constant is my Lord,  
      While I to his promise cleave!  
      True, and faithful to his word,  
      Me my Lord will never leave,  
      None shall us by violence part,  
      None shall tear me from his heart.
  
- 4    Keep me then, my Lord, my love,  
      Keep me close to thy dear<sup>32</sup> breast,  
      'Till thou take me up above,  
      'Till I gain the heavenly rest,  
      Seated on thy glorious throne,  
      With thyself forever one.

**30.**  
**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**  
**Hymn 2.**

- 1    Glory to the awful God!  
      Object of thy kindest care,

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<sup>32</sup>John Wesley substituted "own" for "dear" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

Thankful I adore thy rod,  
Bless thee for the griefs I bear,  
Griefs which all my steps attend,  
Hasten on the joyful end.

2 O how wonderful thy love,  
Most benign, when most severe!  
All thy rivals to remove,  
All my hopes of comfort here,  
Forcing me to feel, and see,  
All on earth is vanity.

3<sup>33</sup> Long as in the vale I live,  
Calmly in the vale I mourn,  
Thankfully my lot receive,  
'Till I to thy arms return,  
Hardened in my grief, 'till I  
Sink into thy arms, and die.

4 'Till that welcome hour I see,  
Brood I o'er my hoarded grief,  
Hug my sacred misery,  
Wretched above all relief,  
Smile I with superior pain,  
Earth, and all its joys disdain.

5 What a mighty blessing this!  
Peace on earth I cannot know,  
Cannot taste a moment's bliss,  
Stripped of all I prized below;  
Shall I of my loss complain?  
Only heaven is greater gain.

**31.**<sup>34</sup>  
**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**  
**Hymn 3.**<sup>35</sup>

1 Disconsolate tenant of clay,  
In solemn assurance arise,

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<sup>33</sup>John Wesley wrote in a manuscript "Q" after stanzas 3–5 in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>34</sup>John Wesley marked this hymn with a manuscript "Q" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>35</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 36–37.

Thy treasure of sorrow survey,  
And look through it all to the skies:  
That heavenly house is prepared  
For all who are sufferers here,  
And wait the return of their Lord,  
And long for his day to appear.

- 2 Who suffer in Jesus's shame,  
Shall triumph in Jesus's love:  
A child of affliction I claim  
My sure habitation above,  
My seal of election is this,  
His marks in my body I bear;  
My fulness of infinite bliss,  
My crown of rejoicing is there.
- 3 There all the tempestuous blast  
Of bitter affliction is o'er,  
The spirit is landed at last,  
And sorrow, and shame are no more,  
Temptation, and trouble are gone,  
The trial is all at an end—  
And there I shall cease to bemoan  
The loss of my brother, and friend.
- 4 'Tis there I shall meet him again  
Whose burden through life I must bear,  
No longer the cause of my pain,  
No longer a fugitive there:  
Here only the world could divide,  
Here only the tempter could part,  
And turn the unwary aside,  
And poison the innocent heart.
- 5 Then let me with meekness attend  
The word that shall summon me home,  
The days of my pilgrimage end,  
And bury my griefs in the tomb;

6<sup>36</sup> The tears shall be wiped from my eyes,  
 When him I behold with the blest,  
 Who hastened my soul to the skies,  
 And followed me into my rest.

32.<sup>37</sup>

[On the Loss of His Friends.]

Hymn 4.

- 1 O my best, my only friend,  
 Ever constant, kind, and true,  
 Let my days of mourning end,  
 Let me bid the world adieu,  
 From its vice and vanity  
 Take, O take me up to thee.
- 2 Weary of my friends below,  
 Friends that quickly melt away,  
 Friends, that faint to share my woe,  
 Friends, that promise and betray,  
 Let me quit the faithless kind,  
 Truth in thee alone to find.
- 3 O that now my spirit might fail,  
 Suddenly from earth remove!  
 Snatch me from the weeping vale,  
 Bear me to the world above:  
 There at rest the weary are,  
 Vexed with no false brethren there.
- 4 Jesu, Lord, when shall it be?  
 End of all my wishes thou,  
 Set my struggling spirit free,  
 Hasten to my rescue now:  
 Bid me to the mountain fly,  
 Get me up this hour, and die.

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<sup>36</sup>Numbered as such in original (both editions); should be continuation of stanza 5.

<sup>37</sup>John Wesley marked this hymn with a manuscript "Q" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

**33.**  
**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**  
**Hymn 5.**

- 1 Or if thy great will ordain  
     In the vale my longer stay,  
 Let me cease from wretched man,  
     Cast the broken reed away,  
 Give my vainest labour o'er,  
 Look for<sup>38</sup> faith in man no more.
- 2 Pass away the empty shade,  
     Idle dream of friendship here,  
 Let the fond idea fade,  
     Let the vapour disappear:  
 Human friends, I give you up,<sup>39</sup>  
 Thou, O Christ, art all my hope.
- 3 Only thou canst never be  
     Wearied out with my complaint  
 Crushed by my own misery,  
     Oft as at thy feet I faint,  
 Thou my grief dost more than share,  
 Thou dost all my burden bear.
- 4 Never will thy patience fail,  
     Never leave me in distress,  
 Though my enemies prevail,  
     Though my miseries increase,  
 Though thou dost my follies see,  
 Though my faults are known to thee.
- 5 Weak, and wayward as I am,  
     Naked, indigent, and blind,  
 Thou dost hide my guilty shame,  
     Kindly cast my sins behind,  
 Freely, my backslidings heal,  
 Love the faithless sinner still.

---

<sup>38</sup>John Wesley underlined “Look for” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), adding a “!” in the margin.

<sup>39</sup>John Wesley placed an “!” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756) at the end of this line.

6 Sinning on so oft, so long,  
    Though I did thy Spirit grieve,  
Patient love endured the wrong,  
    Love refused his spoils to leave;  
Though I *would* from thee depart,  
Love pursued, and broke my heart.

7 Let me then on thee rely,  
    All thy faithful mercies prove,  
'Till I meet thee in the sky,  
    'Till I join the church above,  
Love me, love me to the end,  
Be my everlasting friend.

**34.**  
**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**  
**Hymn 6.**

1 O my condescending Lord,  
    How hast thou to earth stooped down!  
Sinners vile and self-abhorred  
    Thou dost for thy brethren own;  
O the grace on man bestowed,  
Man is called the friend of God!

2 What can I desire beside?  
    Jesus for my friend I claim,  
Jesus is my faithful guide,  
    Happy in his love I am,  
Fulness of delight I prove  
In his all-sufficient love.

3 From the faithless sons of men,  
    Saviour, to thy arms I flee,  
Sweetly on thy bosom lean,  
    Find my happiness in thee,  
Happiness that cannot fail,  
Gloriously unchangeable.

- 4     While I thus my soul recline  
          On my dear Redeemer's breast,  
Need I for the creature pine,  
          Fondly seek a farther rest,  
Still for human friendship sue,  
Stoop, ye worms of earth, to you!
- 5     Jesus, thee alone I know,  
          Monarch of my simple heart,  
Thou my only friend below,  
          Thou my heavenly portion art,  
Here, and in eternity,  
Thou art all in all to me.

**35.**  
**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**  
**Hymn 7.<sup>40</sup>**

- 1     Father, take thy plague away,  
          And give me back my peace,  
In the dark and cloudy day  
          I show thee my distress:  
Fear, rebuke, and blasphemy  
Beset my soul on every side:  
See, the helpless sinner see,  
          For whom thy Son hath died.
- 2     Earth and hell their counsel take  
          Thy servant to devour,  
Do not, Lord, my soul forsake,  
          Nor leave me to their power;  
Be not thou mine enemy,  
Nor in thy fierce displeasure chide;  
See, the helpless sinner see,  
          For whom thy Son hath died.

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<sup>40</sup>A partial manuscript version of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 19.

3<sup>41</sup> Let the gathering storm descend,  
 Let the triumphant foe  
 Sweep away my dearest friend,  
 My every good below,  
 Vent his utmost rage on me,  
 So thou my God art pacified;  
 See, the helpless sinner see  
 For whom thy Son hath died.

[4] Lord, I will not deprecate  
 The utmost sufferings here,  
 Let the world condemn, and hate,  
 If thou in mercy clear:  
 Let them set their brand on me,  
 So thou pronounce me justified;  
 See, the helpless sinner see,  
 For whom thy Son hath died.

**36.**  
**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**  
**Hymn 8.**  
**For Midnight.**<sup>42</sup>

1 At this solemn noon of night,  
 Lo! I rise to sing thy praise,  
 All thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
 True, and holy all thy ways:  
 Dark, and grievous though they be,  
 Just are all thy ways to me.

2 Glory to the God unknown!  
 Chastened from my infant years,  
 Thy afflictive love I own,  
 Mingle praises with my tears,  
 Bless thee for my troubles past,  
 Calmly wait to feel the last.

3 Thee I awfully adore,  
 Bruised by thy severest rod;

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<sup>41</sup>Ori., “4”. Next stanza: ori., “5” (error occurs in both editions).

<sup>42</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 25–27.

- Strengthen me to suffer more,  
Still increase my heaviest load,  
Child of sorrow from the womb  
Send me weeping to the tomb.
- 4 Still in weariness, and pain,  
Will I a sad vigil keep,  
Lift my mournful eyes again,  
Only wake, to pray, and weep,  
To my midnight task return,  
Bless thee for my power to mourn.
- 5 O how gracious is thy love,  
Thus to strip me of my joy!  
All my comforts to remove,  
All my idols to destroy,  
Forced by stress of misery  
Happiness to seek in thee.
- 6 Wounded in the tenderest part,  
Spoiled of all my friends below,  
Can I thank thee from my heart,  
Bless the hand that deals the blow?  
Lord, beneath thy hand I bow;  
What thou dost I know not now.
- 7 Yet I can thy mercy praise,  
Doomed my chast'ning *here* to feel  
That I with the godless race  
May not be adjudged to hell;  
Lord, for this my thanks receive,  
Wretched out of hell, I live.
- 8 Of his earthly all bereft<sup>43</sup>  
Should a living man complain?  
Or have I a blessing left?  
Take that blessing back again,  
Now my latest good remove,  
Give me but at last thy love.

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<sup>43</sup>John Wesley underlined “earthly all bereft” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), adding an “!” in the margin at the end of the line.

**37.**  
**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**  
**Hymn 9.<sup>44</sup>**

- 1       O bitter, bitter loss!  
           My bosom-friend is gone,  
           My life, and comfort was  
           Wrapped up in him alone.<sup>45</sup>  
 My eyes and heart's desire<sup>46</sup> is fled,  
           The intercourse is o'er,  
 My bosom-friend to me is dead,  
           He loves my soul no more.
- 2       To Satan's malice left,  
           By human furies torn,  
           Of all my joys<sup>47</sup> bereft,  
           For none but<sup>48</sup> this I mourn;  
 As Rachel obstinately grieve,<sup>49</sup>  
           Disconsolate in woe,<sup>50</sup>  
 Nor will I evermore receive  
           Comfort in things below.
- 3       I lift my broken heart  
           To him that reigns above:  
           O would he once impart  
           The med'cine of his love!  
 His only love can be my balm,  
           My wounded spirit ease;  
 His only voice the storm can calm,  
           And bid my sorrows cease.
- 4       O wouldst thou, Lord, appear,  
           And answer to my cry,  
           Thy hopeless mourner cheer,  
           Thy balmy blood apply.

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<sup>44</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 27–29.

<sup>45</sup>John Wesley underlined “in him alone” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>46</sup>John Wesley underlined “heart's desire” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>47</sup>John Wesley underlined “all my joys” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>48</sup>John Wesley underlined “none but” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>49</sup>John Wesley underlined “obstinately grieve” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>50</sup>John Wesley underlined this sentence in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

From thee, the God of pard'ning love,  
 I never would depart,  
 But seek my whole delight above,  
 And give thee all my heart.

5        Were I from all my pain  
           Miraculously freed,  
           Might I receive again  
           My Isaac from the dead,  
 He still should on thine altar lie,  
           'Till both translated were,  
 And met each other in the sky,  
           And met the Saviour there!

**38.**  
**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**  
**Hymn 10.**  
**Jonah's Gourd.<sup>51</sup>**

1        Where is the gourd, that sudden rose  
           To screen a weary pilgrim's head,  
 T' assuage the violence of my woes,  
           And bless me with its cooling shade,  
 Make all my cares, and sorrows cease,  
 And turn my anguish into ease?

2        A worm hath smote my verdant bower,  
           And lo! How soon it fades away!  
 It could not stand the morning hour,  
           Or bear the scorching heat of day:  
 My withered joy, alas, is fled,  
 My fence is gone—my friend is dead.

3        Dead, dead are all my hopes below,  
           On earth I look for no relief.<sup>52</sup>  
 No pause, or interval of woe,  
           No respite, or suspense of grief,<sup>53</sup>  
 My short-lived happiness is o'er,  
 And human friendship is no more.<sup>54</sup>

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<sup>51</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 34–35.

<sup>52</sup>John Wesley underlined “I look for no relief” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), placing an “!” in the margin.

<sup>53</sup>John Wesley underlined this and the previous line in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>54</sup>John Wesley underlined “friendship is no more” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 4 The fiery sun's directest ray,  
The veh'ement wind's severest blast  
Beat on me in this evil day:  
O might I now complain my last,  
Now, now lay down my fainting head,  
And weary sink among the dead!
- 5 Better for me to die, than live  
An useless life of grief and pain:  
O wouldst thou, Lord, my spi'rit receive!  
But purge it first from every stain,  
From all my foes, and friends set free,  
And then receive me up to thee.

**39.**

**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**

**Hymn 11.<sup>55</sup>**

- 1 O 'tis enough! My God, my God,  
Thy hand withhold, thy wrath forbear;  
Spare, for I hear the speaking rod,  
Thy prodigal in mercy spare,  
And in thy gracious arms embrace,  
And kiss the sorrow from my face.
- 2 My every idol I resign,  
By thy afflicting love compelled;  
Jesu, the victory is thine,  
Hardly at last I yield, I yield  
With every creature-good to part,  
I give thee all this worthless heart.
- 3 With solemn dread my life, my fame,  
My friend I on thy altar lay,  
All human help, and hope disclaim,  
And meekly wait the welcome day,

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<sup>55</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 35–36.

That shall my weary soul release,  
And lull me in eternal peace.

- 4 O might I now thy goodness taste,  
And know the pard'ning God is mine,  
Calmly lament, and groan my last,  
Into thy hands my soul resign,  
And plunge into the depths above,  
The ocean of thy heavenly love!

**40.**

**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**

**Hymn 12.<sup>56</sup>**

- 1 Why should a living child of man  
Beneath the scourge repine,  
Or dare with impious grief t' arraign  
The righteousness divine?  
Why should I murmur at my load,  
And farther still rebel,  
So lightly chastened by my God,  
And not thrust down to hell?
- 2 What are the sorest plagues I bear  
To those the damned sustain?  
What is my temporal despair  
To their eternal pain?  
My sins demand their dreadful hire,  
My sins for vengeance call,  
And short of that infernal fire  
'Tis grace and mercy all.
- 3 What though my soul with shame is filled,  
My heart o'erwhelmed with dread,  
What though my tender joys are killed,  
And every comfort fled;

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<sup>56</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 29–30.

What though my darling Isaac I  
Am forced to offer up,  
And live, when all my blessings die,  
And drink the bitterest cup:

- 4 Shall I resent my slighted love,  
Or mourn my murdered fame,  
Worthy the hate of all above,  
And everlasting shame!  
The loss of one weak, faithless friend  
Still, still shall I bemoan,  
When God, whose favours never end,  
May yet be all my own?
- 5 God of my life, to thy decree  
I humbly now submit,  
Accept my punishment from thee,  
And tremble at thy feet:  
Whate'er thy will inflicts I take,  
'Till all thy plagues are past;  
But while my soul I render back,  
O give me peace at last.

**41.**

**[On the Loss of His Friends.]**

**Hymn 13.**

**Thanksgiving to God for His Disappointments.**

- 1 God of my life, how good, how wise  
Thy judgments on my soul have been!  
They were but mercies in disguise,  
The painful remedies of sin:  
How different now thy ways appear,  
Most merciful when most severe!
- 2 Since first the maze of life I trod,  
Hast thou not hedged about my way,

My worldly vain designs withstood,  
And robbed my passions of their prey,  
Withheld the fuel from the fire,  
And crossed my every fond desire?

3 Trouble, and loss, and grief, and pain  
Have crowded all my forty years;  
I never could my wish obtain,  
And own at last with joyful tears  
The man whom God delights to bless,  
He never curses with success.

4 How oft didst thou my soul withhold,  
And baffle my pursuit of fame,  
And mortify my lust of gold,  
And blast me in my surest aim,  
Withdraw my animal delight,  
And starve my groveling appetite?

5 Thy goodness, obstinate to save,  
Hath all my airy schemes o'erthrown,  
My will thou wouldst not let me have;  
With blushing thankfulness I own  
I envied oft the swine their meat,  
But could not gain the husks to eat.

6 Thou wouldst not let thy captive go,  
Or leave me to my carnal will,  
Thy love forbade my rest below,  
Thy patient love pursued me still,  
And forced me from my sin to part,  
And tore the idol from my heart.

7 Joy of mine eyes, and more belov'd  
(Forgive me, gracious God) than thee,  
Thy sudden stroke far off removed,  
And stopped my vile idolatry,  
And drove me from the idol's shrine,  
And cast me at the feet divine.

- 8 But can I now the loss lament,  
Or murmur at thy friendly blow?  
Thy friendly blow my spirit hath rent,  
From every seeming good below;  
Thrice happy loss, which makes me see  
My happiness is all in thee.
- 9 How shall I bless thy thwarting love,  
So near in my temptation's hour!  
It flew my ruin to remove,  
It snatched me from my nature's power,  
Broke off my grasp of creature good,  
And plunged me in th' atoning blood.
- 10 See then at last I all resign,  
I yield me up thy lawful prey:  
Take this poor, long-sought soul of mine,  
And bear me in thine arms away,  
Whence I may never more remove,  
Secure in thy eternal love.

**42.**

**Written, when under Reproach.**

- 1 O my Galilean King,  
Can I glory in *this* shame?  
Can I *this* dishonour bring,  
As a suffering for thy name?  
Lord, thou know'st, and thou alone,  
All our hearts to thee are known.
- 2 Naked, and without disguise  
In thy sight my spirit stands:  
Have I not from outward vice  
Washed, in innocence, my hands,  
From the great transgression free?  
Lord, I dare appeal to thee.

- 3 Inwardly like other men,  
Wholly born in sin I am:  
Only thou didst still restrain  
For the honour of thy name;  
Kept by thine almighty grace,  
Thee I render all the praise.
- 4 Nought have I whereof to boast,  
Only sin to me belongs,  
Scorn of the Philistine host,  
Subject of the drunkard's songs,  
Mark of Pharisaic zeal,  
All the virtuous rage of hell.
- 5 Master, is it not for thee?  
If I suffer for thy cause,  
Bless the sacred infamy,  
Crown the scandal of thy cross,  
Now the peaceful answer give,  
Let me now thy love receive.
- 6 Me if thou hadst never sent,  
Satan's strongest holds t' o'erthrow,  
Would he thus his malice vent,  
Stir up all his powers below,  
Make me as his children black;  
Would he his own kingdom shake?
- 7 Lord, my time is in thy hand:  
Judged in man's unrighteous day,  
Let me in thy judgment stand,  
When the wicked melt away,  
Vindicate thy servant there,  
Clear me at the last great bar!

43.

**Another [Written, when under Reproach.]**

- 1    Thou Man of Grievs, I fain would be  
      Perfectly conformed to thee:  
      Bestow the patient power,  
      The meekness of my injured Lamb,  
      And arm me for the fiery hour  
      Of suffering for thy name.
  
- 2    Unknown to men, and meanly born,  
      Happy object of their scorn,  
      Content to live obscure,  
      And all things, but thy favour, need,  
      And want, as my great Master poor,  
      A place to lay my head.
  
- 3    When called to testify thy grace,  
      Set as adamant my face,  
      My steadfast heart prepare:  
      Rejected, and abhorred of men,  
      O might I all thy burden bear,  
      And glory in thy pain.
  
- 4    Such honour all thy saints possess,  
      Sufferers for righteousness:  
      Such honour I have here;  
      But O! Thy righteousness I want,  
      I want t' endure 'till thou appear,  
      And never, never faint.
  
- 5    Give me to triumph in thy shame,  
      Branded with a madman's name,  
      A false, deceiving liar,  
      A wine-bibber, and glutton too,  
      I rise in sacred scandal higher,  
      And all thy steps pursue.

- 6 The world that mocked, and slandered thee,  
Let them scorn and blacken me,  
Pervert my good to evil,  
(The lot my Lord did first receive)  
And falsely cry he hath a devil,  
And is not fit to live.
- 7 By bosom-friends betrayed, forsook,  
Let me to my pattern look,  
No human help desire,  
But stand, secure without defence,  
And force the heathen judge t' admire  
My speechless innocence.
- 8 Let all in Satan's counsel join,  
Jews and Gentiles both combine,  
People and priests conspire  
To drive me to my heavenly home,  
And hoary Caiaphas require  
The vile blasphemer's doom.
- 9 Happy, forever happy I,  
Sentenced on thy cross to die!  
But shall a sinner dare  
Aspire to such a glorious grace?  
Thou know'st I *would* thy passion share,  
And die to see thy face.
- 10 I would for thee my life resign,  
Suffer in the strength divine;  
Through love's almighty power;  
Would tread the path my Jesus trod,  
And calmly meet the fiery hour,  
Resisting unto blood.
- 11 Ah! Let it not my Lord displease,  
That I long for my release!

Thy mind to me be given,  
Thy Spirit breathe within my heart,  
And let my soul, by violence driven,  
Into thy arms depart.

- 12 Among the slaughtered souls might I  
Underneath the altar cry,  
How long thou true, and holy,  
Dost thou delay t' avenge our blood!  
Come, Lord, and glorify us fully,  
The martyred saints of God.

**44.**

**Desiring Death.**

**[Hymn 1.]**

- 1 To languish for his native air,  
Can the poor, wand'ring exile cease?  
The tired his wish of rest forbear?  
The tortured help desiring ease?  
The slave no more for freedom sigh?  
Or I no longer pine to die?
- 2 As shipwrecked mariners desire  
With eager grasp to reach the shore,  
As hirelings long t' obtain their hire,  
And veterans wish their warfare o'er,  
I languish from this earth to flee,  
And gasp for immortality.
- 3 To heaven I lift my mournful eyes,  
And all within me groans "How long?"  
O were I landed in the skies!  
The bitter loss, the cruel wrong  
Should there no more my soul molest,  
Or break my everlasting rest.

- 4 No faithless friend shall there be found  
    To mock me with his offers vain,  
By deep ingratitude to wound,  
    To cause, and then upbraid my pain,  
To leave me at my greatest need,  
Or trample on my sinking head.
- 5 In that Jerusalem above,  
    No pain the happy spirit meets,  
No sense of ill-requited love,  
    No sad complaining in their streets;  
Crying, and curse, and death are o'er;  
And there temptation is no more.
- 6 O could I break this fleshly fence,  
    Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,  
On angels' wings remove from hence,  
    And fly this happy moment home,  
Quit the dark house of mould'ring clay,  
And launch into eternal day!

45.

[Desiring Death.]

Hymn 2.<sup>57</sup>

- 1 O sorrowful soul,  
    Thy measure is full,  
    Thy cup it runs o'er,  
On earth thou canst sorrow, and suffer no more.
- 2 My comfort is fled,  
    My joy is all dead,<sup>58</sup>  
    Extinguished my hope,  
And never again I on earth shall look up.<sup>59</sup>
- 3 In patient distress  
    From the creature I cease,

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<sup>57</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 32–34.

<sup>58</sup>John Wesley underlined “joy is all dead” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>59</sup>John Wesley underlined “on earth shall” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), adding an “!” in the margin at the end of the line.

Disdain the relief,  
Which can neither remove, nor diminish my grief.<sup>60</sup>

4 From the things that are seen,  
From the children of men,  
To the comforts I fly,  
To the joys, and the pleasures that never shall die.

5 From the world I remove  
To a city above,  
Whose basis stands fast,  
And long as the heavenly founder shall last.

6 No mournful complaints  
In a city of saints,  
No evil, or sin,  
No want, or temptation can ever break in.

7 No curse to annoy,  
No death to destroy,  
No trouble, or care,  
No anguish, or sorrow, or crying is there.

8 The King of the place  
Shall show me his face;  
The rapturous sight  
Shall fill me with pure and unfading delight.

9 O thrice blessed hope!  
Even now it lifts up  
My soul to the skies,  
And wipes for a moment the tears from my eyes.

10 The vale I look through  
To the glory in view,  
That eternal reward  
For all, who endure to the end with their Lord.

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<sup>60</sup>John Wesley underlined “neither remove, nor diminish” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 11 For that heavenly prize  
The cross I despise,  
'Till with life I lay down<sup>61</sup>  
The burden, through which I inherit the crown.

**46.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 3.<sup>62</sup>**

- 1 Great author of my being,  
Who seest mine inward care,  
The ills of thy decreeing<sup>63</sup>  
Enable me to bear,  
The justice of thy sentence  
With meekest awe to own,  
And spend in deep repentance  
My last expiring groan.
- 2 The grief beyond expressing  
To me, to me impart,  
I ask this only blessing  
An humble broken heart:  
The spirit of contrition  
O might I now receive,  
For all my soul's ambition  
Is worthily to grieve.
- 3 In sacred melancholy<sup>64</sup>  
I would through life<sup>65</sup> abide,  
And wail my days of folly,  
My years of sin, and pride,  
Far from the paths of pleasure,  
Disdaining all relief,  
Would count my mournful treasure,  
And hug my hoard of grief.<sup>66</sup>

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<sup>61</sup>John Wesley underlined “with life” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), adding an “!” at the end of the line.

<sup>62</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Deliberative, 29–31; and MS Occasional Hymns, 21–22.

<sup>63</sup>John Wesley underlined “ills of thy decreeing” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>64</sup>John Wesley underlined this line in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>65</sup>John Wesley underlined “through life” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>66</sup>John Wesley underlined the last three lines in this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 4 Be this my constant care  
 From all delight to flee,  
 And suffer none to share  
 My sacred misery;<sup>67</sup>  
 No succour, or compassion  
 Of feeble man I crave,  
 No earthly consolation,  
 Or refuge—but the grave.<sup>68</sup>
- 5 *The friend*, whom once I wanted  
 To mitigate my woe,  
 Revoked as soon as granted,  
 I calmly now forego,  
 My latest strife is over,  
 The fleeting good to stay,  
 Nor would I, Lord, recover,  
 Whom thou hast snatched away.
- 6 Thou know'st my heart's desire  
 Is only to be gone,  
 And silently retire,  
 And live, and die alone:  
 No sweet companion near  
 To catch my latest sighs,  
 My dying words to hear,  
 Or close these weary eyes.
- 7 Only thou God of power,  
 Thou God of love attend,  
 In that decisive hour,  
 When pain with life<sup>69</sup> shall end:  
 Thou only bear my burden,  
 And help my last distress,  
 And give me back my pardon,  
 And bid me die in peace.
- 8 O for thy Jesus' merit,  
 The forfeiture restore,  
 And land my fainting spirit  
 On yonder happy shore,

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<sup>67</sup>John Wesley underlined “sacred misery” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>68</sup>John Wesley underlined this line in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>69</sup>John Wesley underlined “with life” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

In safety waft me over,  
And harbour in thy breast,  
And let me there recover  
Mine everlasting rest.

47.

[Desiring Death.]

Hymn 4.<sup>70</sup>

- 1 To the fountain of thy blood  
With trembling haste I fly,  
Wash me, O my pard'ning God,  
From crimes of deepest die,  
Purge my every crimson stain,  
And give my burdened conscience ease,  
Turn me to my rest again,  
And bid me die in peace.
- 2 None of all thy gifts below  
Do I, O Lord, desire,  
Grant me but thy love to know,  
And quietly expire,  
From my sin's, my body's chain  
This weary wretched soul release,  
Turn me [to my rest again,  
And bid me die in peace.]<sup>71</sup>
- 3 If thou canst, the whole remit  
Of what I feel, and fear,  
Send me up out of the pit  
Of temporal despair:  
All the sad arrears of pain  
Discharge by thy own righteousness,  
Turn me [to my rest again,  
And bid me die in peace.]
- 4 Let the punishment suffice  
I have already borne,  
Wipe the sorrow from my eyes,  
And bid me now return;

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<sup>70</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 79–80.

<sup>71</sup>Ori., ends this and next three stanzas: “Turn me ....”

Me a wretched sinful man  
Redeem from all my sinfulness:  
Turn me [to my rest again,  
And bid me die in peace.]

5 Weak, and coward as I am,  
I dare no longer live:  
Hide me from my grief, and shame,  
And to thyself receive:  
Might I now the port obtain,  
Might all these storms and sorrows cease!  
Turn me [to my rest again,  
And bid me die in peace.]

6 Plunge me in the purple tide  
Of thy atoning blood,  
Take me, Lord, into thy side,  
And bring me pure to God:  
If thou hast not died in vain,  
The purchase of thy passion seize,  
Turn me to my rest again,  
And bid me die in peace.

**48.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 5.**

**At Laying Down.<sup>72</sup>**

1 When shall I lay down my head  
On my softest, earthen bed,  
Have the rest I fain would have,  
Sink into the quiet grave!

2 When shall I my haven find,  
Leave my cares, and griefs behind,  
Gain the good for which I weep,  
Close mine eyes in lasting sleep!

3 Might I now escape away,  
Quit the tenement of clay,  
Take my unsuspected flight,  
Steal into the world of light.

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<sup>72</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 31–32.

- 4 Only this do I desire,  
Change, and O! My soul require,  
Come, my Lord, and Saviour come,  
Now prepare, and take me home.
- 5 Now pronounce the welcome word,  
Pardon, and receive me, Lord,  
Now the hallowing blood apply,  
Bid me lay me down, and die.
- 6 Work a sudden work of grace,  
Cut it short in righteousness,  
Likened to the saints in light,  
Call me hence this happy night.
- 7 Save me now from all my fears,  
Let me pour my latest tears,  
Ere I see th' approaching morn,  
Bid my spirit to God return;
- 8 Breathless leave this heavy clod,  
Faint into the arms of God,  
Glide in blissful dreams away,  
Wake in everlasting day.

**49.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 6.<sup>73</sup>**

- 1 Thou wretched man of sorrow,  
Whose eyes all day<sup>74</sup> o'erflow,  
Indulge thy<sup>75</sup> grief, and borrow  
The night for farther woe;  
In ceaseless lamentation<sup>76</sup>  
Thy solemn moments spend,  
And groan thy<sup>77</sup> expectation,  
That pain with life shall end.

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<sup>73</sup>A manuscript precursor to this hymn can be found in Charles Wesley's letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr (March 1748).

<sup>74</sup>John Wesley underlined "all day" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>75</sup>John Wesley underlined "indulge thy" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>76</sup>John Wesley underlined "ceaseless lamentation" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>77</sup>John Wesley underlined "groan thy" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 2 'Till then in fixed despair<sup>78</sup>  
 Of all relief I live,  
 My utmost burden bear,  
 And *now* retire to grieve,  
 To taste my only pleasure,<sup>79</sup>  
 In secret sighs complain,  
 Augment my mournful treasure,<sup>80</sup>  
 And aggravate my<sup>81</sup> pain.
- 3 To pain, and grief inured  
 I from the womb have been,  
 And all the rage endured,  
 And all the shame of sin,  
 Wandered my forty years  
 Throughout the desert wide,  
 And in ten thousand fears  
 Ten thousand deaths have died.
- 4 Eternal death's sad sentence  
 I still, alas, receive,  
 With fruitless, vain repentance  
 For final mercy grieve;  
 The agony of temptation  
 I every moment feel,  
 As doomed to desperation,  
 As rushing into hell.
- 5 My comforts all are blasted,  
 My Comforter is gone:  
 The joy which once I tasted,  
 O that I ne'er had known!  
 The gourd which soothed my anguish,  
 Is withered o'er my head,  
 And faint with grief<sup>82</sup> I languish  
 To sink among the dead.
- 6 From all I suffer here,  
 (If God my sins forgive)  
 From all I feel, and fear  
 I there redeemed shall live:

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<sup>78</sup>John Wesley underlined “fixed despair” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>79</sup>John Wesley underlined “only pleasure” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>80</sup>John Wesley underlined “mournful treasure” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>81</sup>John Wesley underlined “aggravate my” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>82</sup>John Wesley underlined “faint with grief” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- No serpent to deceive me,  
No sin to stain my thought,  
No loss, or wrong to grieve me,  
Where all things are forgot.
- 7 No heart-distracting passion  
Is there to break my peace,  
But joy without cessation,  
And love without excess:  
Of paradise secure,  
I shall no longer mourn;  
The bliss is full, and sure,  
The rose without a thorn.
- 8 Safe on the happy shore,  
My soul the storm defies,  
Where pain afflicts no more,  
And grief no longer cries:  
In that celestial city  
From all our toils we cease,  
And lose our sighing pity  
In universal bliss.
- 9 In hope of that salvation  
I feel a moment's rest,  
The calm of expectation  
Has stole into my breast;  
I weep at rescue near,  
I struggle to be gone,  
And joy is in the tear,  
And God is in the groan!
- 10 Hear then thy own petition,  
And suddenly release,  
And crown my sole ambition,  
And let me die in peace:  
Or lengthen out my care  
To threescore years and ten,  
But then in mercy spare,  
But O! Receive me then!

**50.**  
**[Desiring Death.]**  
**Hymn 7.**  
**In Weariness.<sup>83</sup>**

- 1 Worn out with long fatigue, and pain,  
 Let my feeble flesh complain,  
 Or fail beneath its load,  
 My spirit shall superior rise,  
 Regaining swift her native skies,  
 And sooner reach her God.
  
- 2 Too long this corruptible clay  
 Clouded the ethereal ray,  
 And pressed my spirit down,  
 A gainer now by every loss,  
 I find in weariness a cross,  
 That lifts me to a crown.
  
- 3 Of pain I now advantage make,  
 Meekly bear it for his sake,  
 Who suffered death for me:  
 To suffer death for him I wait,  
 And pain shall open wide the gate  
 Of immortality.
  
- 4 O blessed hope of lasting peace!  
 Let me *lawfully* decrease,  
 And sensibly decay:  
 Welcome whate'er my Lord ordain,  
 Disease, or weariness, or pain,  
 To hasten me away.
  
- 5 I come, with eager joy I come  
 To my everlasting home,  
 Where toil and sorrow end,  
 Where all my stores of grief<sup>84</sup> shall fail,  
 And I no more in groans bewail  
 My poor departed<sup>85</sup> friend.

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<sup>83</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 38–39.

<sup>84</sup>John Wesley underlined “all my stores of grief” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>85</sup>John Wesley underlined “poor departed” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 6 In that Jerusalem above  
All is harmony and love,  
And joy without a sting:  
The tears are banished from our eyes,  
And not a single sigh can rise,  
Where saints forever sing.
- 7 O might I, from this dungeon freed,  
Now lay down my weary head,  
My mournful soul resign,  
This moment meet th' appointed day,  
And faint, and sink, and die away  
Into the arms divine.

**51.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 8.<sup>86</sup>**

- 1 Jesu, help thy fallen creature!  
Conqu'ror of the world thou art,  
Stronger than the fiend, and greater  
Than this poor rebellious heart:  
Power, I know, to thee is given,  
Power to sentence or release,  
Power to shut, or open heaven;  
Thou alone hast all the keys.
- 2 Open then, in great compassion,  
Open mercy's door to me,  
Out of mighty tribulation  
Bring me forth thy face to see;  
O cut short my days of mourning,  
Quickly to my rescue come,  
Let me suddenly returning  
Reach my everlasting home.

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<sup>86</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 39–40.

- 3 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoaning,  
 Banished from my native place,  
 Languishing for God, and groaning  
 To appear before thy face:  
 From this bodily oppression  
 Set my earnest spirit free,  
 Give me now the full possession,  
 Let me now thy glory see.
- 4 If thou ever didst discover  
 To my faith the promised land,  
 Bid me now the stream pass over,  
 On that heavenly border stand,  
 Now surmount whate'er opposes,  
 Into thine embraces fly;  
 Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses,  
 Bid me get me up,<sup>87</sup> and die.

**52.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 9.**<sup>88</sup>

- 1 Weary world of sin, and anguish,  
 How I long from thee to fly!  
 Fainting for relief I languish,  
 Dying through desire to die:<sup>89</sup>  
 O my life, my only treasure,  
 Let me cast it all behind,  
 Now fill up my mournful measure,<sup>90</sup>  
 Now my heavenly Canaan find.
- 2 Never shipwrecked mari'ner wanted  
 More to reach the distant shore,  
 Never wand'ring exile panted  
 For his native country more:  
 Hear my earnest supplication,  
 Thou who only canst release,

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<sup>87</sup>Ori., "bid me get up"; corrected to fit meter in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>88</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 41–42.

<sup>89</sup>John Wesley underlined "desire to die" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>90</sup>John Wesley underlined this line in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

Show me now thy full salvation,  
Let me now depart in peace.

- 3 Hear me, Lord, my suit redouble,  
'Till the promise I obtain,  
Cease from all my grief, and trouble,  
Everlasting comfort gain:  
Can it be to thee displeasing,<sup>91</sup>  
That I fain thy face would see,  
Eager for the mighty blessing,  
All on fire to die for thee.
- 4 Present with me in temptation,  
Thou my troubled soul hast known,  
All my sorrow, and vexation,  
All my fear to thee I own:  
Lord, I would not live to grieve thee,  
Would not from thy bosom stray,  
Place me, where I cannot leave thee,  
Now transport my soul away.

**53.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 10.<sup>92</sup>**

- 1 O might the gracious hand  
Which into being brought,  
Transport me to that quiet land,  
Where all things are forgot!  
That land of settled rest,  
Where fear, and grief is o'er,  
And loss, and pain no more molest,  
And sin torments no more.
- 2 This mountain-load of care,  
This bitterness of shame,

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<sup>91</sup>John Wesley underlined this line in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756), responding “Yes” in manuscript in the margin.

<sup>92</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 42–43.

This memo'ry—I shall lose it there,  
 With all I feel, and am:  
 In sweet oblivion drowned  
 My sorrows all shall cease;  
 There only<sup>93</sup> peace for me is found,  
 A sure eternal peace.

3 I dare not hope<sup>94</sup> to see  
 My sufferings end below,  
 But wait the hour that sets me free  
 From life, and all its woe:  
 No gleam of joy shall steal<sup>95</sup>  
 Into this wretched heart,  
 'Till God his perfect love reveal,  
 And bid me hence depart.

4 Hardened in just despair<sup>96</sup>  
 I hug the destined cross,<sup>97</sup>  
 The wound incurable<sup>98</sup> I bear,  
 Th' irreparable loss:  
 The pangs through which I groan  
 On earth shall never end,<sup>99</sup>  
 For O! Eternity alone  
 Can give me back my friend.

5 O happy, happy hope  
 (My only hope of bliss)  
 I, even I, shall there look up,  
 And see my troubles cease,  
 Beyond the cruel power  
 Of sin I there shall be,  
 I, even I, shall reach the shore  
 Of calm eternity.

6 Come then, my friendly foes,  
 With kindest violence come,  
 Fill up the measure of my woes,  
 Hasten my spirit home,

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<sup>93</sup>John Wesley underlined “There only” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>94</sup>John Wesley underlined “dare not hope” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>95</sup>John Wesley underlined this line in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>96</sup>John Wesley underlined “just despair” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>97</sup>John Wesley underlined “destined cross” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>98</sup>John Wesley underlined “wound incurable” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>99</sup>John Wesley underlined “shall never end” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

Let grief, and loss, and shame  
With men and devils join,  
To drive a wretch—without a name—  
Into the arms divine.

**54.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 11.**

**On the Death of Samuel Hitchins.<sup>100</sup>**

- 1           Again we lift our voice  
              And shout our solemn joys!  
Cause of highest rapture this,  
              Rapture that shall never fail,  
See a soul escaped to bliss,  
              Keep the Christian festival!
- 2           Our friend is gone before  
              To that celestial shore!  
He hath left his mates behind,  
              He hath all these storms outrode,  
Found the rest we toil to find,  
              Landed in the arms of God.
- 3           And shall we mourn to see  
              Our fellow-prisoner free?  
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,  
              In the haven of the skies!  
Can we weep to see the tears  
              Wiped forever from his eyes?
- 4           No, dear companion, no!  
              We gladly let thee go  
From a suffering church beneath  
              To a reigning church above:  
Thou hast more than conquered death,  
              Thou art crowned with life, and love.

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<sup>100</sup>James Hitchens, a blacksmith at Gwennap, Cornwall was an early convert to Methodism. Four of his sons became lay preachers, suffering significant hardship and persecution for their labor. Two died “in the saddle.” The first, Samuel, is commemorated in this hymn. John Wesley published an account of his death and that of his brother a year later: *A Short Account of the Death of Sam Hitchens* (1746); and *A Short Account of the Death of Thomas Hitchens* (1747).

5           Thou in thy youthful prime  
              Hast leaped the bounds of time;  
Suddenly from earth released,  
              Lo! We now rejoice for thee,  
Taken to an early rest,  
              Caught into eternity.

6           Thither we all repair,  
              That glorious bliss to share:  
We shall see the welcome day,  
              We shall to the summons bow:  
Come, Redeemer, come away,  
              Now prepare, and take us *now*!

**55.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 12.**

**For One Departing.**

1   Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
          All thy mourning days below:  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
          To the sight of Jesus go!  
Waiting to receive thy Spirit,  
          Lo! The Saviour stands above,  
Shows the purchase of his merit,  
          Reaches out the crown of love.

2   Struggle through thy latest passion  
          To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To his uttermost salvation,  
          To his everlasting rest:  
For the joy he sets before thee,  
          Bear a momentary pain,  
Die, to live the life of glory,  
          Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

**56.**  
**[Desiring Death.]**  
**Hymn 13.**  
**On the Death of a Friend.<sup>101</sup>**

- 1 Farewell thou once a sinner,  
My poor afflicted friend!  
Thy Lord, thy faith's beginner,  
Is now its glorious end!  
The author of thy being  
Hath summoned thee away,  
And faith is lost in seeing,  
And night in endless day.
- 2 Thy days of pain and mourning,  
Thy punishment is past,  
And to thy God returning  
Thy soul is saved at last:  
Saved from a world of evils,  
With Jesus Christ shut in,  
Beyond the range of devils,  
Beyond the reach of sin.
- 3 No more o'erwhelmed with terrors,  
Or racked with doubts thou art,  
No more th' Almighty's arrows  
Transfix thy bleeding heart:  
No more thy wounded spirit  
Faints under its full load,  
Or cries, What man can bear it,  
The heavy wrath of God!
- 4 The waves and storms of passion  
Are all past o'er thy head,  
From trouble and temptation  
Thou liv'st forever freed:  
No loss of friends shall grieve thee,  
While all thy Eden share;

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<sup>101</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 43b–45.

They cannot, cannot leave thee,  
Thy kind companions there.

5 With those that went before thee,  
The saints of ancient days,  
Who shine in sacred story,  
Thy soul hath found its place:  
Acquainted with *their* sadness,  
While in the weeping vale,  
Thou sharest now *their* gladness,  
And joys that never fail.

6 Thine earthly course is ended,  
Thou hast obtained the prize,  
Triumphantly ascended  
To God in paradise:  
From all thy care and sorrow  
Thou art escaped *today*—  
And I shall mount tomorrow,  
And I shall soar away.

7 Jesus, my hope of glory,  
I owe it to thy grace,  
That I shall soon adore thee,  
And see thee face to face:  
Fulfil my expectation,  
And O! To take me home,  
With all thy great salvation,  
This happy *moment* come!

57.

[Desiring Death.]

Hymn 14.

Another [On the Death of a Friend].

1 While angel-choirs their harps employ,  
Strung with everlasting joy,  
A stranger to receive,

Our joy with sorrow mixed we find,  
The widowed friends he left behind,  
And innocently grieve.

[2]<sup>102</sup> Stripped of her choicest blessing here,  
Nature drops a blameless tear,  
From all impatience kept:  
Calm we bewail our friend removed,  
As Jesus mourned for his lov'd;  
He died; and Jesus *wept!*

[3] Our loss we solemnly deplore,  
Not like men who hope no more  
Their ravished friend to see,  
Sure to o'ertake his parted soul,  
In grief, in death, our hope is full  
Of immortality.

[4] Superior to ourselves we rise,  
Struggle after to the skies,  
And antedate the day,  
When coming in the clouds we shall  
The judge of quick and dead with all  
His glorious saints survey.

[5] Amidst that bright ethereal train  
We shall find our friend again,  
Distinguished in the throng,  
Our spirits shall his spirit *know*,  
And sing with all we lov'd below  
The Lamb's eternal song.

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<sup>102</sup>Ori., "5." Next stanzas: ori., "6-8", respectively (error occurs in both editions).

58.

[Desiring Death.]

Hymn 15.

**On the Death of Thomas Beard, who was  
Impressed for a Soldier, and Died in the  
Hospital at Newcastle.<sup>103</sup>**

- 1        Soldier of Christ, adieu!  
          Thy conflicts here are past,  
          Thy Lord hath brought thee through,  
          And giv'n the crown at last:  
Rejoice to wear the glorious prize,  
Rejoice with God in paradise.
- 2        There all thy sufferings cease,  
          There all thy griefs are o'er,  
          The pris'ner is at peace,  
          The mourner weeps no more;  
From man's oppressive tyranny  
Thou liv'st, thou liv'st forever free.
- 3        Torn from thy friends below  
          In banishment severe,  
          A man of strife, and woe,  
          No more thou wand'rest here,  
Joined to thy better friends above,  
At rest in thy Redeemer's love.
- 4        No longer now constrained  
          With human fiends to dwell,  
          To see their evil pained,  
          Their blasphemies to feel:  
Angels and saints thy comrades are,  
And all adore the Saviour there.

---

<sup>103</sup>Thomas Beard (d. 1744) was one of John Wesley's earliest lay preachers.

5           Thou canst not there bemoan  
              Thy friends or country's loss,  
              Through sore oppression groan,  
              Or faint beneath the cross,  
The joy hath swallowed up the pain,  
And death is thy eternal gain.

6           What hath their malice done  
              Who hurried hence thy soul?  
              When half thy race was run,  
              They pushed thee to the goal,  
Sent to the souls supremely blest,  
And drove thee to thy earlier rest!

7           Thou out of great distress  
              To thy reward art past,  
              Triumphant happiness,  
              And joys that always last:  
Thanks be to God, who set thee free,  
And gave the final victory.

8           Thy victory we share,  
              Thy glorious joy we feel,  
              Parted in flesh we are,  
              But joined in spirit still:  
And still we on our brethren call  
To praise the common Lord of all.

9<sup>104</sup>       Not for your needless aid,  
              Not for your useless prayers,  
              (Jesus for us hath prayed,  
              And all our burdens bears)  
Yet still on you we call, and cry  
Extol the Lord of earth and sky.

10          Thus let us still maintain  
              Our fellowship divine,  
              And 'till we meet again  
              In Jesus' praises join,

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<sup>104</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

Thus, 'till we all your raptures know,  
Sing you above, and we below!

**59.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 16.**

**Another [On the Death of Thomas Beard,  
who was Impressed for a Soldier, and Died  
in the Hospital at Newcastle].<sup>105</sup>**

- 1 All worship and love  
To the Father above,  
Who hath summoned another his glory to prove:  
Who in pity and grace  
Hath shortened his race,  
And caught up a worm to the sight of his face.
- 2 Our friend is at rest  
In a paradise blest,  
Which sorrow, and Satan can never molest:  
He hath shook off his clay,  
He is wafted away,  
And escaped to the regions of permanent day.
- 3 Thrice happy remove  
To a country above,  
Where all are employed in the triumph of love!  
We thitherward tend,  
We too shall ascend,  
And begin the enjoyment which never shall end.
- 4 For this do we mourn,  
'Till by angels upborne,  
We again to our heavenly border return:  
Caught up in the air  
We soon shall be there,  
And our happy, unfading inheritance share.
- 5 What joy shall abound,  
When our brethren around  
The throne of our glorious Redeemer are found!

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<sup>105</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 45–48.

When our comrades in pain  
We embrace them again,  
And in Jesus's bosom eternally reign.

6       With loving surprise  
The whole company cries  
How strangely at last are we met in the skies!  
What a wonder of grace  
Transcending our praise,  
That *we* should be seen in this holiest place!

7       Poor sinners below,  
Acquainted with woe,  
How heavily once with our load did we go!  
In trials severe  
How oft did we fear  
We should never hold out, we should never come here!

8       Fellow-prisoners beneath,  
Our sorrowful breath  
We wasted in passionate wishes for death;  
Our evils so rife,  
So painful our strife,  
And so long did it seem the sad moment of life!

9       That moment is past!  
We are landed at last,  
We are safely arrived, where our anchor was cast:  
On Immanuel's land  
With a numberless band,  
Of cherubs and seraphs exulting we stand.

10       For a moment of pain  
We on earth did sustain,  
An eternal reward we in heaven obtain:  
Who governs the skies,  
Hath banished our sighs,  
And the Lamb he hath wiped all the tears from our eyes.

- 11        No uneasy alloy  
               Shall sully our joy,  
 While our harps in Immanuel's praise we employ,  
               Not a dissonant string  
               Shall be heard while we sing  
 With the chorus of angels, our Saviour and King.
- 12        Our Saviour we own  
               Who sits on the throne,  
 Salvation ascribe to the Father and Son!  
               We are saved by the Lamb!  
               Let all heaven proclaim,  
 Let all heaven bow down to the wonderful name.
- 13        Our Jesus surround  
               With majesty crowned,  
 And amen to our praises ye seraphim sound:  
               Lo! He shows us his face!  
               Ye seraphim gaze,  
 Or fall, and adore in the spirit of praise.
- 14        Thus, thus let us lie,  
               'Till raised by his eye,  
 Hallelujah, again Hallelujah we cry!  
               Progressively move,  
               And in rapture improve,  
 And eternity spend to the praise of his love.

**60.**

**[Desiring Death.]**

**Hymn 17.**

**On the Death of Alexander White.<sup>106</sup>**

- 1        O what a soul-transporting sight  
               Mine eyes today have seen,  
 A spectacle of strange delight  
               To angels, and to men!

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<sup>106</sup>Charles records writing this hymn in his *MS Journal* (December 31, 1748). He included the first two stanzas in a Letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., December 30–31, 1748.

Nor human language can express,  
 Nor tongue of angels paint  
 The vast mysterious happiness  
 Of a departing saint!

- [2]<sup>107</sup> See there, ye misbelieving race,  
 The wisdom from above!  
 Behold in that pale, smiling face  
 The power of him we love.  
 How calmly through the mortal vale  
 He walks with Christ his guide,  
 And treads down all the powers of hell,  
 And owns the crucified!
- [3] Where is the king of terrors? Where  
 The pomp of deadly pain?  
 A child of God his frowns can dare,  
 And all his darts disdain:  
 “The king of fears,” he greatly cries,  
 “Can never frighten me,  
 Who grasp through death the glorious prize  
 Of immortality.
- [4] “The life, which in my spirit dwells,  
 He never can destroy,  
 And all the pain my body feels  
 Is swallowed up in joy.  
 Jesus doth all my burdens bear:  
 And gladly I commend  
 The objects of my latest care  
 To my eternal friend.
- [5] “Whate’er ye ask, whate’er ye want,  
 My Lord shall richly give:  
 The blessing of a dying saint  
 On all your souls I leave.  
 Come, follow to that happy place,  
 Our Master’s joy to see,  
 For O! In one short moment’s space  
 Ye all shall rest with me.

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<sup>107</sup>Ori., “3.” Next stanzas: ori., “4–6” respectively. Error corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 6 “Rejoice, my friends, I go before,  
To meet my happy doom,  
And tell them on the heavenly shore,  
Ye all are hast’ning home.  
For me my Father’s chariot waits,  
I see the flaming steeds,  
And lo! The everlasting gates  
Lift up their pearly heads!
- 7 “The blessed messenger is sent,  
To lead me to the throne,  
Above that starry firmament,  
Above that glimmering sun.  
The angel beckons me away  
To fairer worlds on high:  
And let me now the call obey,  
And lay me down, and die.
- 8 “At this thrice welcome time of grace,  
When God for me was born,  
Made ready for his kind embrace,  
My spirit shall return.  
Today I shall with rapture see  
The child to mortals given,  
And kiss the Incarnate Deity,  
And keep the feast in heaven.
- 9 “Even now the earnest he reveals  
Of my eternal rest,  
Th’ immeasurable comfort swells  
This weak transported breast:  
My body fails, my soul wants air,  
And gasps for its remove,  
So much of heaven I cannot bear,  
I am too full of love.”
- 10 Thrice happy soul! By special grace  
So highly favoured here,  
To sound in death the Saviour’s praise,  
And breathe the Comforter:

On earth t' enjoy the blissful sight  
 To dying Stephen given,  
 And see his Lord enthroned in light,  
 And see his opening heaven.

- 11 That heavenly bliss, when language fails,  
 His every look displays,  
 And every smile divinely tells  
 The raptures of the place.  
 The glory, while he lays it down,  
 Shines through the sinking clay,  
 And lo! Without a parting groan,  
 The soul ascends away!
- 12 Without a groan the Christian dies!  
 But not without a word:  
 On *me*, on *me*, he loudly cries,  
 To meet our common Lord.  
 He calls me by my worthless name,  
 My soul he beckons home:  
 And lo! In Jesus' hands I am,  
 And lo! I gladly come!
- 13 Witness my undissembled tears,  
 If here I wish to stay,  
 Or rather to shake off my fears,  
 And corruptible clay.  
 Witness the searcher of my heart,  
 Whose absence I bemoan,  
 And pine, and languish to depart,  
 And struggle to be gone.
- 14 Lord, if thou didst indeed inspire  
 Thy servant's dying breast,  
 And fill him with thine own desire,  
 That I with thee might rest;  
 Thine own desire in me fulfil,  
 Thy perfect love dispense,  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And now transport me hence.

**61.**  
**Hymns of Intercession.**  
**[Hymn 1.]**<sup>108</sup>

- 1 Head of thy church, whose Spirit fills,  
 And flows through every faithful soul,  
 Unites in mystic love, and seals  
 Them one, and simplifies the whole;
- 2 Less than the least of saints, I join  
 My littleness of faith to theirs,  
 O King of all, thine ear incline,  
 Accept our much-availing prayers.
- 3 Come, Lord, the glorious Spirit cries,  
 And souls beneath the altar groan,  
 Come, Lord, the bride on earth replies,  
 And perfect all our souls in one.
- 4 Pour out the promised gift on all,  
 Answer the universal "Come,"  
 The fulness of the Gentiles call,  
 And take thine ancient people home.
- 5 To thee let all the nations flow,  
 Let all obey the gospel-word,  
 Let all their bleeding Saviour know,  
 Filled with the glory of the Lord.
- 6 O for thy truth and mercy sake,  
 The purchase of thy passion claim,  
 Thine heritage the Gentiles take,  
 And cause the world to know thy name.
- 7 Thee, Lord, let every tongue confess,  
 Let every knee to Jesus bow:

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<sup>108</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 44a–44b; and MS Thirty, 54–55.

O! All-redeeming Prince of Peace,  
We long to see thy kingdom now.

- 8 Hasten that kingdom of thy grace,  
And take us to our heavenly home,  
And let us now behold thy face:  
Come, glorious God, to judgment come!

**62.**

**[Hymns of Intercession.]**

**Hymn 2.<sup>109</sup>**

- 1 O thou our husband, brother, friend,  
Behold a cloud of incense rise,  
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,  
Grateful, unceasing sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace,  
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;  
Thy gifts abundantly increase,  
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.
- 3 Before thy sheep, great shepherd, go,  
And guide into thy perfect will;  
Cause us thy hallowed name to know,  
The work of faith with power fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure,  
O! Let us all be saints indeed,  
And pure as God himself is pure,  
Conformed in all things to our head.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;  
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,  
Present us sanctified to God,  
And perfected in love below.

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<sup>109</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 44b–45a; and MS Thirty, 55–56.

- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,  
That efficacious blood apply,  
And wash, and make us th'roughly clean,  
And change, and wholly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem,  
Cleanse by the water and the word,  
And free from every touch of blame,  
And make the servants as their Lord.
- 8 Wash out the deep, original stain,  
And make us glorious all within,  
No wrinkle on our souls remain,  
No smallest spot of inbred sin.
- 9 Then, when the perfect life of love  
The bride and all her children live,  
Come down, and take us from above,  
And to thy heaven of heavens receive.

**63.**

**[Hymns of Intercession.]**

**Hymn 3.<sup>110</sup>**

- 1 O most compassionate high priest,  
Full of all grace we know thou art;  
Faith puts its hands upon thy breast,  
And feels beneath thy panting heart.
- 2 Thy panting heart for sinners bleeds;  
Thy mercies, and compassions move;  
Thy groaning Spirit intercedes,  
And yearn the bowels of thy love.
- 3 Hear then the pleading Spirit's prayer,  
(The Spirit's will to thee is known)  
For all who now thy sufferings share,  
And still for full redemption groan.

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<sup>110</sup>Published previously as "Prayer for Those Who are Convinced of Sin," appended to *Nature, Design, and General Rules...* (Newcastle: Gooding, 1743), 10–11. A manuscript precursor appears in MS Thirty, 57–59.

- 4 Poor tempted souls, with tempests tossed,  
And strangers to a moment's peace;  
Disconsolate, afflicted, lost,  
Lost in an howling wilderness.
- 5 Torn with an endless war within,  
Vexed with the flesh and Spirit's strife,  
And struggling in the toils of sin,  
And agonizing into life.
- 6 O! Let the prisoners mournful cries  
As incense in thy sight appear!  
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,  
If haply they may feel thee near.
- 7 The captive exiles make their moans,  
From sin impatient to be free:  
Call home, call home thy banished ones!  
Lead captive their captivity!
- 8 Show them the blood that bought their peace,  
The anchor of their steadfast hope;  
And bid their guilty terrors cease,  
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.
- 9 Out of the deep regard their cries,  
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;  
O Sun of righteousness, arise,  
And scatter all their doubt, and fear!
- 10 Pity the day of feeble things:  
O! Gather every halting soul,  
And drop salvation from thy wings,  
And make the contrite sinner whole.
- 11 Stand by them in the fiery hour,  
Their feebleness of mind defend;  
And in their weakness show thy power,  
And make them patient to the end.

- 12 O! Satisfy their soul in drought;  
Give them thy saving health to see,  
And let thy mercy find them out;  
And let thy mercy reach to me.
- 13 Hast thou the work of grace begun,  
And brought them to the birth in vain?  
O let thy children see the sun!  
Let all their souls be born again.
- 14 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,  
For whom thy suffering members mourn;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer:  
Bid every struggling child be born.
- 15 Hark, how thy turtle-dove complains,  
And see us weep for Sion's woe!  
Pity thy suffering people's pains;  
Avenge us of our inbred foe.
- 16 Whom thou has bound, O Lord, expel,  
And take his armour all away;  
The man of sin, the child of hell,  
The devil in our nature slay.
- 17 Him, and his works at once destroy,  
The *being* of all sin erase,  
And turn our mourning into joy,  
And clothe us with the robes of praise.
- 18 Then, when our sufferings all are past,  
O! Let us pure and perfect be,  
And gain our calling's prize at last,  
Forever sanctified in thee.

**64.**  
**[Hymns of Intercession.]**  
**Hymn 4.**<sup>111</sup>

- 1 Author of faith, we seek thy face,  
 For all who feel thy work begun;  
 Confirm, and 'stablish them in grace,  
 And bring thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names:  
 Be mindful of thy youngest care;  
 Be tender of thy newborn lambs,  
 And gently in thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,  
 With ravening wolves on every side;  
 Watch over them to tear, and slay,  
 If found one moment from their guide.
- 4 Satan his thousand arts essays,  
 His agents all their powers employ,  
 To blast the blooming work of grace,  
 The heavenly offspring to destroy.
- 5 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,  
 And turn his sharpest dart aside;  
 Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,  
 O save them from the plague of pride.
- 6 The *dreaming, visionary* fiend  
 Unmask, and drag to open light,  
 And let his wild illusions end,  
 And chase him to eternal night.
- 7 In safety lead thy little flock,  
 From hell, the world, and sin secure;  
 And set their feet upon the Rock,  
 And make in thee their goings sure.

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<sup>111</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 45a–45b; and MS Thirty, 64–65.

- 8 From idol-loves, and vain desires  
O God, thy little children keep,  
And fill their hearts with holy fires,  
And lull them in thy arms to sleep.
- 9 There let them lie secure, and take  
Their rest, and never thence remove,  
'Till in thy likeness they awake,  
The glorious likeness of thy love.

**65.**

**[Hymns of Intercession.]**

**[Hymn 5.]**

**For the Fallen.**

- 1 Shepherd of Israel, hear  
Our supplicating cry,  
And gather in the souls sincere,  
That from their brethren fly;  
Scattered through devious ways  
Collect thy feeble flock,  
And join by thine atoning grace,  
And hide them in the Rock.
- 2 Thou every simple heart  
With pity dost behold:  
Ah! Bring again whom Satan's art  
Hath severed from the fold;  
The souls far off removed,  
Whose burden still we bear,  
Ah! Give them back so dearly loved,  
To faith's almighty prayer.
- 3 We steadfastly believe  
Such power belongs to thee,  
Thou canst the lawful prey retrieve,  
And set the captives free,

Canst bring the wanderers back,  
So perfectly restore,  
That Satan never more shall shake,  
Shall never touch them more.

4 O wouldst thou end the storm,  
That keeps us still apart;  
The thing impossible perform,  
And make us of one heart;  
One spirit, and one mind,  
The same that was in thee;  
O might we all again be joined  
In perfect charity.

5 Jesu, at thy command,  
We know it shall be done:  
Take the two sticks into thy hand,  
The two shall then be one;  
One body, and one fold,  
We then shall sweetly prove,  
And live in thee, like those of old,  
The life of spotless love.

[6] God of all power, and grace,  
Set up thy bloody sign,  
And gather those, that seek thy face,  
And by thy Spirit join:  
Thy few remaining sheep  
In Britain's pastures bred,  
United to each other keep,  
United to their head.

7 The soul-transforming word  
In us, ev'n us fulfil:  
Join to thyself, our common Lord,  
And all thy servants seal;  
Confer the grace unknown,  
The mystic charity:  
As thou art with thy Father one,  
Unite us all in thee.

8           So shall the world believe  
              Our record, Lord, and thine,  
And thee with thankful hearts receive  
              The messenger divine,  
              Sent from his throne above,  
              To Adam's offspring given,  
To join, and perfect us in love,  
              And take us all to heaven.

**66.**

**[Hymns of Intercession.]**

**Hymn 6.**

**For a Sick Friend.**

1           See, Lord, with pity see  
              The object of thy love,  
And help his soul's infirmity,  
              And all his griefs remove,  
              Support the tottering clay  
              That weighs his spirit down,  
And lead him through this thorny way  
              To that eternal crown.

2           Yet now in life detain  
              His soul for Sion's sake,  
In mercy lift him up again,  
              And to his friends give back:  
              In answer to our cry,  
              Thy chosen servant raise,  
And send him forth to testify  
              The gospel of thy grace.

3           Regard thy faithful ones,  
              Who all his burden bear,  
And hear in us the earnest groans,  
              The Spirit's silent prayer;

The prayer that oft hath staid  
The saints in their remove,  
And in the vale their souls delayed,  
T' enhance their joy above.

- 4 According to thy will  
If now thy Spirit prays,  
The prayer of faith the sick shall heal,  
And lengthen out his days:  
Thou know'st the Spirit's mind  
To us, O Lord, unknown;  
But lo! We wait on thee, resigned,  
'Till all thy will be done.

**67.**

**[Hymns of Intercession.]**

**Hymn 7.**

**Another [For a Sick Friend].**

- 1 See, Lord, the object of thy love,  
And O come quickly from above,  
The blessing to impart,  
Him to thyself by faith unite,  
And in large bloody letters<sup>112</sup> write  
Forgiveness on his heart.
- 2 Feeble, and languishing in pain,  
He only longs thy love to gain,  
That medicine of the soul:  
Jesus, thy pard'ning love reveal,  
And give him now the balm to feel,  
Which made *our* spirits whole.
- 3 Lo! In the arms of faith and prayer  
To thee his sin-sick soul we bear,  
And place beneath thine eye;  
Pronounce the comfortable word,  
And speak him now to health restored,  
And freely justify.

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<sup>112</sup>John Wesley underlined “large bloody letters” in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756). He also placed a “Q” in the margin.

- 4    Thou Son of man, with equal ease  
      The body's and the soul's disease  
          Canst in a moment heal,  
      Canst from his bed of sickness raise,  
      And by thine instantaneous grace  
          His *present* pardon seal.
- 5    But that the faithless world may know  
      Thou canst forgive our sins *below*,  
          *Before* we reach the skies,  
      The double miracle repeat,  
      Absolve the sinner at thy feet,  
          And bid his body rise.
- 6    Body, and soul at once restore,  
      And bid him testify the power,  
          That shows his sins forgiven,  
      Bid him by faith take up the bed,  
      On which thy sacred limbs were laid,  
          And bear his cross to heaven.

**68.**

**[Hymns of Intercession.]**

**Hymn 8.**

**For a Backslider in Despair.**

- 1    See, Lord, with tenderest pity see  
      A wand'ring sheep, cut off from thee,  
          And from thy people driven,  
      A fallen soul that did run well;  
      Arrest her on the brink of hell,  
          And snatch her up to heaven.
- 2    Her to the throne of grace we bear,  
      And strive, in agony of prayer,  
          To tear her from the foe:

Break, Jesu, break the lion's teeth,  
And pluck her from the toils of death,  
And let the captive go.

3 Is she so near the burning lake,  
That thou no more canst bring her back,  
Canst ransom her no more?  
Nay, but thou able art to save  
A soul *within* the gaping grave,  
And bid the deep restore.

4 Stir up, O Lord, thine utmost power,  
And pluck her in this gracious hour  
Out of the fowler's snare,  
Command th' accuser to depart,  
And kill the worm that gnaws her heart,  
The viper of despair.

5 For her the plaintive turtle moans,  
For her the pleading Spirit groans,  
And lo! Thy saints agree  
Touching this thing, in faith to claim  
A pardon, Jesus, in thy name,  
A pardon full and free.

6 Canst thou reject thy Spirit's cry?  
Canst thou thy bride, thyself deny?  
Nay, but thou shalt not rest,  
No, never will we let thee go,  
'Till she again thy mercy know,  
And sink upon thy breast.

7 Extend thine arms, and take her in,  
A weary fugitive from sin,  
To show thy utmost power,  
Now, Lord, from Satan's bond release,  
And freely give her back her peace,  
And bid her sin no more.

**69.**  
**[Hymns of Intercession.]**  
**Hymn 9.**  
**For a Backslider.**

- 1 Master, come, no more delay,  
From thine own no longer stay,  
Whom thou lov'st is sick of pride,  
Sick, for whom thyself hast died.
- 2 See the soul whose fall we weep,  
Come, and wake him out of sleep,  
Lulled in self-security,  
Halting 'twixt the world and thee.
- 3 Hear our faith's effectual prayer,  
Snatch him from the fatal snare,  
Now thy ready help supply,  
Come, before our brother die.
- 4 Ask, (thyself hast said) and have:  
Save him then, in mercy save,  
Grant the grace for him we claim,  
Life we ask in Jesus' name.
- 5 Jesu, call to mind thy word,  
Give him to our faith restored,  
Freely his backslidings heal,  
On his heart his pardon seal.
- 6 Make him as the troubled sea,  
'Till he find his rest in thee,  
Bind, and then his soul release,  
Bid him then depart in peace.

**70.**  
**[Hymns of Intercession.]**  
**Hymn 10.**  
**For the Wavering.**

- 1 See, Lord, our wavering brethren see,  
Ready to leave thy church and thee,  
    Beguiled by hellish art,  
O save them, save them from the snare,  
Watch o'er thine own with jealous care,  
    And keep their feeble heart.
- 2 O do not quit thy gracious hold,  
Nor let them straggle from the fold  
    In danger's trying hour;  
Thine arm in their behalf display,  
Bear them on eagles' wings away  
    Beyond the tempter's power.
- 3 Why should a child of thine give place  
To Satan, with his angel-face?  
    Jesu, the cloud dispel,  
Give them to see his specious lies,  
And strip him of his fair disguise,  
    And all his depths reveal.
- 4 Apprize them of the ruin near,  
Fill all their soul with sacred fear,  
    With wisdom from above  
Their unsuspecting heart inspire,  
Surround them as a wall of fire,  
    And wrap them in thy love.
- 5 Thy love, that found the wand'ring sheep,  
O! Let it still in safety keep  
    These children of our prayer;  
In answer to our faithful cry,  
Preserve them, 'till they reach the sky,  
    And own thy people there!

**71.**  
**[Hymns of Intercession.]**  
**Hymn 11.**<sup>113</sup>  
**For the Tempted.**

- 1 Meek, patient Son of God and man,  
    With us in our temptation stay;  
Our fainting, feeble minds sustain,  
    And keep throughout the evil day;  
The evil day of doubts, and fears,  
And fightings, 'till thy face appears.
- 2 We have not an high priest in thee,  
    Who cannot our afflictions feel;  
The tempted soul's infirmity  
    With kind concern affects thee still;  
Touched with our every grief thou art,  
And bleeds for us thy pitying heart.
- 3<sup>114</sup> For us, by men and fiends distressed,  
    For us by various passions torn,  
Who toil to enter into rest,  
    Who for thy second coming mourn,  
And fill thy sacred sorrows up,  
And drink thine agonizing cup.
- 4 Companions to the Man of Woe,  
    O! Let us still, with thee abide;  
Tempted, alas! To let thee go,  
    And start from the command aside,  
By every wind of doctrine driven,  
To seek a broader way to heaven.
- 5 Yes, Lord, with deepest shame we own  
    Our weariness of all thy ways,  
Our haste to throw thy burden down,  
    Nor bear the hidings of thy face,  
Nor wait 'till thou create us new,  
And give the crown to conquest due.

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<sup>113</sup>Published previously in *Short View of the Difference Between the Moravian Brethren and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley* (London: Strahan, 1745), 21–22.

<sup>114</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 6<sup>115</sup> We feared to wait thy leisure, Lord,  
           Or make the crown through sufferings sure,  
 Nature the killing word abhorred,  
           Nor would we to the end *endure*,  
 But snatch a cheap fallacious peace,  
 And rest in *fancied* holiness.
- 7 Ah! Do not let thy sheep depart,  
       Wide-scattered, in the cloudy day,  
 But cross th' *angelic* tempter's art,  
       But spoil the lion of his prey,  
 Nor let us from our hope remove,  
 Our gospel-hope of perfect love.
- 8 Us, and our brethren in distress,  
       Patient within thy kingdom keep,  
 Sure all thy fulness to possess,  
       Our harvest in the end to reap,  
 Thy sinless nature to retrieve,  
 And glorious in thine image live.

## 72.

## [Hymns of Intercession.]

Hymn 12.<sup>116</sup>

- 1 Saviour, to thee we humbly cry:  
       The brethren we have lost restore,  
 Recall them by thy pitying eye,  
       Retrieve them from the tempter's power,  
 By thy victorious blood cast down,  
 Nor suffer him to take their crown.
- 2 Beguiled, alas, by Satan's art  
       We see them now far off removed,  
 The burden of our bleeding heart,  
       The souls whom once in thee we loved,  
 Whom still we love with grief, and pain,  
 And weep for their return in vain.

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<sup>115</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>116</sup>Published previously in *Short View of the Difference Between the Moravian Brethren and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley* (London: Strahan, 1745), 23–24.

- 3 In vain, 'till thou the power bestow,  
The double power of quick'ning grace,  
And make the *happy sinners* know  
Their tempter with his angel-face,  
Who leads them captive at his will,  
Captive—but *happy sinners* still:
- 4 O wouldst thou break the fatal snare  
Of carnal self-security,  
And let them *feel* the wrath they bear,  
And let them groan their want of thee,  
Robbed of their false pernicious peace,  
Stripped of their fancied righteousness.
- 5 The men of careless lives, who deem  
Thy righteousness *accounted* theirs,  
Awake out of the soothing dream,  
Alarm their souls with humble fears,  
Thou jealous God, stir up thy power,  
And let them sleep in sin no more.
- 6 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,  
Them in its misery detain,  
Hold their licentious spirits fast,  
Bind them with their own nature's chain,  
Nor ever let the wanderers rest,  
'Till lodged again in Jesus' breast.

73.

[Hymns of Intercession.]

Hymn 13.

- 1 Shepherd divine, at whose command  
I seek the wand'ring souls of men,  
Supported by thy chast'ning hand,  
To thee I groan mine inmost pain,  
To thee pour out my sad complaint,  
And sweetly on thy bosom faint.

- 2    Thou only know'st the load I bear,  
      For every weak and wavering sheep:  
For them I in thy bowels care,  
      For them in secret places weep,  
And tremble at their danger nigh,  
And daily mourn, and daily die.
- 3    I mourn for those that did run well,  
      But now have left the narrow way,  
Have lost their former love, and zeal,  
      And fainted in their evil day,  
And weakly giv'n to Satan place,  
To Satan with his angel-face.
- 4    Beguiled, alas, of their reward,  
      And baffled by his soothing lie,  
Poor blinded souls, they call thee Lord,  
      But all thy kingly power deny,  
Thy perfect power to root out sin,  
And bring the heavenly nature in.
- 5    Removed from the sure gospel-hope,  
      They vilely cast their shield away,  
Their calling's glorious prize give up,  
      Down the smooth path of pleasure stray,  
BlaspHEME the grace they will not prove,  
And spurn the pearl of perfect love.
- 6    Lulled in imaginary peace,  
      Rich in a fancied faith they reign,  
And fold their arms, and take their ease,  
      And settled on their lees again  
All inward holiness disclaim,  
Since Christ was meek, and chaste *for* them.
- 7    Thy righteousness to cloak their sin  
      They claim with lips and hearts impure,  
Unchanged, unhallowed, and unclean,  
      They fancy their salvation sure,

Wrapped up in fleshly liberty,  
Happy in sin, but not in thee.

- 8 Ah! Wouldst thou, Lord, once more awake  
    Their souls out of the dead repose,  
Their Babel schemes in pieces shake,  
    And give them back the Spirit's throes,  
The labour for substantial peace,  
The strife for real righteousness.
- 9 My heart's desire, and prayer to thee  
    Is, that they may be saved at last,  
Though tossed on error's stormy sea,  
    Late on the Rock of Ages cast,  
In pieces let them dash their pride,  
And sink—into the crucified!
- 10 Who will not be by love constrained,  
    O bring them by thy judgments back,  
Regard the prayer of faith unfeigned,  
    And save them for thy mercy's sake;  
Answer our lab'ring heart's desire,  
And save them by affliction's fire.

**74.**

**[Hymns of Intercession.]**

**Hymn 14.**

- 1 Ah! Lord, regard my endless woe,  
    Remove at last the load I bear,  
I will not, will not let thee go,  
    Without an answer to my prayer,  
But grieve, 'till thou suppress my sighs,  
And dry the fountains of my eyes.
- 2 Ceaseless I mourn my children lost,  
    The children whom thy grace had giv'n,  
Or to and fro by Satan tossed,  
    By every wind of doctrine driven,

Or hampered in the toils of hell—  
Poor helpless souls, that did run well!

- 3 Part by their own inventions led,  
Down the broad path of pleasure stray,  
In Egypt hide their guilty head,  
And happy by the fleshpots stay,  
Indulge their sensual heart's desires,  
And mock at what thy law requires.
- 4 Choaked by the thorns of worldly care  
Others give up their calling's prize,  
No fruit unto perfection bear,  
But bound in lust, or avarice  
Eternity for time forego,  
And seek their base delight below.
- 5 Stumbling on shame's offensive rock,  
Others have left the thorny road,  
Thy people, and thy cause forsook,  
And *prudently* denied their God,  
Secured an *honourable* name,  
And lost their souls, to keep their fame.
- 6 How many to th' angelic foe  
Have weakly fall'n an easy prey,  
And let their holy calling go,  
And wandered down a smoother way,  
Charmed by his Antinomian lore,  
To watch, and pray, and strive no more!
- 7 Ah! Lord, the grievous havoc see,  
Which Satan of thy church hath made,  
And set once more the prisoners free,  
By pride into his toils betrayed,  
Once more the keen conviction dart,  
And break the self-deceiving heart.

8 O! For the honour of thy name,  
    Release the slaves to evil sold,  
Again with heavenly fire inflame  
    The souls whose love is waxen cold,  
And fix, and 'stablish us in grace,  
The mon'ments of thy perfect praise.

75.

[Hymns of Intercession.]

Hymn 15.

1 Shepherd of souls, lay to thine hand,  
    And vindicate thine injured cause,  
The troublers of thy flock withstand,  
    The foes, and haters of thy cross,  
Who cause thy little ones to stray,  
And lead them down an easier way.

2 Thy poor, oppressed disciples, Lord,  
    In peril 'mongst false brethren see,  
And O! Thy timely help afford  
    To us, that look for help in thee,  
Who hear'st the tempted soul's complaint,  
And givest power to all that faint.

3 We beckoned to our friends for aid,  
    Our partners in the other ship:  
They came; our easy trust betrayed,  
    They came—to sink us in the deep,  
Our vessel 'gainst their own to break,  
And then to gather up the wreck.

4 Deceitful workers, in thy name,  
    With guile they catch the simple heart,  
The feeble followers of the Lamb  
    They make them from thy paths depart,

Remove from their high calling's prize,  
And rob them of their paradise.

5 Deceiving, and deceived, they glide  
Down the smooth stream of carnal peace,  
The gate through which they pass is wide,  
And broad their path of righteousness,  
No strife, no conflict, and no care,  
No cross, or holiness is there.

6 Perfect at once, and pure, and clean,  
Yet foul, imperfect, and impure,  
They sin, and bless themselves in sin,  
And boast of their salvation sure:  
Saviour, the fond delusion show,  
For O! They know not what they do.

7 Alas, for them, that *will* not know  
The Lord abhors their sacrifice,  
Who weak, unstable souls o'erthrow,  
And on their brethren's ruin rise,  
Offer thee fraud, and robbery,  
And fawn, and lie, and steal for thee.

8 Forgive them, Lord, but O! Restrain,  
No longer let their guile proceed:  
O might they their first love regain,  
And simply in thy statutes tread,  
Their faith by their obedience prove,  
And rise with us to perfect love.

**76.**

**Hymns for the Persecuted.**

**[Hymn 1.]**

1 Jesu, the growing work is thine,  
And who shall hinder its success?  
In vain the alien armies join,  
Thy glorious gospel to suppress,

And vow, with Satan's aid, t' o'erthrow  
The work thy grace revives below.

- 2 The wary world, as Julian wise,  
    Wise with the wisdom from beneath,  
A while its *milder* malice tries,  
    And lets these mad enthusiasts *breathe*,  
Breathe to infect their purest air,  
And spread the plague of virtue there.
- 3 Wond'ring the calm despisers stand,  
    And dream that *they* the respite give,  
Restrained by thine o'erruling hand,  
    They kindly suffer us to live,  
Live, to defy their master's frown,  
And turn his kingdom upside down.
- 4 Still the old dragon bites his chain,  
    Not yet commissioned from on high,  
Rage the fierce Pharisees in vain,  
    Away with them the zealots cry,  
And hoary Caiaphas exclaims,  
And Bonner dooms us to the flames.
- 5 But our great God, who reigns on high,  
    Shall laugh their haughty rage to scorn,  
Scatter their evil with his eye,  
    Or to his praise their fierceness turn;  
While all their efforts to remove  
His church, shall 'stablish her in love.
- 6 Yes, Lord, thy promise-word is true,  
    Our sacred hairs are numbered all,  
Though earth, and hell our lives pursue,  
    Without thy leave we cannot fall:  
And if thou slack the murderer's chain,  
We suffer but with thee to reign.

7<sup>117</sup> Our sufferings shall advance thy cause,  
And blunt the persecutor's sword,  
Dispread the victory of thy cross,  
And glorify our conqu'ring Lord;  
Evil shall work for Sion's good:  
Its seed is still the martyr's blood.

77.

[Hymns for the Persecuted.]

Hymn 2.

For the Brethren at Wednesbury.

- 1 Dear dying Lamb, for whom alone  
We suffer pain, and shame, and loss,  
Hear thine afflicted people groan,  
Crushed by the burden of thy cross,  
And bear our fainting spirits up,  
And bless the bitter, sacred cup.
- 2 Drunkards, and slaves of lewd excess,  
Bad, lawless men, thou know'st, we lived:  
The world, and we were then at peace,  
No devil his own servants grieved,  
Evil we did, but suffered none;  
The world will always love its own.
- 3 But now we would thy word obey,  
And strive t' escape the wrath divine,  
Exposed to all, an helpless prey,  
Bruised by our enemies, and thine,  
As sheep 'midst ravening wolves we lie,  
And daily grieve, and daily die.
- 4 Smitten, we turn the other cheek,  
Our ease, and name, and goods forego,  
Help, or redress no longer seek  
In any child of man below;

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<sup>117</sup>Ori., "8" (in both editions).

The powers thou didst for us ordain,  
For us they bear the sword in vain.

- 5 But wilt thou not at last appear,  
    Into thine hand the matter take?  
We look for no protection here,  
    But thee our only refuge make,  
To thee, O righteous judge, appeal,  
And wait thine acceptable will.
- 6 Thou wilt not shut thy bowels up,  
    Or justice to the oppressed deny;  
Thy mercy's ears thou canst not stop  
    Against the mournful prisoner's cry,  
Whoever make our humble moan,  
And look for help to thee alone.
- 7 Then help us meekly to sustain  
    The cross of man's oppressive power,  
To slight the shame, endure the pain,  
    And calmly wait the welcome hour,  
That brings the fiery chariot down,  
And whirls us to our heavenly crown.

**78.**

**[Hymns for the Persecuted.]**

**Hymn 3.**

**For the Brethren at the Devizes.**

- 1 Jesus of Nazareth, look down  
On those thou call'st thy flesh and bone,  
    Thy suffering members here:  
Arise, in their defence arise,  
And now, in all the heathen's eyes,  
    On Israel's part appear.

- 2 Thy weakest confessors defend,  
And let them on thyself depend  
For help in their distress:  
Support, confirm the feeble mind,  
And keep them all on thee reclined,  
And keep in perfect peace.
- 3 Let none forsake the fold, and fly,  
Let none through fear their Lord deny,  
But stand the fiery hour,  
The greatness of thy mercy prove,  
The truth of thy redeeming love,  
And all-sufficient power.
- 4 Let none unwarily give place  
To Satan, with his angel-face,  
And yield their souls to sell,  
To sell their conscience, and their God,  
Or weary leave the narrow road,  
And go for ease—to hell.
- 5 Still may they on the world look down,  
Superior to its smile and frown,  
Its threats and promises;  
The tempter tread beneath their feet,  
And thee, where Satan keeps his seat,  
In life, and death confess.
- 6 Now, Saviour, now their fears remove,  
The sense of thy redeeming love  
Abundantly impart,  
To all whose sacred load<sup>118</sup> we feel;  
The prayer of faith this moment seal  
On every panting heart.

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<sup>118</sup>Ori., “love”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

**79.**

**[Hymns for the Persecuted.]**

**Hymn 4.**

**For One in Prison.**

- 1 O Saviour of sinners distressed,  
The sighs of thy captive attend,  
And succour, and set him at rest,  
And ransom his soul to the end:  
Our brother, whose burden we bear,  
Whom into thy hands we resign,  
Preserve with thy tenderest care,  
And seal him eternally thine.
  
- 2 Afflicted, and hated of men,  
Of thee, and thy servants belov'd,  
We see him with pity and pain,  
From all his companions removed;  
Whom present in spirit we find,  
Him absent in body we mourn,  
And long to be perfectly joined,  
And pray for his happy return.
  
- 3 O Father, who hearest the prayer,  
Presented in Jesus's name,  
The peaceable answer declare,  
Confirmed in the blood of the Lamb;  
We pray thee, for Jesus's sake  
The prisoner of Jesus retrieve,  
And give us his confessor back,  
And all to thy glory receive.

**80.**

**[Hymns for the Persecuted.]**

**Hymn 5.**

**Another [For One in Prison].**

- 1 Hear, O Lord, the ceaseless prayer  
The suffering members groan,

Lo! We all the burden bear,  
And grieve the grief of one:  
Pray we, Jesus, in thy name,  
Give him to thy church restored,  
Him whom now in faith we claim,  
The prisoner of the Lord.

- 2 All together bound with him  
We for deliverance cry:  
Thou art mighty to redeem,  
Thy help is ever nigh:  
Who against thy power can stand?  
Jesu, Lord, the matter take  
Into thine almighty hand,  
And send our brother back.
- 3 Now into his dungeon shine,  
And sweeten his distress,  
Fill his heart with love divine,  
And keep in perfect peace;  
Let his mind on thee be staid,  
Lull him in thy arms to rest,  
Bid him lean his weary head  
On his Redeemer's breast.
- 4 Keep him, 'till th' appointed hour  
Thy glory to display,  
Then put forth thy kingly power,  
And make an open way;  
From his sins, and bonds release,  
Stamp him with the stamp divine,  
Thou thy lawful captive seize,  
And seal him ever thine.

**81.**  
**[Hymns for the Persecuted.]**  
**Hymn 6.**

- 1 Hear, O thou strength of Israel, hear  
     Thy poor, afflicted people's cry,  
 From Satan, and his legions near,  
     To thee our only help we fly;  
 All human confidence resign,  
 Nor trust in any arm but thine.
  
- 2 Not *one* of all the rich, or great,  
     Or *noble*, on our side is *seen*,  
 They shrink to bear thy cross's weight,  
     They seek the praise that comes from men,  
 Thine honour sell, to save their own,  
 And leave us to our God alone.
  
- 3 Exposed we seem to Satan's will,  
     As sheep 'midst ravening wolves we lie,  
 Our foes have learnt the *art* to kill,  
     By *legal* wrong they doom to die  
 The faithful followers of our Lord,  
 And slay them as with Ammon's sword.
  
- 4 In haste to fill their measure up,  
     And bring thy plague on all the race,  
 Their ears against thy calls they stop,  
     Reject the gospel of thy grace,  
 Slaughter against thy people breathe,  
 And drag thy messengers to death.
  
- 5 But wilt thou not thy cause maintain,  
     Thy helpless, injured people right?  
 Yes, Lord; our faith shall not be vain,  
     Our faith in thy all-saving might  
 Shall bring the promised succours down,  
 And win the fight, and take the crown.

6    Thou wilt, we steadfastly believe,  
      Thy glorious arm at last display,  
Out of the toils of hell retrieve,  
      And take us for thy lawful prey,  
Call home thy flock to exile driven,  
And lead us to thy fold in heaven.

**82.**

**[Hymns for the Persecuted.]**

**Hymn 7.**

1       Rejoice, ye happy saints,  
          Who only Jesus know,  
          Whom vice and folly paints  
          As monsters here below,  
Rejoice in the divine applause,  
          The honour from above,  
And glory in your Master's cross,  
          And triumph in his love.

2       Ye wise and pious few,  
          Whose names the world blaspheme,  
          They therefore know not you  
          Because they know not him:  
Strangers, approved of God alone,  
          To all their wrongs submit,  
And let them spurn, and tread you down  
          As clay beneath their feet.

3       'Tis thus ye learn to be  
          True followers of the Lamb,  
          Who died upon the tree,  
          That ye might do the same:  
With humble thankfulness receive  
          The scandal of the cross,  
The grace not only to believe,  
          But suffer for his cause.

4       By fools accounted mad,  
          Of his reproach possessed,  
          He bids your hearts be glad,  
          Your Lord declares you blest:  
Exult in your despised estate,  
          Enjoy the token given,  
For O! Beyond conception great  
          Is your reward in heaven.

**83.**

**[Hymns for the Persecuted.]**

**Hymn 8.**

**John 16:1-4.**

1       Master, we call thy word to mind,  
          Thy truth and faithfulness we find  
          Our sure support, and stay:  
          The time is come, by thee foretold,  
          Like sheep we are to slaughter sold,  
          And made to wolves a prey.

2       The world, who take thy name in vain,  
          Afflict our shrinking flesh with pain,  
          Our feeble spirits grieve,  
          The Christian world with furious zeal,  
          Out of their synagogues expel,  
          And murmur that we live.

3       They load us with reproach, and shame,  
          As loathsome heretics disclaim,  
          And from thine altars chase;  
          Assured they do thee service good,  
          And *merit* much, who shed the blood  
          Of such a pois'nous race.

4       Because our God they have not known,  
          Nor thee his meek, pacific Son,

They all these evils do;  
Born of the flesh with cruel scorn  
They vex us of the Spirit born,  
And would to death pursue.

5 In every place, in every age,  
The restless persecutor's rage  
Continues still the same;  
*Reformed* in show, refined in ill,  
The heathen world, is heathen still,  
And Christian but in name.

6 Beneath their anger's utmost weight  
We rise, we glory in their hate,  
That token of thy love;  
Thou, Lord, hast said, It must be so,  
And lo! Through great distress we go  
To greater joys above.

**84.**

**Hymns for the Watch-Night.<sup>119</sup>**

**[Hymn 1.]**

1 Thou judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe  
With holy joy, or guilty dread  
We all shall soon appear;  
Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,  
The awful hour unknown,  
When robed in majesty, and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

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<sup>119</sup>Eleven of the following hymns were selected for inclusion in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

Th' immortal Son of man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,  
T' increase our gracious fears,  
Forever let the archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears,  
The solemn midnight cry,  
"Ye dead, the judge is come,  
Arise, and meet him in the sky,  
And meet your instant doom."

4 O! May we thus be found  
Obedient to his word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord:  
O! May we thus insure  
Our lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment, to secure  
An everlasting rest.

**85.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 2.**<sup>120</sup>

1 Ah, what a wretch am I!  
I cannot watch one hour:  
The roaring lion still is nigh,  
And ready to devour:  
A constant watch he keeps,  
He eyes me night and day,  
And never slumbers, never sleeps,  
Lest he should lose his prey.

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<sup>120</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 61a–62a; and MS Thirty, 156–58.

- 2           The world are always nigh,  
              And for my halting wait,  
The Philistines in ambush lie,  
              On me to wreck their hate:  
              They watch my every turn,  
              They mark where'er I go,  
Their malice not to sleep hath sworn,  
              'Till it hath killed their foe.
- 3           The Delilah within  
              Ready each moment stands  
To give me up, fast bound by sin,  
              Into their cruel hands:  
              I slight my Saviour's aid,  
              Take my destroyer's part,  
And still am falling, self-betrayed  
              By my own faithless heart.
- 4           How weak my heart and blind,  
              That I can think of ease,  
Can comfort for a moment find  
              In such a state as this!  
              Can fold my arms to sleep,  
              Nor pain, nor horror feel,  
While sinking swift into the deep,  
              And dropping into hell.
- 5           Gracious Redeemer, shake  
              This slumber from my soul,  
Say to me now, Awake, awake,  
              And Christ shall make thee whole:  
              Lay to thy mighty hand,  
              Alarm me in this hour,  
And make me fully understand  
              The thunder of thy power.
- 6           Give me on thee to call,  
              Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
              And cast my shield away:

For each assault prepared,  
And ready may I be,  
Forever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to thee.

7 O! Do thou always warn  
My soul of evil near,  
When to the right or left I turn,  
The witness let me hear,  
“Come back; this is the way:  
Come back, and walk herein:”  
O may I hearken, and obey,  
And shun the paths of sin.

8 I would from every sin  
As from a serpent fly,  
Abhor to touch the thing unclean,  
And rather choose to die.  
I would, I would my last  
This very moment breathe,  
Would die, that I may never taste  
Of sin, and second death.

9 Thou seest my feebleness,  
Jesus, be thou my power:  
My help, and refuge in distress,  
My fortress and my tower:  
Cause me to trust in thee,  
Be thou my sure abode,  
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,  
My Saviour, and my God.

10 Myself I cannot save,  
Myself I cannot keep;  
But strength in thee I surely have,  
Whose eyelids never sleep.  
My soul to thee alone  
Now therefore I commend;  
Thou, Jesus, having loved thine own,  
Shalt love me to the end.

**86.**  
**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**  
**Hymn 3.**

- 1 I, I am the man that have known  
 Distress by the stroke of his rod:  
 And still through the anguish I groan,  
 And pine for the absence of God:  
 The happy in Jesus, may sleep:  
 But O 'till in me he appears,  
 Be this my employment to weep,  
 And water my couch with my tears.
- 2 Or rather, if any are nigh,  
 Forlorn, and afflicted like me,  
 All night let us lift up our cry,  
 And mourn his appearing to see,  
 (As watchmen expecting the morn)  
 Look out for the light of his face,  
 And wait for his mercy's return,  
 And long to recover his grace.
- 3 His grace to our souls *did* appear,  
 And brought us salvation from sin;  
 We felt our Emmanuel here,  
 Restoring his kingdom within:  
 But O! We have lost him again,  
 His Spirit hath taken its flight,  
 Our joy, it is turned into pain,  
 Our day it is turned into night.
- 4 O what shall we do to retrieve  
 The love for a season bestowed!  
 'Tis better to die than to live  
 Exiled from the presence of God:  
 With sorrow distracted, and doubt,  
 With palpable horror oppressed,  
 The city we wander about,  
 And seek our repose in his breast.

5 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare  
If ye our beloved have seen,  
And point to that heavenly fair,  
Surpassing the children of men:  
Our lover and Lord from above,  
Who only can quiet our pain,  
Whom only we languish to love,  
O where shall we find him again!

6 The joy, and desire of our eyes,  
The end of our sorrow and woe,  
Our hope, and our heavenly prize,  
Our height of ambition below;  
Once more if he show us his face,  
He never again shall depart,  
Detained in our closest embrace,  
Eternally held in our heart.

**87.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 4.**

1 O Jesus, the rest  
Of spirits distressed,  
In whom all the children of men may be blest,  
The blessing designed  
For the whole of mankind,  
Give us in the love of thy Spirit to find.

2 For this do we keep  
A sad vigil, and weep,  
The fruit of our tears that in joy we may reap;  
While sent from above  
The comfort we prove,  
The unspeakable gift of thy ransoming love.

3 Our brethren we see  
By mercy set free,  
They have found the abundant redemption in thee.

Thy tenders of grace  
They gladly embrace,  
And tell of thy goodness, and live to thy praise.

4        But still we remain  
          In bondage and pain,  
Unable to bear, or to shake off our chain;  
          In the furnace we cry,  
          Come, Lord, from the sky,  
Make haste to our help, or in Egypt we die.

5        O Jesus, appear  
          Thy mourners to cheer,  
Our grief to assuage, and to banish our fear:  
          Thy prisoners release,  
          Vouchsafe us thy peace,  
And our troubles and sins in a moment shall cease.

6        That moment be now;  
          The petition allow,  
Our present Redeemer, and Comforter thou,  
          The freedom from sin,  
          The atonement bring in,  
And sprinkle our conscience, and bid us be clean.

7        Thy<sup>121</sup> blessing of grace  
          Now let it take place,  
The dew of thy mercy descend on our race;  
          Thy Spirit, O God,  
          Pour out on the crowd,  
And water us all with a shower of thy blood!

**88.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 5.**

1        Father of mercies, hear!  
          Who didst of old send down

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<sup>121</sup>“Thy” changed to “The” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

An heavenly messenger,  
With tidings of thy Son:  
Shepherds, who watched their flocks by night,  
They first believed the word,  
And sang, o'erwhelmed with heavenly light,  
The birth of Christ, the Lord.

2 To men of simple heart  
The Saviour still reveal,  
The welcome news impart  
Of joy unspeakable;  
To us, who here our stations keep,  
To us a child be given,  
Who wait to find, while others sleep,  
The Lord of earth and heaven.

3 With pure, celestial day  
Our ravished souls surround,  
Or let the heavenly ray  
Within our hearts be found:  
Let all thy ransomed sons of grace  
Th' angelic army join,  
And chant in ceaseless songs of praise,  
The majesty divine.

4 Glory to God above  
For his redeeming plan,  
And peace on earth, and love  
Benevolent to man:  
We justly own the glory his,  
With heaven's acclaiming powers;  
For O! The benefit and bliss,  
Is all forever ours!

**89.**  
**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**  
**Hymn 6.**

- 1 Jesus, my Master, and my Lord,  
I would thy will obey,  
Humbly receive thy warning word,  
And always watch, and pray.  
My constant need of watchful prayer  
I daily see, and feel,  
To keep me safe from every snare  
Of sin, and earth, and hell.
  
- 2 Into a world of ruffians sent,  
I walk on hostile ground,  
Wild human beasts, on slaughter bent,  
And ravening wolves surround.  
The lion seeks my soul to slay,  
In some unguarded hour,  
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,  
And watches to devour.
  
- 3 But worse than all my foes, I find  
The enemy within,  
The evil heart, the carnal mind,  
My own insidious sin:  
My nature every moment waits  
To render me secure,  
And all my paths with ease besets,  
To make my ruin sure.
  
- 4 But thou hast given a loud alarm,  
And thou shalt still prepare  
My soul for all assaults, and arm  
With never-ceasing prayer.  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sleep,  
Who on thy love depend,  
But still thy faithful servant keep,  
And save me to the end.

**90.**  
**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**  
**Hymn 7.**

- 1        Jesus, bestow the power,  
          Who gavest the command:  
Unwearied on thyself, my tower,  
          Enable me to stand;  
          Cheerful to undergo  
          Whole nights of sweet distress,  
And watch against my threefold foe,  
          'Till all my conflicts cease.
  
- 2        Bid me of men beware,  
          And to my ways take heed,  
Discern their every secret snare,  
          And circumspectly tread.  
          O might I calmly wait,  
          Thy succours from above,  
And stand against their open hate,  
          And well-dissembled love.
  
- 3        My spirit, Lord, alarm,  
          When men and devils join,  
Against the wiles of Satan, arm  
          In panoply divine.  
          O may I fix my face  
          His onsets to repel,  
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase  
          The fiend to his own hell.
  
- 4        But above all afraid  
          Of my own bosom-foe,  
Still let me sue to thee for aid,  
          To thee my weakness show,  
          Hang on thine arm alone  
          With self-mistrusting care,  
And deeply in the Spirit groan  
          The never-ceasing prayer.

5           Give me a sober mind,  
          A quick-discerning eye  
The first approach of sin to find,  
          And all occasions fly.  
          Still may I cleave to thee,  
          And never more depart,  
But watch with godly jealousy  
          Over my evil heart.

6           Thus let me pass my days  
          Of sojourning beneath,  
And languish to conclude my race,  
          And render up my breath,  
          In humble love and fear,  
          Thine image to regain,  
And see thee in the clouds appear,  
          And rise with thee to reign.

**91.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 8.**<sup>122</sup>

1           Hark, how the watchmen cry!  
          Attend the trumpet's sound,  
Stand to your arms; the foe is nigh,  
          The powers of hell surround:  
          Who bow to Christ's command  
          Your arms and hearts prepare;  
The day of battle is at hand,  
          Go forth to glorious war.

2           See on the mountain's top  
          The ensign of your God,  
In Jesu's name I lift it up,  
          All-stained with hallowed blood:  
          His standard-bearer I  
          To all the nations call,

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<sup>122</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 66a–67b; and MS Thirty, 28–31.

Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh;  
He bore the cross for all.

3       Ye who his call obey,  
          Behold the banner spread  
To cover in the evil day  
          His faithful soldier's head:  
          Be strong in Jesu's might;  
          The panoply divine  
Put on, beneath this standard fight,  
          And conquer in this sign.

4       Go up with Christ, your head,  
          Your Captain's footsteps see,  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
          To certain victory:  
          All power to him is given,  
          He ever reigns the same,  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven  
          Are all in Jesu's name.

5       Ye now have took the field,  
          And fearlessly march on,  
Fight the good fight, hold fast your shield,  
          'Till Satan is cast down,  
          Cast down he soon shall be,  
          He shall, he shall submit,  
Compelled with all his host to flee  
          Or bruised beneath your feet.

6       Only have faith in God,  
          In faith your foes assail,  
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,  
          But all the powers of hell:  
          From thrones of glory driven,  
          By flaming vengeance hurled,  
They throng the air, and darken heaven,  
          And rule the lower world.

- 7           Angels your march oppose,  
              Who still in strength excel,  
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,  
              Countless, invisible;  
              With rage that never ends,  
              Their hellish arts they try,  
Legions of dire malicious fiends,  
              And spirits enthroned on high.
- 8           On earth th' usurpers reign,  
              Exert their baleful power,  
O'er the poor fallen sons of men  
              They tyrannize their hour.  
              But shall believers fear?  
              But shall believers fly?  
Or see the bloody cross appear,  
              And all their powers defy?
- 9           Jesu's tremendous name,  
              Puts all our foes to flight!  
Jesus the meek, the angry Lamb  
              A lion is in fight:  
              By all hell's host withstood,  
              We all hell's host o'erthrow,  
And conquering them through Jesu's blood,  
              We still to conquer go.
- 10          Our Captain leads us on,  
              He beckons from the skies,  
He reaches out a starry crown,  
              And bids us take the prize;  
              "Be faithful unto death,  
              Partake my victory,  
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
              And thou shalt reign with me."
- 11          'Tis thus the righteous Lord  
              To every soldier saith,  
Eternal life is the reward  
              Of all-victorious faith:

Who conquer in his might  
The victor's meed receive,  
And claim a kingdom in his right,  
Which God is bound to give.

- 12 But let us all abide  
Throughout the glorious war,  
'Till every soul is sanctified,  
And more than conqueror;  
'Till every perfect one  
To heavenly joys remove,  
And sit with Jesus on his throne  
Of everlasting love.

**92.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 9.**

- 1 Captain, God of our salvation,  
Night and day  
Will we pay  
Thee our adoration:  
All day long our lips confess thee,  
All the night  
Our delight  
Is in songs to bless thee.
- 2 Whom thy dying love o'erpowers,  
Lost in thee  
Happy we  
Never count the hours:  
Love, our one delightful lesson,  
Love and joy  
Still employ  
Every gracious season.

- 3 Rivals of the heavenly choir,  
Lo! We rise  
To the skies,  
Higher still, and higher:  
There we have our conversation,  
Talk with God,  
Him whose blood  
Purchased our salvation.
- 4 We like all thy host adore thee:  
Restless they  
Night and day  
Render thee the glory.  
Author of our every blessing,  
God of grace,  
Thee we praise  
Never, never ceasing.
- 5 This be here our whole employment,  
'Till we claim,  
Through thy name,  
All thy love's enjoyment;  
'Till we drink the crystal river,  
Drink and sing  
To our King,  
Sing and shout forever.

**93.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 10.**

- 1 Jesus, God of our salvation,  
Give us eyes thyself to see,  
Waiting for thy consolation,  
Longing to believe on thee:  
Now vouchsafe the sacred power,  
Now the faith divine impart,  
Meet us at this solemn hour,  
Shine in every drooping heart.

- 2 Anna-like within the temple,  
Simeon-like we meekly stay;  
Daily with thy saints assemble,  
Nightly for thy coming pray:  
While our souls are bowed before thee,  
While we humbly sue for grace,  
Come, thy people's light and glory,  
Show to all thy heavenly face.
- 3 If to us thy sacred Spirit  
Hath the future grace revealed,  
Let us by thy righteous merit,  
Now receive our pardon sealed;  
To eternal life appointed,  
Let us thy salvation see,  
Now behold the Lord's anointed,  
Now obtain our heaven in thee.

**94.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 11.**

- 1 Jesus, guard thy gathered sheep,  
Who thy voice begin to know,  
Day and night in safety keep,  
Help us after thee to go:  
Eyeing thee with fixed regard,  
By thy word and Spirit led,  
Walk we in the works prepared,  
Close in all thy footsteps tread.
- 2 In thy pilgrimage with men,  
(Objects of thy constant care)  
Thou didst all their griefs sustain,  
Lab'ring, watching unto prayer:

Thou whole nights in prayer didst spend  
On the mount for us employed,  
Prompt the helpless to defend,  
Prevalent with man and God.

- 3 By no private wants compelled,  
Only love inspired thy breast,  
Love thy steady hands upheld,  
Love enforced the kind request:  
And shall *we* refuse to join,  
We who all the good receive,  
Reap the fruit of toil divine,  
By the prayer of Jesus live!
- 4 Nay, but in thy strength we rise,  
Nightly to the mountain go,  
Breathe our wishes to the skies,  
For the sleeping crowd below;  
Pray, my watchful brethren, pray,  
Full of wants, and sins, and fears,  
Wrestle 'till the break of day,  
'Till the saving grace appears.
- 5 Jesus, hear our midnight cry,  
Execute thy love's design,  
Bring thy great salvation nigh,  
Claim a ransomed world for thine,  
Take the purchase of thy blood,  
(Blood that speaks our sins forgiven)  
Let it bring us near to God,  
Let it pray us up to heaven!

**95.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 12.**

- 1 To thee, the true eternal light,  
At this awful noon of night,

Our longing souls ascend,  
For thee we watch, for thee we pray,  
And hasten to the joyful day,  
When all our toils shall end.

- 2 The joyful day we soon shall see,  
With no sad obscurity  
Attended, or pursued,  
No dark eclipse shall intervene,  
Nor gloomy grief pollute the scene,  
Or stain the day of God.
- 3 The day of God shall then be ours,  
Numbered with the angel-powers,  
And souls on earth forgiven,  
We in the New Jerusalem  
Shall all our happy mansions claim,  
The citizens of heaven.
- 4 We all shall see the golden blaze  
Of that high and lofty place,  
And breathe the purpled air,  
It needs nor sun, nor candle's light,  
Divinely fair, divinely bright,  
For Christ the Lamb is there.
- 5 By faith we now the veil look through,  
Now a glimpse of glory view,  
And bless the opening ray,  
Far, far above all height we soar,  
The depths of deity t' explore  
In everlasting day.

**96.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 13.**

- 1 How happy, gracious Lord, are we  
Divinely drawn to follow thee,  
Whose hours divided are  
Betwixt the mount and multitude;  
Our day is spent in doing good,  
Our night in praise and prayer.
- 2 With us no melancholy void,  
No moment lingers<sup>123</sup> unemployed,  
Or unimproved below;  
Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only thee to know.
- 3 The winter's night, and summer's day  
Glides imperceptibly away,  
Too short to sing thy praise,  
Too few we find the happy hours,  
And haste to join those heavenly powers  
In everlasting lays.
- 4 With all who chant thy name on high,  
And holy, holy, holy cry,  
A bright harmonious throng,  
We long thy praises to repeat,  
And restless sing around thy seat  
The new eternal song.

**97.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 14.**

- 1 Meet and right it is to sing  
At every time and place

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<sup>123</sup>“Moment lingers” changed to “moments linger” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

Glory to our heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace:  
Join we then with sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join,  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,  
Eternal praise be thine!

- 2 Thee the first-born sons of light  
In choral symphonies  
Praise by day, day without night,  
And never, never cease:  
Angels, and archangels all  
Sing the mystic Three in One,  
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall  
O'erwhelmed before thy throne.
- 3 Vying with that happy choir  
Who chant thy praise above,  
We on eagles' wings aspire,  
The wings of faith and love:  
Thee they sing with glory crowned,  
We extol the slaughtered Lamb,  
Lower if our voices sound,  
Our subject is the same.
- 4 Father, God, thy love we praise,  
Which gave thy Son to die,  
Jesus full of truth and grace  
Alike we glorify,  
Spirit, Comforter divine,  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
'Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is turned to heaven.

**98.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 15.**

- 1 Join all ye ransomed sons of grace,  
The holy joy prolong,  
And shout to the Redeemer's praise  
A solemn midnight song.
- 2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might  
Be to our Jesus given,  
Who turns our darkness into light,  
Who turns our hell to heaven.
- 3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,  
Thither he bids us rise;  
With crowns of joy upon our heads,  
To meet him in the skies.
- 4 To seal the universal doom,  
The skies he soon shall bow—  
But if thou must at midnight come,  
O let us meet thee *now!*

**99.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 16.**

- 1 Call aloud on Jesu's name,  
Watchmen of Jerusalem,  
Ye, that by our Lord's command  
On her ruined rampart stand,  
Day and night your care express,  
Never, never hold your peace,  
For a gracious answer cry,  
Urge, and force him to reply.

- 2 Well maintain the post assigned,  
Put your faithful God in mind,  
Instantly the promise plead,  
'Till the word of grace proceed,  
Never suffer him to rest,  
'Till he answer your request,  
'Till our Sion he repair,  
Fix his constant presence there.
  
- 3 Set for this if, Lord, I am,  
Let *me* now the promise claim,  
Let my faithful brethren join,  
All remembrancers divine,  
All who Sion's burden bear,  
Join ye in the fervent prayer,  
'Till his utmost truth we prove,  
Edified in perfect love.
  
- 4 Jesus, head, and Lord of all,  
Answer to our midnight call,  
Our Jerusalem repair,  
Build again thy house of prayer,  
Now thy ancient wonders show,  
Raise a glorious church below,  
Sion from her ruins raise,  
Spread throughout the earth her praise.
  
- 5 Spread throughout the earth thine own,  
Fully by thy people known;  
Let us with thy lustre shine,  
Pillars in the dome divine,  
Master of the building art,  
'Stablish every faithful heart,  
Finish thy great work of grace,  
Perfect us in holiness.

**100.**  
**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**  
**Hymn 17.**  
**Innocent Diversions.**

- 1        Come let us anew  
          Our pleasures pursue:  
          For Christian delight  
The day is too short; let us borrow the night.  
          In sanctified joy  
          Each moment employ,  
          To Jesus's praise,  
And spend, and be spent in the triumph of grace.
- 2        The slaves of excess,  
          Their senses to please  
          Whole nights can bestow,  
And on in a circle of riot they go:  
          Poor prodigals, they  
          The night into day  
          By revellings turn,  
And all the restraints of sobriety scorn.
- 3        The drunkards proclaim  
          At midnight their shame,  
          Their sacrifice bring,  
And loud to the praise of *their* master they sing:  
          The hellish desires  
          Which Satan inspires,  
          In sonnets they breathe,  
And shouting descend to the mansions<sup>124</sup> of death.
- 4        The civiler crowd,  
          In theatres proud,  
          Acknowledge his power,  
And Satan in nightly assemblies adore:  
          To the masque and the ball  
          They fly at his call;

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<sup>124</sup>“Mansions” changed to “regions” in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

Or in pleasures excel,  
And chant in a grove\* to the harpers of hell.

5       And shall we not sing  
          *Our* Master and King  
          While men are at rest,  
With Jesus admitted at midnight to feast?  
          Here only we may  
          With innocence stay,  
          The enjoyment improve,  
And abide at the banquet of Jesus's love.

6       In him is bestowed  
          The spiritual food,  
          The manna divine,  
And Jesus's love is far better than wine:  
          With joy we receive  
          The blessing, and give  
          By day and by night,  
All thanks to the source of our endless delight.

7       Our concert of praise  
          To Jesus we raise,  
          And all the night long  
Continue the new evangelical song:  
          We dance to the fame  
          Of Jesus's name,  
          The joy it imparts  
Is heaven begun in our musical hearts.

8       Thus, thus we bestow  
          Our moments below,  
          And singing remove,  
With all the redeemed to the Sion above:  
          There, there shall we stand<sup>125</sup>  
          With our harps in our hand,  
          Interrupted no more,  
And eternally sing, and rejoice, and adore.

\* Ranelagh's Gardens, Vaux-Hall, etc.

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<sup>125</sup>Changed to "There, there we shall stand" in *Watchnight Hymns* (1750).

**101.**  
**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**  
**Hymn 18.**

- 1       Ye virgin souls arise,  
          With all the dead awake,  
          Unto salvation wise,  
          Oil in your vessels take,  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
  
- 2       He comes, he comes to call  
          The nations to his bar,  
          And raise to glory all  
          Who fit for glory are;  
Made ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
  
- 3       Go meet him in the sky  
          Your everlasting friend,  
          Your head to glorify  
          With all his saints ascend,  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
To see without a veil his face.
  
- 4       Ye that have here received  
          The unction from above,  
          And in his Spirit lived  
          Obedient to his love,  
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;  
Rejoice with all the sanctified.
  
- 5       Rejoice in glorious hope  
          Of that great day unknown,  
          When all shall be caught up  
          And stand before his throne,  
Called to partake the marriage feast,  
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

- 6       The everlasting doors  
          Shall soon the saints receive,  
          Above those angel powers  
          In glorious joy to live:  
Far from a world of grief, and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.
- 7       Then let us wait to hear  
          The trumpet's welcome sound,  
          To see our Lord appear  
          Watching let us be found;  
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,  
Be found—as Lord thou find'st us now.

**102.**

**[Hymns for the Watch-Night.]**

**Hymn 19.**

- 1       Sinners look up, by grace forgiven,  
          Behold an open door in heaven,  
          Attend, ye souls in Jesus found,  
          The Saviour's voice, the trumpet's sound.  
Hither come up, he cries, and see  
The secrets of eternity.
- 2       Rise, in the Spirit's rapture, rise  
          To yon bright throne above the skies,  
          To him who sits sublime thereon,  
          In colour like a sardine stone,  
          And scatters, as the jasper's rays,  
          The glories of his dreadful face.
- 3       Tremble; yet O! With love draw near,  
          The showery bow forbids your fear,  
          The throne it quite encircles round,  
          (And grace on every side is found,  
          In colour like an emerald seen,  
          Delightful, and eternal green.

- 4 Turn as he will, the eyes divine  
Must ever meet that sacred sign,  
Sign of his covenanted grace,  
Confirmed to all our ransomed race,  
Who sing the great Redeemer's love,  
Triumphant with that host above.
- 5 Near the Most-High, on either hand  
Behold a venerable band!  
Twenty and four on seats behold!  
Enrobed in white, and crowned with gold,  
With Jesu's joy supremely blest,  
Enthroned in everlasting rest!
- 6 God over all his state maintains,  
And high amidst his ancients reigns,  
Voices are heard, and thunders roar,  
And loud proclaim his awful power,  
And waving flames of lightning shine,  
Thick-flashing from the throne divine.
- 7 Burning before the Sovereign Sire  
Are seven lamps of living fire,  
His ministerial spirits they,  
Whoever in his presence stay,  
The purest essences above,  
The brightest flames of heavenly love.
- 8 Fronting the throne a crystal sea  
Rolls on its perfect purity,  
Laver of sanctifying grace,  
It justly holds the middle space,  
For none approach the holy God,  
'Till th'roughly washed in Jesu's blood.
- 9 Between the saints, and Holy One,  
Around his seat, and placed thereon,  
Four emblematic creatures shine,  
Replete with eyes and powers divine,

And all the various virtues show  
Of Jesu's ministers below.

- 10 The lion bold their heart displays,  
The lab'ring ox their strength of grace,  
The man their mind discreet humane,  
The eagle doth their speed explain,  
Wherewith they soar aloft, to gaze  
On the bright Sun of righteousness!
- 11 Spangled with eyes before, behind,  
(Fit emblem of a watchful mind)  
The six-winged messengers appear,  
And full of inward eyes severe,  
Themselves with strictest search to scan,  
'Till modelled by the perfect plan.
- 12 God they extol above the sky,  
And holy, holy, holy cry,  
Who was, and is, and still shall be  
In essence One, in Persons Three,  
By all incessantly adored,  
Omnipotent, eternal Lord.
- 13 Soon as in hymns the mystic four  
The everlasting God adore,  
The elders prostrate at his seat  
His glorious attributes repeat,  
The source of all their blessings own,  
And cast their crowns before his throne.
- 14 Honour, and might, and majesty,  
Who gavest all that is to be,  
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive:  
And lo! For this in heaven we live,  
With all thy creatures to commend  
Our source, support, and glorious end!

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**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**PART 2.**

**103.  
Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.  
[Hymn 1.]**

- 1        O Saviour from sin,  
          If mine thou hast been,  
And sprinkled my conscience, and bid me be clean;  
          With thy servant, while tried  
          In the furnace, abide,  
And O! Let me never be torn from thy side.
- 2        I never shall rest,  
          Or be perfectly blest,  
While the tempter hath left any hold in my breast:  
          Thou hast loosened the chain,  
          Thou hast softened the pain,  
Yet my sorrow, as long as my sin, *must remain.*

3        From actual blame  
          I am saved by thy name,  
But mourn, 'till thou save me from all that I am;  
          'Till more than subdued,  
          'Till entirely renewed  
Both my heart, and my nature are washed in thy blood.

4        My pardon is sure,  
          If I *always endure*;  
But still I expect thee to perfect my cure:  
          With trembling and fear,  
          While sin is so near,  
I pass the short time of my pilgrimage here.

5        Fain would I be clean,  
          And all-holy within,  
I thirst for thine utmost salvation from sin:  
          Thou still dost restrain;  
          But how great is my pain,  
When I *do* not commit it, to feel that I *can*.

6        For this do I wail  
          Through the sorrowful vale,  
'Till my sin and my trouble at once thou expel:  
          This, this is my load,  
          Though absolved by thy blood,  
I am *capable* still of offending my God.

7        Come, Jesus, and cleanse  
          My inbred offence,  
O take the occasion of stumbling from hence,  
          The infection within,  
          The *possible sin*  
Extirpate, by bringing thy righteousness *in*.

8        By all thou hast done  
          For me to atone,  
By all thou hast suffered to make me thine own,

By all which thou art,  
I beseech thee, convert,  
And renew, and eternally reign in my heart.

**104.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 2.**

- 1 O thou gentle Lamb of God,  
Hear thy ransomed follower pray,  
Wash me in thy cleansing blood,  
Bear my inbred sin away;  
All the curse, the plague remove,  
All the hell of creature-love.
- 2 Take the guilt and power of sin,  
Take its cursed relics hence;  
Make me th'roughly pure within  
By thy love's omnipotence;  
Let me all thy nature have,  
Feel thine utmost power to save.
- 3 Bounds I will not set to thee,  
Shorten thine almighty hand:  
Save from all iniquity,  
Let not sin's foundations stand,  
Every stone o'erturn, o'erthrow;  
I believe it *may* be so.
- 4 Wilt thou lop the boughs of sin,  
Leaving still the stock behind?  
No, thy love shall work within,  
Quite expel the carnal mind,  
Root and branch destroy my foe;  
I believe it *shall* be so.

**105.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 3.<sup>1</sup>**

- 1 Being of beings, God of love,  
High-seated on thy dazzling throne,  
Pity, and draw me from above,  
Raise, and bring home thy banished son.
- 2 I am not as from thee I came:  
Out of my second chaos call:  
Fallen alas! From thee I am;  
O God, redeem me from my fall.
- 3 Laid in the lowest deep of sin,  
Enslaved to vain and base desires,  
Sensibly dead, and dark within,  
Fit fuel for infernal fires;
- 4 An outcast from thy blissful face,  
Broke off from God, and scattered wide,  
Most fallen of that fallen race,  
For which thy only Son hath died.
- 5 Father of mercies, hear my cry,  
This, only this is all my plea,  
Jesus the just hath bowed the sky,  
Thy Son hath died, hath died for me.
- 6 Jesus hath undertook my cause,  
Finished the great redeeming plan,  
Humbled to death my Saviour was,  
And stooped to raise his creature man.
- 7 By love, mere pitying love, inclined  
He caught my nature in its fall,  
A common head of all mankind,  
Assumed the flesh, and guilt of all.

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<sup>1</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 139–40; MS Clarke, 158–59; and MS Shent, 114a–114b.

- 8     Father, thou know'st he bought my peace,  
       My life, and health, and liberty,  
       My present, and eternal bliss;  
       He purchased all thou art for me.
- 9     Assured thy fulness to receive,  
       With earnest, calm desire I wait,  
       For all thou hast in Christ to give,  
       The glories of my first estate.
- 10    I trust thy image to regain,  
       Whate'er thou hast to sinners given,  
       All, all I shall in Christ obtain,  
       Pardon, and paradise, and heaven.

**106.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 4.<sup>2</sup>**

- 1     Happy soul, that safe from harms  
       Rests within his shepherd's arms!  
       Who his quiet shall molest,  
       Who shall violate his rest?
- 2     Jesus doth his spirit bear,  
       Jesus takes his every care,  
       He who found the wand'ring sheep,  
       Jesus still delights to keep.
- 3     Dogs, and wolves in vain appear,  
       Roaring lions still are near,  
       Ravening wolves unmoved he sees  
       Howling in the wilderness.
- 4     Calm he eyes them from above,  
       Safe in his protector's love,  
       There he rests, and undismayed  
       Drops his arms, and hangs his head.

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<sup>2</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 65–66; MS Clarke, 723–73; and MS Shent, 115a–115b.

- 5 O that I might so believe,  
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,  
On his only love rely,  
Smile at the destroyer nigh!
- 6 Free from sin, and servile fear,  
Have my Jesus ever near,  
All his care rejoice to prove,  
All his paradise of love.
- 7 Jesu, seek thy wand'ring sheep,  
Bring me back, and lead, and keep,  
Take on thee my every care,  
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.
- 8 Let me know my shepherd's voice,  
More, and more in thee rejoice;  
More, and more of thee receive,  
Ever in thy Spirit live:
- 9 Live, 'till all thy life I know,  
Perfect in my Lord below  
Gladly then from earth remove,  
Gathered to the fold above.
- 10 O that I at last may stand  
With the sheep at thy right hand,  
Take the crown so freely given,  
Enter in by thee to heaven!

**107.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 5.<sup>3</sup>**

- 1 Jesu, my hope, my joy, my rest,  
Indulge me in this one request,  
Thou know'st what I would say,

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<sup>3</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 61–62; MS Clarke, 68–69; and MS Shent, 127a–127b.

My every want to thee is known,  
Thou hear'st th' unutterable groan,  
Thou hear'st thy Spirit pray.

2 Give me the thing thou long'st to give,  
The thing for which thou here didst live  
A life of grief and pain;  
Give me the dearly-purchased good,  
Bought with thy heart's last drop of blood,  
Nor live, nor die in vain.

3 Give me what God to thee did give,  
The grace thou didst for me receive,  
When all thy pangs were o'er;  
Send down thy Spirit from above,  
Spirit of power, and health, and love,  
And let me sin no more.

4 I ask nor joy, nor life, nor ease,  
I ask not earthly happiness,  
But purity within;  
On others, Lord, those gifts bestow,  
But let me cease from sin below,  
But let me cease from sin.

5 Hasten to grant my sole request,  
Take me into that second rest,  
That glorious liberty,  
And let me then my soul resign,  
Received into the arms divine,  
Forever lost in thee.

**108.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 6.**

**“Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon.”**

**[Joshua 10:12.]**

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, arise,  
And save a soul that hangs on thee,

Put on thy strength, and bow the skies,  
And work thy ancient work in me,  
Thy grace miraculous display,  
The rapid course of nature stay.

2 My Joshua, bid the sun stand still,  
Suspend the storm in mid career,  
Arrest the torrent of my will,  
Restrain me from the sin I fear,  
The power of loving faith impart,  
And fix my poor unsettled heart.

3 Jesus, my constant Jesus stand  
Betwixt my bosom-sin and me:  
Nature submits to thy command,  
All things are possible to thee;  
Thou infinite in love and power,  
Preserve me, that I sin no more.

**109.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 7.<sup>4</sup>**

**“The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, but the Spirit against the flesh (and these are contrary the one to the other) that ye may not do the things which ye would.” Gal[atians] 5:17.**

1 While pride and self<sup>5</sup> remain within,  
While ought of the old Adam lives,  
The fleshly principle of sin  
Against the Spirit lusts, and strives;  
We groan our evil heart to feel,  
Children in Christ, and carnal still.

2 But God is to his promise just,  
And arms us with sufficient grace,  
The Spirit exerts a stronger lust,  
We *need* not once to sin give place;

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<sup>4</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 210–11; and MS Shent, 91a–91b.

<sup>5</sup>John Wesley substituted “wrath” for “self” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

We *do* not yield to flesh and blood,  
Or do the things which nature would.

3 Who in the Spirit walk, and live,  
    Their fleshly lusts shall not fulfill;  
O God, thy saying we receive,  
    And wait to prove thy perfect will,  
To sin we will no longer bow,  
It shall not have dominion now.

4 It shall not *always vex* us here,  
    But lose its being with its reign;  
Thou, Lord, shalt in our flesh appear,  
    And sin shall then no more remain;  
The devil's works destroyed shall be,  
And all our souls be filled with thee.

**110.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 8.<sup>6</sup>**

1 Jesu, come, my hope of glory,  
    Purify me, that I  
May with saints adore thee.

2 Big with earnest expectation,  
    Still I sit at thy feet,  
Longing for salvation.

3 My poor heart vouchsafe to dwell in,  
    Make me thine, love divine,  
By thy Spirit's sealing.

4 Give me, Lord, thy Holy Spirit,  
    Let me see all in thee,  
All in thee inherit.

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<sup>6</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 58–59; and MS Clarke, 65.

- 5    Thou hast laid the sure foundation:  
      O my hope, build me up,  
      Finish thy creation.
- 6    From this inbred sin deliver,  
      Let the yoke now be broke,  
      Make me thine forever.
- 7    Partner of thy perfect nature,  
      Let me be now in thee  
      A new sinless<sup>7</sup> creature.
- 8    Perfect when I walk before thee,  
      Soon, or late, then translate  
      To the realms of glory.
- 9    Then the blissful sight be given,  
      Then to gaze on thy face  
      This be all my heaven.

**111.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 9,<sup>8</sup>**  
**Luke 1:68ff.**

- 1    Blest be the Lord! By earth and heaven  
      Forever blest be Israel's God!  
      Himself he hath to sinners given,  
      His Son he hath on all bestowed.
- 2    God was in Christ, and dwelt with men,  
      The Father sent his only Son,  
      To bring us to his arms again,  
      And make a sinful world his own.

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<sup>7</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>8</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 83–85; and MS Clarke, 94–97.

- 3 He to himself hath reconciled  
The whole of Adam's rebel race,  
The world by sin destroyed, defiled,  
May all be cleansed, and saved by grace.
- 4 Jesus for us our God raised up,  
Jesus almighty to redeem,  
The nation's joy, desire, and hope,  
Who all may now be saved through him.
- 5 Salvation is in Jesu's name,  
The Lord of David, and his Son;  
To save a world from heaven he came,  
To perfect all our souls in one.
- 6 The Father hath his word fulfilled,  
The prophecies of ancient days,  
Honoured his messengers, and sealed  
The records of his promised grace.
- 7 He by the holy men of old,  
His prophets since the world begun,  
The great salvation hath foretold,  
Salvation in his dying Son.
- 8 Salvation from our foes within,  
From death, and hell, and Satan's chains,  
Salvation from the power of sin,  
Salvation from its last remains.
- 9 His word forever shall endure,  
His word doth now on us take place,  
He made it to our fathers sure,  
The promise of his perfect grace.
- 10 The cov'nant of redemption he,  
The faithful God, hath called to mind,  
The cov'nant from all sin to free  
The captive souls of all mankind.

- 11 The oath he hath to Abraham sworn,  
That all mankind should in his seed  
Be blest, and find a power to turn,  
And live from sin forever freed.
- 12 Yes, with a solemn oath the Lord  
Hath us, ev'n us, engaged to bless,  
To free, and hallow by his word,  
And cleanse from all unrighteousness,
- 13 From all our foes, our sins redeem,  
The \* possible offence remove,  
And make us pure, and all like him,  
Renewed, and perfected in love.
- 14 Perfect in love, that casts out fear,  
We here shall his commands fulfil,  
Walk in the light, and see him here,  
And answer all his righteous will.
- 15 In all his glorious image bright  
We here shall serve him all our days,  
And then with saints in heavenly light  
Record his everlasting praise.

**112.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 10.<sup>9</sup>**

**“All things are possible to him that believeth.”  
[Mark 9:23.]**

- 1 All things are possible to him,  
That can in Jesu's name believe:  
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,  
Thy truth I lovingly receive;  
I can, I do believe in thee,  
All things are possible to me.

\* I.e., the possibility of offending.

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<sup>9</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 91–92; and MS Clarke, 104–5.

- 2     The most impossible of all,  
       Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;  
Yet shall it be: I know, it shall:  
       Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!  
If nothing is too hard for thee,  
All things are possible to me.
- 3     I without sin on earth shall live,  
       Ev'n I, the chief of sinners I:  
Thy glory, Lord, to thee I give,  
       O God of truth, thou canst not lie;  
What thou hast said shall surely be:  
All things are possible to me.
- 4     Though earth and hell the word gainsay,  
       The word of God can never fail:  
The Lamb shall take my sins away,  
       'Tis certain, though impossible;  
The thing impossible shall be:  
All things are possible to me.
- 5     When thou the work of faith hast wrought,  
       I here shall in thine image shine,  
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;  
       Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,  
They cannot break the firm decree:  
All things are possible to me.
- 6     Th' unchangeable decree is past,  
       The sure predestinating word,  
That I, who on my Lord am cast,  
       I shall be like my sinless Lord:  
'Twas fixed from all eternity:  
All things are possible to me.
- 7     Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn  
       That I shall serve thee without fear,  
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,  
       Holy, and pure, and perfect here,

The servant as his Lord shall be:  
All things are possible to me.

- 8 All things are possible to God,  
To Christ the power of God in man,  
To me, when I am all renewed,  
When I in Christ am born again,  
And witness, from all sin set free,  
All things are possible to me.

**113.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 11.**<sup>11</sup>  
**“This is the victory!”**  
**[1 John 5:4.]**

- 1 Surrounded by an host of foes,  
Stormed by an host of foes within,  
Nor swift to fly, nor strong t’ oppose,  
Single against hell, earth, and sin,  
Single, yet undismayed I am:  
I dare believe in Jesu’s name.
- 2 What though a thousand hosts<sup>12</sup> engage,  
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake,  
I have a shield shall quell their rage,  
Shall drive the alien armies back,  
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb:  
I dare believe in Jesu’s name.
- 3 Me to retrieve from Satan’s hands,  
Me from this evil world to free,  
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,  
And save from all iniquity,  
My Lord and God, from heaven he came:  
I dare believe in Jesu’s name.
- 4 Salvation in his name there is,  
Salvation from sin, death, and hell,  
Salvation into glorious bliss,  
How great salvation who can tell!

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<sup>10</sup>Ori., “120”; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>11</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 78–79; and MS Clarke, 89–90.

<sup>12</sup>Charles Wesley changed “hosts” to “host” in *All in All* (1761).

But all he hath for mine I claim:  
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

**114.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 12.<sup>13</sup>**

**“Come unto me, ... learn of me, ...”**

**Matt[hew] 11[:28–30].**

- 1    Lovely Lamb, I come to thee,  
      Thou hast oft invited me;  
      Surely now I would be blest,  
      Give me now the promised rest.
- 2    All my business and concern  
      Is of thee, my Lamb, to learn;  
      Show me thy first lesson show,  
      Now alas! I nothing know.
- 3    Gentle thou, and meek in heart,  
      All humility thou art;  
      Full of wrath, and pride I am,  
      How unlike my lowly Lamb!
- 4    But thou canst my soul transform,  
      Humble an aspiring worm,  
      My unbroken spirit break,  
      Make the angry leopard meek.
- 5    Thou art greater than my heart,  
      Thou canst make me as thou art,  
      Sink the proud, and tame the wild,  
      Change me to a little child.
- 6    Turn me, Lord, and turn me now,  
      To thy yoke my spirit bow;  
      Grant me now the pearl to find  
      Of a meek and quiet mind.

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<sup>13</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 54–55; MS Clarke, 61–62; and MS Shent, 133a–133b.

7     Calm, O calm my troubled breast,  
      Let me gain that second rest,  
      From my works forever cease,  
      Perfected in holiness.

8     Soon, or later then remove,  
      Take me to my rest above:  
      All's alike to me, so I  
      In my Lord may live, and die.

**115.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 13.<sup>14</sup>**

1       My Jesus, my Lamb,  
      I trust in thy name,  
      And all thy unsearchable riches I claim.

2       For me thou hast died,  
      Thy blood is applied;  
      I am come to the fountain of Jesus's side.

3       The earnest I prove,  
      Thy Spirit doth move,  
      And melt my hard heart with a spark of thy love.

4       Yet can I not rest,  
      'Till perfectly blest  
      I lean every moment on Jesus's breast.

5       What tongue cannot tell  
      In believing I feel,  
      The pledge and the witness; but where is the seal?

6<sup>15</sup>     The seal is secure,  
      And keeps my heart pure:  
      This, this is the proof I shall always endure.

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<sup>14</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 165–67.

<sup>15</sup>John Wesley crossed out stanzas 6–8 in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 7        For this do I call  
          On my Jesus, my all;  
O tell me by love that I never shall fall;
- 8        That I never shall sin:  
          O wash my heart clean:  
Now, Lord, thy immovable kingdom bring in.
- 9        Thy nature impart,  
          My soul to convert,  
And 'stablish the thing thou hast wrought in my heart.
- 10       My Alpha is here,  
          Thou always art near,  
But in me, my Lord, the Omega appear.
- 11       Thy gifts that are past  
          Behind me I cast:  
The beginning, and first, be the end, and the last.
- 12       Now, now let me feel,  
          Thou in me dost dwell;  
To the day of redemption, O Comforter, seal.
- 13       Return from above  
          In the Spirit of love,  
And the mountain of sin by thy presence remove.
- 14       For this do I pray,  
          Nothing else can I say,  
But, take the occasion of stumbling away.
- 15       Then shall I be clean,  
          And live without sin,  
'Till the life of my Jesus breaks out from within.
- 16       My body that dies  
          With advantage shall rise,  
And be fashioned like his, when we meet in the skies.

- 17        In the skies we shall meet;  
            Who am now at thy feet,  
I at thy right hand in thy kingdom shall sit:
- 18        I the glory shall see  
            Thou hast purchased for me,  
And inherit my heaven of heavens in thee.

**116.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 14.**<sup>16</sup>

- 1        Jesu, cast a pitying eye,  
            Humbled at thy feet I lie,  
            Fain within thy arms would rest,  
            Fain would lean upon thy breast;  
            Thrust my hand into thy side,  
            Always in the cleft abide,  
            Never from thy wounds depart,  
            Never leave thy bleeding heart.
- 2        Surely I have pardon found,  
            Grace doth more than sin abound,  
            God, I know, is pacified,  
            Thou for me, for me hast died:  
            But I cannot rest herein,  
            All my nature still is sin,  
            Comforted I will not be,  
            'Till my soul is all like thee.
- 3        See my burdened, sin-sick soul,  
            Give me faith, and make me whole,  
            Finish thy great work of grace,  
            Cut it short in righteousness:  
            Speak the second time, Be clean,  
            Take away my power to sin,<sup>17</sup>  
            Now the stumbling-block remove,  
            Cast it out by perfect love.

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<sup>16</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 96–97; MS Clarke, 111–12; and MS Shent, 185a–185b.

<sup>17</sup>John Wesley substituted “inbred sin” for “power to sin” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 4    Nothing less will I require,  
      Nothing more can I desire;  
      None but Christ to me be given,  
      None but Christ in earth, or heaven.  
      O that I might now decrease!  
      O that all I am might cease!  
      Let me into nothing fall,  
      Let my Lord be all in all!

[117.]<sup>18</sup>

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 15.**<sup>19</sup>

- 1    Jesu, my good and faithful Lord,  
      To thee with confidence I fly;  
      I hang upon thy changeless word,  
      The truth itself can never lie;  
      I have the promises I claim,  
      Whate'er I ask in Jesu's name.
- 2    The word thy blessed lips hath passed,  
      Ask, and ye shall the grace receive,  
      Seek, and be sure to find at last,  
      Knock, and I will admittance give;  
      Ye shall whate'er ye ask obtain,  
      Ye cannot seek my face in vain.
- 3    O Jesus, full of truth, and grace,  
      Thy love and faithfulness I plead,  
      Thine all-containing word embrace,  
      Thou know'st alas, I all things need,  
      But only one I now implore;  
      I ask, that I may sin no more.

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., "107"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>19</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 192a.

**118.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 16.**<sup>20</sup>

- 1 Get thee behind me, fiend! No more  
To flesh or thee I credit give;  
The snare is broke, the charm is o'er,  
In Jesus I at last believe;  
Whate'er I want, whate'er I claim,  
Is mine through faith in Jesu's name.
- 2 Faith asks impossibilities,  
Impossibilities are given;  
And I, ev'n I, from sin shall cease,  
And live on earth the life of heaven;  
I dare believe through Jesu's power,  
That I, ev'n I, shall sin no more.
- 3 Thy every faithful promise, Lord,  
I bring to bear against my sin,  
Thy pard'ning, and thy hallowing word,  
Thy power, and will to make me clean,  
Thy truth, and love, are on my part,  
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

**119.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 17.**<sup>21</sup>

- 1 What is the reason of my hope,  
My hope to live and sin no more?  
After his likeness to wake up,  
And God in spi'rit, and truth adore,  
To serve him as the hosts above  
In perfect peace, and perfect love?

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<sup>20</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 192b.

<sup>21</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 193a–193b.

- 2 Faith in the blood of Christ I have;  
He freely loved, and died for me:  
Sinners he came from sin to save,  
From all, from all iniquity;  
Without the camp he deigned to die,  
Us by his blood to sanctify.
- 3 His blood shall sanctify throughout  
My spirit, soul, and body *here*:  
Because he died, I cannot doubt,  
Because he died, I cannot fear;  
His blood shall make me pure within,  
His blood shall cleanse me from all sin.
- 4 He wills, that I should holy be,  
He promises to make me clean,  
His oath confirms the sure decree;  
The remnant, and the root of sin  
The God of truth hath sworn to slay,  
And take its being all away.
- 5 God hath ordained, that I should see  
In perfect holiness his face,  
Retrieve his image here, and be  
Forever sanctified by grace;  
His truth, and power, and mercy join,  
The will, and word, and oath divine.
- 6 Here then my foot of faith stands sure,  
And earth, and hell in vain deny;  
I shall be pure as God is pure,  
Holy as God is holy I,  
Perfect, as God is perfect, rise,  
And take my mansion in the skies.

**120.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 18.<sup>22</sup>**

- 1    Light of life, seraphic fire,  
      Love divine, thyself impart,  
      Every fainting soul inspire,  
      Shine in every drooping heart,  
      Every mournful sinner cheer,  
      Scatter all our guilty gloom;  
      Son of God appear, appear,  
      To thine human temples come.
  
- 2    Come in this accepted hour,  
      Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;  
      Fill us with the glorious power  
      Rooting out the seeds of sin:  
      Nothing more can we require,  
      We will covet nothing less:  
      Thou art all our heart's desire,  
      All our joy, and all our peace.
  
- 3    Whom but thee have we in heaven,  
      Whom have we on earth but thee?  
      Only thou to us be given,  
      All besides is vanity;  
      Grant us love, we ask no more,  
      Every other gift remove;  
      Pleasure, fame, and wealth, and power,  
      Still we all enjoy in love.

**121.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 19.<sup>23</sup>**

- 1    O God, was ever heart like mine!  
      So sick of every sore disease,  
      So false, so contrary to thine,  
      So full of desperate wickedness!

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<sup>22</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 93a; and MS Thirty, 134.

<sup>23</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 97–98; and MS Clarke, 112–14.

- 2     So weak, so impotent, so blind,  
       So earthly, sensual, devilish all!  
       What words of horror can I find  
       To picture out my total fall?
- 3     My total fall I never knew,  
       'Till I had tasted of thy grace,  
       Thy Spirit then the veil withdrew,  
       And showed the inbred monster's face.
- 4     The man of sin, the mystery  
       Of wickedness thou hast revealed,  
       (Sure pledge of good!) my plague I see;  
       My plague I know, shall all be healed!
- 5     A perfect soundness faith shall give,  
       A perfect holiness below;  
       Jesu, I in thy blood believe,  
       Thy blood shall wash me white as snow.
- 6     The loss I by the first sustain  
       The second Adam shall repair:  
       I shall the life of God regain,  
       The image of the heavenly bear.
- 7     Let others from themselves remove,  
       And chase salvation far away;  
       But thou canst perfect *me* in love,  
       Canst perfect me in love *today*.
- 8     Let others madly hug their chains,  
       Their idol of inbeing sin;  
       I cannot plead for sin's remains,  
       When thou hast said, Ye shall be clean.
- 9     If thou hast power and will to save,  
       Saved to the utmost I shall be,  
       The fulness of the Godhead have;  
       For all the Godhead is in thee.

**122.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 20.**<sup>24</sup>

- 1 Jesu, thou strength of all that turn  
The battle to the gate,  
Behold us for thy glory burn,  
And for thy kingdom wait.
- 2 O that thy foes were all subdued,  
In bonds of love confined,  
And forced to own th' all-cleansing blood,  
That flowed for all mankind.
- 3 Captain of our salvation, hear,  
Saviour of human race,  
Appear, in thy own cause appear,  
And vindicate thy grace.
- 4 Thy grace for all divinely free  
Doth every sinner call;  
Thou drawest all men unto thee,  
For thou hast purchased all.
- 5 Lo! Here we are, thy truth to prove,  
To witness thou art good,  
T' assert thine universal love,  
And all-redeeming blood.
- 6 Thy blood from all iniquity  
Redeems, and makes us clean;  
From pride, and self<sup>25</sup> it sets us free,  
From all indwelling sin.
- 7 The Spirit's living law it writes  
Upon our inward parts,  
Our newborn souls to God unites,  
And purifies our hearts.

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<sup>24</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 190a–191a; and MS Thirty, 170–73.

<sup>25</sup>John Wesley substituted “wrath” for “self” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 8 It keeps our mind in perfect peace,  
Thy kingdom it brings in,  
Thine everlasting righteousness,  
And makes an end of sin.
- 9 This sovereign antidote expels  
The poison from our veins;  
Our old congenial sickness heals,  
And purges all our stains.
- 10 A perfect soundness it imparts,  
Destroys the carnal mind,  
And forms in all believing hearts  
The Saviour of mankind.
- 11 Come then, dear<sup>26</sup> Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Bring in the cleansing flood;  
Apply, to wash out every stain,  
Thine efficacious blood.
- 12 O let it sink into our soul  
Deep as the inbred sin,  
Make every wounded spirit whole,  
And every leper clean.
- 13 Thy sanctifying word is sure;  
Lord, we our sins confess,  
Faithful and just, O make us pure  
From all unrighteousness.
- 14 Such power belongeth unto thee,  
Thy saying we receive;  
We shall be pure in heart, and see  
Thy smiling face, and live.
- 15 Lord, we believe, and with calm zeal  
For this our faith contend,  
Waiting 'till thou thyself reveal,  
And hoping to the end.

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<sup>26</sup>John Wesley substituted “O thou” for “then dear” in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 16 Our high, and holy calling's prize  
We earnestly pursue;  
Nor fear we, least our thoughts should rise,  
Above what thou canst do.
- 17 Thy goodness, O all-gracious Lord,  
Is equal to thy power;  
And we shall try thy utmost word,  
And we shall sin no more.
- 18 Thou willest, and it must be done,  
That we should holy be;  
And we shall live to thee alone,  
And we shall die to thee.

**123.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 21.**

**“For any who think they  
have already attained.”**

**[cf. Philippians 3:12.]**

- 1 Omnipotent, omniscient Lord,  
Present in heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Spirit, and soul-dividing Word,  
Searcher of hearts unsearchable,  
Behold us with thine eyes of flame,  
And tell *me* what by grace I am.
- 2 We would not our own souls deceive,  
Or fondly rest in grace begun:  
Thy wise discerning unction give,  
And make us know as we are known;  
Search, and try out our hearts, and reins,  
And show if sin in us remains.
- 3 Thy thoughts and ways are not as ours,  
Thou only know'st what is in man;  
Ev'n now we taste the heavenly powers;  
But tell us, are we born again?

Are we redeemed from inbred sin?  
 What saith the oracle within?

- 4 Shine on the work thyself hast wrought,  
     If thou hast wrought the work in *me*:  
 Or show us, if we know thee not:  
     Am I, my God, stopped short of thee?  
 The powerful, quick conviction dart,  
 And shine in every naked heart.
- 5 Thou would'st not have thy children stray,  
     Thou never canst mislead the blind;  
 If brought into thy perfect way,  
     O let us now the witness find,  
 And shout to hear thy speaking blood,  
 And echo to the voice of God.
- 6 Touching this thing we all agree,  
     Father, to ask in Jesu's name,  
 That each his true estate may see:  
     In faith we now the promise claim;  
 Now, now for Jesu's sake reveal  
 Our inward heaven, or inward hell.
- 7 Send forth thy pure, unerring light,  
     Jesus, the truth, the life, the way,  
 And guide our helpless spirits right,  
     That all may see thy perfect day,  
 May all thy glorious fulness prove,  
 The<sup>27</sup> depth of everlasting love.

**124.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
 for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 22.**<sup>28</sup>

**Another ["For any who think they  
 have already attained."  
 cf. Philippians 3:12].**

- 1 Come, thou omniscient Son of man,  
     Display thy sifting power;  
 Come with the winnowing Spirit's fan,  
     And th'roughly purge the floor.

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<sup>27</sup>Charles Wesley changed "The" to "Thy" in *All in All* (1761).

<sup>28</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Clarke, 213–14; and MS Shent, 89a–89b.

- 2     The chaff of sin, th' accursed thing  
       Far from our souls be driven;  
       The wheat into thy garner bring,  
       And lay us up for heaven.
- 3     Now let us by thy word be tried,  
       Search out our reins and heart,  
       Spirit, and soul, O Lord, divide,  
       And joints and marrow part.
- 4     Look through us with thine eyes of flame,  
       The clouds and darkness chase;  
       And show me what by sin I am,  
       And what I am by grace.
- 5     We would not of ourselves<sup>29</sup> conceive  
       Above what thou hast done;  
       But still to thee the matter leave,  
       'Till thou shalt make it known.
- 6     We would not, Lord, ourselves conceal,  
       But walk in open day;  
       We pray thee, all our sin reveal,  
       And purge it all away.
- 7     Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes  
       Far from our hearts remove,  
       As dust before the whirlwind flies,  
       Disperse it by thy love.
- 8     Then let us all thy fulness know,  
       From every sin set free:  
       Saved, to the utmost saved below,  
       And perfectly like thee.

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<sup>29</sup>Ori., "of our ourselves"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

**125.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 23.<sup>30</sup>**  
**Philip[pians] 3:13.**

- 1    Come, let us who to Christ are joined,  
      Forgetting still the things behind,  
      This only thing persist to do,  
      Our calling's glorious prize pursue.
- 2    Our works, and gifts, and graces past,  
      All, all behind our back be cast,  
      This, only this remembered be,  
      Jesus hath died for us; for me.
- 3    He died, that we to him might live,  
      Might all his righteousness receive,  
      Fulness of love, and health, and power;  
      He died, that we might sin no more.
- 4    He shed his blood to wash us clean  
      From all unrighteousness, and sin,  
      To save from all iniquity;  
      Jesus hath died for us; for me.
- 5    He died that we might be made whole,  
      Holy in body, spirit, soul,  
      Might do his will like those above,  
      Renewed in all the life of love.
- 6    Lay the foundation then no more,  
      Reach forth unto the things before,  
      On to the prize undaunted press,  
      And seize the crown of righteousness.
- 7    We shall the end of faith attain,  
      The uttermost salvation gain,

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<sup>30</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 1–2; and MS Clarke, 1–2.

(Our calling's hope, our calling's prize,  
The tree of life in paradise.)

- 8 Shall taste the manna of his grace,  
And pure in heart behold his face,  
Our Jesus shall himself impart,  
And cleanse, and fill the sinless heart.
- 9 His nature to our souls make known,  
And write the name in the white stone,  
We all shall all his fulness prove,  
And find the pearl of perfect love.

**126.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 24.<sup>31</sup>**

**Ephes[ians] 4:8, 11ff.**

- 1 Let all mankind in Christ rejoice!  
The Lord is risen for you, and me,  
Ascending with a merry noise,  
He captive led captivity.
- 2 Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
And gifts he hath received for men,  
He sends his Spi'rit to purify  
Our souls from every sinful stain.
- 3 Teachers he gives our souls to feed,  
The word of truth and grace t' impart,  
Dispensers of the living bread,  
And pastors after his own heart.
- 4 He makes them apt to teach, and guide  
The flock with wisdom from above,  
'Till all are wholly sanctified  
Through faith, and perfected in love.

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<sup>31</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 2–4; and MS Clarke, 2–5.

- 5 The glorious ministry divine  
For this he did on earth ordain,  
Nor can he miss of his design,  
Or send his messengers in vain.
- 6 They, under him, his church shall build,  
And lead his feeblest people on,  
'Till all our souls with God are filled,  
Forever sanctified in one.
- 7 Believing on our common Lord,  
'Till we his image here regain,  
Experiencing his utmost word,  
And brought unto a perfect man.
- 8 'Till farther still by faith we go,  
And nearer view the opening skies,  
And more and more like Christ below,  
To all his glorious stature rise.
- 9 That highest point of love divine,  
To all that heaven we here arrive,  
And then our parting souls resign,  
And cease at once to grow, and live.
- 10 This is his acceptable will,  
That we on earth should holy be,  
The fulness of his Spirit feel,  
And live from sin forever free.
- 11 No more in our imperfect state,  
Feeble, and babes in Christ no more,  
But strong in him, and truly great,  
And filled with all his love and power.
- 12 Children we lived, alas! Too long,  
Tossed to and fro with every wind,  
And many a false, deceitful tongue  
Subverted our unstable mind.

- 13 Carried about from God's own ways,  
At every smooth seducer's will,  
We left the channels of his grace,  
And slothfully at last stood *still*.
- 14 With speeches fair, and glozing lies  
They watched, and strove to cast us down,  
Remove us from our calling's prize,  
O'erturn our faith, and take our crown.
- 15 But let us now the promise prove,  
And perfect holiness below,  
Hold fast, and speak the truth in love,  
And up to Christ in all things grow.
- 16 We all shall gain what we pursue,  
Be pure in heart, and saints indeed,  
Grafted in Christ, and creatures new;  
The members shall be like their head.
- 17 From him the quick'ning Spirit flows,  
And lo! The social members join,  
The well-compacted body grows,  
And swells with energy divine.
- 18 By that which every joint supplies  
The whole doth still increase, and move,  
'Till all complete the body rise,  
And perfectly built up in love.

**127.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 25.<sup>32</sup>**

- 1 Come let us arise,  
And aim at the prize,  
The hope of our calling on this side the skies.

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<sup>32</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Cheshunt, 216–17.

- 2       By works let us show  
          That Jesus we know,  
While steadily on to perfection we go.
- 3       But may we not strive,  
          Yet never arrive  
To be saints, or to live without sin, while alive?
- 4       No, no, never fear,  
          If we look for him here,  
But our uttermost Saviour in us shall appear.
- 5       We dare not believe,  
          That God can deceive,  
And never intend what he promised to give.
- 6       He hath said, from all sin  
          Ye here shall be clean,  
All-holy, all-pure, and all-glorious within.
- 7       We rest on his word,  
          We shall here be restored  
To his image; the servant shall be as his Lord.
- 8       Our faith is not vain,  
          We are sure to regain  
The nature divine of the heavenly man.
- 9       Then let us not stop,  
          But continue in hope  
Rejoicing, 'till all in his image wake up;
- 10      His purity share,  
          His character bear,  
And the truth of his hallowing promise declare.
- 11      Thus, thus let us stay,  
          And wait for the day  
When the angels are sent to conduct us away.

- 12       When with joy we remove  
          To our brethren above,  
          And fly up to heaven in a chariot of love.

**128.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 26.**<sup>33</sup>

- 1       All glory, and praise to Jesus our Lord,  
          We witness his grace, and life-giving word,  
          Poor justified sinners his goodness we prove,  
          The weakest beginners in Jesus his love.
- 2       His love we proclaim, and publish abroad,  
          The blood of the Lamb hath brought us to God:  
          He purchased our pardon, who died in our stead,  
          The uttermost farthing our surety hath paid.
- 3       He died from all sin our souls to redeem,  
          And we shall be clean, and sinless through him,  
          The end of his passion accomplished shall be,  
          And all his salvation we shortly shall see.
- 4       Then let us go on, 'till Jesus appear,  
          And give us the crown of righteousness *here*;  
          'Till justified fully his promise we prove,  
          All happy, and holy, and perfect in love.

**129.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 27.**<sup>34</sup>

- 1       Ye servants of God, who trust in his Son,  
          And feel that his blood for all did atone,  
          Your songs of thanksgiving delightfully raise,  
          And praise him by living to Jesus his praise.

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<sup>33</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 125a.

<sup>34</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 125b.

- 2 Believe on his name, 'till inwardly clean  
Ye live without blame, ye live without sin:  
Go on to perfection, through Jesus his power,  
Make sure your election, and sin is no more.

**130.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn 28.<sup>35</sup>**

**“As many as received him, to them gave he  
power to become the sons of God, even to  
them that believe on his name.” John 1:12.**

- 1 Jesus, in thine all-saving name  
We steadfastly believe,  
And lo! The promised power we claim,  
Which thou art bound to give:  
Power to become the sons of God,  
An all-sufficient power,  
We look to have on us bestowed  
A power to sin no more.
- 2 We yield to be redeemed from sin,  
The life divine to live,  
Open our hearts to take thee in;  
And all thy grace receive.  
Thee we receive as God and man,  
Both in one person joined,  
To finish the redeeming plan,  
To rescue all mankind.
- 3 On both thy natures we rely,  
Neither can save alone;  
The God could not for sinners die,  
The man could not atone.  
The merit of a suffering God  
Hath bought our perfect peace,  
It stamped the value on that blood,  
Which signed our soul's release.

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<sup>35</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 195a–196b; and MS Thirty, 148–51.

- 4 Thy precious blood hath washed away  
The universal sin;  
And every child of Adam may  
Have all thy life brought in.  
Thy office is to teach, and bless,  
T' atone, and sanctify;  
Ready the Spirit of thy grace  
Thy merits to apply.
- 5 To thee, O Christ, the praise we give,  
Thy threefold function sing,  
The Lord's anointed one receive,  
Our prophet, priest, and King.  
Thou, only thou, our wisdom art,  
Our strength and righteousness;  
Sprinkle, inform, and rule our heart,  
Victorious Prince of Peace.
- 6 Foolish, we come to learn of thee,  
Guilty, to be forgiven,  
Poor, sinful worms to be made free  
From sin, and fit for heaven.  
Teach us the perfect will of God,  
For us, and in us pray;  
Wash us in thine all-cleansing blood;  
Thy kingly power display.
- 7 Thy kingly power in us exert,  
Our rebel heart subdue;  
More than subdue our rebel heart,  
Thine utmost virtue show.  
Show us thy sanctifying grace,  
And take our sin away;  
Its being utterly erase,  
All, all its relics slay.
- 8 Jesu, we in thy name believe,  
Which fiends and men deny,  
To them we dare not credit give  
Who give our God the lie.

Jesus, the power of Jesu's name  
Our sinless souls shall feel;  
Lord, we believe thee still the same,  
An utmost Saviour still.

- 9    Thou wilt to us thy name impart,  
      Thou bear'st it not in vain:  
      What thou art called, thou surely art,  
      Saviour of sinful man.  
      Into thy name, thy nature, we  
      Assuredly believe,  
      Jesus from sin, thee, only thee  
      Our Jesus we receive.
- 10   Our Jesus thou from future woe,  
      From present wrath divine,  
      Shalt save us from our sins below,  
      And make our souls like thine.  
      Jesus from all the power of sin,  
      From all the being too,  
      Thy grace shall make us th'roughly clean,  
      And perfectly renew.
- 11   Jesus from pride, from wrath, from lust,  
      Our inward Jesus be,  
      From every evil thought we trust  
      To be redeemed by thee.  
      When thou dost in our flesh appear,  
      We shall the promise prove,  
      Saved into all perfection *here*,  
      Renewed in sinless love.
- 12   Come, O thou prophet, priest, and King,  
      Thou Son of God, and man,  
      Into our souls thy fulness bring,  
      Instruct, atone and reign.  
      Holy, and pure, as just, and wise,  
      We would be in thy right,  
      Less than thine all cannot suffice,  
      We grasp the infinite.

- 13 Our Jesus thee, entire, and whole  
With willing heart we take;  
Fill ours, and every faithful soul  
For thy own mercy's sake:  
We wait to know thine utmost name,  
Thy nature's heavenly powers,  
One undivided Christ we claim,  
And all thou art is ours.

**131.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
for Full Redemption.]**

**Hymn [29].<sup>36</sup>**

**“Let God be true, and every man a liar.”  
[Romans 3:4.]**

- 1 And hast thou died, O Lamb of God,  
To take away our inbred sin?  
And shall we trample on thy blood,  
And say, “It cannot make us clean,  
The truth on earth we cannot know,  
There's no perfection here below?”
- 2 From all iniquity to save,  
To cleanse from all unrighteousness,  
Thy life thou hast a ransom gave,  
To make the first transgression cease,  
To finish sin, my Lord was slain,  
But died (the faithless cry) in vain.
- 3 “In vain was he in flesh revealed,  
For sin can never be destroyed;  
We cannot by his stripes be healed,  
We cannot wholly live to God:  
No, though he died to have it done,  
We cannot live to God alone.
- 4 “The flesh is weak, and will prevail;  
We all have our infirmities,

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<sup>36</sup>Ori., “XXXIX” (in both editions). Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 103–5; MS Clarke, 118–20; and MS Shent, 178a–179a.

“Live without sin! Impossible!  
 With God impossible is this:  
 At least he *will not* sanctify,  
 He will not cleanse us—’till we die.”

- 5 Poor, abject souls! They tell thee, Lord,  
 Thou shalt not in their life-time save;  
 Thou never canst fulfil thy word,  
 Before they drop into the grave;  
 But when their sins no more *can* stay,  
 Thou then *mayst* take their sins away.
- 6 The great salvation thou hast wrought,  
 They cannot, will not *yet* receive,  
 Or bear th’ intolerable thought,  
 While living, without sin to live;  
 They keep it to their latest breath,  
 Sinners in life, and saints in death.
- 7 Saints without holiness are they,  
 Elect without election’s seal,  
 They *do*, yet cannot, fall away;  
 In Christ, and yet in sin they dwell:  
 Their freemen are to evil sold,  
 Their creatures new are creatures old.
- 8 Sinners, and saints at once they are,  
 They send forth bitter streams and sweet;  
 Good trees, yet evil fruit they bear,  
 And Christ in them and Belial meet:  
 Their pure in heart are all unclean,  
 And born of God they can’t but sin.
- 9 No promise can their wisdom find  
 Of sinless holiness below;  
 To sin, and yet to Jesus, joined:  
 And on they to perfection go,  
 To what they never can attain,  
 As God had bid them seek in vain.

- 10 Ah! Foolish man, where are thine eyes,  
 To search for the meridian sun!  
 Thou canst not see thy calling's prize,  
 Thou *wilt* not love thy God alone;  
 Blind through the love of sin thou art,  
 And still the veil is on thy heart.
- 11 O that the veil might now be rent!  
 Give up your sins, ye faithless race,  
 To part with all for Christ consent,  
 Accept the offers of his grace,  
 His holy will submit to prove,  
 And take the crown of perfect love.

**132.**

**[Hymns for Those that Wait  
 for Full Redemption.]  
 Hymn 30.<sup>37</sup>**

- 1 And shall we then abide in sin,  
 Nor hope on earth to be set free?  
 Hath Jesus bled to wash us clean,  
 To save from all iniquity,  
 And can he not his blood apply,  
 And cleanse, and save us—'till we die?
- 2 Alas! If their report be true,  
 Who teach that sin must still *remain*,  
 If sin we scarcely can subdue,  
 But never *full* redemption gain,  
 Where is thy power, Almighty Lord?  
 Where is thine everlasting word?
- 3 Where is the glorious church below,  
 From every spot and wrinkle free!  
 The trees that to perfection grow,  
 The saints that blameless walk with thee,  
 Adorned in linen white and clean,  
 The born of God that cannot sin!

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<sup>37</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 105–7; MS Clarke, 121–22; and MS Shent, 179a–179b.

- 4     Where are in Christ the creatures new,  
          The mon'ments of thy saving power,  
The witnesses that God is true,  
          The pillars that go out no more,  
Th' election of peculiar grace,  
The chosen priests, the royal race?
- 5     Where are the spirits to Jesus joined,  
          Freed from the law of death and sin?  
The Saviour's pure and spotless mind?  
          The endless righteousness brought in?  
The heavenly man, the heart renewed,  
The living portraiture of God?
- 6     The Spirit of power, and health, and love,  
          The pledge, the witness, and the seal,  
Th' unerring unction from above,  
          The glorious gift unspeakable,  
The hidden life, the wide-spread leaven,  
The law fulfilled in earth and heaven!
- 7     Can the good God his grace deny?  
          Th' Almighty God want power to save?  
Th' omniscient err? The faithful lie?  
          All, all thy attributes we have;  
Thy wisdom, power, and goodness join  
To save us, with an oath divine.
- 8     Lord, we believe, and rest secure,  
          Thine utmost promises to prove,  
To rise restored, and th'roughly pure,  
          In all the image of thy love,  
Filled with the glorious life unknown,  
Forever sanctified in one.

**133.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 31.**<sup>38</sup>

- 1 Prisoners of hope, arise,  
And see your Lord appear;  
Lo! On the wings of love he flies,  
And brings redemption near!  
Redemption in his blood  
He calls you to receive;  
Come unto me, the pard'ning God,  
Believe, he cries, believe.
- 2 The reconciling word  
We thankfully embrace,  
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,  
A blood-besprinkled race:  
We yield to be set free,  
Thy council we approve,  
Salvation, praise ascribe to thee,  
And glory in thy love.
- 3 Jesus, to thee we look,  
'Till saved from sin's remains,  
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,  
And cast away his chains:  
Our nature shall no more  
O'er us dominion have;  
By faith we apprehend the power,  
Which shall forever save.
- 4 In sure and steadfast hope  
To be redeemed below,  
On to the holy mountain's top  
We all exulting go:

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<sup>38</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 189a–189b; and MS Thirty, 218.

We shall the prize receive,  
We shall be all renewed,  
Regain thine image here, and live  
The sinless life of God.

**134.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 32.<sup>39</sup>**

- 1 O Jesus, at thy feet we wait,  
'Till thou shalt bid us rise,  
Restored to our unsinning state,  
To love's sweet paradise.
- 2 Saviour from sin we thee receive,  
From all indwelling sin,  
Thy word, we steadfastly believe,  
Shall make us th'roughly clean.
- 3 Still we continue in thy word,  
Our faith by works we show,  
Expecting to be as our Lord,  
And all the truth to know.
- 4 The truth that makes us free indeed,  
The living truth divine,  
The glorious fulness of our head  
Shall in his members shine.
- 5 Lord, we believe; and wait the hour  
That brings the promised grace,  
When born of God we sin no more,  
But always see thy face.
- 6 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,  
And pure as those above,  
Make haste to bring thy nature in,  
And perfect us in love.

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<sup>39</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Cheshunt, 147–48.

- 7 The counsel of thy love fulfil,  
Come quickly, gracious Lord,  
Be it according to thy will,  
According to thy word.
- 8 According to our faith in thee,  
Let it to us be done;  
Oh! That we all thy face might see,  
And know as we are known!
- 9 Oh! That the perfect gift were given,  
The love diffused abroad,  
Oh! That our hearts were all an heaven  
Forever filled with God!

**135.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 33.**<sup>40</sup>

- 1 Jesus comes with all his grace,  
Comes to save a fallen race:  
Object of our glorious hope,  
Jesus comes to lift us up.
- 2 Let the living stones cry out,  
Let the sons of Abraham shout,  
Praise we all our lowly King,  
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.
- 3 He hath our salvation wrought,  
He our captive souls hath bought;  
He hath reconciled to God,  
He hath washed us in his blood.
- 4 We are now his lawful right,  
Walk as children of the light;  
We shall soon obtain the grace  
Pure in heart to see his face.

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<sup>40</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 188a–188b; and MS Thirty, 88–89.

- 5 Free from sin we here shall live,  
Here the end of faith receive,  
The salvation of our soul,  
Perfectly in Christ made whole.
- 6 We have not believed in vain,  
We shall surely here obtain  
Full redemption in his blood,  
We, ev'n we shall be like God.
- 7<sup>41</sup> We his life on earth shall live,  
We his image shall retrieve,  
Pure as the first sinless man,  
Modelled by the perfect plan.
- 8 We shall gain our calling's prize,  
After God we all shall rise,  
Filled with love, and joy, and peace,  
Perfected in holiness.
- 9 Let us then rejoice in hope,  
Steadily to Christ look up,  
Trust to be redeemed from sin,  
Wait 'till he appears within.
- 10 Fools, and madmen let us be,  
Yet is our sure trust in thee,  
Faithful is the promise-word,  
We shall all be as our Lord.
- 11 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day,  
Let thy every servant say,  
I have now received the power,  
Born of God I sin no more!

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<sup>41</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

**136.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 34.**

- 1    Come let us rejoice in confident hope  
      Of hearing the voice that raises us up,  
      All inwardly glorious, and holy, and clean,  
      And more than victorious o'er hell, earth, and sin.
  
- 2    The power of our Lord doth all things subdue,  
      We shall by his word be fashioned anew;  
      Our souls and our bodies shall bow to his reign,  
      The weakness of God is far stronger than men.
  
- 3    Men, devils agree to tell us in vain  
      Poor sinners like thee must always complain,  
      “My leanness, my leanness, my inbeing load,  
      The weakness of men is far stronger than God.”
  
- 4    But Jesus shall show his fulness of power,  
      And perfect below, and th'roughly restore  
      Our souls to his nature (if still we pursue)  
      And seal the new creature eternally new.
  
- 5    The blood of the Lamb shall wash our hearts clean,  
      His nature and name is freedom from sin;  
      This is the foundation immovably sure,  
      His mighty salvation shall always endure.

**137.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 35.<sup>42</sup>**

- 1    Let all in thy great praise agree,  
      O Saviour of mankind,

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<sup>42</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 177.

Our Saviour to the utmost thee  
We soon expect to find.

- 2 Saviour from sin we thee receive,  
From all indwelling sin;  
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,  
Shall make us pure within.
- 3 We cannot rest in sin *subdued*,  
Or look for endless wars;  
We shall be conquerors through thy blood,  
And more than conquerors.
- 4 Let others plead for sin's remains,  
Their dear, inbeing sin,  
If all thy blood can wash our stains,  
We shall be th'roughly clean.
- 5 We dare avow the gospel-hope,  
And wait the truth to prove,  
After thy likeness to wake up,  
Renewed in sinless love.

**138.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 36.<sup>43</sup>**

- 1 Salvation is in Jesu's name  
For all who him receive:  
To save the world from heaven he came,  
That every soul might live.
- 2 Through grace we take the purchased grace,  
We answer to his call,  
The Saviour of mankind embrace,  
My God who died for all.

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<sup>43</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 146.

- 3 His blood, we know, hath bought our peace,  
We have no hope beside,  
By his imputed righteousness  
We all are justified.
- 4 Saved from the guilt and power of sin,  
For Jesu's sake forgiven,  
We trust to have the grace brought in,  
The new-created heaven.
- 5 Forgetting still the things behind,  
To'ward the high prize we press,  
And look the precious pearl to find,  
The perfect holiness.
- 6 We shall be wholly sanctified,  
As many as Christ receive,  
As sure as he for us hath died,  
He in our hearts shall live.

**139.**  
**[Hymns for Those that Wait**  
**for Full Redemption.]**  
**Hymn 37.<sup>44</sup>**

- 1 The babes in Christ should nothing know  
But Jesus crucified:  
Let us, 'till dead to all below,  
In those dear wounds abide.
- 2 Then let us follow on, to prove  
His resurrection's power,  
Wait to be perfected in love,  
To rise, and fall no more!
- 3 Jesu, our life, in us appear,  
Who daily die thy death,  
Reveal thyself the Finisher,  
Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe.

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<sup>44</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 147.

- 4     Unfold the hidden mystery,  
          The second gift impart,  
Reveal thy glorious self in me,  
          In every waiting heart.
- 5     We shall attain what we pursue,  
          Unless our faith is vain;  
If thou art good, if thou art true,  
          We shall the prize attain;
- 6     Partake on earth the heavenly bliss,  
          And pure and holy be,  
And perfect as thy Father is,  
          And one with God in thee.

**140.**

**Hymns for Widows.**

**[Hymn 1.]<sup>45</sup>**

- 1     O thou, who plead'st the widow's cause,  
Who only canst repair my loss,  
          And sweeten all my woe,  
Distressed, disconsolate, forlorn  
Let me in thy dear bosom mourn,  
          Nor other comfort know.
- 2     A deso'late soul, thou know'st, I am,  
For thou hast called me by my name,  
          Thy poor afflicted one,  
Hast in the fiery furnace tried,  
And chose a mourner for thy bride,  
          When all my joys were gone.
- 3     The soul whom more than life I loved,  
Thy jealous mercy hath removed,  
          To make me wholly thine:

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<sup>45</sup>This hymn was included (in manuscript form) in a letter of Charles to Mrs. Elizabeth (Harrison) Witham (January 16, 1746). Her husband Thomas died in December 1743 (see CW, MS Journal, Dec. 15, 1743).

With streaming eyes the hand I see,  
And bow me to the just decree,  
And bless the love divine.

4 Still would<sup>46</sup> I pour my mournful tears,  
And all my<sup>47</sup> solemn days, or years,  
In sacred sadness<sup>48</sup> spend;  
Instant in strong effectual prayers,  
'Till death release me from my cares,  
And faith in vision end.

5 For this I in thy Spirit groan,  
Forsaken, comfortless,<sup>49</sup> alone  
I would with God abide,  
Cut off from man, to Jesus cleave,  
And never for a moment leave  
My heavenly Bridegroom's side.

6 Allow, dear Lord, the widow's plea,  
And oh! Shut up my soul with thee,  
Against the nuptial feast;  
Make ready for that glorious day,  
And then thy spotless bride convey  
To thine eternal rest.

**141.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 2.**

1 Let heathens murmur and complain,  
I rest me here, it is the Lord  
Calls for my heart's desire again;  
His will be done, his name adored!

2 Who first the precious blessing lent,  
He justly hath resumed his own,  
I yield him back with full consent:  
Thy name be praised, thy will be done.

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<sup>46</sup>John Wesley underlined "Still would" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>47</sup>John Wesley underlined "all my" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>48</sup>John Wesley underlined "sacred sadness" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>49</sup>John Wesley underlined "Forsaken, comfortless" in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 3 Thy mercy in the stroke I see,  
Enter into my God's design,  
From every fond engagement free,  
Thou wouldst my heart should all be thine.
- 4 Thou wouldst that I from man should cease,  
Thou hast my earthly lord removed,  
That all my soul might thee confess  
My *only*, as my *best-belov'd*.
- 5 Thy will I cheerfully obey,  
From every creature-good retreat;  
And desolate delight to stay  
An happy mourner at thy feet.
- 6 Devoted to my God below,  
My all of bliss in thee I have,  
No other love resolved to know,  
No other bride-bed but the grave.

**142.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 3.**

- 1 Happy state of widowhood!  
State of us that mourn to God,  
Who from all our comforts torn,  
Only live to pray and mourn.
- 2 Meanest of the number I  
For my old companion sigh,  
Patiently my loss deplore,  
Weep for one who weeps no more.
- 3 Me my consort hath outrun,  
Out of sight he now is gone,  
He his course hath finished here,  
First come to the sepulchre.

- 4 Following on with earnest haste,  
'Till my mourning days are past,  
I my partner's steps pursue,  
I shall soon be happy too;
- 5 Find the ease for which I pant,  
Gain the only good I want,  
Quietly lay down my head,  
Sink into my earthen bed.
- 6 There my flesh shall rest in hope,  
'Till the quickened dust fly up,  
'Till to glorious life I rise,  
Meet my husband in the skies.

**143.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 4.**

- 1 Thou, Lord, who hast ravished away  
The joy of mine eyes with a stroke,  
To thee in my trouble I pray,  
To thee for my comfort I look:  
No help upon earth can I see,  
And deeply disconsolate mourn,  
The world is a desert to me,  
'Till Jesus, and Eden return.
- 2 Thy favour alone can supply  
The place of all other relief,  
The pity that drops from thine eye  
Assuages and quiets my grief:  
A widow in want and distress,  
If thee my defender I prove,  
I sweetly recover my peace,  
And calmly rejoice in thy love.

- 3 Now therefore a spirit receive,  
Resolved upon thee to depend,  
And wholly to thee let me live,  
My only unchangeable friend:  
Preserve me a widow indeed,  
'Till called to my lasting abode,  
From sorrow eternally freed,  
And rapt to the bosom of God.

**144.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 5.**

- 1 Weep, ye common mourners, weep,  
Tell aloud your shallow woe,  
Silent all my griefs, and deep  
In an even current flow,  
'Till they reach the peaceful sea,  
Lost in calm eternity.
- 2 Wisely let me mourn my dead,  
Live according to his will,  
In the Saviour's footsteps tread,  
All my calling's works fulfil,  
Act through life the decent part,  
Give to God my broken heart.
- 3 Happy soul! What *wills* he now?  
(God and he desire the same)  
Wills he I should set my brow,  
Glory in my Master's shame,  
Him with simple faith confess,  
Stand with Jesus' witnesses!
- 4 Would he I should closer cleave  
To the souls that cleave to God?  
Still into my heart receive  
All who know th' atoning blood,

Only in the saints delight,  
Walk with Christ and them in white?

- 5 Teach me, O my guide, my friend,  
    Heavenly Counsellor divine,  
To thy secret purpose bend  
    This obedient heart of mine,  
Make thine utmost pleasure known,  
All thy will on me be done.<sup>50</sup>
- 6 Lead me into every deed  
    Which for me thou hast prepared,  
Me with all thy children lead  
    To my infinite reward,  
To my friend that waits above,  
To my throne of glorious love.

**145.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 6.**

- 1 Thou very present aid  
    In suffering and distress,  
The soul, which still on thee is staid,  
    Is kept in perfect peace;  
    The soul by faith reclined  
    On his Redeemer's breast,  
Midst raging storms exults to find  
    An everlasting rest.
- 2 Sorrow and fear are gone,  
    Whene'er thy face appears,  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
    And dries the widow's tears,  
    It hallows every cross,  
    It sweetly comforts me,  
And makes me now forget my loss;  
    And lose myself in thee.

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<sup>50</sup>Ori., "on me done"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

3       Peace to the troubled heart,  
          Health to the sin-sick mind,  
The wounded spirit's balm thou art,  
          The healer of mankind:  
          In deep affliction blest  
          With thee I mount above,  
And sing, triumphantly distressed,  
          Thine all-sufficient love.

4       Jesus, to whom I fly,  
          Doth all my wishes fill,  
In vain the creature-streams are dry,  
          I have the fountain still.  
          Stripped of my earthly friends  
          I find them all in one,  
And peace, and joy, that never ends,  
          And heaven, in Christ alone!

**146.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 7.**

1       O my tender-hearted Lord,  
          How shall I thy grace commend!  
True I find thee to thy word,  
          Thee I find the widow's friend;  
Nearest in our greatest need,  
          Present at thy mourner's call,  
Thou, O God, art love indeed,  
          Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

2       Of my earthly all bereaved,  
          Thou hast called, and looked on me,  
Me, alas, in spirit grieved,  
          Me o'erwhelmed with misery,  
By my other self forsook,  
          Poor, disconsolate, distressed  
Thou into thine arms hast took,  
          Made me on thy bosom rest.

3 Shall I then my state bemoan,  
Mournful state of widowhood?  
Can I call myself *alone*,  
Happy, happy in my God!  
Long with stormy troubles tossed,  
I have now my port obtained,  
Have an earthly husband lost,  
Have an heavenly husband gained.

4 Joined to me my Maker is,  
With me still my Lord shall stay,  
Keep the covenant of peace,  
Peace, which none can take away:  
Never shall thy truth depart,  
Never shall thy grace remove,  
Thou hast clasped me to thine heart,  
Loved with an eternal love.

**147.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 8.**

1 Happy we who trust in Jesus!  
Jesus turns our loss to gain:  
Still his balmy mercies ease us,  
Sweeten all our grief and pain:  
When he calls our friends t' inherit  
All the glories of the blest,  
He assures the widowed spirit  
Thou shalt quickly be at rest.

2 For their dead, the heathen mourning  
No relief like this can have,  
Hopeless of their late returning  
From the all-devouring grave:  
But the God of consolation  
Whispers better things to me,  
I shall share the full salvation,  
I the church above shall see.

3     Though my flesh and spirit languish,  
       Can I of my lot complain!  
       Sure at last t' outlive the anguish,  
       Sure to find my friend again:  
       Ransomed from a world of sorrow,  
       He today is taken home,  
       I shall be released tomorrow;  
       Come, my full Redeemer, come!

4     In the kingdom of thy patience  
       Well thou know'st I daily die;  
       Out of mighty tribulations  
       Take me up to rest on high;  
       From my sanctified distresses  
       Now, or when thou wilt, retrieve,  
       Grant me but in thine embraces  
       After all my deaths to live.

**148.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 9.**

1     Hail holy, holy, holy Lord,  
       Mysterious Three in One,  
       Forever be thy name adored,  
       Thy will forever done!  
       For this alone on earth I wait,  
       To glorify my God;  
       Admitted to the high estate  
       Of sacred widowhood.

2     O may I in thy strength fulfil  
       My awful character;  
       And prove thine acceptable will,  
       And do thy pleasure here:  
       The children unto thee restore,  
       Whom thou to me hast given,  
       And rule my house with all my power,  
       And train them up for heaven.

- 3 Be this my hospitable care,  
The stranger to receive,  
The burden of thy church to bear,  
And all their wants relieve;  
My labour of unwearied love  
With pleasure to repeat,  
My faith upon thy saints approve,  
And gladly wash their feet.
- 4 The servant of thy servants bless  
With active earnest zeal,  
And every work of righteousness  
I shall with joy fulfil;  
Mixed with their guardian angels tend  
The heirs of glorious grace,  
And still like them to heaven ascend,  
And still behold thy face.
- 5 Happy might I the grace receive  
Which thy true widows share,  
With God in close communion live  
A life of faith and prayer,  
In thee my only friend confide,  
Delightfully alone,  
And desolate in prayer abide  
'Till all my course is run.
- 6 Surely I now rely on thee,  
Within thine arms I am,  
And trust the glorious face to see  
Of my triumphant Lamb.  
I know the prayer of faith is heard,  
I feel the answer given,  
And haste, by holiness prepared,  
To meet my Lord in heaven.

**149.**  
**[Hymns for Widows.]**  
**Hymn 10.**

- 1        My ever-living Lord,  
          Thy faithfulness I own,  
Called by thy providence and word  
          To trust on thee alone,  
          My faith by works to show,  
          And still on thee to call,  
And witness, as to heaven I go,  
          That God is all in all.
- 2        Already, Lord, I feel  
          Thou hast my loss repaired,  
With thee I now in Eden dwell,  
          And wait my full reward;  
          My joy, my portion thou  
          Hast knit my heart to thee;  
My Maker is my husband now,  
          And shall forever be.
- 3        I dare in thee confide,  
          I in thy mercies rest,  
Thou wilt not let me leave thy side,  
          Or wander from thy breast:  
          Beyond the reach of sin,  
          The world, and hell's alarms,  
Thy love shall keep me safe within  
          Its everlasting arms.
- 4        Long as on earth I stay,  
          It shall be all my care  
With thee to wrestle night and day  
          In never-ceasing prayer;

My life, like Anna, I  
Will in thy temple spend,  
'Till taken to the church on high,  
Where prayer in praise shall end.

**150.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 11.**

- 1        Thanks be to God alone  
          Who comforts the distressed!  
          His faithful word I own,  
          Which speaks the mourner blest:  
A daughter of affliction, I  
          On Jesus cast my care,  
And for my native country sigh,  
          And for my kindred there.
  
- 2        My company is gone  
          Over the stream before,  
          And lo! I hasten on  
          To yon eternal shore:  
That happy sharer of my heart  
          I there again shall find,  
Where time and death can never part  
          The souls in Jesus joined.
  
- 3        I quickly shall o'ertake  
          My dear departed friend,  
          Received for Jesus' sake  
          To joys that never end:  
Ev'n now I taste the blessed hope  
          Through Jesu's passion given,  
It swallows all my sorrows up,  
          And turns this earth to heaven.

- 4       Whom next to God I love,  
          He beckons me away,  
          To solemnize above  
          Our second bridal-day:  
I come, my longing soul replies,  
          To Jesu's arms I come,  
And force my passage to the skies,  
          And fly triumphant home.

**151.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 12.**

- 1       Rise, my soul, the dawn appears  
          Of that eternal day!  
Quit in hope the vale of tears,  
          And mount, and soar away!  
Darting through this lower air,  
          Quick as a seraphic flame,  
Rise, the marriage-feast to share,  
          The marriage of the Lamb.
- 2       In the wedding-garb of love  
          By heavenly pity dressed,  
I shall soon sit down above  
          At that celestial feast;  
To my elder brethren joined,  
          I shall there my partner see,  
In the arms of Jesus find  
          The soul that twinned with me.
- 3       There we shall with transport meet,  
          And see our Saviour's face,  
Moses', Jesu's song repeat,  
          In ecstasy of praise:

Bright as his our bodies are,  
Like the head the members shine,  
All our open foreheads bear  
The glorious stamp divine.

- 4 With the high and lofty one  
We dwell in bliss supreme,  
Share the pleasures of his throne,  
And taste the crystal stream,  
Banquet on angelic food,  
Father, Son, and Spirit know,  
Drink the joys that flow from God,  
And shall forever flow.

**152.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 13.**

- 1 All worship and praise  
Are Jesus's due,  
So plenteous in grace  
So faithful and true!  
In great tribulation  
His fulness I prove,  
His strength of salvation,  
His riches of love.
- 2 As sorrowful I,  
Yet always rejoice,  
My Lord is so nigh,  
So charming his voice:  
He whispers, and fills me  
With comfort and peace,  
And keeps, 'till he seals me  
Eternally his.

3 Afflicted, and grieved,  
Forlorn, and distressed,  
He kindly received,  
And lulled me to rest:  
He will not forsake me,  
My heavenly head,  
But tarry, and make me  
A widow indeed.

4 Betrothed to the Son  
Of God, I abide,  
'Till Jesus come down  
And challenge his bride,  
To all his salvation  
With triumph receive,  
In full consummation  
Of glory to live.

**153.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 14.**

1 Rest, my troubled spirit, rest,  
So long with tempests tossed!  
God hath caught him to his breast,  
Hath found whom I have lost;  
Lost as for a moment's space,  
'Till I after him repair,  
To that happy, happy place,  
And claim my husband there.

2 Can a true believer doubt  
If souls each other know?  
Surely I shall find him out  
Whom most I prized below:  
Later, but at last, removed  
I shall then my wish obtain,  
Meet him with my best-belov'd,  
And never part again.

- 3 Happy both, no matter then  
Which of us went before,  
Both at Jesus' side are seen,  
And live to die no more,  
Both our golden harps employ,  
Vocal with our Saviour's name,  
Both the blissful sight enjoy,  
The presence of the Lamb.
- 4 Who can tell the solid bliss  
Which in this hope I prove!  
We shall see him as he is  
The glorious God of love,  
We shall sink with all his host;  
All that know th' atoning blood,  
Sink, o'erwhelmed, o'erpowered, and lost,  
And swallowed up in God.

**154.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 15.**

- 1 Who is this, that now comes up  
Out of the wilderness,  
Leaning on her strength, her hope,  
Her darling Prince of Peace!  
On her Lord, and well-belov'd  
Sweetly she delights to rest:  
Never shall she be removed,  
Who leans on Jesus' breast.
- 2 See that happy soul in me  
By faith on Christ reclined!  
Rest from all my misery  
In Jesus' love I find:  
I a desolate mourner was,  
Wandered earth's wide desert o'er,  
'Till I found him on the cross,  
And now I weep no more.

3 Me he called, a woman grieved,  
A wife in youth forsook,  
Kindly all my wants relieved,  
And all my burdens took:  
Me he called his love, his bride,  
“See, thine heavenly husband see,  
I am by my Father’s side,  
And thou shalt sit by me.”

4 True, and faithful is my Lord,  
Infallible my hope,  
Lo! I hang upon his word,  
’Till Jesus take me up:  
Come, his loving Spirit cries  
Hast’ning on the joyful day,  
Come, the longing bride replies,  
My Jesus, come away!

**155.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 16.**

1 Come, ye real widows, come  
All that seek your heavenly home,  
All who now with griefs oppressed,  
Languish for eternal rest;  
Cast away your anxious care,  
For the nuptial day prepare,  
Strong in hope’s assurance rise,  
Meet the Bridegroom in the skies.

2 Lo! He in the clouds descends,  
Girt about with heavenly friends,  
David’s everlasting Son,  
Sitting on his ivory throne!  
See th’ imperial banner spread,  
Flaming with a crimson red,  
To the well-known ensign flow,  
To the cross ye bore below.

- 3     Where are Jesu's witnesses,  
      Those who dared their Lord confess!  
      Jesus knows, and calls them forth,  
      Openly declares their worth,  
      These my faithful servants were,  
      Gloried my reproach to bear,  
      Bearers of the bloody tree,  
      Treated in the world like me.
- 4     These are they that owned my name,  
      Triumphed in their Master's shame,  
      Gladly counted all things loss,  
      Nobly suffered for my cause:  
      Scorned of all they kept my word,  
      Fools and madmen for their Lord,  
      Firm against a world they stood,  
      Strove resisting unto blood.
- 5     Angels all, the men behold,  
      Purchased and redeemed of old,  
      Once my confessors beneath,  
      True, and faithful unto death!  
      Covered o'er with glorious scars,  
      Each the bleeding token bears,  
      Each displays the shepherd's sign—  
      Father, see! They all are mine!
- 6     Come, ye then, my servants dear,  
      Find your happy mansions here,  
      Come ye of my Father blest,  
      Celebrate the marriage-feast,  
      Take your infinite reward,  
      From eternity prepared,  
      All your heavenly joy receive,  
      Kings with me forever live!

**156.**  
**[Hymns for Widows.]**  
**Hymn 17.**

- 1    Where shall I rest my weary head,  
      Where shall I find assured relief?  
Deserted at my greatest need,  
      Consigned to solitary grief,  
No kind companion nigh, with whom  
To weep, and wait 'till comfort come!
  
- 2    Mine eyes and heart's desire is gone,  
      And now no more my burden shares,  
I mourn unpitied and alone,  
      I bear my complement of cares,  
I sink beneath th' unequal load,  
I faint—into the arms of God.
  
- 3    His everlasting arms receive  
      The mourner in her last distress,  
He tells me, "I forever live,  
      In me, thy Lord, thou shalt have peace,  
Be of good cheer, my mourner thou,  
Thy Maker is thy husband now."
  
- 4    I hear, I feel the balmy word,  
      And turn again unto my rest,  
I bless my all-sufficient Lord,  
      I lean on my Redeemer's breast,  
And smile at dissolution near,  
And joyful drop the mended tear.
  
- 5    My mourning days shall quickly end,  
      And time commence eternity,  
My spotless soul shall soon ascend,  
      And face to face its Saviour see,  
While not one plaintive groan or sigh  
Is heard in all the joyous sky.

[6] Amidst the storms of life I stand  
 Unshaken on the rock of peace,  
 'Till caught up to that heavenly land,  
 I see my Jesus as he is,  
 And sing, with all our glorious friends,  
 The marriage-song that never ends.

157.

[Hymns for Widows.]

Hymn 18.

1            Jesus, my strength, my peace,  
               My refuge in distress,  
 Now incline thy gracious ear,  
               Now regard a mourner's call,  
 Now in my behalf appear,  
               Show thyself my God, my all.

2            Thou only canst relieve  
               And comfort them that grieve:  
 Turn my misery into bliss,  
               Of my earthly all bereft  
 Bid me acquiesce in this,  
               Happy still, that God is left.

3            From all of woman born  
               May I to Jesus turn,  
 Fairer than the sons of men  
               Thee my happy all I see,  
 Fulness of delight obtain,  
               Happiness complete in thee.

4            Of thee alone possessed  
               I am, I must be blest,  
 Author, sum of my desires,  
               *None but* Christ thou hear'st me cry,  
*None but* Christ my heart requires,  
               *None but* Christ in earth or sky.

5           Above the reach of care  
              My quiet spirit bear,  
Bear me on thine eagle-wings  
              To those happy realms above,  
Where my old companion sings,  
              High enthroned in glorious love.

6           Nor would I him o'ertake,  
              Or see but for thy sake:  
Thou my vast, my sole reward,  
              For thy only love I care,  
Heaven is hell without my Lord,  
              Hell is heaven, if thou art there!

**158.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 19.**

**On the Death of a Widow.**

1   Give glory to Jesus our head,  
          With all that encompass his throne!  
A widow, a widow indeed,  
          A mother in Israel is gone:  
The winter of trouble is past,  
          The storms of affliction are o'er,  
Her struggle is ended at last,  
          And sorrow and death are no more.

2   The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,  
          And caught him again in the sky,  
Advanced to her happy estate,  
          And pleasure that never shall die,  
Where glorified spirits by *sight*  
          Converse in their holy abode,  
As stars in the firmament bright,  
          And pure as the angels of God.

- 3 Inflamed with seraphical love,  
 Combined in a *manner unknown*,  
 Not given in marriage above,  
 Or given to Jesus alone,  
 The just, who admitted by grace  
 That first resurrection attain,  
 With rapture each other embrace,  
 And one with the deity reign.
- 4 O heaven! What a triumph is there,  
 While all in his praises agree,  
 His beautiful character bear,  
 And shine with the glory they see!  
 The glory of God and the Lamb  
 (While all in the ecstasy join)  
 Darts into their spiritual frame,  
 And gives the enjoyment divine.
- 5 In loud hallelujahs they sing,  
 And harmony echoes his praise,  
 When lo! The celestial King  
 Pours out the full light of his face!  
 The joy neither angel nor saint  
 Can bear so ineffably great,  
 But see! The whole company faint,  
 And heaven is found—at his feet!

**159.**

[Hymns for Widows.]

**Hymn 20.**

**On the Death of Mrs. Anne Jenkins.**

- 1 Happy soul, enjoy thy gain,  
 Thy greatest gain to die,  
 From our vale of grief, and pain,  
 Removed to worlds on high,

Thou the glorious fight hast won,  
 Ended well the doubtful race,  
 All th' allotted service done:  
 Thy works shall speak thy praise.

- 2 Ever careful to abound  
 In fruits of righteousness,  
 Still thou labour'dst to be found  
 In God's appointed ways,  
 Walking on with Christ in white,  
 Virtues thy companions were,  
 Praise thy permanent delight,  
 And all thy business prayer.
- 3 True to thy great Master thou,  
 And zealous for his cause,  
 Simply didst thy faith avow,  
 And glory in his cross;  
 By the loving Spirit led,<sup>51</sup>  
 By the sayings of thy Lord,  
 Thou in all his steps didst tread,  
 And keep his written word.
- 4 Long the wily soothing foe  
 Thy steady virtue tried,  
 Vainly urged thee to forego,  
 And cast the means aside,  
 Worship more refined and pure,  
 Still the *silent* tempter showed,  
 Still thy foot stood fast and sure  
 In the old paths of God.
- 5 Never once wast thou betrayed  
 Into the serpent's snare,  
 While he laboured to dissuade  
*So much* of praise and prayer:  
 "Friend be still (he softly cried)  
 Outward praise your God offends:"  
 "Friends sing on (thy zeal replied)  
 The song that never ends."

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<sup>51</sup>Ori., "Spirit Spirit led"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 6    Such thy fair example was,  
      The same in life and death,  
Love's sweet task, and prayer, and praise  
      Employed thy latest breath,  
Prompt to succour the distressed,  
      Glad the tempted soul to cheer,  
Pity moved thy dying breast,  
      And dropped thy latest tear.
- 7    Thou in Jesu's words and ways  
      Exhortedst us t' abide,  
Witness of the perfect grace,  
      And wholly sanctified:  
All his promises fulfilled,  
      All his gifts to thee were given,  
Pardoned here, renewed, and sealed,  
      And fully ripe for heaven.
- 8    Pure into the hands of God  
      Thou didst thy soul resign,  
Fitted for that high abode,  
      And fellowship divine:  
Oh! How sweet thy parting word,  
      Last of all thou spak'st below,  
"Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,  
      And never let me go!"

**160.**

**[Hymns for Widows.]**

**Hymn 21.**

- 1    Ye happy souls, no longer tossed,  
      Like us on life's tempestuous sea,  
Who cannot now be shipwrecked, lost,  
      Safe-landed in eternity,  
Are mortals banished from your mind,  
Or think ye of your friends behind?

- 2 Released from all your wants and cares,  
    What commerce can ye have with men?  
Ye need not now our useless prayers;  
    Nor will we ask your succour vain,  
One only Advocate we own,  
And trust in Jesu's help alone.
- 3 Yet (for he bids us keep in view  
    Your active faith, and patient hope)  
As ye your Lord, we follow you,  
    And wait for him to take us up,  
Our closest fellowship t' improve,  
Our fellowship with saints above.
- 4 'Till then we hold your memory dear,  
    Which now relieves our drooping heart:  
Like us ye mourned and suffered here,  
    Like us ye languished to depart,  
And laboured on with painful strife,  
And dragged the heavy load of life.
- 5 The world cast out your name like ours,  
    And counted you not fit to live:  
Exposed to all th' infernal powers,  
    Ye dared your Master's lot receive,  
Beneath his cross rejoiced to bow,  
And drank the cup we drink of now.
- 6 Tempted, *detained* in sore distress,  
    With all our fiery trials tried,  
Lost in this howling wilderness,  
    Troubled, perplexed on every side,  
Ye prayed—in groans at Jesu's stay,  
And still complained—ye could not pray.
- 7 Ye felt the cruel tortu'ring fear  
    Which now our soul asunder saws,  
The doubt ye should not persevere,  
    But scandalize the Saviour's cause,

Disgrace, and shame the friends of God,  
And fall, and perish in your blood.

- 8 Men of like passions once ye were  
    With us, who still ourselves bemoan;  
This inbred sin ye groaned to bear,  
    And hoped relief from death alone,  
As death alone could purge the stain,  
And Christ had shed his blood in vain.
- 9 But, oh! Your evil day is past,  
    Accomplished is your warfare here,  
And more than conquerors at last  
    Our sad desponding hearts ye cheer,  
Ye bid us still your steps pursue,  
And we shall more than conquer too.
- 10 Encompassed with so great a cloud  
    Of witnesses, who speak though dead,  
We cast aside our every load,  
    And follow where our Lord hath led,  
With patience run th' appointed race,  
And die to see his glorious face.

**161.**

**The Marks of Faith.**

**[Hymn 1.]**

- 1 How can a sinner *know*  
    His sins on earth forgiven?  
How can my Saviour, show  
    My name inscribed in heaven?  
What we ourselves have felt, and seen,  
    With confidence we tell,  
And publish to the sons of men  
    The signs infallible.

- 2        We who in Christ believe  
          That he for us hath died,  
          His unknown peace receive,  
          And feel his blood applied:  
Exults for joy our rising soul,  
          Disburdened of her load,  
And swells, unutterably full  
          Of glory, and of God.
- 3        His love, surpassing far  
          The love of all beneath  
          We find within, and dare  
          The pointless darts of death:  
Stronger than death, or sin, or hell  
          The mystic power we prove,  
And conquerors of the world we dwell  
          In heaven, who dwell in love.
- 4        The *pledge* of future bliss  
          He now to us imparts,  
          His gracious Spirit is  
          The *earnest* in our hearts:  
We antedate the joys above,  
          We taste th' eternal powers,  
And *know* that all those heights of love,  
          And all those heavens are ours.
- 5        'Till he our life reveal,  
          We rest in Christ secure:  
          His Spirit is *the seal*,  
          Which made our pardon sure:  
Our sins his blood hath blotted out,  
          And signed our soul's release:  
And can we of his favour doubt,  
          Whose blood declares us his?
- 6        We by his Spirit prove,  
          And know the things of God,

The things which of his love  
He hath on us bestowed:  
Our God to us his Spirit gave,  
And dwells in us, we *know*,  
The witness in ourselves we have,  
And all his fruits we show.

7 The meek and lowly heart,  
Which in our Saviour was,  
He doth to us impart,  
And signs us with his cross:  
Our nature's course is turned, our mind  
Transformed in all its powers,  
And both the witnesses are joined,  
The Spirit of God with ours.

8 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord  
Commands, we gladly do,  
And guided by his word,  
We all his steps pursue:  
His glory is our sole design,  
We live our God to please,  
And rise with filial fear divine  
To perfect holiness.

**162.**

**[The Marks of Faith.]**

**Hymn 2.**

1 How shall a slave released  
From his oppressive chain  
Distinguish ease, and rest  
From weariness, and pain?  
Can he his burden borne away  
Infallibly *perceive*?  
Or I before the judgment-day  
My pardoned sin believe?

- 2           Redeemed from all his woes,  
               Out of his dungeon freed,  
               Ask, how the prisoner knows  
               That he is free indeed!  
 How can he tell the gloom of night  
               From the meridian blaze?  
 Or I discern the glorious light,  
               That streams from Jesu's face?
- 3<sup>52</sup>        The gasping patient lies  
               In agony of pain!  
               But see him light arise,  
               Restored to health again!  
 And doth he *certainly* receive,  
               The knowledge of his cure!  
 And am I *conscious* that I live?  
               And is my pardon sure?
- 4           A wretch for years consigned  
               To hopeless misery,  
               The happy change *must* find,  
               From all his pain set free:  
 And must not I the difference know  
               Of joy, and anxious grief,  
 Of grace, and sin, of weal, and woe,  
               Of faith, and unbelief?
- 5           Yes, Lord, I now perceive,  
               And bless thee for the grace,  
               Through which redeemed I live  
               To see thy smiling face:  
 Alive I am, who once was dead,  
               And freely justified;  
 I *know* thy blood for me was shed,  
               I feel it *now* applied.
- 6           By sin no longer bound,  
               The prisoner is set free,  
               The lost again is found  
               In paradise, in thee:

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<sup>52</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

In darkness, chains, and death I was,  
But lo! To life restored,  
Into thy wondrous light I pass,  
The freeman of the Lord.

7        In comfort, power, and peace  
          Thy favour, Lord, I prove,  
          In faith, and joy's increase,  
          And self-abasing love:  
Thou dost my pardoned sin reveal,  
My life, and heart renew;  
The pledge, the witness, and the seal  
Confirm the record true.

8        The Spirit of my God  
          Hath certified him mine,  
          And all the tokens showed  
          Infallible, divine:  
Hereby the pardoned sinner knows  
His sins on earth forgiven,  
And thus my faithful Saviour *shows*  
My name inscribed in heaven.

**163.**

**[The Marks of Faith.]**

**Hymn 3.**

1        Ah! Foolish world, forbear  
          Thine unavailing pain,  
          Nor needlessly declare  
          Our hope, and labour vain:  
Tell us no more, we cannot know  
On earth the heavenly powers,  
Or taste the glorious bliss below,  
Or feel, that God is ours.

2        So ignorant of God,  
          In sin brought up, and born,

Ye fools, be not so proud,  
Suspend your idle scorn:  
For us who have received our sight  
Ye fain would judges be,  
And make *us* think, there is no light,  
Because *you* cannot see.

3       The same in your esteem,  
          Falsehood and truth ye join,  
          The wild pretender's dream,  
          And real work divine:  
Between the substance, and the show  
No difference you can find,  
For colours all, full well we know,  
Are equal to the blind.

4       Wherefore from us depart,  
          And to each other tell  
          "We cannot on our heart  
          The written pardon feel:"  
A stranger to the living bread  
Ye may beguile, and cheat,  
But *us* you never can persuade,  
That honey is not sweet.

**164.**

**[The Marks of Faith.]**

**Hymn 4.**

1       Who of the great, or wise  
          Hath our report believed!  
Alas! They close their eyes,  
          Nor will be undeceived:  
The world cry out, in needless fright,  
          "Your rash attempt forbear  
To lift us to presumption's height  
          Or plunge us in despair.

- 2           “Whoever seek to know  
              Their sins on earth forgiven  
              Or sink in hopeless woe,  
              Or rise to madness driven.”  
They safely choose the middle way,  
              Aware of each extreme,  
The only prudent men are they,  
              And wisdom dies with them.
- 3           The sayings of our Lord  
              Their folly dares despise,  
              Above the written word,  
              To their own ruin, wise:  
The written word, by which we steer  
              From all mistake secure,  
It bids us make our calling *here*  
              And our election sure.
- 4           It bids the weary come,  
              And find in Christ their rest,  
              Invites the wanderer home  
              To his Redeemer’s breast;  
It stirs us up to knock, and pray,  
              And seek the pard’ning God,  
'Till Jesus take our sins away,  
              And wash us in his blood.
- 5           It proffers happiness  
              To all who dare believe,  
              And promises a peace,  
              Which man can never give;  
With full assurance of belief  
              Commands us to draw near,  
And taste the joy that casts out grief,  
              The love that casts out fear.
- 6           Water of life divine  
              It bids us freely take,  
              And mystic milk and wine  
              For Jesu’s only sake:

The Holy Ghost, the Comforter  
To all who ask is given,  
That seal of our salvation here,  
That antepast of heaven.

7        But still the world refuse  
          An heaven begun below,  
          And vainly fear t' abuse  
          The grace they never know:  
The grace their pride will not receive  
          They impiously deny,  
And in their sins securely live,  
          And desperately die.

**165.**

**[The Marks of Faith.]**

**Hymn 5.**

1        Yet hear, ye souls that cleave  
          To earth and misery,  
          The joyful news receive,  
          And yield to be set free;  
Redeemed from pride, and guilty shame,  
          The grace of Jesus prove,  
The virtue of your Saviour's name,  
          The humbling power of love.

2        His blood by faith applied  
          Shall wash you white as snow,  
          And all the justified  
          Themselves and Jesus know:  
Who honour God, themselves despise  
          With deep humility,  
And none so vile in their own eyes  
          As those that Jesus see.

3        He never will ensnare,  
          Or by his gifts destroy

The objects of his care,  
The vessels of his joy:  
His mercy shall with lowly fear  
Your faithful souls abase,  
And make you in the dust revere  
The pard'ning God of grace.

4 His truth, and love, and power  
Shall his own gifts maintain;  
But may ye not implore  
The Saviour's grace in vain?  
What if ye seek, and never find  
The pardon in his blood?—  
What if the Saviour of mankind  
Be neither just, nor good!—

5 Hath he not spoke the word,  
“Who ask shall all receive!”  
Believe our faithful Lord,  
Ye abject souls believe!  
The hellish doubt reject, disclaim,  
And on our God rely,  
Our God continues still the same,  
Nor can himself deny.

6 We now affix our seal  
That God is good, and true,  
His faithful love we feel,  
And ye may feel it too:  
*We know*, ye all the grace may take,  
Ye all the truth may prove,  
And twice ten thousand souls we stake  
On Jesu's faithful love.

**166.**  
**For the Fear of God.**

- 1 God of all grace, and majesty,  
Supremely great, and good,  
If I have favour found with thee,  
Through the atoning blood;  
The guard of all thy mercies give,  
And to my pardon join  
A fear, lest I should ever grieve  
The gracious Spirit divine.
- 2 If mercy is indeed with thee,  
May I obedient prove,  
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,  
Or sin against thy love:  
This choicest fruit of faith bestow  
On a poor sojourner,  
And let me pass my days below  
In humbleness and fear.
- 3 Rather I would in darkness mourn  
The absence of thy peace,  
Than e'er by light irreverence turn  
Thy grace to wantonness:  
Rather I would in painful awe  
Beneath thine anger move,  
Than e'er reject the gospel-law  
Of liberty and love.
- 4 But oh! Thou wouldst not have me live  
In bondage, grief, and pain,  
Thou dost not take delight to grieve  
The helpless sons of men:  
Thy will is my salvation, Lord,  
And let it now take place,  
And let me tremble at thy word  
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,  
My strict observer see,  
And thou by reverent love unite  
My child-like heart to thee.  
Still let me, 'till my days are past,  
At Jesu's feet abide,  
So shall he lift me up at last,  
And seat me by his side.

**167.**  
**For a Tender Conscience.**<sup>53</sup>

1 Almighty God of truth and love,  
In me thy power exert,  
The mountain from my soul remove,  
The hardness from my heart:  
The hardness from my heart:  
My most obdurate heart subdue,  
In honour of thy Son,  
And now the gracious wonder show,  
And take away the stone.

2 I want a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near:  
I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire,  
To catch the wand'rings of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give,  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make:

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<sup>53</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 2–4.

Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

- 4 If to the right, or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove,  
And let me weep my life away  
For having grieved thy love:  
Give me to feel an idle thought  
As actual wickedness,  
And mourn for the minutest fault  
In exquisite distress.
- 5 O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole:  
More of this tender spirit, more  
Of this affliction send,  
And spread the *moral sense* all o'er,  
'Till pain with life shall end.

**168.**

**“It is God which worketh in you both  
to will and to do.” Phil[ippians] 2:13.  
[Hymn 1.]**

- 1 Father, to thee my soul I lift,  
My soul on thee depends,  
Convinced, that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.  
Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too,  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.
- 2 We cannot speak one useful word,  
One holy thought conceive,  
Unless, in answer to our Lord,  
Thyself the blessing give:

His blood demands the purchased grace,  
His blood's availing plea  
Obtained the help for all our race,  
And sends it down to me.

- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,  
Our good is all divine,  
The praise of every virtuous thought,  
Or righteous work, is thine:  
From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live,  
Our God is all in all.

**169.**

**["It is God which worketh in you both  
to will and to do." Philippians 2:13.]**

**Hymn 2.**

- 1 How empty then the former boast,  
The impotence of pride,  
When in ourselves we put our trust,  
And on our works relied:  
Strong in our liberty of will,  
Our nature's noble powers,  
We vowed to scale the heavenly hill,  
And seize the crown as ours.
- 2 The stress of our salvation, we  
On human efforts laid:  
Or if sometimes we mentioned thee,  
And slightly asked thine aid,  
Our own attempts, we thought, should gain  
For us the glorious prize,  
Our meritorious toil and pain  
Should lift us to the skies.

- 3 Our own desires, though weak, sincere,  
 Our own endeavours stood,  
 T' atone for our transgressions here,  
 In place of Jesu's blood.  
 Alas for us! We knew not then  
 His blood and righteousness,  
 Through which alone the sons of men  
 May all be saved, by grace.

**170.**

**["It is God which worketh in you both  
 to will and to do." Philippians 2:13.]**

**Hymn 3.**

- 1 But now, my gracious God, thy love  
 Hath taught me better things:  
 My all is given me from above,  
 From thee salvation springs.  
 Freely thy love delights to save,  
 And ransoms without price;  
 Mercy thou wilt on sinners have,  
 And not our sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus for me the wine-press trod,  
 He paid our debt alone,  
 He bought our pardon with his blood,  
 And did for all atone.  
 We nothing think, or speak, or do,  
 Thy favour to *procure*:  
 But when my heart believes thee true,  
 The grace to *me* is sure.
- 3 'Tis not of him that wills or runs,  
 That labours or desires:  
 In answer to my Saviour's groans,  
 Thy love my breast inspires:  
 The meritorious cause I see,  
 That precious blood divine,  
 And I, since Jesus died for me,  
 Shall live forever thine.

171.

**Thanksgiving for Deliverance from Pain.**

- 1 Giver of life, and strength renewed,  
I bless thy balmy name,  
Healed by the virtue of thy blood  
My healer I proclaim.  
Jesus, thou canst with equal ease  
Pronounce my sins forgiven,  
And bid me rise, and go in peace,  
And bear my cross to heaven.
  
- 2 Thrown, as an useless vessel, by,  
A lump of pain I lay,  
My Saviour cast a pitying eye,  
And moved his saints to pray:  
The prayer of faith hath chased the pain,  
Put all my grief to flight,  
And raised my feeble flesh again,  
And clothed my soul with might.
  
- 3 I now with all my brethren join  
To double health restored,  
I glory in the strength divine,  
I glory in the Lord.  
The strength thou dost thyself impart  
I for thyself employ,  
And give thee back a thankful heart  
Which tastes thy gifts with joy.
  
- 4 Take all my heart, my thanks, my love;  
But O! My friends repay,  
Who brought the blessing from above,  
And save them at that day.  
Ten thousand, thousand blessings shower  
On my companions dear,  
And keep them by thy mercy's power,  
'Till thou, our life, appear.

5 Happy, might I obtain the grace  
 My happier friends to see,  
 Adorned with robes of righteousness,  
 And palms of victory!  
 Happy might I with them be found,  
 The meanest of the throng,  
 And sing the glorious throne around  
 Thine own eternal song!

**172.**

**Thanksgiving for a Deliverance  
 from Shipwreck.<sup>54</sup>**

1 All praise to the Lord,  
 Who rules with a word  
 The untractable sea,  
 And limits its rage by his steadfast decree:  
 Whose providence binds,  
 Or releases the winds,  
 And compels them again  
 At his beck to put on the invisible chain.

2 Even now he hath heard  
 Our cry, and appeared  
 On the face of the deep,  
 And commanded the tempest its distance to keep:  
 His piloting hand  
 Hath brought us to land,  
 And no longer distressed,  
 We are joyful again in the haven to rest.

3 O that all men would raise  
 His tribute of praise,  
 His goodness declare,  
 And thankfully sing of his fatherly care!  
 With rapture approve  
 His dealings of love,  
 And the wonders proclaim  
 Performed by the virtue of Jesus's name!

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<sup>54</sup>Charles records the deliverance reflected in this hymn in his *MS Journal* (October 10, 1748). The initial manuscript version of the hymn was included in his journal letter covering September 26–October 27, 1748.

4       Through Jesus alone  
          He delivers his own,  
          And a token doth send  
That his love shall direct us, and save to the end:  
          With joy we embrace  
          The pledge of his grace,  
          In a moment outfly  
These storms of affliction, and land in the sky.

**173.**

**After Deliverance from Temptation.**

1       Glory, honour, thanks, and praise  
          To Jesu's conquering name!  
Scarcely saved I am by grace,  
          Yet saved by grace I am;  
Plucked from the devourer's teeth,  
          Lo! I lift my joyful eyes,  
From the gates of hell, and death  
          To life eternal rise.

2       Yes, the lion is once more  
          Defrauded of his prey,  
Though he thrust at me full sore,  
          I am not fallen away;  
Satan longed my soul to seize,  
          Would like wheat have sifted me,  
Jesus prayed, and kept me his,  
          And his I still shall be.

3       He from sin who saved me now,  
          Is ready still to save:  
Jesus, at thy feet I bow,  
          And strength in thee I have,  
Bless thee for my trials past,  
          Trust thy constant aid to prove,  
All my care, my soul I cast  
          On thy redeeming love.

- 4 Jesus, in thy saving name  
 I steadfastly believe,  
 All the help I humbly claim,  
 Which thou art raised to give:  
 Still into thy bosom take,  
 O my Saviour, brother, friend,  
 Love me for thy mercy's sake,  
 And love me to the end.

**174.**

**After a Deliverance from Death  
 by the Fall of an House.<sup>55</sup>**

- 1 Glory and thanks to God we give!  
 Our sacred hairs are numbered all,  
 Not one, we find, without his leave,  
 Not one unto the ground can fall.
- 2 How blest whom Jesus calls his own,  
 How quiet, and secure from harms!  
 The adversary cast us down,  
 The Saviour caught us in his arms.
- 3 'Twas Jesus checked his straitened chain,  
 And curbed the malice of our foe,  
 Allowed to touch our flesh with pain,  
 No farther could the murderer go.
- 4 'Twas Jesus raised our bodies up,  
 And stronger by our fall we stand;  
 Our life is hid with Christ our hope,  
 Hid in the hollow of his hand.
- 5 We rest in his protection here;  
 But languish for the final day,  
 When Christ shall in the clouds appear,  
 And heaven and earth shall pass away.

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<sup>55</sup>A manuscript precursor for this hymn appears in MS Shent, 140a–140b. Charles records the incident that is behind this hymn in his *MS Journal* (14 March 1744).

- 6 The great archangel's trump shall sound,  
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar)  
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 7 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
The earth no more her slain conceal,  
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 8 But we who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,  
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.
- 9 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
And mountains are on mountains hurled,  
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,  
And smile to see a burning world.
- 10 See the celestial bodies roll  
In spires of smoke beneath our feet!  
They shrivel as a parchment scroll!  
The elements melt with fervent heat!
- 11 The earth and all the works therein  
Dissolves by raging flames destroyed,  
While we survey the awful scene,  
And mount above the fiery void.
- 12 By faith we now transcend the skies,  
And on that ruined world look down,  
By love above all height we rise,  
And share the everlasting throne.

**175.**  
**Written in Going to Wakefield to**  
**Answer a Charge of Treason.<sup>56</sup>**

- 1 Jesu, in this hour be near,  
On thy servant's side appear,  
Called thine honour to maintain,  
Help a feeble child of man.
- 2 Thou who at thy creature's bar,  
Didst thy deity declare,  
Now my mouth and wisdom be,  
Witness for thyself in me.
- 3 Gladly before rulers brought,  
Free from trouble as from thought,  
Let me thee in them revere,  
Own thine awful minister.
- 4 All of mine be cast aside,  
Anger, fear, and guile, and pride,  
Only give me from above,  
Simple faith, and humble love.
- 5 Set my face, and fix my heart,  
Now the promised power impart,  
Meek, submissive, and resigned  
Arm me with thy constant mind.
- 6 Let me trample on the foe,  
Conquering, and to conquer go,  
'Till above *his* world I rise,  
Judge th' accuser in the skies.

---

<sup>56</sup>Charles records the incident that is behind this hymn in his *MS Journal* (March 15, 1744).

**176.**  
**Afterwards.**<sup>57</sup>

- 1 Who that trusted in the Lord  
Was ever put to shame?  
Live, by heaven and earth adored,  
Thou all-victorious Lamb:  
Thou hast magnified thy power,  
Thou in my defence hast stood,  
Kept my soul in danger's hour,  
And armed me with thy blood.
  
- 2 Satan's slaves against me rose,  
And sought my life to slay;  
Thou hast baffled all my foes,  
And spoiled them of their prey;  
Thou hast cast th' accuser down,  
Hast maintained thy servant's right,  
Made mine innocency known,  
And clear as noonday light.
  
- 3 Evil to my charge they laid,  
And crimes I never knew;  
But my Lord the snare displayed,  
And dragged the fiend to view;  
Glared his bold malicious lie!  
Satan, show thine art again,  
Hunt the precious life, and try,  
To take my soul in vain.
  
- 4 Thou, my great redeeming God,  
My Jesus still art near,  
Kept by thee, nor secret fraud,  
Nor open force I fear;  
Safe amidst the snares of death,  
Guarded by the King of kings,  
Glad to live, and die beneath  
The shadow of thy wings.

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<sup>57</sup>A manuscript copy of this hymn (with no variants) is present in the Methodist Archives Research Centre, The John Rylands University Library: DDCW 3/15.

[177.]<sup>58</sup>

**“Seek ye first, the kingdom of God, and his  
righteousness, and all these things shall be  
added unto you.” Matt[hew] 6:33.<sup>59</sup>**

- 1 The earth is the Lord’s, and all it contains,  
The truth of his words forever remains:  
The saints have a mountain of blessings in him,  
His grace is the fountain, his peace is the stream.
- 2 To him our request we now have made known,  
Who sees what is best for each of his own:  
Our *heathenish* care we cast it aside,  
He heareth the prayer, and God shall provide.
- 3 The modest and meek this earth shall possess:  
The kingdom who seek of Jesus’s grace,  
That power of his Spirit shall joyfully own,  
And all things inherit in virtue of one.
- 4 Whatever we need his bounty shall give,  
And hallow the bread we daily receive;  
We live by his blessing (that bread from above)  
All fulness possessing in Jesus’s love.

[178.]

**On a Journey.**

- 1 Saviour, friend of lost mankind,  
Now thy love we call to mind,  
Us thou hast in mercy sought,  
Us unto thyself hast brought.

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<sup>58</sup>Ori., “178”. Hymn 178 to Hymn 194 have also been corrected (error occurs in both editions).

<sup>59</sup>Ori., “7:33” (in both editions).

- 2 Long, too long we went astray,  
Wanderers from the narrow way,  
Down a broad destructive road,  
Far from peace, and far from God.
- 3 We the paths of death pursued  
With the thoughtless multitude,  
Worldly good was all our aim,  
Pleasure, power, and wealth, and fame.
- 4 But thy tender pity saw,  
Stopped us by a sacred awe,  
Us our fatal error showed,  
Turned, and brought us back to God.
- 5 Walking in thy pleasant ways,  
Humbly still we sue for grace,  
Thy directing aid implore;  
Never let us wander more:
- [6] Lest again we start aside,  
Lord, be thou our constant guide,  
Kindly take us by the hand,  
Lead us to the promised land.

[179.]

**Another [On a Journey].**

- 1 Come all, whoe'er have set  
Your faces Sion-ward,  
In Jesus let us meet,  
And praise our common Lord,  
In Jesus let us still walk on,  
'Till all appear before his throne.

- 2        Nearer and nearer still  
          We to our country come,  
          To that celestial hill,  
          The weary pilgrim's home,  
The New Jerusalem above,  
The seat of everlasting love.
- 3        The ransomed sons of God  
          All earthly things we scorn,  
          And to our high abode  
          With songs of praise return,  
From strength to strength we still proceed,  
With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 4        The peace and joy of faith  
          We every moment feel,  
          Redeemed from sin, and wrath,  
          And death, and earth, and hell,  
We to our Father's house repair,  
To meet our elder brother there.
- 5        Our brother, Saviour, head,  
          Our all in all is he;  
          And in his steps who tread,  
          We soon his face shall see,  
Shall see him with our glorious friends,  
And then in heaven our journey ends.

**[180.]**

**Another [On a Journey].**

- 1        Come, let us anew  
          Our journey pursue,  
          With vigour arise,  
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2       Of heavenly birth,  
          Though wand'ring on earth,  
          This is not our place,  
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3       At Jesus's call  
          We gave up our all;  
          And still we forego  
For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below.

4       No longing we find  
          For the country behind,  
          But onward we move,  
And still we are seeking a country above.

5       A country of joy  
          Without any alloy,  
          We thither repair,  
Our heart, and our treasure already are there.

6       We march hand in hand  
          To Immanuel's land;  
          No matter what cheer  
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

7       The rougher our way,  
          The shorter our stay,  
          The troubles that come  
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

8       The fiercer the blast,  
          The sooner 'tis past,  
          The tempests that rise  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

**[181.]**  
**At the Baptism of Adults.**<sup>60</sup>

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Honour the means enjoined by thee,  
Make good our apostolic boast,  
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promised presence claim,  
Sent to disciple all mankind,  
Sent to baptize into thy name:  
We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father in these reveal thy Son,  
In these for whom we seek thy face,  
The hidden mystery make known,  
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesu, with us thou always art,  
Effectuate now the sacred sign,  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And bless thine ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,  
Baptizer of our spirits thou,  
The sacramental seal apply,  
And witness with the water now.
- 6 Oh! That the souls baptized herein,  
May now thy truth and mercy feel,  
May rise, and wash away their sin—  
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

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<sup>60</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 89; and MS Clarke, 102.

[182.]

**Another [At the Baptism of Adults].**

- 1    Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
      In solemn power come down,  
      Present with thy heavenly host  
      Thine ordinance to crown:  
      See a sinful worm of earth!  
      Bless for her the laving flood,  
      Plunge her by a second birth  
      Into the depths of God.
  
- 2    Let the promised inward grace  
      Accompany the sign,  
      On her newborn soul impress  
      The glorious name divine:  
      Father, all thy love reveal,  
      Jesus all thy mind impart,  
      Holy Ghost, renew, and dwell  
      Forever in her heart.

[183.]

**Hymn for the Kingswood Colliers.**<sup>61</sup>

- 1    Let all men rejoice by Jesus restored!  
      We lift up our voice, and call him our Lord,  
      His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall,  
      From all that oppress us he rescues us all.
  
- 2    Him prophet, and King, and priest we proclaim,  
      We triumph, and sing of Jesus's name:  
      Poor idiots he teaches to show forth his praise,  
      And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.

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<sup>61</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 32–33.

- 3 No matter how dull the scholar whom he  
Takes into his school, and gives him to see:  
A wonderful fashion of teaching he hath,  
And wise to salvation he makes us through faith.
- 4 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not stray,  
His method so plain, so easy his way:  
The simplest believer his promise may prove,  
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.
- 5 Poor outcasts of men whose souls were despised,  
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized;  
His gracious creation in us he makes known,  
And brings us salvation, and calls us his own.

[184.]

**Another [Hymn for the Kingswood Colliers].<sup>62</sup>**

- 1 My brethren belov'd, your calling ye see:  
In Jesus approved, no goodness have we:  
No riches or merit, no wisdom or might,  
But all things inherit through Jesus's right.
- 2 Our God would not have one reprobate die:  
Who all men would save hath no man passed by:  
His boundless compassion on sinners doth call;  
He offers salvation through mercy to all.
- 3 Yet not many wise his summons obey;  
And great ones despise so vulgar a way;  
And strong ones will never their helplessness own,  
Or stoop to find favour through mercy alone.

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<sup>62</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 33–35.

- 4     And therefore our God the outcasts hath chose,  
      His righteousness showed to heathen like us:  
      When wise ones rejected his offers of grace,  
      His goodness elected the foolish and base.
- 5     To baffle the wise, and noble, and strong,  
      He bade us arise, an impotent throng:  
      Poor ignorant wretches we gladly embrace  
      A prophet that teaches salvation by grace.
- 6     The things that were not his mercy bids live;  
      His mercy unbought we freely receive,  
      His gracious compassion we thankfully prove,  
      And all our salvation ascribe to his love.

[185.]

**The Physician's Hymn.**

- 1     Physician, friend of humankind,  
      Whose pitying love is pleased to find  
          A cure for every ill;  
      By thee raised up, by thee bestowed  
      To do my fellow creatures good,  
          I come to serve thy will.
- 2     I come, not like the sordid herd,  
      Who mad for honour, or reward,  
          Abuse the healing art:  
      Nor thirst of praise, nor lust of gain,  
      But kind concern at human pain,  
          And love constrains my heart.
- 3     On thee I fix my single eye,  
      Thee only seek to glorify,  
          And make thy goodness known,  
      Resolved if thou my labours bless,  
      To give thee back my whole success,  
          To praise my God alone.

- 4 The friendly properties that flow,  
Through nature's various works, I know  
The fountain whence they came,  
And every plant, and every flower  
Medicinal derives its power  
From Jesus' balmy name.
- 5 Confiding in that name alone,  
Jesus, I in thy work go on,  
To tend thy sick and poor,  
Dispenser of thy med'cines I;  
But thou, the blessing must supply,  
But thou must give the cure.
- 6 For this I humbly wait on thee;  
The servant of thy servants see  
Devoted to thy will,  
Determined in thy steps to go,  
And help the sickly sons of woe,  
Who groan thy help to feel.
- 7 Afflicted by thy gracious hand,  
They now may justly all demand  
My instrumental care;  
Thy patients, Lord, shall still be mine;  
And to my weak attempts I join  
My strong effectual prayer.
- 8 O while thou giv'st their bodies ease,  
Convince them of their worst disease,  
The sickness of the mind,  
And let them groan by sin oppressed,  
'Till coming unto thee for rest,  
Rest to their *souls* they find.
- 9 With these, and every sin-sick soul,  
I come myself to be made whole,  
And wait the sovereign word;  
Thou canst, I know, thou *dost* forgive:

But let me without sinning live,  
To perfect love restored.

- 10 Myself, alas, I cannot heal,  
But thou shalt every seed expel  
Of sin out of my heart,  
Thine utmost saving health display,  
And purge my inbred plague away,  
And make me as thou art.
- 11 'Till then in thy blest hands I am,  
And still in faith the grace I claim  
To all believers given:  
Perfect the cure in me begun,  
And when my work on earth is done,  
Receive me up to heaven.

[186.]

**An Hymn for a Mother.**

- 1 Father of all, whose sovereign will  
Hath called thy servant to fulfil  
The *softer* parent's part,  
With gifts and graces from above,  
With calmest care, and wisest love  
Instruct my simple heart.
- 2 Oh! May I every moment see  
The end for which alone to me  
Thou hast my children given,  
A blessed instrument divine  
Through thee to make, and keep them thine,  
And train them up for heaven.
- 3 My first concern their souls to rear,  
And principled with godly fear

In virtue's paths to lead,  
The hunger after thee t' excite,  
And stir them up with all their might  
To seek the living bread.

- 4 Be this dear Lord, my chief desire,  
That every child may still aspire  
To those pure joys above,  
Lay up their heart and treasure there,  
Content on earth with Mary's share,  
And blest in Jesus' love.
- 5 If anxious *here* for their success,  
A momentary happiness  
I labour to secure,  
How should it all my powers engage  
Their never-failing heritage  
Their endless bliss t' insure?
- 6 If for their bodies I provide,  
And from the slightest suffering hide  
The suckling on my knee,  
Shall I by my neglect expose  
Their dearer souls to fearful woes  
Through all eternity?
- 7 Shall I the haughty wish instill,  
Or give them up to their own will,  
And every vain desire?  
As kind the pagan parent was,  
Who made his sons and daughters pass  
To Molock through the fire.
- 8 Exposed in this bleak wilderness  
To pining want or sad distress  
Could I my offspring see?  
Could I the heavier burden bear  
To see them void of sacred care,  
And lost for want of thee?

9     Thou, Lord, the fatal ill prevent,  
      And guard whom thou to me hast lent,  
          And guide them by thine eye;  
      Convert—or to thyself receive,  
      And let them to thy glory live,  
          Or innocently die!

[187.]

**For an Unconverted Child.**

1     Thou God, that hear'st the whispered prayer,  
      Regard a mournful mother's care  
          For her poor thoughtless son:  
      Anxious, distressed, thou know'st I live,  
      And still in secret places grieve  
          For follies not my own.

2     Can I my own dear child forget,  
      Or see without the last regret  
          His wild disordered ways,  
      His enmity to things divine,  
      His league with hell, his feasts with swine,  
          His total want of grace?

3     Son of my womb, to evil sold,  
      Him I with streaming eyes behold  
          Entirely dead to thee,  
      Careless, secure on Tophet's brink,  
      Ready with all his sins to sink  
          Into eternity.

4     But will his desperate madness go  
      Self-doomed to everlasting woe,  
          Content, insensible?  
      What heart can bear the dreadful thought!  
      And have I into being brought,  
          And borne a child for hell!

- 5 Forbid it, O most gracious God!  
 With pity see him in his blood,  
     For Jesus' sake alone,  
 Regard my endless griefs and fears,  
 Nor let the son of all these tears  
     Be finally undone.
- 6 Fulfil at last my heart's desire,  
 And pluck the brand out of the fire,  
     And save him by thy grace,  
 So shall I manifest thy name,  
 With all I have, and all I am,  
     Devoted to thy praise.
- 7 My son I will to thee restore,  
 And anxious for the world no more,  
     Cast all my care on thee,  
 I and my house will serve the Lord,  
 And wait, obedient to thy word,  
     Thy glorious face to see.

## [188.]

**The True Use of Music.**<sup>63</sup>

- 1 Listed into the cause of sin,  
     Why should a good be evil?  
 Music, alas! Too long has been  
     Pressed to obey the devil:  
 Drunken, or lewd, or light the lay  
     Flowed to the soul's undoing,  
 Widened, and strewed with flowers the way  
     Down to eternal ruin.
- 2 Who on the part of God will rise,  
     *Innocent sound* recover,

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<sup>63</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Occasional Hymns, 74–76. See as well the altered version in MS Miscellaneous Poems, 9–11.

Fly on the prey, and take the prize,  
Plunder the carnal lover,  
Strip him of every moving strain,  
Every melting measure,  
Music in virtue's cause retain,  
Rescue the holy pleasure?

3 Come let us try if Jesu's love  
Will not as well inspire us:  
This is the theme of those above,  
This upon earth shall fire us.  
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,  
Is there a subject greater?  
Harmony all its strains may bring,  
Jesus's name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of music is;  
His is the noblest passion:  
Jesus's name is joy and peace,  
Happiness and salvation:  
Jesus's name the dead can raise,  
Show us our sins forgiven,  
Fill us with all the life of grace,  
Carry us up to heaven.

5 Who hath a right like us to sing,  
Us whom his mercy raises?  
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,  
Cheerful are all our faces:  
Who of his love doth once partake  
He evermore rejoices:  
Melody in our hearts we make,  
Melody with our voices.

6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,  
He that in God is merry,  
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,  
Joyful, and never weary,

Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
Hearty, and never ceasing,  
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,  
Honour, and thanks, and blessing.

- 7 Then let us in his praises join,  
Triumph in his salvation,  
Glory ascribe to love divine,  
Worship, and adoration:  
Heaven already is begun,  
Opened in each believer;  
Only believe, and still sing on,  
Heaven is ours forever.

[189.]

Another [The True Use of Music].

**“I will sing with the Spirit, and I  
will sing with the understanding also.”  
1 Cor[inthians] 14:15.**

- 1 Jesus, thou soul of all our joys,  
For whom we now lift up our voice,  
And all our strength exert,  
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,  
Compose into a thankful frame,  
And tune thy people’s heart.
- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,  
Thy glory be our sole design,  
*Thy* glory, not our own:  
Still let us keep our end in view,  
And still the pleasing task pursue,  
To please our God alone.
- 3 The secret pride, the subtle sin  
Oh! Let it never more steal in,  
T’ offend thy glorious eyes,

To desecrate our hallowed strain,  
And make our solemn service vain,  
And mar our sacrifice.

4 To magnify thy awful name,  
To spread the honours of the Lamb,  
Let us our voices raise,  
Our souls and bodies powers unite,  
Regardless of our own delight,  
And dead to human praise.

5 Still let us on our guard be found,  
And watch against the power of sound,  
With sacred jealousy;  
Lest haply sense should damp our zeal,  
And music's charms bewitch and steal  
Our heart away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,  
That noisy burst of selfish love,  
Which swells the formal song;  
The joy from out our heart arise,  
And speak, and sparkle in our eyes,  
And vibrate on our tongue.

7 Thee let us praise our common Lord,  
And sweetly join with one accord,  
Thy goodness to proclaim:  
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,  
And all our faculties shall feel  
Thine harmonizing name.

8 With calmly reverential joy  
We then shall all our lives employ  
In setting forth thy love,  
And raise in death our triumph higher,  
And sing with all the heavenly choir  
That endless song above.

**[190.]**  
**On His Birthday.**

- 1       Away with my fears!  
           The glad morning appears,  
 When an heir of salvation was born!  
           From Jehovah I came,  
           For his glory I am,  
 And to him I with singing return.
- 2       No grievous alloy  
           Shall diminish the joy  
 I today from my Maker receive:  
           'Tis my duty to praise  
           His unspeakable grace,  
 And exulting in Jesus to live.
- 3       Thy<sup>64</sup> Jesus alone  
           The fountain I own  
 Of my life and felicity here,  
           And cheerfully sing  
           My Redeemer and King,  
 'Till his sign in the heavens appear.
- 4       With thanks I rejoice  
           In thy fatherly choice  
 Of my state and condition below;  
           If of parents I came,  
           Who honoured thy name,  
 'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.
- 5       I sing of thy grace  
           From my earliest days  
 Ever near to allure, and defend:  
           Hitherto thou hast been  
           My preserver from sin,  
 And I know thou wilt save to the end.

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<sup>64</sup>“Thy” changed to “Thee” in *All in All* (1761).

6           Oh! The infinite cares,  
              And temptations, and snares  
Thy hand hath conducted me through!  
              Oh! The blessings bestowed  
              By a bountiful God,  
              And the mercies eternally new!

7           What a mercy is this,  
              What an heaven of bliss!  
How unspeakably happy am I,  
              Gathered into the fold,  
              With thy people enrolled,  
              With thy people to live, and to die!

8           How rich in the friends  
              Thy providence sends  
To help my infirmity on!  
              What a number I see,  
              Who could suffer for me,  
              And ransom my life with their own!

9           Oh! The goodness of God  
              Employing a clod  
His tribute of glory to raise!  
              His standard to bear,  
              And with triumph declare  
              His unsearchable riches of grace!

10          Oh! The fathomless love,  
              That has deigned to approve,  
And prosper the work of my hands!  
              With my pastoral crook  
              I went over the brook,  
              And behold! I am spread into bands.

11          Who, I ask, in amaze,  
              Hath begotten me these?  
And inquire, from what quarter they came?

My full heart it replies  
*They are born from the skies,*  
And gives glory to God, and the Lamb.

12 All honour, and praise  
To the Father of grace,  
To the Spirit, and Son I return,  
The business pursue  
He hath made me to do,  
And rejoice, that I ever was born.

13 In a rapture of joy  
My life I employ,  
The God of my life to proclaim:  
'Tis worth living for this,  
To administer bliss,  
And salvation in Jesus's name.

14 My remnant of days  
I spend in his praise  
Who died the whole world to redeem;  
Be they many, or few,  
My days are his due,  
And they all are devoted to him.

[191.]

**Hymns for Christian Friends.**

**[Hymn 1.]<sup>65</sup>**

1 Friendship divine! Thy praise I sing,  
Descendant of the heavenly King,  
Thou fairest of th' angelic kind,  
Thou copy of the perfect mind,  
Indulged poor mortals from above,  
To teach our hearts that God is love.

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<sup>65</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Friendship II, 1–3.

- 2     Thee, thine ally, the heav'n-born muse  
Throughout this lower world pursues,  
Thy lovely lineaments to trace,  
And point thee to the fallen race,  
If haply some thy charms may see,  
And paradise regained in thee.
- 3     But who on earth with thee is blest,  
And where doth sacred friendship rest?  
Shall we to palaces repair?  
Alas! Thy name alone is there,  
Thou canst not dwell with polished art,  
Or harbour in a selfish heart.
- 4     Thou never didst the wicked join,  
Or cast thy pearls to worldly swine,  
Howe'er they touch with lips profane,  
And take thy hallowed name in vain:  
Who will not to their Maker bend,  
"Who fear no God can love no friend."
- 5     Seldom alas! Thy silken cord  
Hath bound a subject to his lord:  
For how can contraries be joined,  
An humble with an haughty mind,  
Or two so different in degree,  
Descend, arise, and meet in thee?
- 6     Falsely to thee the great pretend,  
Not all their gold can buy a friend,  
Who fancy thee their easy spoil,  
Attracted by an high-born smile:  
Thou wilt not yield thy treasures up,  
To crown their impudence of hope.
- 7     Thee to procure how fond their boast!  
The beggars cannot bear the cost:  
Nor will the flattered worms submit  
To lay their honour at thy feet,

Give up their life, to friendship's claim,  
Or sacrifice their dearer fame.

- 8 Strangers to truth, how can it be,  
That such should bear it all from thee?  
And therefore banished from their sight,  
Thou tak'st thine everlasting flight,  
Nor stoop'st again to souls so mean,  
When pride has fixed the gulf between.
- 9 Far from the world thy calm retreat,  
The needy rich, and vulgar great,  
Who mourn their impotence of power,  
And want relief amidst their store,  
For thy support the wretches sigh,  
And pine undone for love's supply.
- 10 Poor is the man by slaves adored,  
Of kneeling worlds the friendless lord:  
A thousand bartered worlds t' obtain  
The blessing of a friend, were gain;  
Yet none the blessing can bestow,  
But he who died to save his foe.
- 11 That happy man whom Jesus loves,  
And with peculiar smiles approves,  
On him the angel shall descend,  
And God shall bless him with a friend,  
To none but chosen vessels given,  
Those highest favourites of heaven.

[192.]

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn 2.<sup>66</sup>

- 1 Foolish world, who canst not find  
Friendship in a Christian mind!

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<sup>66</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Clarke, 172–74 (corresponding pages are torn from MS Cheshunt).

“Where the heart so many share,  
No peculiar love is there:”  
Idly doth thy malice rage,  
Baffled by the sacred page,  
Vainly would thy maxims prove  
God incapable of love.

- 2 God of all-redeeming grace,  
Hath he not his chosen race?  
Dare ye hence his love deny,  
Feign he passed one sinner by?  
Some if he hath doubly blest,  
Hath he therefore cursed the rest?  
No, like rain his blessings fall,  
Loving is our God to all.
- 3 Taught of God, like him we love  
All to whom his bowels move;  
Pity, and goodwill we find  
To the whole of humankind:  
But the saints, who walk in white,  
These are all our soul's delight,  
These we seek, in these we rest,  
Most desire, and love the best.
- 4 Yet of these if God's decree  
Single out a soul for me,  
Give me to his tenderest care,  
Bid him all my burdens bear,  
Each for each if Jesus use,  
Shall we dare the grace refuse?  
Shall we not the blessing own,  
Glad that all his will is done?
- 5 Is it not his will to join  
Spirits in a bond divine,  
Knit in friendship's closest tie,  
Each with each to live and die?

Did he not inspire, approve  
Jonathan and David's love?  
Had not God his fav'rite one,  
Jesus his beloved John?

6 Happy soul, above the rest!  
Leaning on thy Saviour's breast,  
Thou the dear disciple art,  
Ever closest to his heart,  
Thou dost all his secrets know,  
Choicest of his friends below,  
Called peculiarly to prove  
Christ is God, and God is *love*!

7 Jesu, lover of mankind,  
Grant me thy extensive mind,  
Head of the believing race,  
Give me thy peculiar grace,  
Give it to my dearest friend,  
Make him faithful to the end,  
Root and 'stablish him in thee,  
Save my other self, and me.

8 Let it in our souls be seen  
Thy unbounded love to men,  
Show in us how good thou art,  
Stamp thy image on our heart,  
Call us out thy witnesses,  
Bid us all thy life express,  
All the happiness above,  
All the height of *Christian love*.

[193.]

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn 3.<sup>67</sup>

1 Father, at thy footstool see  
Two<sup>68</sup> who now are one in thee,

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<sup>67</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Clarke, 175 (corresponding page is torn from MS Cheshunt).

<sup>68</sup>Charles Wesley changed "Two" to "We" in *All in All* (1761), to render the hymn more general.

Draw us by thy grace alone,  
Give, O give us to thy Son.

- 2 Jesus, friend of humankind,  
Let us in thy name be joined,  
Each to each unite and bless,  
Keep us still in perfect peace.
- 3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,  
Shed thine over-shadowing love,  
Love, the sealing grace impart,  
Dwell within our single heart.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be to us what Adam lost,  
Let us in thy image rise,  
Give us back our paradise.
- 5 Made like the first happy pair,  
Let us here thy nature share,  
Holy, pure, and perfect be,  
Transcript of the Trinity.
- 6 Foremost of created things,  
Nearest the great King of kings,  
Standing as at first we stood,  
Made a little less than God!

[194.]

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn 4.<sup>69</sup>

- 1 Author of friendship's sacred tie,  
Regard us with a gracious eye,  
Two<sup>70</sup> souls whom thou hast joined in one,  
Joined by the unction from above  
In bonds of pure seraphic love,  
United in thy love alone.

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<sup>69</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Clarke, 169–71 (corresponding pages are torn from MS Cheshunt).

<sup>70</sup>Charles Wesley changed “Two” to “Our” in *All in All* (1761), to render the hymn more general.

Searcher of hearts unsearchable,  
To thee, great God, we dare appeal,  
    To thee we dare our cause commend;  
Thou know'st our simpleness of heart,  
And as thou didst the grace impart,  
    O keep us, keep us to the end.

2 Our friendship sanctify, and guide,  
Unmixed with selfishness, and pride,  
    Thy glory be our single aim:  
In all our intercourse below  
Still let us in thy footsteps go,  
    And never meet but in thy name.  
Fix on thyself our single eye;  
Oh! May we on thyself rely  
    For all the help which each conveys,  
The help as from thy hands receive,  
And still to thee all glory give,  
    All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

3 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,  
Let each the doubled blessing know,  
    Let each the common burden bear,  
In comforts, and in griefs agree,  
And wrestle for his friend with thee  
    In all th' omnipotence of prayer.  
Our mutual prayer accept, and seal,  
In both thy glorious self reveal,  
    Both with the fire of love baptize;  
Thy kingdom in our souls restore,  
And keep, 'till we can sin no more,  
    'Till both in all thy image rise.

4 Witnesses of th' all-cleansing blood,  
Long may we work the works of God,  
    And do thy will like those above,  
Together spread the gospel-sound,  
And scatter peace on all around,  
    And joy, and happiness, and love.

True yoke-fellows, by love compelled  
To labour in the gospel-field,  
Our all let us delight to spend  
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep,  
Assured that thou our souls wilt<sup>71</sup> keep,  
Wilt<sup>72</sup> keep us faithful to the end.

5 And if it be thy sovereign will,  
Jesus, our heart's desire fulfil,  
Thou know'st, dear Lord, what we would say:  
To thee the matter we submit,  
But if thy wisdom deems it fit,  
Oh! Call us *both at once* away.  
Let both at once the summons hear,  
And bless the welcome messenger,  
The angel of thy latest grace:  
Let both at once our souls resign  
Into those gracious hands of thine,  
And see at once thy glorious face.

6 In thee together let us die,  
Together mount above the sky,  
Smooth-wafted on the angel's wings,  
Together take the starry crown,  
And sit with thee triumphant down,  
Assessors of the King of kings;  
Together on thy fulness feast,  
In thee, and in each other blest,  
The social joys of heaven improve,  
Sing the new song which ne'er shall end,  
And jointly in thy praises spend  
An everlasting age of love.

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<sup>71</sup>Charles Wesley changed "wilt" to "will" in *All in All* (1761).

<sup>72</sup>Charles Wesley changed "Wilt" to "Will" in *All in All* (1761).

**195.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 5.**

- 1    Father of lights, to thee I lift  
      My humbly thankful heart and eyes,  
      Giver of every perfect gift,  
      Accept my grateful sacrifice;  
      I own thy mercies never end:  
      O God, I bless thee for my friend.
  
- 2    Thou only didst the gift bestow,  
      Thou know'st it came *unsought* from thee:  
      Thy will appointed him to go,  
      And comfort one in misery,  
      In all my griefs to claim his part,  
      And bear me on his faithful heart.
  
- 3    Thou only didst our spirits join  
      In bonds of everlasting love:  
      I own, and bless the work divine,  
      The work of thy descending Dove;  
      From heaven he suddenly came down,  
      And made our souls forever one.
  
- 4    Hovering o'er both his wings he spread,  
      And breathed his love into our breast,  
      The ground of heavenly friendship laid,  
      And each to each he sweetly blest,  
      He knit th' indissoluble tie,  
      And with that soul I live, and die.
  
- 5    My first of comforts here below,  
      My chief of all created good,  
      Through him the grace I surely know  
      On me, for Jesus' sake, bestowed,  
      Receive the blessing from above,  
      And see my Lord's reflected love.

- 6 The God of love hath touched his breast,  
And filled with softest sympathy,  
With pity not to be expressed,  
Pity for such a worm as me:  
He loves me by myself abhorred,  
Loves in the bowels of my Lord.
- 7 Present in spirit, howe'er disjointed  
In flesh, he carries me to God,  
Supports my feebleness of mind,  
And more than shares my nature's load,  
He mentions me in all his prayers,  
In faith's almighty arms he bears.
- 8 When weary oft I faint, and droop,  
And Amalek prevails in fight,  
My hands he, under God, lifts up,  
And prays me strong in Jesu's might;  
His prayer my sinking spirit stays,  
And arms the minister of grace.
- 9 Snatched from ten thousand snares I prove  
The power divine that set me free:  
The channel of thy grace I love,  
But give the glory all to thee:  
Thou, Father, thou the work hast done;  
Adored be thy great name alone.
- 10 I dare not, Lord, the gift refuse,  
The gift, howe'er transferred, is thine:  
If thou vouchsafe a worm to use,  
I bless the ordinance divine,  
And at thy hand the grace receive,  
Which God, and only God, can give.

**196.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 6.<sup>73</sup>**

- 1 Fountain of good, from thee alone  
     Our every gift and comfort flows,  
 Whate'er we fondly call our own  
     Thy freely streaming grace bestows,  
 Thy blessings all through Christ descend,  
 Our heavenly and eternal friend.
  
- 2 Meanest of all thy sons, on me,  
     On me thou hast a gift bestowed,  
 Dearer than life, or liberty,  
     And only less belov'd than God,  
 I take the friend thy grace has given,  
 And bless him, 'till we meet in heaven.
  
- 3 Thither he still points out my way,  
     And arms my soul with mighty prayers,  
 Stands by me in the evil day,  
     And all my griefs and burdens bears,  
 Blest minister of grace divine;  
 But all the glory, Lord, is thine.
  
- 4 Thou only dost the power transfer,  
     Through which a worm supports the weak,  
 Thou only dost my spirit cheer  
     By words which he *receives* to speak;  
 Thy secret hand in all I see,  
 And render all the praise to thee.
  
- 5 What though my every lucid hour,  
     My every comfort here below,  
 My all of hope, or peace, or power  
     Through this, this only, channel flow,

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<sup>73</sup>A shorthand precursor of this hymn appears in MS Clarke, 48.

The help which on our earth is done  
Thou dost it, Lord, and thou alone.

- 6 Thou didst at first the grace impart,  
The tender charity divine,  
Willed him to bear me on his heart,  
And love me with a love like thine,  
Pure heavenly love, on earth unknown,  
A stream that issues from thy throne.
- 7 And can I, dearest Lord, not love  
A soul thyself endear'st to me?  
So like the blessed spirits above,  
So restless to be all like thee,  
So long desired, so late bestowed,  
So honoured, and beloved of God!
- 8 But (for I know my wretched heart  
Would still thy noblest gifts abuse)  
A second benefit impart,  
And grant me grace thy grace to use,  
From all the dross of nature free,  
Give me to love that soul for thee.
- 9 O may I never, never seek  
My own delight, my own applause,  
Ready thy gifts to render back,  
To nail my Isaac to the cross,  
My all of comfort to resign,  
And say, Thy will be done, not mine.
- 10 Refrain my soul, and keep it low,  
Weaned as a child from creature-good,  
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,  
My Jesus, and thy sprinkled blood:  
All other comforts I disdain,  
And more than all in thee I gain.

- 11 What are thy gifts, compared to thee!  
 A beam from that bright-shining sun,  
 A drop from that unfathomed sea!  
 Fountain of life, and love unknown,  
 Into thy depths, O God, I fall:  
 O God, thou art mine all in all.

**197.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 7.<sup>74</sup>**

- 1 See, Jesu, see that much lov'd soul,  
 For whom thy precious life was given,  
 Hasten to renew, and make him whole,  
 And fill him now with all thy heaven.
- 2 Now, Saviour, now (if after God  
 I ask) the second gift impart,  
 And shed thy glorious love abroad,  
 And give him the pure sinless<sup>75</sup> heart.
- 3<sup>76</sup> Remove the stumbling-block within,  
 The possible offence remove,  
 Say to his soul, "Thou canst not sin,  
 Forever saved by perfect love."
- 4 Answer on him thine own request,  
 Answer in us thy Spirit's groan,  
 Speak him into thy people's rest,  
 And tell his inmost soul 'tis done!
- 5 When inbred sin is all destroyed,  
 Long let him here thy witness live,  
 In love's angelic task employed,  
 And free what he receives to give.

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<sup>74</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 77–78; MS Clarke, 85–87; and MS Shent, 146a–146b.

<sup>75</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>76</sup>John Wesley crossed out this stanza in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 6     Greatest of all O let him be,  
        And ever in thy footsteps go,  
        And gladly minister to thee,  
        A servant of thy church below.
- 7     Let him through thine almighty name  
        A father in our Israel rise,  
        Cherish the followers of the Lamb,  
        And nurse them 'till they reach the skies.
- 8     Thus may he still his faith approve,  
        And make the lambs his tenderest care,  
        The little ones that lisp thy love  
        Delighted in his arms to bear.
- 9     Jesu, fulfil his heart's desire,  
        And gather in thy lambs and sheep,  
        Bid them into thy fold retire,  
        And far from sin and danger keep.
- 10    Far from the world *a place provide*,  
        Ev'n in this howling wilderness,  
        And in thy sanctuary hide  
        The vessels of thy perfect grace.
- 11    Who the good fight of faith have fought,  
        And found the love that casts out<sup>77</sup> fear,  
        Within the sacred verge be brought,  
        And rest from all their labours *here*.
- 12    In answer to thy Spirit's prayer  
        Now let the polished pillars rise,  
        Firm as the throne of God, and bear  
        Thy glorious temple to the skies.

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<sup>77</sup>Ori., "our"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (1756).

**198.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 8.<sup>78</sup>**

- 1        O thou whose special grace  
           Did kindly condescend  
           Of all the chosen race  
           To single out a friend,  
 To shower on him above the rest,  
           Thy richest favours down,  
 And press him closest to thy breast  
           Thy best-beloved John!
- 2        I lift my heart to thee,  
           To thee, who know'st the whole,  
           Its dearest amity  
           For one distinguished soul:  
 The soft unutterable love  
           Wherewith I one embrace  
 With gracious smiles behold, approve,  
           And turn it to thy praise.
- 3        To thee, and thy great name  
           My whole affection turn,  
           And let the hallowed flame  
           For thy pure glory burn;  
 From all idolatrous excess,  
           From earthly dross refine,  
 And on my simple heart impress  
           The character divine.
- 4        No more may I provoke  
           My God to jealousy,  
           Or to thy creature look  
           For what proceeds from thee:  
 Fountain of life, and joy, and peace  
           Thee may I always own,  
 And find my total happiness,  
           Laid up in God alone.

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<sup>78</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 20–21; and MS Friendship II, 7–8.

5 My all of comfort here,  
 Whoe'er the grace transmit,  
 To thee may I refer,  
 And worship at thy feet,  
 From thee may I my partner take  
 (That precious loan of thine)  
 And wait thy call to give him back,  
 And bless the name divine.

6 On thee, my God, on thee  
 Alone would I depend,  
 And taste *thy* love, and see  
 Thy image, in my friend,  
 My bosom-friend at thy demand  
 I promise to restore;  
 But let us meet at thy right hand,  
 And praise thee evermore!

**199.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 9.<sup>79</sup>**

1 Jesus, with kindest pity see  
 Two souls that would be one in thee,  
 If now accepted in thy sight,  
 Thou dost our upright hearts unite,  
 Allow us, while on earth to prove,  
 The noblest joys of heavenly love.

2 Before thy glorious eyes we spread  
 The wish which doth from thee proceed,  
 Our love from earthly dross refine,  
 Holy, angelical, divine  
 Thee let it its great author show,  
 And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea  
 O God, resorb it into thee,

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<sup>79</sup>Charles sent this hymn to Sarah Gwynne with a letter dated December 23, 1748. Other manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 1–2; and MS Friendship II, 9.

While both our souls with restless strife  
 Spring up into eternal life,  
 And lost in endless raptures prove  
 Thy whole immensity of love.

- 4 A spark of that ethereal fire,  
 Still let it to its source aspire,  
 To thee in every wish return,  
 Intensely for thy glory burn,  
 With both our souls fly up to thee,  
 And blaze through all eternity!

**200.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 10.<sup>80</sup>**

- 1 My Jesus, my all,  
 Thy name I confess,  
 My freedom in thrall,  
 My help in distress,  
 Thy boundless compassion  
 The cordial did send,  
 The strong consolation  
 Conveyed in a *friend*.
- 2 The hallowed delight  
 With thanks I receive,  
 And give thee thy right,  
 In praises I give:  
 The bliss-giving power  
 And glory be thine,  
 The plentiful shower  
 Of blessings is mine.
- 3 I now on the scale  
 Of friendship arise,  
 The kingdom assail,  
 And press to the skies,

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<sup>80</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 3–4; and MS Friendship II, 10–11.

To joys never ending  
My comforts improve,  
From earthly ascending  
To heavenly love.

4 Thy goodness I taste,  
Thy goodness proclaim,  
And joyfully haste  
To sup with the Lamb;  
Together invited  
Our Lord we pursue,  
With vigour united  
We fight our way through.

5 Caught up in the air  
I soon shall ascend,  
The kingdom to share  
With thee and my friend,  
(On earth, to each other,  
In heaven, well known)  
And I with my brother  
Shall sit on thy throne.

**201.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 11.<sup>81</sup>**

1 What shall I do my God to love,  
Who pours his blessings from above,  
And comforts without end!  
Let all my grateful soul embrace  
His rich inestimable grace  
Vouchsafed me in a *friend*.

2 My *former friend* (forever dear,  
Forever mentioned with a tear)  
Did long ago depart:

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<sup>81</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 5–6; and MS Friendship II, 11–13.

On *honour's fatal* Gilboa  
He vilely cast his shield away,  
And broke my faithful heart.

3 But lo! When Jonathan was dead,  
I found an Hushai in his stead,  
Restorer of my peace,  
A friend in all my conflicts tried,  
Who never parted from my side,  
Or left me in distress.

4 A minister of heavenly love,  
In paths that tend to joys above  
My shining pattern treads:  
He meets me still in Jesu's name,  
And back to him from whom he came,  
My thankful spirit leads.

5 Friend of my soul, its griefs he shares,  
Confirms my hands by mighty prayers,  
And props my feeble knees;  
On earth he helps me to look down,  
And bids me seize with him the crown  
Of life, and righteousness.

6 Oh! Might I rise by love restored,  
And following him, as he his Lord,  
These storms of care outfly,  
This cloudy atmosphere transcend,  
And claim, and grasp my happy friend  
In purer worlds on high!

**202.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 12.<sup>82</sup>**

1 See, dearest Lord, thy servant see,  
And graciously approve

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<sup>82</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 18–19; and MS Friendship II, 13–14.

My other self, and next to thee  
The object of my love:  
The love, wherewith my heart runs o'er,  
I dare to thee present,  
Thine all-indulging grace adore,  
And bless thine instrument.

2 My gifts and comforts all, I know,  
From thee alone descend;  
Thou only could'st on me bestow  
So true, and kind a friend.  
Cast in one mould by art divine  
Our blended souls agree,  
And paired above our spirits join  
In sacred harmony.

3 As sent, to bless me, from above  
Thy creature I receive,  
To turn my utmost strength of love  
On him for whom I live;  
To raise, and help my weakness on,  
Th' angelic power is given,  
He comes in human form sent down,  
And guards my soul to heaven.

4 Thankful from thy blest hands I take  
Th' inestimable loan,  
And stand prepared to give him back,  
To render thee thine own:  
I dare not to thy creature cleave,  
Thy creature, Lord, recall,  
Thy glory still to thee I give,  
That thou art all in all.

**203.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 13.**<sup>83</sup>

- 1       Thou God of truth and love,  
          We seek thy perfect way,  
          Ready thy choice t' approve,  
          Thy providence t' obey,  
Enter into thy wise design,  
And sweetly lose our will in thine.
- 2       Why hast thou cast our lot  
          In the same age and place,  
          Or why together brought  
          To see each other's face,  
To join with softest sympathy,  
And mix our friendly souls in thee?
- 3       Didst thou not make us one,  
          That both might one remain,  
          Together travel on,  
          And bear each other's pain,  
'Till both thine utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renewed in perfect love.
- 4       Surely thou didst unite  
          Our kindred spirits here,  
          That both hereafter might  
          Before thy throne appear,  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5       Then let us ever bear  
          The blessed end in view,  
          And join with mutual care  
          To fight our passage through,

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<sup>83</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 7–8; and MS Friendship II, 14–16.

And kindly help each other on,  
'Till both receive the starry crown.

6 O might thy Spirit seal  
Our souls unto that day,  
With all thy fulness fill,  
And then transport away,  
Away to our eternal rest,  
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

7 There, only there we shall  
Fulfil thy great design,  
And in thy praise with all  
Our elder brethren join,  
And hymn in songs which never end  
Our heavenly everlasting friend.

**204.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 14.<sup>84</sup>**

1 Come, let us arise,  
And press to the skies,  
The summons obey,  
My friend, my beloved, and hasten away!  
The master of all  
For our service doth call,  
And deigns to approve  
With smiles of acceptance our labour of love.

2 His burden who bear,  
We alone can declare  
How easy his yoke,  
While to love, and good works we each other provoke:  
By word and by deed,  
The bodies in need,  
The souls to relieve,  
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

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<sup>84</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 36–37; and MS Friendship II, 16–17.

3        Then let us attend  
           Our heavenly friend,  
           In his members distressed,  
 With want, or affliction, or sickness oppressed:  
           The prisoner relieve,  
           The stranger receive,  
           Supply all their wants,  
 And spend, and be spent in assisting his saints:

4        Thus while we bestow  
           Our moments below,  
           Ourselves we forsake,  
 And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:  
           His passion alone  
           *The foundation* we own,  
           And pardon we claim,  
 And eternal redemption in Jesus's name.

**205.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 15.**<sup>85</sup>

1        God of all good gifts the donor,  
           God, whose mercies never end,  
 Thee with lips and heart I honour,  
           Bless thee for my darling friend,  
 Thankful at thy hands receiving,  
           Ever longing to fulfil  
 All thy wise design in giving,  
           All my Father's welcome will.

2        If for this th' uniting Spirit  
           Hath on me his burden laid,  
 Give me joyfully to bear it,  
           Him with all my prayers to aid:  
 Fill my heart with supplication,  
           Let in me thy bowels move,  
 Softness of divine compassion,  
           Tenderness of heavenly love.

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<sup>85</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 47–48; and MS Friendship II, 17–19.

- 3 Sanctify our mutual care,  
More and more let it increase,  
Strengthen us hereby to share  
Every tempted soul's distress:  
Stir us up to toil unceasing,  
Lay on both the common load,  
Make our love a general blessing,  
Turn it all to Sion's good.
- 4 While with just peculiar kindness  
We each other's souls embrace,  
Save us from that doting blindness,  
Fatal to our fallen race;  
From the mean contracting passion  
Keep us free, and unconfined,  
Raise our generous inclination,  
Fix our love on all mankind.
- 5 As a wide-extended river,  
Let thy love our hearts o'erflow,  
Purest love that lasts forever,  
Reaching every soul below;  
Love that doth with free election  
Some beyond the rest approve,  
Bless us with thy whole affection,  
Special, universal love.

**206.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 16.<sup>86</sup>**

- 1 Author of the peace unknown,  
Lover of my friend and me,  
Who of twain hast made us one,  
One preserve us still in thee,  
All our heighthened blessings bless,  
Crown our hopes with full success.

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<sup>86</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 32; and MS Friendship II, 19–20.

- 2 Center of our hopes thou art,  
End of our enlarged desires:  
Stamp thine image on our heart,  
Fill us now with holy fires,  
Cemented by love divine,  
Seal our souls forever thine.
- 3 All our works in thee be wrought,  
Leveled at one common aim,  
Every word, and every thought  
Purge in the refining flame,  
Lead us through the paths of peace  
On to perfect holiness.
- 4 Let us both<sup>87</sup> together rise,  
To thy glorious life restored,  
Here regain our paradise,  
Here prepare to meet our Lord,  
Here enjoy the earnest given,  
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

**207.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 17.<sup>88</sup>**

- 1 How happy the pair,  
Whom Jesus unites  
In friendship to share  
Angelic delights,  
Whose chaste conversation  
Is coupled with fear,  
Whose sure<sup>89</sup> expectation  
Is *holiness here!*
- 2 My Jesus, my Lord,  
Thy grace I commend  
So kind to afford  
My weakness a friend!

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<sup>87</sup>Charles Wesley changed “both” to “all” in *All in All* (1761), to render the hymn more general.

<sup>88</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 49–50; and MS Friendship II, 20–22.

<sup>89</sup>Ori., “sore”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

Thy only good-pleasure  
On me hath bestowed  
An heavenly treasure,  
A servant of God.

- 3 Appointed by thee,  
We meet in thy name,  
And meekly agree  
To follow the Lamb,  
To track thy example,  
The world to disdain,  
And constantly trample  
On pleasure and pain.
- 4 Rejoicing in hope  
We humbly go on,  
And daily take up  
The pledge of our crown,  
In doing and bearing  
The will of our Lord,  
We still are preparing  
To meet our reward.
- 5 The heavenly prize  
Is ever in view,  
'Till both shall arise,  
Created anew;  
That first resurrection  
We pant to attain,  
Go on to perfection,  
And suffer to reign.
- 6 O Jesus, appear,  
No longer delay  
To sanctify here,  
And bear us away:  
The end of our meeting  
On earth let us see,  
Triumphantly sitting  
In glory with thee.

**208.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 18.<sup>90</sup>**

- 1 Holy sanctifying Dove,  
 God of truth, and God of love,  
 On my feeble soul descend,  
 On my dearest earthly friend.  
 Come, and all our wants supply,  
 Now the pardoned sanctify,  
 Now our little faith increase,  
 Fill us now with perfect peace.
  
- 2 Lead us thou our constant guide,  
 Witness in our hearts abide,  
 Earnest of the joys to come,  
 Make our souls thy glorious home:  
 Every precious promise seal,  
 All the depths of God reveal,  
 Keep us to that happy day,  
 Bear us on thy wings away.
  
- 3 If thou didst the grace impart,  
 Mad'st us of one mind and heart,  
 Still our friendly souls unite  
 Partners in the realms of light;  
 Let us there together soar,  
 Quickly meet to part no more,  
 There our ravished spirits join,  
 Mingled, lost in love divine.

**209.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 19.<sup>91</sup>**  
**At Parting.**

- 1 Lord, we thy will obey,  
 And in thy pleasure rest,

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<sup>90</sup>Charles sent this hymn to Sarah Gwynne with a letter dated December 23, 1748. Other manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 22; and MS Friendship II, 22–23.

<sup>91</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 16–17; and MS Friendship II, 23–24.

We, only we, can say  
Whate'er is, is best,  
Joyful to meet, and glad to part,  
Assured we still are one in heart.

2        Hereby we sweetly know  
          Our love proceeds from thee,  
          We let each other go,  
          From every creature free,  
And cry, in answer to thy call,  
Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!

3        Our husband, brother, friend,  
          Our Counsellor divine,  
          Thy chosen ones depend  
          On no support but thine;  
Our everlasting Comforter,  
We cannot want, if thou art here.

4        Still let us, dearest<sup>92</sup> Lord,  
          Sit loose to all below,  
          And to thy love restored  
          No other comfort know,  
Stand fast in glorious liberty,  
And live and die wrapped up in thee.

**210.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 20.**<sup>93</sup>

1        Thou heavenly love, from whom  
          All holy passions come,  
Hear my faith's availing cry,  
          Now the peaceful answer send,  
Author of the social tie,  
          Giver of my bosom-friend.

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<sup>92</sup>John Wesley substituted "gracious" for "dearest" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>93</sup>Charles sent this hymn to Sarah Gwynne with a letter dated August 9, 1748. Other manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 23–24; and MS Friendship II, 24–26.

- 2            My bosom-friend receive,  
              Whom back to thee I give:  
Strengthened by thy Spirit's power,  
              Him I cheerfully resign,  
Him I thankfully restore,  
              Leave him in the arms divine.
- 3            Far from the soul removed,  
              Whom next to thee I lov'd,  
Still I bear him on my heart,  
              To thy tenderest care commend:  
With us both if now thou art,  
              Be our everlasting friend.
- 4            With us through life abide,  
              And to thy glory guide,  
Give us, Lord, if not below,  
              Give us soon to meet above,  
All the dignity to know,  
              All the height of heavenly love.
- 5            My longing soul prepare  
              To meet my brother there;  
Him to see at thy right hand,  
              Fair in loveliness divine,  
With him in thy sight to stand,  
              With him in thy praise to join.
- 6            For this immortal hope  
              I freely give him up:  
Only keep us to that day—  
              Or if more I may request,  
Let me *first* escape away,  
              Let me find an earlier rest.
- 7            My residue of days  
              Add to his lengthened race:  
Or if mercy hath ordained  
              Both at once should take our flight,

Let us suddenly ascend,  
Now obtain the blissful sight.

- 8            Now; or whene'er thy will  
              Shall call us to the hill:  
Only give us hearts to pray  
              'Till thine arms receive us home,  
Come, Redeemer, come away,  
              King of saints triumphant, come.

**211.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 21.**<sup>94</sup>

- 1    Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes,  
      Mark every wish and thought that rise  
          In this poor troubled heart,  
      Disclose, drag out to open light  
      All things displeasing in thy sight,  
          And bid them all depart.
- 2    Wretched, and void of God, and blind,  
      Wouldst thou that I should comfort find  
          And ease in aught below?  
      Or rather bear my utmost load,  
      And shrink from every creature-good,  
          And only Jesus know?
- 3    Spite of myself resolved t' obey,  
      I tear the dear right eye away,  
          If it my Lord offend;  
      I bow me to the will divine,  
      My life, and more than life resign,  
          I give thee back my friend.
- 4    Thy will be done, whate'er it be,  
      Thy blessed will concerning me

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<sup>94</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 11–12; and MS Friendship II, 26–27.

I awfully adore:  
If thou demand my only prop,  
I yield, I yield—to give him up,  
And see his face no more.

5 No more; 'till that thrice welcome day,  
When earth and heaven shall pass away  
Before thy glorious face:  
We then shall both to thee repair,  
And catch each other in the air,  
And fly to thy embrace.

6 For this I part with him below,  
Let us but meet above, and *know*  
Each other in the throng,  
Partake the heavenly bridal feast,  
And sing reclining on thy breast  
The Lamb's eternal song.

**212.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 22.<sup>95</sup>**

1 Come the heavenly peace divine,  
Enter this sad heart of mine,  
Come the everlasting rest,  
Visit my companion's breast,  
Dwell within my other soul,  
Let our social joy be full.

2 Whom thy grace to me hath lent,  
Lord, I at thy throne present,  
Object of my tenderest care,  
Mention him in every prayer,  
Instant ask, that both may be  
One, forever one, in thee.

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<sup>95</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 9–10; and MS Friendship II, 29–30.

- 3    What thou dost on one confer  
      Let us both delight to share,  
      Both the heightened blessing taste,  
      Both to thy embraces haste,  
      Sweetly on thy bosom prove  
      All the pleasantness of love.
- 4    Let us thus with even pace<sup>96</sup>  
      Measure out our quiet days,  
      Calmly through the valley glide,  
      Led by our celestial guide,  
      Lovely in our lives beneath,  
      Not divided in our death.

**213.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 23.<sup>97</sup>**

- 1    Jesus, to thy preserving care  
      My choicest blessing I commend,  
      Receive, and in thy bosom bear  
      The soul, whom thou hast made my friend.
- 2    My friend! By pitying grace bestowed  
      On me, a man of woe and strife,  
      To lighten my severest load,  
      And soothe the pain of irksome life.
- 3    My former desp'rate wound to heal,  
      To draw the dire envenomed dart,  
      The sting of injured love expel,  
      And drive the vipers from my heart.
- 4    Thou, Lord, by him, and thou alone  
      Hast forced me to let go my pain,  
      Hast cheered thy long-forgotten son,  
      And turned me to my rest again.

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<sup>96</sup>Ori., "with thine even pace"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>97</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 30–31; and MS Friendship II, 30–32.

- 5 Through him thou hast restored my hope,  
(The hope my madness cast away)  
Strangely revived, and stirred me up,  
And forced my heart again to pray.
- 6 And can I the dear soul forget  
The choicest instrument divine,  
And not my instant suit repeat  
That all his heart may still be thine.
- 7 Must I from him so much receive  
(To thee ascribing all the praise)  
Yet want the blessedness to give,  
To minister thy heavenly grace.
- 8 O that I might his burden bear,  
Employ my all to do him good,  
My utmost strength, my total care,  
My life, my latest drop of blood!
- 9 If I may be so greatly blest,  
Thy blessings to my friend to deal,  
This moment breathe into his breast,  
And fill him with celestial zeal.
- 10 Ten thousand blessings on his head!  
Ten thousand goods in one impart,  
Thy Spirit with thy love be shed,  
And dwell forever in his heart.

**214.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 24.<sup>98</sup>**

- 1 Father of mercies hear,  
And send the blessing down,  
In answer to this faithful prayer  
Presented through thy Son:

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<sup>98</sup>Charles sent this hymn to Sarah Gwynne with a letter dated December 23, 1748. Other manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 25; and MS Friendship II, 32–33.

The friend, whom for his sake  
 Thou hast on me bestowed,  
 Into thy arms, thy bosom take,  
 And fill his soul with God.

2        Ev'n now his heart inspire  
           With wisdom from above,  
 And pure delight, and chaste desire,  
           And everlasting love:  
           Him of thy pard'ning grace  
           This moment certify,  
 And make him meet to see thy face,  
           And reign above the sky.

3        Do for him, dearest<sup>99</sup> Lord,  
           Above what I can say,  
 And keep, to all thy love restored,  
           His soul against that day!  
           To him with glory crowned  
           The highest throne be given,  
 But let me too in heaven be found,  
           Found at his feet in heaven!

## 215.

### [Hymns for Christian Friends.]

#### Hymn 25.<sup>100</sup>

1        O all-loving Lamb,  
           I call on thy name,  
 Thy grace for my drooping companion I claim:  
           Whose burden I bear,  
           And wrestle in prayer,  
 'Till all thy salvation to him thou declare.

2        Thou know'st his distress  
           For the sense of thy grace,  
 The permanent sight of thy heavenly face:

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<sup>99</sup>John Wesley substituted "gracious" for "dearest" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>100</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 28–29; and MS Friendship II, 33–34.

His sorrow control,  
Speak peace to his soul,  
And pronounce him accepted, and perfectly whole.

3        If sometimes he believes,  
          And *his* Saviour receives,  
Yet again overwhelmed at thy absence he grieves:  
          Allow his request,  
          Forever to rest,  
Forever to lean on his Jesus's breast.

4        His suit is my own;  
          Myself I bemoan,  
And doubly distressed for the Comforter groan,  
          'Till in us he reside,  
          And we fully confide  
In the blood which we feel every moment applied.

5        O wouldst thou appear  
          This moment to cheer  
Thy mourners, and banish our trouble and fear!  
          In us, and in all  
          For the blessing who call,  
The witness implant, and redeem from our fall.

6        Thy kingdom restore  
          In the spirit of power,  
That prays, and exults, and gives thanks evermore;  
          Thy nature make known,  
          And perfect in one,  
And receive us as gods to a share of thy throne.

**216.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 26.<sup>101</sup>**

1        O thou that on all  
          The wretched dost call

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<sup>101</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 40–41; and MS Friendship II, 35–36.

To come, and be happy in thee,  
Thy promise make good,  
And sprinkle with blood  
The heart of my partner, and me.

2       The blessing we want  
          Thou art ready to grant,  
More ready than we to request:  
          The guilty forgive,  
          The weary receive  
In the arms of thy mercy to rest.

3       That taste of thy grace,  
          That glimpse of thy face  
To thy sorrowing servants restore:  
          Now, Saviour, return,  
          And leave us to mourn,  
And lament for thy absence no more.

4       Our Jesus appear  
          To thy followers here,  
Who commune of thee, and are sad;  
          Thy Spirit afford  
          To unfold the good word,  
And our hearts they again shall be glad.

5       The promise apply,  
          And whisper "'Tis I,  
Who your sins and your sorrows have borne,  
          I have pacified God,  
          I have bought you with blood,  
To your merciful owner return."

6       We come at thy call,  
          Thou Redeemer of all,  
By the power of thy rising we rise,  
          Through a paradise led,  
          With joy on our head,  
We return to our place in the skies.

**217.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 27.**<sup>102</sup>

- 1        Jesus, if from thee I find  
           This sudden call to pray,  
           Suffer not my feeble mind  
           To cast the grace away:  
           Lest I quickly faint, and droop  
 Heartless, helpless, and alone,  
           Stir my absent partner up,  
           And bring him to the throne.
- 2        Wake in him the strong desire  
           Which now for thee I feel,  
           Touch our lips with hallowed fire,  
           Our breasts with heavenly zeal,  
           Let us for thy glory pant,  
 And follow on thy face to see,  
           Always pray, and never faint,  
           'Till both are lost in thee.
- 3        See us now, as side by side,  
           Before thy mercy-seat:  
           Let us feel thy blood applied,  
           And kiss thy wounded feet,  
           Let our tears incessant flow,  
 'Till both the height of mercy prove,  
           'Till the length and breadth we know,  
           And depth of perfect love.
- 4        O that both might soon arise  
           By perfect love prepared,  
           Meet the Bridegroom in the skies,  
           And find our full reward!

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<sup>102</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 38–39; and MS Friendship II, 36–38.

Touching this we both agree  
 To ask the Father in thy name,  
 Father, make us meet to see  
 The marriage of the Lamb.

- 5        Send the witness from above,  
           The Spirit of thy Son,  
           Seal of thy eternal love,  
           And pledge of joys unknown,  
           Let him in our hearts reside,  
 'Till Jesus comes in person down:  
           Jesus *comes*—to fetch his bride,  
           And crown us with his crown.

**218.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 28.**<sup>103</sup>

- 1        Great searcher of hearts,  
           In our innermost parts  
 Declare the whole counsel divine,  
           Our evils remove,  
           Our graces improve,  
 And secure us eternally thine.
- 2        On me and my friend  
           The Comforter send,  
 The fountain of blessings unknown,  
           On both let him flow,  
           For we neither can know,  
 Or inherit a blessing alone.
- 3        Yet, Lord, if it be  
           Unpleasing to thee  
 Our oneness of mind and of heart,  
           We call for the sword,  
           We acknowledge our Lord,  
 And agree at thy bidding to part.

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<sup>103</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Friendship II, 38–39.

4 Thy favour to know,  
We each other forego,  
If *our* love be an hindrance to *thine*;  
Thy counsel we take,  
And each other forsake,  
To recover the friendship divine.

5 At Jesus's call  
We freely sell all  
The delights of reciprocal love;  
For that better hope  
We calmly give up,  
And reposit our treasure above.

6 Made perfect through woe,  
From our parting below  
To our last happy meeting we rise,  
Our friendship renew,  
(For who promised is true)  
And embrace evermore in the skies.

**219.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 29.**<sup>104</sup>

1 Jesus, Lord, whose only merit  
Can the dying sinner save,  
Let me render up my spirit,  
Quickly find my long-sought grave:  
Come in this thrice welcome hour,  
Thy sad captive to release,  
Snatch me from the adverse power,  
Change, and bid me die in peace.

2 Is there in this low creation  
That for which I wish to live?

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<sup>104</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 13–14; and MS Friendship II, 40–41.

*All* my bliss and consolation  
Would I not from thee receive?  
Earthly joys I long to lose 'em,  
Lest my Saviour I offend:  
Let me sink into thy bosom,  
Let me leave to thee my friend.

3 Him to the all-gracious lender  
Lo! I cheerfully restore,  
Thou, my God, be his defender,  
'Till he follows me to shore:  
Let him trust in thy protection,  
Live from sin and sorrow free,  
Place on thee his whole affection,  
Rest his happy soul on thee.

4 Jesus, crown thine own desire,  
Take the soul I thee bequeath,  
His accept, and mine require,  
Open now the gate of death,  
Draw me through the bloody fountain,  
Closing now my willing eyes,  
Now escaping to the mountain,  
Let me wake in paradise.

**220.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 30.**

1 Thou God, that hear'st the prayer,  
And dost in secret see,  
I tell my softest care,  
My closest grief to thee,  
To thy divine compassion  
I earnestly commend  
My friend in tribulation,  
My poor afflicted friend.

- 2    Thou seest him sore tormented,  
      With fears and sorrows torn,  
Afraid he ne'er repented,  
      And grieved for power to mourn;  
Thou hear'st him deeply groaning  
      At thy severe delay,  
And still himself bemoaning,  
      He cannot, cannot pray.
- 3    In hellish toils o'ertaken,  
      As at the point to die,  
He *seems* of God forsaken,  
      Nor knows that thou art nigh:  
Throughout the dreary hour  
      Thou dost thy servant hide;  
But let him feel thy power,  
      And *know* thee pacified.
- 4    Thou never wilt relinquish  
      Thine own in time of need,  
The smoking flax extinguish,  
      Or break the bruised reed:  
The bowels of my Saviour  
      Toward all the tempted move:  
But manifest thy favour,  
      But show his heart thy love.
- 5    End, Lord, the fierce temptation,  
      And bring him through the fire;  
With joy and consolation  
      His panting breast inspire,  
Thy love's abiding witness,  
      Thy precious self impart,  
And let him taste the sweetness  
      Of Jesus in his heart.
- 6    By Jesus's dying merit,  
      Father, I thee conjure

To help his fainting spirit,  
And speak his pardon sure:  
Or hear our friend before thee,  
Thine interceding Son,  
And show us both thy glory,  
And take us to thy throne.

**221.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 31.**

**In Danger of Losing His Friend.**<sup>105</sup>

- 1 Gracious, Lord, how long shall I  
Tremble at thy comforts nigh,  
Taste with fear my pleasant food,  
Start from every creature-good?
  - 2 Kept in awe by my own heart,  
Lest thy gifts I still pervert,  
Still thy holy things profane,  
Turn thy blessings into bane,
  - 3 Never sure was heart like mine,  
Heart so contrary to thine,  
None so wholly lost as me,  
Lost in vile idolatry.
- [4]<sup>106</sup> Thus I from my birth have been  
Grace abusing into sin,  
Poorer for the plenty given,  
Wretched through the smiles of heaven.
- [5] But, my Lord, I cry to thee,  
Must it thus forever be?  
Must I still thy gifts abuse,  
Lose them all, and more than lose?

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<sup>105</sup>The original manuscript version of this hymn can be found in Wesley's letter to Sarah Gwynne Jr., November 12, 1748.

<sup>106</sup>Ori., "5." Next stanza: ori., "6." Error corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 6 Shall I force thee still to take  
Thy perverted blessings back?  
Blast with my infectious breath,  
Doom my fondled joys to death?
- 7 Shall my most suspected love  
Hurtful to its object prove,  
Soon in double ruin end,  
Fatal to my dearest friend!
- 8 Rather let my soul depart,  
Stop the panting of my heart,  
Speak again my sins forgiven,  
Sweep me off—from earth to heaven!

222.

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn 32.

- 1 Fluttering soul, what dost thou here,  
Pinioned with a load of clay?  
Poor, afflicted sojourner,  
Shake thy wings, and fly away,  
From the mournful valley fly,  
Break the cage, and reach the sky.
- 2 What doth this low earth afford  
Worthy an immortal mind?  
Man, its miserable lord,  
Can he here his equal find?  
Fallen, yet in ruins great,  
Sinks the world beneath his weight.
- 3 All on earth is vanity,  
This I surely feel and know,  
Good itself is ill to me,  
Seeming joy but real woe,

Comforts double my distress,  
Edge the pain they cannot ease.

- 4 Friendship self, celestial guest,  
Can she make me happy *here*?  
Answer this distracted breast,  
Answer this foreboding fear!  
Fear to lose outweighs my gain,  
Heightened bliss is heightened pain.
- 5 Oh! That all the pain were past,  
Never, never to return!  
Might I but escape at last,  
Cease at once to live and mourn,  
Grasp through death th' immortal prize,  
Meet my friend in paradise.

**223.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 33.**

- 1 And must I give him up?  
And doth the Lord recall  
My only joy, my latest prop,  
My friend, my earthly all!  
I must—I will—comply  
With Jesus' just demand,  
I *do* pluck out the dear right eye,  
Cut off the dear right hand.
- 2 Wherefore should I complain  
In pining discontent,  
If God requires his own again,  
Resumes the good he lent?  
The potter, sure, has power  
Over the passive clay,  
And whom my God bestowed this hour,  
My God may take away.

- 3           'Twas on these terms alone  
          That first I called him mine,  
And vowed without a murm'ring groan  
          The blessing to resign:  
          And if my friend he claim,  
          And hold me to my word,  
I bless and magnify his name,  
          And own him for my Lord.
- 4           The fatal blow I feel  
          Of his almighty hand,  
My grief commanded to conceal,  
          I bow to his command.  
          But thou hast not forbid  
          My secret tears to flow,  
And all my griefs, from mortals hid,  
          Thou dost with pity know.
- 5           Of this assured I rest  
          Thou wouldst not put to pain  
(For me if anguish were not best)  
          This helpless child of man;  
          The grieved thou wouldst not grieve,  
          Increase the sufferer's load,  
Me of so great a good bereave  
          But for my greater good.
- 6           Or if, my faith to prove,  
          Thou dost resume thine own,  
Thou shalt by a strange turn of love  
          Restore the rendered loan,  
          The offering father's hand  
          Shall drop the lifted knife,  
And still thy merciful command  
          Shall save my Isaac's life.

224.

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn 34.

- 1 Come my partner in the patience  
Of our once afflicted King,  
Out of all these tribulations  
Rise with me his praise to sing:  
For that happy day prepare,  
And when our desire comes down,  
Sure as now his cross we share,  
We shall then obtain his crown.
- 2 When our lovely Lord appears,  
Folding us in his embrace,  
He shall wipe away the tears,  
Kiss the sorrow from our face:  
Though we in continual mourning  
The short night of life employ,  
Joy shall come with Christ returning,  
Heavenly everlasting joy.
- 3 O what cordial consolation  
Doth this blessed hope afford!  
We shall gain his full salvation,  
We shall meet our smiling Lord:  
We shall soon appear before thee,  
Shall the stars and sun outshine,  
Shout among the sons of glory,  
All immortal, all divine.
- 4 Jesus, our exalted Jesus,  
Clothed in light, shall bow the sky,  
Shall from all our griefs release us,  
All our wants at once supply:

Grief, and curse, and death are over,  
Pain and sin no more molest,  
When we once the port recover,  
Land on our Redeemer's breast.

- 5 Shall we there in plaintive passion  
Our disastrous lot bewail,  
There regret our separation  
For a moment in the vale?  
Or in Christ again united,  
Heart to heart, and soul to soul,  
Triumph each in each delighted,  
While eternal ages roll?
- 6 For this hope displayed before us  
Bear we now the destined cross,  
Waiting, 'till our Lord restore us,  
Amplify recompense our loss,  
Crown our soul's supreme ambition,  
Bid us hand in hand ascend,  
Rapt into the *blissful vision*  
Of our everlasting friend.

**225.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 35.**

- 1 Away my needless fears,  
And doubts no longer mine!  
A ray of heavenly light appears,  
A messenger divine:  
Thrice comfortable hope  
That calms my stormy breast,  
My Father's hand prepares the cup,  
And what he wills is best.

- 2           He knows whate'er I want,  
          He sees my helplessness,  
And always readier is to grant  
          Than I to ask his grace:  
          My fearful heart he reads,  
          Secures my soul from harms,  
And underneath his mercy spreads  
          Its everlasting arms.
- 3           Here is firm footing, here,  
          My soul, is solid rock,  
To break the waves of grief and fear,  
          And trouble's rudest shock:  
          This only can sustain  
          When earth and heaven remove:  
O turn thee to thy rest again,  
          Thy God's eternal love.
- 4           To God again I turn,  
          And shelter in his breast,  
His will (let me rejoice or mourn)  
          His will is surely best:  
          His skill infallible,  
          His providential grace,  
His power, and truth, that never fail,  
          Shall order all my ways.
- 5           The random-blows of chance,  
          The being I defy,  
Whose life's minutest circumstance  
          Is subject to his eye:  
          He hears the ravens call;  
          Nor can his children grieve,  
Nor can a worthless sparrow fall  
          Without my Father's leave.
- 6           Why then was I cast down,  
          And troubled without cause,  
And trembled at the creature's frown,  
          And feared the threatened loss?

Shall I mistrust his care  
 My blessings to defend,  
 Or dread (who cannot lose an hair)  
 To lose a bosom-friend?

7        If what I wish is good,  
           And suits the will divine,  
 By earth and hell in vain withstood,  
           I know it shall be mine:  
           Still let them counsel take  
           To frustrate his decree,  
 They cannot keep a blessing back  
           By heaven designed for me.

8        If what my soul requires  
           Evil to me will prove,  
 His love shall cross my fond desires,  
           His kindly-jealous love:  
           But would I for his sake  
           With every rival part,  
 My life, my all, my friend give back?  
           He knows, he knows my heart.

9        Here then I doubt no more,  
           But in his pleasure rest,  
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,  
           Engage to make me blest:  
           T' accomplish his design  
           The creatures all agree,  
 And all the attributes divine  
           Are now at work for me.

10        To know my final state  
           I at his footstool bow,  
 Who tells my soul THE HAND OF FATE  
           IS ON THE CURTAIN NOW!  
           His will the veil withdraws,  
           And while I lift my eyes,  
 Discovers there a glorious cross,  
           And raps<sup>107</sup> me to the skies.

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<sup>107</sup>An archaic word for “transports.”

**226.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 36.**<sup>108</sup>

- 1    Raised today above my sorrow,  
       Happy now  
       Shall I bow  
   Burdened for tomorrow?  
   Shall I anxiously forecasting  
       Still destroy  
       My own joy,  
   Doubtful of its lasting?
  
- 2    Rather let me snatch th' occasion,  
       In the friend  
       God doth lend,  
   Taste *his* consolation;  
   (From his hands a glad receiver,)  
       Taste in this  
       Heavenly bliss,  
   Bliss that lasts forever.
  
- 3    In the stream I drink the fountain,  
       Drink, and haste  
       To the feast  
   On that holy mountain.  
   With the wings of faith and prayer  
       Fly we on  
       To the throne,  
   To the Saviour there.
  
- 4    There we fix our place of meeting,  
       Gladly come  
       To our home,  
   Songs of praise repeating.

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<sup>108</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 43–44; and MS Friendship II, 42–43.

Careless which shall first pass over,  
 Since we know  
 Both shall go,  
 Both the port recover.

- 5 Both shall reach the happy shore,  
 Quickly meet  
 At thy seat,  
 Meet, and part no more.  
 Who shall there our spirits sever?  
 Friends beneath,  
 Friends in death,  
 Friends we live forever!

227.

[Hymns for Christian Friends.]

Hymn 37.<sup>109</sup>

- 1 Two are better far than one  
 For counsel, and for fight:  
 How can one be warm alone,  
 Or serve his God aright?  
 Join we then our hearts and hands,  
 Each to love provoke his friend,  
 Run the way of his commands,  
 And keep them to the end.
- 2 Woe to him, whose spirits droop,  
 To him, who falls alone!  
 He has none to lift him up,  
 And help his weakness on:  
 Happier we each other keep,  
 We each other's burden bear;  
 Never *need* our footsteps slip,  
 Upheld by mutual prayer.
- 3 Who of twain hath made us one  
 Maintains our unity,

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<sup>109</sup>This hymn was originally sent by Charles as a love poem to Sarah Gwynne, his fiancé, in a letter dated September 17, 1748. Other manuscript precursors appear in MS Friendship I, 33–34; and MS Friendship II, 44–45.

Jesus is the cornerstone,  
 In whom we all agree;  
 Servants of our common Lord,  
 Sweetly of one heart and mind,  
 Who can break a threefold cord,  
 Or part whom God hath joined?

4 Breathes as in us both one soul,  
 When most distinct in place,  
 Interposing oceans roll,  
 Nor hinder our embrace;  
 Each as on *his* mountain stands,  
 Reaching hearts across the flood,  
 Join our hearts, if not our hands,  
 And sing the pard'ning God.

5 O that all with us might prove  
 The fellowship of saints!  
 Find supplied in Jesu's love  
 What every member wants!  
 Gain we our high calling's prize,  
 Feel our sins through Christ forgiven,  
 Rise, to all his image rise,  
 And meet our head in heaven.

**228.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**[Hymn 38.]**

**Gloria Patri.**<sup>110</sup>

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Mysterious One and Three,  
 We with thy celestial host  
 Presume to worship thee;  
 Still thyself to thee we give,  
 Who thyself to us hast given,  
 Praise, and power, and love receive  
 From all in earth and heaven.

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<sup>110</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Friendship I, 35.

**229.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 39.<sup>111</sup>**

- 1 Oh! That the flaming chariot,  
By grace peculiar given,  
Might now descend,  
And wrap my friend,  
My friend, and me, to heaven!  
Above this gloomy region,  
This vale of sin and sadness,  
We'd soar away  
To endless day,  
And everlasting gladness.
- 2 Head of thy church triumphant,  
We long to see thy glory,  
With joy to rise  
Beyond the skies,  
Where all thy hosts adore thee.  
We look for thy appearing  
With vehement expectation,  
And swell the groan  
Which from thine own,  
Runs through the whole creation.
- 3 O might we now behold thee  
In radiant clouds descending,  
Sublime upon  
The great white throne,  
With all thy hosts attending!  
Come in thy glorious kingdom,  
Thou worthy judge eternal,  
And seat us by  
Thy side, to try  
And doom the powers infernal.

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<sup>111</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 51–52; and MS Friendship II, 47–49.

4 Oh! Wouldst thou now receive us,  
The heirs of full salvation,  
To our reward,  
For us prepared,  
Before the world's foundation.  
Now, Lord, assign *his* mansion,  
And crown to each believer,  
And let *us* rest,  
In thee possessed  
Of joy that blooms forever!

**230.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 40.<sup>112</sup>**

1 Friend of all who seek thy favour,  
Us defend  
To the end,  
Be our utmost Saviour.

2 Us, who join on earth t' adore thee,  
Guard, and love,  
'Till above  
Both appear before thee.

3 Fix on thee our whole affection,  
Love divine,  
Keep us thine,  
Safe in thy protection.

4 Christ, of all our conversation  
Be the scope,  
Lift us up  
To thy full salvation.

5 Bring us every moment nearer;  
Fairer rise  
In our eyes,  
Dearer still, and dearer.

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<sup>112</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Friendship II, 49–50.

- 6     Infinitely dear and precious,  
        With thy love  
        From above  
        Evermore refresh us.
- 7     Strengthened by the cordial blessing  
        Let us haste  
        To the feast,  
        Feast of joys unceasing.
- 8     Perfect let us walk before thee,  
        Walk in white  
        To the sight  
        Of thy heavenly glory.
- 9     Both with calm impatience press on  
        To the prize,  
        Scale the skies,  
        Take entire possession:
- 10    Drink of life's exhaustless river,  
        Take of thee,  
        Life's fair tree,  
        Eat, and live forever!

**231.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 41.<sup>113</sup>**

- 1       Come, let us ascend,  
        My companion, and friend,  
        To a taste of the banquet above:  
        If thy heart be as mine,  
        If for Jesus it pine,  
        Come up into the chariot of love.
- 2       Who in Jesus confide,  
        We are bold to outride  
        The storms<sup>114</sup> of affliction beneath,  
        With the prophet we soar  
        To that heavenly shore,  
        And outfly all the arrows of death.

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<sup>113</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Friendship I, 45–46; and MS Friendship II, 45–47.

<sup>114</sup>Charles Wesley changed “storms” to “storm” in *All in All* (1761).

3       By faith we are come  
          To our permanent home,  
By hope we the rapture improve,  
          By love we still rise,  
          And look down on the skies;  
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4       Who on earth can conceive,  
          How happy we live  
In the city of God the great King!  
          What a concert of praise  
          When our Jesus's grace  
The whole heavenly company sing!

5       What a rapturous song,  
          When the glorified throng  
In the spirit of harmony join!  
          Join all the glad choirs  
          Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
And the burden is mercy divine!

6       Hallelujah they cry  
          To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM,  
          To the Lamb that was slain,  
          And liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God, and the Lamb!

7       The Lamb on the throne  
          Lo! He dwells with his own,  
And to rivers of pleasure he leads,  
          With his mercy's full blaze,  
          With the sight of his face,  
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8       Our foreheads proclaim  
          His ineffable name,  
Our bodies his glory display,  
          A day without night  
          We feast in his sight,  
And eternity seems as a day!

**232.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 42.**  
**At the Meeting of Friends.**

- 1       Saviour of sinful men,  
          Thy goodness we proclaim,  
Which brings us here to meet again,  
          And triumph in thy name!  
          Thy mighty name hath been  
          Our refuge, and our tower,  
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,  
          And all th' accuser's power.
- 2       Jesu, take all the praise,  
          That still on earth we live,  
Unspotted in so foul a place,  
          And innocently grieve;  
          Shut up in Sodom, we  
          No pride of anger find,  
But still compassionately see  
          The baseness of mankind.
- 3       We mourn, 'till thou appear,  
          Along the desert way:  
Briers, and thorns are with us here,  
          And we with scorpions stay;  
          Constrained (alas! How long!)  
          With human fiends to dwell,  
Sinners of lying lips, whose tongue  
          Is set on fire of hell.
- 4       Through calumny, and pain,  
          Through a long vale of woe,  
Far from the poisonous sons of men,  
          To purer worlds we go:  
          We shall from Sodom flee,  
          When perfected in love,  
And haste to better company,  
          Who wait for us above.

- 5           The saints of ancient days,  
              We shall with them sit down,  
Who fought the fight, and run the race,  
              And then received the crown;  
              Who first severely tried,  
              And exercised beneath,  
Broke through the world, with Christ their guide,  
              And more than conquered death.
- 6           The prophets of the Lord,  
              Who suffered for his name,  
Who bore, by fiends and men abhorred,  
              The Galilean's shame,  
              They that endured his cross,  
              And did his cup receive,  
Of whom the world unworthy was,  
              Were deemed not fit to live.
- 7           Swept from the earth away,  
              They joined the heavenly throng;  
And now for us their brethren stay,  
              And ever cry, "How long!"  
              Jesus the cry doth hear,  
              And he shall soon return,  
With endless joy our souls to cheer,  
              Who for his coming mourn.
- 8           Awhile in flesh disjoined,  
              Our friends that went before  
We soon in paradise shall find,  
              And meet to part no more;  
              In yonder blissful seat,  
              Waiting for us they are—  
And, I shall there an husband meet,  
              And I a parent there!
- 9           Oh! What a mighty change  
              Shall Jesu's sufferers know,  
While o'er the happy plains we range,  
              Incapable of woe!  
              No ill-requited love  
              Shall there our spirits wound,

No base ingratitude above,  
No sin in heaven is found.

- 10        There all our griefs are spent,  
            There all our sufferings end,  
We cannot there the fall lament  
            Of a *departed friend*,  
            A brother, dead to God,  
            By sin, alas! Undone—  
No father there, in passion loud,  
            Cries, Oh! My son, my son!
- 11        Nor slightest touch of pain,  
            Nor sorrow's least alloy  
Can violate our rest, or stain  
            Our purity of joy:  
            In that eternal day  
            No clouds or tempests rise;  
These gushing tears are wiped away  
            Forever from our eyes.
- 12        This languishing desire  
            Which now for heaven we feel  
Shall there delightfully expire  
            In joy ineffable:  
            The weight of glorious bliss  
            That to our share shall fall  
Not angel-tongues can half express;  
            But we shall have it all.

**233.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 43.**

**At Parting.**

**[Part 1.]**

- 1        And let our bodies part,  
            To different climes repair,  
Inseparably joined in heart  
            The friends of Jesus are:  
            Jesus the cornerstone,  
            Did first our souls unite;  
And still he holds, and keeps us one,  
            Who walk with him in white.

- 2           Then let us still proceed  
          In Jesu's work below,  
And following our triumphant head,  
          To farther conquests go;  
          The vineyard of the Lord  
          Before his labourers lies;  
And lo! We see the vast reward  
          That waits us in the skies.
- 3           O let our heart, and mind  
          Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
          Where all our labours end,  
          Where all our grief is o'er,  
          Our suffering, and our pain:  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
          Shall never part again.
- 4           O happy, happy place,  
          Where saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
          And all our brethren greet,  
          The church of the first-born,  
          We shall with them be blest,  
And crowned with endless joy return  
          To our eternal rest.
- 5           With joy we shall behold  
          In yonder blest abode  
The patriarchs and prophets old,  
          And all the saints of God;  
          Abraham and Isaac there,  
          And Jacob shall receive  
The followers of their faith and prayer,  
          Who now in bodies live.
- 6           We shall our time beneath  
          Live out in cheerful hope,  
And fearless pass the vale of death,  
          And gain the mountaintop:  
          To gather home his own  
          God shall his angels send,

And bid our bliss on earth begun  
In endless<sup>115</sup> triumphs end.

**Part 2.**

- 1       O let us ever dwell  
          On the transporting thought!  
We shall the joys of Jesus feel,  
          Up to his bosom caught;  
          We shall his glory see,  
          In silent raptures gaze,  
The man that hung upon the tree  
          We shall behold his face.
  
- 2       Shall soon behold our God,  
          But not as crucified;  
The Lamb his vesture dipped in blood  
          At last hath laid aside:  
          As God's eternal Son  
          He now appears above,  
And sits upon his dazzling throne  
          Of everlasting love.
  
- 3       Is this the Man of Woe,  
          Whom glorious now we see!  
The man who suffered want below,  
          And shame, and agony!  
          Who here insulted was,  
          And scourged, and crucified,  
Hung pierced, and naked on the cross,  
          And bled, and groaned, and died!
  
- 4       'Tis he! The Prince of Peace!  
          'Tis he! The Lord of power!  
Whom all these shining hosts of his  
          Their Maker-God adore:  
          He suffered in our stead,  
          That we with him might reign;  
But he shall never bow his head,  
          Shall never die again.

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<sup>115</sup>John Wesley substituted "deathless" for "endless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

**234.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 44.**  
**At Meeting of Friends.**

- 1 O Father receive our heartiest praise,  
For bidding us live to witness thy grace,  
For bringing us hither thy goodness to prove,  
And triumph together in Jesus's love.
- 2 Our confident trust in him we declare,  
Through Jesus the just accepted we are;  
Redeemed by his passion, we joyfully join  
T' ascribe our salvation to mercy divine.
- 3 Thee, Lord, we adore, and dwell on thy praise,  
Preserved by the power of Jesus's grace;  
Thee, Jesus, the giver of all we proclaim,  
And publish forever thy wonderful name.
- 4 Thy name is release from sorrow, and sin,  
'Tis pardon, and peace, and goodness brought in;  
It speaks us forgiven, sinks into the soul,  
And spreads the pure leaven, and hallows the whole.

**235.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn [45].<sup>116</sup>**

- 1 Jesu, to thee our hearts we lift,  
Our hearts which now with love o'erflow,  
With thanks for thy continued gift,  
That still thy precious name we know,  
Retain the sense of sin forgiven,  
And wait for all our inward heaven.
- 2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown  
Thy feeble tempted followers here!  
We have through fire, and water gone,  
But saw thee on the floods appear,  
But felt thee present in the flame,  
And shouted our deliverer's name.

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<sup>116</sup>Ori., "Hymn 46"; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 3     When stronger souls their faith forsook,  
        And lulled in worldly hellish peace,  
 Leaped desp'rate from their guardian Rock,  
        And headlong plunged in sin's abyss,  
 Thy power was in our weakness shown,  
 And still it keeps our souls thine own.
- 4     All are not lost, or wandered back,  
        All have not left thy church, and thee:  
 There are who suffer for thy sake,  
        Enjoy thy glorious infamy,  
 Esteem the scandal of thy cross,  
 And only seek divine applause.
- 5     We do not shamefully desert  
        Thy poor afflicted flock below,  
 Yield to the *reverend* tempter's art,  
        Or sell our friend, to buy our foe,  
 T' increase the world's triumphant scorn,  
 And make our blushing brethren mourn.
- 6     The grace which kept us to this hour,  
        Shall keep us faithful to the end,  
 When clothed with majesty and power,  
        Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,  
 His friends and confessors to own,  
 And seat us on his glorious throne.

**236.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 46.<sup>117</sup>**

- 1     And are we yet alive,  
        And see each other's face?  
 Glory, and thanks to Jesus give  
        For his almighty grace:  
        Preserved by power divine  
        To full salvation here,  
 Again in Jesu's praise we join,  
        And in his sight appear.

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<sup>117</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 69a–69b; and MS Thirty, 227–28.

2           What troubles have we seen,  
               What mighty conflicts past,  
 Fightings without, and fears within,  
               Since we assembled last!  
               Yet out of all the Lord  
               Hath brought<sup>118</sup> us by his love,  
 And still he doth his help afford,  
               And hide our life above.

3           Then let us make our boast  
               Of his redeeming power,  
 Which saves us to the uttermost,  
               'Till we can sin no more:  
               Let us take up the cross,  
               'Till we the crown obtain,  
 And gladly reckon all things loss,  
               So we may Jesus gain.

4           Jesus, to thee we bow,  
               And for thy coming wait:  
 Give us for good some token now  
               In our imperfect state;  
               Apply the hallowing word,  
               Tell each who looks for thee,  
 Thou shalt be perfect as thy Lord,  
               Thou shalt be all like me!

**237.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 47.**<sup>119</sup>

1           Jesus, we look to thee,  
               Thy promised presence claim,  
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be  
               Assembled in thy name:  
               Thy name salvation is,  
               (Which now we come to prove)  
 Thy name is life, and joy, and peace,  
               And everlasting love.

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<sup>118</sup>Ori., “bought”; corrected in errata and 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>119</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 207–8; and MS Shent, 70a.

2 Not in the name of pride,  
Or selfishness we meet,  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.  
We meet, the grace to take  
Which thou hast freely given,  
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art,  
But Oh! Thyself reveal;  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
The mighty comfort feel:  
Oh! Might thy quick'ning voice  
The death of sin remove,  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
In hope of perfect love.

4 Thou wilt to us make known  
Thy nature and thy name,  
Us who our utmost Saviour own  
From every touch of blame,  
From every word and deed,  
From every thought unclean,  
Our Jesus, 'till our souls are freed  
From all remains of sin.

**238.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 48.**<sup>120</sup>

1 All thanks to the Lamb who gives us to meet!  
His love we proclaim, his praises repeat:  
We own him our Jesus continually near,  
To pardon, and bless us, and perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,  
Preserved by his grace throughout the dark hour,

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<sup>120</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 71a.

In all our temptation he keeps us, to prove  
His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.

- 3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone,  
Through water and fire with us he went on;  
The world and the devil by him we o'ercame,  
Our Jesus from evil, forever the same.
- 4 When we would have spurned his mercy and grace,  
To Egypt returned, and fled from his face,  
He hindered our flying, (his goodness to show)  
And stopped us by crying, "Will ye also go?"
- 5 Oh! What shall we do, our Saviour to love?  
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above,  
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give,  
Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- 6 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue,  
And teach even us the spiritual song,  
Let us without ceasing give thanks for thy grace,  
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and praise.
- 7 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free:  
Ah! Hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me?  
The peace thou hast given, this moment impart,  
And open thy heaven, O love, in my heart.

**239.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 49.**<sup>121</sup>

- 1 See, Jesu, thy disciples see,  
The promised blessing give,  
Met in thy name, we look to thee,  
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect our faithful Lord,  
Who in thy name are joined,  
We wait, according to thy word,  
Thee in the midst to find.

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<sup>121</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 71b–72a; and MS Thirty, 71–72.

- 3 With us thou art assembled here,  
But O thyself reveal,  
Son of the living God, appear,  
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,  
And these dry bones shall live,  
Speak peace into our hearts, and say  
The Holy Ghost receive.
- 5 Whom now we seek O might we meet!  
Jesus the crucified,  
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,  
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us thy record to receive,  
Speak, and the tokens show,  
“O be not faithless, but believe  
In me, who died for you.”
- 7 Lord, I believe for me, ev’n me  
Thy wounds were opened wide,  
I see the prints, I more than see  
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 8 I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,  
I feel the sprinkled blood:  
Let every soul with me cry out  
Thou art my Lord, my God!

**240.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 50.**<sup>122</sup>

- 1 Come, Lord, with thy disciples sit  
Assembled in thy name,  
And let us kiss thy bleeding feet,  
And let us love the Lamb.
- 2 Is this the time, say, Jesu, say,  
Wilt thou, O Lord, restore  
The kingdom to our souls today,  
And bid us sin no more?

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<sup>122</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 72a–72b; and MS Thirty, 72–73.

- 3 Now wilt thou make an end of sin,  
The kingdom of thy peace  
The joy unspeakable bring in,  
Th' eternal righteousness!
- 4 We wait, 'till thou the gift impart,  
The unction from above:  
Come quickly, Lord, in every heart  
Set up thy throne of love.
- 5 Or, (for it is not ours to know  
The times by God assigned)  
Give us, 'till thou thyself bestow,  
An humble patient mind.
- 6 Thee let us praise with one accord,  
And in thy temple stay,  
Wait for the coming of our Lord,  
And without ceasing pray:
- 7 Still at Jerusalem abide  
In prospect of thy peace,  
'Till thou shalt in our hearts reside,  
And sin forever cease.
- 8 Give, when thou wilt, the blessing give,  
The kingdom from above,  
But let us all at last receive  
The power of perfect love.

**241.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 51.**<sup>123</sup>

**Invitation to Our Absent Friends.**

- 1 Ye followers of the bleeding Lamb,  
Before your Lord appear,  
On you we call in Jesu's name,  
Be all in spirit here.
- 2 Jesus with us assembled is,  
Him in the midst we feel,

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<sup>123</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Cheshunt, 38–39; MS Clarke, 40–42; and MS Shent, 72b–73a.

Come share with us the glorious bliss,  
The joy unspeakable.

- 3 Come all the members far and near,  
Whoe'er to Christ are joined,  
Jesus our common head is here,  
Ye cannot stay behind.
- 4 The body with the head is nigh:  
Let every faithful soul,  
Let every joint its strength supply  
To edify the whole.
- 5 'Tis done: through faith our hands we join,  
In Jesu's love we meet,  
And clothed with righteousness divine  
The body is complete.
- 6 Then let us all at once aspire,  
Our common Saviour praise,  
And higher raise our hearts, and higher,  
In honour of his grace:
- 7 His grace which hath salvation brought,  
And raised us from our fall,  
His grace which came to us unsought,  
And comes unsought to all.
- 8 God of all grace, thy saving name  
We thankfully confess;  
Let all the world adore the Lamb,  
The general blessing bless.
- 9 Ye that in strength divine excel,  
Ye first-born church above,  
Adore the depth unsearchable  
Of all-redeeming love.
- 10 'Till we like you behold his face,  
Angels, on you we call,  
Forever, and forever praise  
The Lamb, that died for all.

**242.**  
**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**  
**Hymn 52.**<sup>124</sup>

- 1       Ye followers of the Lamb,  
           Who own the common Lord,  
           And trust in Jesu's name  
           And hang upon his word,  
 In Jesu's sight with us appear,  
 Be present all in spirit here.
- 2       Let us together wait  
           For the descending power,  
           Which to our first estate  
           Shall all our souls restore,  
 Nor ever from the promise move,  
 'Till all are perfected in love.
- 3       Let us the word hold fast  
           Which we of him have heard;  
           We shall obtain at last  
           A great and full reward,  
 The Comforter shall surely come,  
 And make us his eternal home.
- 4       The Father of our Lord  
           Shall send the promised grace,  
           Let us with one accord  
           Continue in one place,  
 Nor from Jerusalem depart,  
 But keep the issues of our heart.
- 5       In sure and steadfast hope,  
           In view of perfect peace,  
           Let us to Christ look up,  
           'Till all our troubles cease;  
 The Lord our hope shall soon return,  
 The Lord shall comfort all that mourn.
- 6       In Jesus we believe,  
           And wait the truth to prove,  
           We shall, we shall receive  
           The blessing from above,

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<sup>124</sup>Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Shent, 73a–73b; and MS Thirty, 205–7.

Fulness of love, and peace, and power,  
And live in Christ, and sin no more.

7        We all the truth shall know,  
            Who in his word abide,  
            Be freed from sin below,  
            And wholly sanctified;  
We all his witnesses shall be,  
The truth, the truth shall make us free.

8        Shall make us free indeed  
            From every spot of sin,  
            Our pure and sinless head  
            Shall bring his nature in,  
We all his witnesses shall be,  
The truth, the truth shall make us free.

9        The things he hath prepared  
            For us, in sight of men,  
            Their ear hath never heard,  
            Their eye hath never seen,  
Nor can their carnal heart conceive  
How gloriously we soon shall live.

10       Poor abject slaves of sin  
            They madly hug their chains,  
            They will not be made clean<sup>125</sup>  
            From sin's belov'd remains;  
But we thy saying, Lord, receive,  
And trust a sinless<sup>126</sup> life to live.

11       Who for thy coming wait,  
            And hang upon thy word,  
            To our unsinning state  
            We shall be here restored,  
Thou shalt the second time appear,  
And then we all are perfect *here*.

**243.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 53.**<sup>127</sup>

1        Jesu, soft harmonious name,  
            Every faithful heart's desire,

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<sup>125</sup>Ori., "be made be clean"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>126</sup>John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" in manuscript in his personal copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

<sup>127</sup>A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 82–83.

See thy followers, O Lamb,  
 All at once to thee aspire;  
 Drawn by thy uniting grace,  
 After thee we swiftly run,  
 Hand in hand we seek thy face,  
 Come, and perfect us in one.

- 2 Mollify our harsher will,  
 Each to each our tempers suit  
 By thy modulating skill,  
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute:  
 Sweetly on our spirits move,  
 Gently touch the trembling strings,  
 Make the harmony of love,  
 Music for the King of kings.
- 3 See the souls that hang on thee,  
 Severed though in flesh we are,  
 Joined in spirit all agree,  
 All thy only love declare;  
 Spread thy love to all around:  
 Hark, we now our voices raise,  
 Joyful consentaneous sound,  
 Sweetest symphony of praise!
- 4 Jesu's praise is all our song;  
 While we Jesu's praise repeat,  
 Glide our happy days along,<sup>128</sup>  
 Glide with down upon their feet:  
 Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,  
 'Till we take our seats above,  
 Live we all as angels here,  
 Only sing, and praise, and love.

**244.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 54.**

- 1 Ye souls, that own the common Lord,  
 Who suffered once for all,  
 And wait with us the hallowing word,  
 Which saves us from our fall;

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<sup>128</sup>Ori., "long"; corrected in 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (1756).

- 2     You, though in body distant far,  
        We now in spirit meet,  
        You (for our souls united are)  
        In Jesu's name we greet.
- 3     United in the closest bands,  
        Whom seas and mountains part;  
        The Spirit more than joins our hands,  
        He makes us one in heart.
- 4     Fellowship to the world unknown,  
        In Jesu's name we prove,  
        Jesus is our chief cornerstone,  
        And cements us by love.
- 5     From him our mingled blessings flow,  
        We feel his blood applied,  
        And nothing seek, and nothing know,  
        But Jesus crucified.
- 6     The man who hung upon the tree  
        In every sinner's stead,  
        Him to receive we all agree,  
        And him we call our head.
- 7     To him let every member cleave,  
        And we shall never part,  
        We cannot each the other leave,  
        When God hath all our heart.
- 8     Then let us love our Lord alone,  
        'Till all his grace we prove,  
        And put his glorious image on,  
        Imparadised in love.

**245.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 55.<sup>129</sup>**

- 1     Lift up your hearts to things above,  
        Ye followers of the Lamb,  
        And join with us to praise his love,  
        And glorify his name.

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<sup>129</sup>A manuscript precursor of stanzas 8–12 of this hymn appears in MS Shent, 76a.

- 2 To Jesu's name give thanks, and sing,  
Whose mercies never end,  
Rejoice, rejoice, the Lord is King,  
The King is now our friend.
- 3 Our bosom-friend, and brother too,  
Our husband, and our head,  
Who all he bids delight to do,  
And in his footsteps tread.
- 4 Who for his sake count all things loss,  
On earthly good look down,  
And joyfully sustain the cross,  
'Till we receive the crown.
- 5 Then let us stir each other up,  
Our faith by works t' approve,  
By holy purifying hope,  
And the sweet task of love.
- 6 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,  
Ye lovers of the Lamb,  
And ever bear us on your mind,  
Who think, and speak the same.
- 7 You on our mind we ever bear,  
Whoe'er to Jesus bow,  
Stretch out the arms of faith, and prayer,  
And lo, we reach you now!
- 8 Surely we now your souls embrace,  
With you we now appear  
Present before the throne of grace,  
And you, and Christ is here.
- 9 Mercy, and peace your portion be,  
To carnal minds unknown,  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.
- 10 The blessings all on you be shed,  
Which God in Christ imparts,  
We pray the Spirit of our head  
Into your faithful hearts.

- 11 Let all, who for the promise wait,  
The Holy Ghost receive,  
And raised to your unsinning state  
With God in Eden live.
- 12 Live, 'till the Lord in glory come,  
And wait his heaven to share:  
He now is fitting up your home—  
Go on: we'll meet you there!

**246.**

**[Hymns for Christian Friends.]**

**Hymn 56.**

**Primitive Christianity.**<sup>130</sup>

**[Part 1.]**

- 1 Happy the souls who first believed,  
To Jesus, and each other cleaved,  
Joined by the unction from above,  
In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They lived, and spake, and thought the same;  
Brake the commemorative bread,  
And drank the Spirit of their head.
- 3 On God they cast their every care,  
Wrestling with God in mighty prayer,  
They claimed the grace, through Jesus given;  
By prayer they shut, and opened heaven.
- 4 To Jesus they performed their vows,  
A little church in every house;  
They joyfully conspired to raise  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 5 Propriety was there unknown,  
None called what he possessed his own;  
Where all the common blessing share,  
No selfish happiness was there.
- 6 With grace abundantly endued,  
A pure, believing multitude;  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.

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<sup>130</sup>Published previously in *Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn. (Bristol: Farley, 1743), 52–55. A manuscript precursor appears in MS Cheshunt, 160–64.

- 7 Oh, what an age of golden days!  
Oh, what a choice, peculiar race!  
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,  
Anointed kings, and priests to God!
- 8 Where shall I wander now to find  
The successors they left behind?  
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,  
Are minished from the sons of men.
- 9 Ye different sects, who all declare  
Lo! Here is Christ, or Christ is there;  
Your stronger proofs divinely give,  
And show me where *the Christians* live.
- 10 Your claim, alas! Ye cannot prove,  
Ye want the genuine mark of love:  
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show,  
For sure thou hast a church below.
- 11 The gates of hell cannot prevail,  
The church on earth can never fail:  
Ah! Join me to thy secret ones,  
Ah! Gather all thy living stones.
- 12 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,  
'Till thou collect them with thine eye,  
Draw by the music of thy name,  
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 13 For this the pleading Spirit groans,  
And cries in all thy banished ones:  
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,  
And make us of one mind and heart.
- 14 Join every soul that looks to thee,  
In bonds of perfect charity:  
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,  
And all in all forever live.

**Part 2.**

- 1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,  
Great builder of thy church below,

- If now thy Spirit moves my breast,  
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,  
And wait thy sanctifying word,  
And thee their utmost Saviour own,  
Unite, and perfect them in one.
- 3 Gather them in on every side,  
And in thy tabernacle hide;  
Give them a resting-place to find,  
A covert from the storm, and wind.
- 4 O find them out some calm recess,  
Some unfrequented wilderness!  
Thou, Lord, the secret place prepare,  
And hide, and feed *the woman* there.
- 5 Thither collect thy little flock,  
Under the shadow of their Rock:  
The holy seed, the royal race,  
The standing mon'uments of thy grace.
- 6 O let them all thy mind express,  
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses!  
Thy power unto salvation show,  
And perfect holiness below:
- 7 The fulness of thy grace receive,  
And simply to thy glory live;  
Strongly reflect the light divine,  
And in a land of darkness shine.
- 8 In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians lived in days of old;  
(Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach—and love.)
- 9 O make them of one soul and heart,  
The all-conforming mind impart;  
Spirit of peace, and unity,  
The sinless mind that was in thee.
- 10 Call them into thy wondrous light,  
Worthy to walk with thee in white;

Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show  
The glorious spotless church below.

- 11 From every sinful wrinkle free,  
Redeemed from all iniquity;  
The fellowship of saints make known;  
And Oh! My God, might I be one!
- 12 O might my lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesu's witnesses!  
O that my Lord would count me meet  
To wash his dear disciples' feet!
- 13 This only thing do I require,  
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,  
Freely what I receive to give,  
The servant of thy church to live.
- 14 After my lowly Lord to go,  
And wait upon thy saints below,  
Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.
- 15 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,  
And ask according to thy will,  
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,  
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 16 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,  
"Thy prayer is heard, it shall be so."  
The word hath passed thy lips, and I  
Shall with thy people live, and die.