

*Thanksgiving Hymns (1759)*¹

[Baker list, #237]

Editorial Introduction:

The Seven Year's War (1756–63) engulfed most of Europe, with Prussia joining Britain as allies against France, Russia, Austria, Sweden, and others. While the British and Prussian forces enjoyed some initial encouraging victories, things took a negative turn in the first half of 1759. Frederick the Great and the Prussian forces suffered some severe defeats and there was growing threat of a French invasion of England. Charles Wesley responded to this threat by publishing in July a set of hymns pleading for God to intervene and defend Britain in this dangerous hour—see *Invasion Hymns (1759)*.

From Charles's perspective, these prayers were dramatically answered in mid-November. On the 14th of that month Admiral Hubert de Brienne, Marshal de Conflans, headed the main French fleet of twenty-two vessels out of Brest harbor in an attempt to release his transports at Rochefort and then push on for England. He was pursued by Admiral Edward Hawke, in command of twenty-three ships of the Channel Fleet, and overtaken at the entrance of Quiberon Bay. Hawke attacked on the night of November 20, sinking or capturing six of Conflans' ships, while the remainder fled. This victory resulted in the end of French invasion plans and the termination of the French fleet as an effective offensive force.

A day of public thanksgiving for this victory was declared in Britain, set for November 29. Charles Wesley prepared a set of *Thanksgiving Hymns* that could be used on the day and after it. Some of the hymns were clearly written for the specific occasion. Others are more general in nature and likely gathered from earlier manuscripts. Their broad concern is to remind the British of God's role in any victory and to mourn the loss of life.

Edition:

[Charles Wesley.] *Hymns to be Used on the Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, 1759, and After it.*
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**HYMNS
TO BE USED ON THE
THANKSGIVING-DAY,
NOV. 29, 1759.
AND AFTER IT.**

Hymn I.

- 1 Great God of all-victorious grace,
Assist us worthily to praise
Thy glorious majesty:
Sav'd from the peril of the sword,
We fain would magnify the Lord,
And make our boast of thee.
- 2 Upheld by thine almighty hand,
Conquerors on every side, we stand,
And see our foes cast down,
Author of all our God we bless,
Our whole miraculous success
Ascribe to God alone.
- 3 Thy single arm the victories gave,²
And shew'd, thou art not bound to save
By many or by few:
Number and strength of hosts is vain;
Weakness itself, if thou ordain,
Shall earth and hell subdue.
- 4 Worship, and power to God belongs!
Saviour, let our triumphal songs

²Ori., "give"; a misprint.

Thine only praise record:
Some in their fleets and armies trust,
But we of God will make our boast,
And glory in the Lord.

5 Wide as our conquering arms extend,
Throughout the earth the news we send,
The joyous news proclaim,
Tell it to all the nations round
SALVATION on our side is found,
And Jesus is his name!

6 Jesus hath sav'd our souls from death!
Let all who by thy mercy breathe,
Thy mercy taste and see!
Claim, Lord, and take the purchas'd race,
And let the world, redeem'd by grace
Rejoice to God in thee.

Hymn II.

1 But ah! What means this frantick noise!
Do these, good God, to thee rejoice,
Whose ecchoing shouts we hear!
A beastly Bacchanalian crowd!
Whose oaths prophane, and curses loud
Torment the sober ear!

2 With foul and riotous excess,
With surfeiting and drunkenness
They *magnify* thy name,
With vauntings proud, and impious jest,
(The horrors of Belshazzar's feast)
They glory in their shame.

3 The rich to thy dread courts repair,
And offering up their formal prayer

As incense to the skies,
With SPORTS they close the *hallow'd* day,
Their promis'd vows to Satan pay,
An hellish sacrifice!

4 But do ye thus the Lord requite,
(While Britain's host goes forth to fight,)
Or thus his help engage!
Ah! Foolish souls, who still declare
Your hatred against God, and war
With your defender wage!

5 Ye rob Britannia of her shield,
Jehovah, by *your thanks* compel'd
To join the vanquish'd side:
Ye force him to exalt the foe,
To lay our lofty nation low,
And scourge us for our pride.

6 Yet, O most patient God, forbear
The wretches who thy anger dare,
And court th' invader's sword;
Rather regard the faithfull seed,
Who to the *opening seal* give heed,
And tremble at thy word.

7 *We* do not dream the danger *past*!
The first may soon become the last,
Unless thine hand we see
Extended o're the nations now,
And humbly to thy judgments bow,
And ask our lives from thee.

8 Our lives are in our Maker's hand;
And 'till thy mind we understand,
Thine utmost counsel prove,
O let us in the Spirit groan,
Father, thy will on earth be done,
As in the courts above!

Hymn III.

- 1 With sober joy, and conscious fear,
Father, we in thy sight appear,
Thy mercies and our sins confess,
And tremble, while we sing thy praise.
- 2 Repentance to our thanks we join,
The ministers of wrath divine,
The weapons in thy vengeful hand,
The scourges of a sinful land.
- 3 Thou justly hast chastiz'd thy foes,
But spar'd the authors of their woes,
Indulg'd *us* with a kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.
- 4 Not for our nation's righteousness
Hast thou vouchsaf'd our arms to bless,
For we have most rebellious been,
For we have added sin to sin:
- 5 Have done thy Spirit worse despite,
Sinners against superior light,
A favour'd, but unthankful race,
Who trample on thy choicest grace.
- 6 Yet now before thy gracious throne
Our deep ingratitude we own,
Poor guilty worms, who blush to prove
The riches of thy patient love.
- 7 We offer up our weak desires
Of giving what thy love requires,
Of following after righteousness,
Of living to our Saviour's praise.

- 8 But while we render thee thine own,
Thy power be in our weakness shewn,
Jesus to each thy love impart,
And bless us with a grateful heart.

Hymn IV.

- 1 Sing to the Lord by whom we live,
From whom our blessings spring,
Who doth to us salvation give,
And vict'ry to our king.
- 2 Thee, Conqueror of our foes we greet,
Thee, Lord of hosts proclaim,
And cast our laurels at thy feet,
And tremble at thy name.
- 3 With lowly reverential joy
Thy mercy we embrace,
This solemn interval employ
In ceaseless prayer and praise.
- 4 Whate'er these threatenng wars portend,
Whate'er thy will decrees,
Our souls that on thy love depend
Are kept in perfect peace.
- 5 Our loving confidence is sure,
Our Guardian-Rock stands fast,
Under its shade we dwell secure,
'Till every storm is past.
- 6 Who rest beneath th' Almighty's wings,
May cast their cares away:
Whate'er event tomorrow brings,
We live for God to-day.

Hymn V.³

- 1 Father of compassions, hear us,
Us who flee
Unto thee,
While the scourge draws near us:
- 2 While inflam'd with vengeful ire
Babel's host
Threats our coast,
Arm'd with sword and fire.
- 3 Can we 'scape the desolation,
If the brand
In their hand
Be thine indignation?
- 4 If we have fill'd up our measure,
And our God
Sends the rod
Of his just displeasure!
- 5 Who can tell if late repentance
May find grace,
Skreen our race
From the dreadful sentence?
- 6 Wilt thou, Lord, be yet intreated
By thy foes,
Save ev'n those
For destruction fitted?
- 7 Still in fearful expectation
Guilty we
Wait to see
Thy determination.

³A manuscript copy of this hymn (with only one variant, noted here) is present in the Methodist Archives Research Centre, The John Rylands University Library: DDWes 4/54.

- 8 Father, hear the remnant's prayer,
 More than ten
 Righteous men
 Urging thee to spare.
- 9 Spare the death-devoted city;
 Let us prove
 All thy love,
 All thy patient pity.
- 10 Mercy is thy heavenly⁴ nature,
 Make it known
 In thy Son,
 Hear our Mediator.
- 11 Hear his all-commanding Spirit
 Interceed,
 While *we* plead
 Jesus' blood and merit.
- 12 Hear—and drop thy controversy—
 Jesus prays!
 Wrath, give place,
 Judgment, yield to mercy!

Hymn VI.⁵

- 1 Most gracious God, what shall we say
 To stop a senseless people's doom?
How can we for the rebels pray,
 Who court the tardy scourge to come,
Thy grace despise, thy truth deny,
And all thy threaten'd plagues defy!
- 2 Because thy ling'ring love defers
 The long-indebted punishment,
From time to time the wicked spares,
 Their heart on evil fully bent

⁴DDWes 4/54 had "only" written here, then crossed out and replaced with "heavenly."

⁵A manuscript version of this hymn appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 159–60.

Disdains the punishment to fear,
And mocks at the destruction near.

- 3 Will they believe the spoiler nigh,
Or tremble at the slaught'ring sword?
Safe in the toils of hell they lie,
Deaf to the watchman's warning word,
Nor God nor man their hurt intends,
And death and Tophet are their friends.
- 4 Or if the danger they confess,
The danger on their foes they turn,
Those treacherous enemies to peace,
Those objects of their hate and scorn,
"Let the presumptuous aliens come,
And rush upon their instant doom."
- 5 Blind with intoxicating pride
(Sad prelude of a nation's fall!)
They wholly in themselves confide,
Nor on the Lord of armies call,
Nor humbly at thy footstool own
Salvation is from God alone.

Hymn VII.⁶

- 1 Did they, O God, ascribe to thee
Their strange escapes in dangers past?
Alas for them, alas for me
So soon forgetful of *the last!*
Snatch'd from the anti-christian power
The gulph wide opening to devour.
- 2 Appall'd we saw th' invader's sword
March unoppos'd thro' half the land!
Jehovah then pronounc'd the word,
And lo! At thy supreme command

⁶A manuscript version of this hymn appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 160–62.

The blasted savages of Rome
Recoil'd—and sunk into the tomb.

- 3 But have we by their ruin rose
 To a new life of righteousness,
Or lull'd in more profound repose
 Abus'd, and forfeited our peace?
Our peace is gone, our safety fled,
And our dead souls are doubly dead.
- 4 Call'd back by an ungrateful race
 The man on the red horse returns;
And while thy wrath a moment stays,
 The nation sports, the remnant mourns!
Ah! Who of all thy saints can tell
Shall grace or justice turn the scale!
- 5 Dare we again for respite cry,
 Or deprecate th' impending blow?
If now thou layst thy thunder by,
 And sav'st us from our fiercest foe,
Will Britain's sons their Saviour see,
And give the praise entire to thee?
- 6 We fear, the sav'd unthankful throng
 Will more and more obdurate prove,
Thy providential mercy wrong,
 And trample on thy richest love,
And when thou turn'st the sword aside,
Thy judgments and thy grace deride!
- 7 But, for thou hast not yet forbid
 The good for the prophane to pray,
Hear thy own people interceed,
 The rough east-wind of judgment stay,
'Till general penitence remove,
Or melt thine anger into love.

- 8 Thy mercies all our thoughts transcend,
The worst thou canst in Christ forgive:
O let our sins and troubles end,
O let our ransom'd nation live!
Hear the loud cry of Jesus' blood,
And save us thro' the death of God!

Hymn [VIII].⁷

- 1 Great guardian of thy church below,
Stretch out thine arm on Britain's side,
The sons of Babel to o'erthrow,
Who deep as hell their counsels hide:
Conceal'd from us with closest art
They cannot hide them, Lord, from thee,
Whose flaming eyes look thro' the heart,
And hell without a covering see.
- 2 Thou knowst, and canst to us make known
Whatev'r our craftiest foes devise;
It shall be to thy servant shewn,
The least that on thy word relies:
Things in the royal chamber said,
(Like Syria's plots in days of old)
By ways invisible convey'd,
Shall to thy meanest saint be told.
- 3 For this premonish'd from above
We now the opening seal attend,
And trust thine all-disposing love,
That judgment shall in mercy end:
The bounded might of baffled man
The glory of thy power shall raise,
Advance thy all-redeeming plan,
And spread the victory of thy grace.

⁷Ori., "VII"; the remaining hymns are also renumbered accordingly. A manuscript copy of this hymn, with several variants, is present in the Methodist Archives Research Centre, The John Rylands University Library: DDWes 4/54 (see Assorted Loose-leaf Manuscript Hymns).

- 4 What then have thine elect to dread
 In general peril and dismay?
We calmly to thy word give heed
 Prophetic of the perfect day:
Led by thy word's unerring clue
 Wheel within wheel involv'd we see,
Look all subservient causes thro',
 And wait the birth of thy decree.
- 5 Lord, we behold thy mighty hand
 Stretch'd out o'er all the nations now!
The counsel of thy will shall stand,
 The heathen to thy sceptre bow;
Demons and men shall blindly join,
 And Antichrist erect his throne,
To execute thy grand design,
 And bring thy glorious kingdom down!

Hymn [IX].

- 1 Promis'd Prince of Peace, appear,
Come, and fix thy kingdom here,
Whom the longing bride desires,
Whom the universe requires.
- 2 Thou hast lifted up thy hand,
O'er the sea, and the dry land,
Hast the awful signal given;
Shake again both earth and heaven.
- 3 Still the drowsy nations shake,
'Till out of their sins they wake,
All in one petition join'd,
Come desire of human kind!
- 4 Lord of hosts, thine arm reveal,
This thy house with glory fill,
To the former church unknown,
Glory kept for us alone.

- 5 Give the never-failing peace,
The transcendant holiness,
Let us all the promise prove,
Fill our souls with perfect love.

- 6 Now, O Christ, thy right assert,
Enter every human heart,
Fulness of the Spirit give,
King of saints for ever live!

Hymn [X].

- 1 Be still ye isles, and wait your doom!
Jehovah from his place is come;
 He whets his glittering sword;
His hand doth hold of judgment take:
Let all the guilty nations quake
 Before our angry Lord.
- 2 He calls his own to see him rise,
To mark the vengeance of the skies
 Dispread thro' earth abroad;
Countries laid waste, and conquer'd powers,
Cities o'erturn'd, and falling towers,
 And fields and seas of blood.
- 3 Where shall this dreadful havock end?
What doth the righteous God intend?
 Beneath his hand we bow,
And trembling in the balance cry
Will justice pass our nation by,
 Or must he visit now?
- 4 Cover'd and blind is every seer;
Nor doth the purpos'd thing appear
 To one of Abraham's race:
We hear the thunder of thy power;
But who shall all thy mind explore,
 But who shall see thy face?
- 5 Darkness and clouds surround thy throne,
And wrap the hidden God unknown
 In awful majesty:
Unless thou dost the secret tell,
Nor man, nor angel can reveal,
 Or fathom thy decree.
- 6 Yet if thou hast not fix'd our doom,
Before the swift destruction come,

And sweep thy foes away,
That mercy may incline the scale,
And wrestling faith at last prevail,
Vouchsafe us power to pray.

- 7 Stir up the praying seed to stand
Protectors of a guilty land,
And arm'd in its defence
With Jesus' name, and mind and blood,
Which stays the outstretch'd arm of God,
And binds omnipotence.
- 8 The spirit that in Moses pray'd,
O might it flow from Christ our head,
And in the members cry
"Father, we all thy will receive;
But let us to thy glory live,
Or to thy glory die!"

Hymn [XI].

- 1 See Lord a nation at thy feet!
Do with us now as seems thee meet,
Preserve alive, or slay:
Whate'er we may tomorrow feel,
Spar'd hitherto, thy grace we tell,
We sing thy love to day.
- 2 Thy love hath our protection been;
Thy love, and not the sea between,
Forbad our foes to pass:
Our watry walls had nought avail'd,
Our wooden walls themselves had fail'd,
Without our WALL OF BRASS.
- 3 The leopard fierce, who watches o'er
Our cities, on the adverse shore
Thy secret will detains:
Howe'er impatient to get free,
Till suffered by a beck from thee,
He cannot burst his chains.

- 4 But if, to scourge our nation's sin,
The foe should as a flood come in,
Or a devouring flame,
We'll praise our God, repriev'd so long,
Sing in the fires a gospel-song,
And shout Immanuel's name.
- 5 That Spirit of faith and power divine
Shall then lift up the Christian sign
Against our enemy;
And, O! Might all the aliens prove
The virtue of thy dying love,
And yield themselves to thee!.
- 6 Saviour, desire of all mankind,
Come, and the antient dragon bind,
Command these wars to cease;
Let every soul thy kingdom prove,
In holy joy, and perfect love,
And everlasting peace.

[Hymn XII].

The Song of Moses,⁸

**Sung by Great Britain and Ireland, for
the Victory Given Them over the French
Fleet, Nov. the 20th, 1759.**

- 1 Sing to the Lord, for he alone
Gave us the victory!
He hath our threatning foes o'erthrown,
And cast into the sea.
Worship and strength to him belong,
And praise is all his due:
The Lord is our triumphal song,
And our salvation too.
- 2 To him we will our trophies raise,
And chaunt his matchless powers:
Our fathers's God, exalt his praise,
Our fathers' God is ours!

⁸See Exodus 15:1–18.

Prepare his place with humble zeal,
Who takes his people's part;
The Lord eternally shall dwell
In every faithful heart.

- 3 The Lord, he is a man of war,
In every age the same;
Let Britain sav'd with shouts declare
The great Jehovah's name:
Jehovah on our foes did frown
Amidst their furious boast,
And cast their chosen captains down,
And drowned half their host.
- 4 Into the depths they sunk as lead,
Who thee and thine oppos'd,
They sunk at once; and o'er their head
The mighty waters clos'd!
Thine own right-hand with power supreme,
With glorious dreadful power,
In pieces dash'd their ships and them,
And bad the gulph devour.
- 5 In vain the fierce invader swore,
"I will lay waste their isle,
Pursue them on their native shore,
And seize, and part the spoil;
Will on the hereticks abhor'd
My lust of vengeance cloy,
And draw my *consecrated* sword,
And young and old destroy."
- 6 For great in majesty divine,
Thy wrathful Spirit blew,
Blasted their arrogant design,
And all their host o'erthrew:
Into the depths they sunk as lead
Who thee and thine oppos'd,
They sunk at once; and o'er their head
The mighty waters clos'd.

- 7 Which of the saints by Rome ador'd
With superstitious prayer,
Or who among *their* gods, O Lord,
Can unto thee compare?
Not all the gods of wood and stone,
To whom their worship's given,
Nor her they rank above her Son,
The Virgin Queen of heaven.
- 8 Thou art our only God and King,
Glorious in holiness,
Thy wonder-working power we sing,
And tremble while we praise:
Thou stretched'st forth thy strong right-hand,
And the abyss below
Did horribly its jaws expand,
And swallow'd up the foe.
- 9 But thou hast sav'd the chosen seed,
The children of thy grace;
And Israel's STRENGTH shall Israel lead
Into the holy place;
Compleat the saving work begun
By thine almighty hand,
And bring thy favourite people on
Into the promis'd land.
- 10 Struck from above with sacred fear,
The hostile nations round
Shall of our great deliverance hear,
And sicken at the sound;
Canaan's inhabitants shall quake,
The antichristian powers,
And Babylon the great shall shake
Throughout her threat'ned towers.

- 11 Presaging that her time is come,
Her retribution day,
The chiefs of persecuting Rome
Shall faint, and melt away:
Horror the mighty men shall seize,
Who sought thy church's harm,
While all in silent awe confess
The greatness of thine arm.
- 12 Not one, till Israel is past o'er,
Thy people shall molest,
Till, led by thee, we reach the shore,
And gain the land of rest;
The land we surely shall possess,
And never thence remove,
Fixt on the mount of holiness,
The mount of perfect love.
- 13 Then wilt thou in the saints reside,
And make their hearts thy throne,
And shew the world thy spotless bride,
And claim *them* for thine own;
Then the believing world shall sing
"The Lord his right obtains,
Jesus is universal King,
And God forever reigns."

Hymn [XIII].

- 1 Britons, arise with one accord,
And learn to glory in the Lord!
The Lord from whom salvation came,
Doth justly all your praises claim:
With humble heart and thankful voice
Rejoice aright, to God rejoice.
- 2 God over all, thy work we praise,
Reviv'd as in the antient days:

Thine arm, by Israel's cry awoke,
Its own resistless strength hath took,
Dispers'd the low'ring cloud we fear'd,
And glorious on our side *appear'd*.

3 Rome with a new armada vow'd
To quench her thirst of British blood;
On vengeance and destruction bent,
They proudly told their dire intent,
To *keep* with hereticks their word,
And waste our isle with fire and sword.

4 Where now is the invader's boast,
The terror of our naked coast?
Thou, Lord, who know'st the proud to quell,
Hast shew'd them not *invincible*,
Made their infernal counsel void,
And all their vaunted strength destroy'd.

5 Sing to the Lord! The Lord alone
His strange destructive work hath done:
Jehovah did the cloud look thro',
Jehovah gave the word *Pursue!*
He dash'd their vessels on the coast,
He swallow'd up their troubled host.

6 Thine was the power, the wisdom thine,
Which baffled Gaul's and Rome's design:
Who ever dealt the destin'd blow,
Or launch'd thy thunder on the foe,
Thee in the instrument we see,
And give the praise entire to thee.

Hymn [XIV].

1 Merciful God, thy love we sing,
From whence our public blessings spring:

Thy love is every Briton's theme,
Who drinks the fountain in the stream,
And looks inferior causes thro',
To keep his gracious God in view.

- 2 Bent to preserve our favour'd race,
Thou on our land, in special grace,
The steady patriot hast bestow'd,
And form'd him for Britannia's good,
As born her ruin to retrieve,
And bid his gasping country live.
- 3 Boldly he brav'd the stormy deep,
And piloted our sinking ship:
But still thy secret hand was near,
Directing his the helm to steer;
And Britain sings, to life restor'd,
"Our strength and helper is the Lord."
- 4 Thy Spirit in our councils sat,
And turn'd the battle to the gate:
It laid their forts and armies low,
It tore whole regions from the foe;
Thine arm from France the islands rent,
Thy thunder shook the continent.
- 5 Sent of the Lord his bolts to deal,
And execute his awful will,
By haughty sacrilegious boasts,
We will not wrong the Lord of hosts,
If fools his providence exclude,
And heathens say There is no God.
- 6 God over-ruling all we own,
Gracious and wise is God alone:
Our counsellors he counsel'd right,
He taught our mariners to fight;

His prowess in our troops we prove,
His goodness in our king we love.

- 7 Let every instrument disclaim
The honours due to Jesus' name:
Him only wise and good confess,
Him our Almighty Saviour bless,
And praise the Rock that cannot move,
The Rock of everlasting LOVE.

Hymn [XV].

- 1 Unless the Most High
For Israel had stood,
(Our Israel may cry
Triumphantly loud)
Our foes on our nation
Their fury had pour'd,
And wide desolation
Our country devour'd.
- 2 But prais'd be the Lord,
Our refuge and hope,
A prey to the sword
He gave us not up:
Their plots he hath blasted,
Their armaments foil'd,
The ravagers wasted,
The pillagers spoil'd.
- 3 Give glory to God,
Who sits on the throne,
And scatters the proud,
And rescues his own!
Our best adoration
To him we will give,
And all his salvation
With rapture receive.

- 4 Our safety on him
Alone doth depend;
Who now doth redeem
Shall save to the end:
Almighty Creator,
We rest in thy name,
We trust in thy nature,
Forever the same.
- 5 Thy name we adore,
Thine attributes praise,
Truth, wisdom, and power,
And justice, and grace!
To ransom and bless us,
Thou cam'st from above;
Thy name it is Jesus,
Thy nature is LOVE.
- 6 This token for good
We thankfully take,
Our safety bestow'd,
For Jesus's sake;
Our lives as a favour
From God we receive,
And trust with our Saviour
Forever to live.

Hymn [XVI].

- 1 While Britain's sons their trophies raise,
Triumphant, as in full success,
And bliss without alloy,
Let pity for our bleeding foes,
Let love, which no distinction knows,
Correct the general joy.
- 2 Our country sav'd from sword and fire,
Doth every Briton's thanks require,

And lifts our hearts to God;
But can we, Lord, *delight* to see
These scenes of human misery,
This waste of *Christian* blood?

3 We mourn the slaughter'd sons of Gaul,
We tremble, while thy judgments fall
On our invader's head:
Their lives to ransom ours are given,
And crouds out of the body driven,
Have perish'd in our stead.

4 The thousands whom our hands have slain
Do we, alas, who still remain,
In holiness excel?
Our army, is it not, like theirs,
A bundle of devoted tares,
Our fleet a floating hell?

5 We, even we, the scourge demand;
But in the gap *a people* stand,
Poor, helpless, and unknown,
A little flock, a remnant small,
Afflicted, and despis'd by all,
And lov'd of God alone.

6 Thou to the cry of thine elect,
Yet once again hast had respect,
And would'st not vengeance take:
Thy wrath was ready to consume,
When mercy respited our doom
For the ten righteous' sake.

7 But is thine anger turn'd aside,
Thy justice *fully* satisfy'd
With punishing our foe?
Thine arm *appears* extended still!
Which of thine enemies shall feel
The next destructive blow?

- 8 We still the bloody harness wear;
The weapon of the Lord is bare
 Against our wickedness:
The sword thou didst in vengeance send,
O when shall its commission end,
 And wars forever cease!
- 9 Saviour of men, thro' whom we live,
Do thou the peaceful answer give,
 While at thy feet we groan:
Stop this effusion of our blood,
Thou who hast quench'd the wrath of God
 By pouring out thine own.
- 10 Repentance upon both bestow,
Our foes and us; that each may know
 Their sins thro' faith forgiven,
That all may cordially embrace,
And sweetly reconcil'd by grace,
 Go hand in hand to heaven.