

Family Hymns (1767)¹

[Baker list, #299]

Editorial Introduction:

After issuing *Hymns for Children* in 1763, Charles Wesley went nearly four years without a publication. But he was busy composing. In 1767 he released two major collections: *Trinity Hymns* and *Family Hymns*. While their themes are fairly divergent, the two collections bear evidence of being cultivated alongside each other. In particular, Charles arranged the first twenty-four selections in *Family Hymns* (1767) to correspond to the metre of the twenty-four *Festival Hymns* (1746), allowing him to suggest Lampe's tunes for these hymns (and the others in the collection with the same metre). He used the same arrangement in the last section of *Trinity Hymns* (1767).²

While *Trinity Hymns* (1767) had a tight organizational structure and focus, following the outline of a book by William Jones, *Family Hymns* (1767) is a wide-ranging and eclectic collection of materials for personal and family devotional use. Some of the items were surely composed with the collection in mind, but Charles also gathered here many poems written in settings of his family life over the last two decades.

The collection sold well enough to be reprinted in 1776. However, this was strictly a reprint, with no further editorial attention. It reproduces nearly all of the scattered misprints in the original.

Editions:

Charles Wesley. *Hymns for the Use of Families*. Bristol: Pine, 1767.
London: Hawes, 1776.

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²Charles had used this organizational pattern once before, in the first 24 hymns in *Redemption Hymns* (1747). He also suggests tunes from *Festival Hymns* (1746) in *Graces* (1746), but not in the same order.

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**HYMNS
FOR A
FAMILY.**

I.

**For the Master.—1 Chron[icles] xvi. 43.¹
To: “Father, our hearts we lift.”**

- 1 The power to bless my house
 Belongs to God alone:
 Yet rendring him my constant vows,
 I bring his blessing down:
 When two or three are met
 In Jesus’ name to pray,
 He doth our cancel’d sins forget,
 And turns his wrath away.
- 2 Shall I not then engage
 My house to serve the Lord,
 To search the soul-converting page,
 And feed upon his word;
 To ask with faith and hope
 The grace his Spirit supplies,
 In prayer and praise to offer up
 Their daily sacrifice?

¹Ori., “45”; a mistake that remains in the second edition.

- 3 Merciful God, on me
 The res'lute mind bestow,
On all my favour'd family,
 In David's steps to go:
 Let each his sin eschew
 Thro' thy restraining grace,
Our father Abraham's steps pursue,
 And walk in all thy ways.
- 4 Saviour of men, incline
 The hearts which thou hast made,
Which thou hast bought with blood divine,
 To ask thy promis'd aid:
 Me, and my house receive,
 Thy family t' increase,
And let us in thy favour live,
 And let us die in peace.

II.

For the Family.

To: "Angels speak, let men give ear."

- 1 Young, and old, and men, and maidens,
 Let us sing
 Christ our King
 Who his mourners gladdens;
Joyful now in expectation
 We, ev'n we
 Soon shall see
 Jesus our salvation.
- 2 Truth himself the word hath spoken:
 In his word
 Christ the Lord
 Gives us now a token;
Bids us stedfastly believe him,
 'Till in love
 From above
 All who ask receive him.

- 3 We thro' sin no longer drooping
Lift our eyes
To the skies,
For the promise hoping:
Jesus comes with all his merit;
Comes to me
One in Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit.
- 4 Conscious of his pard'ning power
We his name
Shall proclaim,
Teach the world t' adore;
Tell what God hath done to bless us,
Us, and all
Them that call
On our loving Jesus.
- 5 We who have in Christ found favour,
Christ confess,
Publish peace
Thro' the common Saviour:
Yes, the Father justifieth
Every one
On his Son
Who, like us, relieth.
- 6 He who cancel'd our offences,
Man and God
By his blood
All believers cleanses:
While the Spirit of consolation
Witness bears
In the heirs
Chosen to salvation.

III.

To: "Away with our fears."

- 1 O Father of all,
 Attend to our call
 Who in Jesus's name
The promise of peace and of purity claim;
 Who long to believe,
 And with rapture receive
 Thro' faith in his blood
The unspeakable gift of an indwelling God.
- 2 For the sake of thy Son
 Thy family own,
 While we jointly agree
In the name of our Lord to petition for thee:
 Thee alone we require,
 Thee in Jesus desire,
 In the Spirit of love,
As our joy upon earth, and our portion above.
- 3 Come, Father, and Son,
 With the Comforter down,
 In the fulness of peace,
The extatical earnest of heavenly bliss:
 One ineffable Three
 To my household and me
 The whole Godhead impart,
And eternally dwell in the sanctified heart.

IV.

To: "All ye that pass by."

- 1 O Saviour of all,
 Attend to our call,
And awaken our souls, and redeem from their fall:
 Our apostacy known
 In part we bemoan,
And for pardon, opprest, and for liberty groan.

- 2 Love mov'd thee to die;
 And on this we rely,
Thou art able, O God, thy own blood to apply;
 Thou canst, if thou wilt:
 And it surely was spilt
 To redeem us from sin, both the power and the guilt.
- 3 Ever able to cleanse,
 And remove it from hence,
Our original guilt, with our actual offence;
 Ever willing thou art,
 Thy peace to impart,
 And make thy abode in a penitent heart.
- 4 Come then from above
 In the Spirit of love,
And the mountain of sin by thy coming remove:
 Thee present below
 By faith when we know,
 The mountain of sin in a moment shall flow!
- 5 We wait the glad hour,
 Convinc'd of thy power
To forgive us our sins, and our souls to restore:
 We have faith to be heal'd;
 And when thou art reveal'd,
 Our salvation is sure, and our pardon is seal'd.

V.

To: "Lamb of God, whose bleeding love."

- 1 Have not we redemption found
 And righteousness thro' grace?
Let our houses then resound
 With our Redeemer's praise;
Let our souls to him aspire,
Who died that we might live forgiven,
Emulate th' angelic quire,
 And taste the joys of heaven.

2 Jesus' praises we proclaim,
And daily pay our vows:
Consecrated thro' his name
A church is in our house:
Melody to Christ our King
We make with joyful hearts sincere:
Angels listen while we sing,
And God vouchsafes to hear.

3 God doth to our King attend,
Who shouts amidst his own;
Praises now thro' Christ ascend
To that eternal throne:
When we there triumphant stand,
And all our elder brethren meet,
Hymning with that harping band;
The concert is compleat.

VI.

For the Evening.

To: "Hearts of stone, relent, relent."

1 Giver of the nightly songs,
Fain we would thy glory raise,
Pay thee what to thee belongs,
All our life and all our praise;
But 'till thou thy blood apply,
Thee we cannot glorify.

2 Thou hast bought us with thy blood,
Yet we still in Egypt dwell
Strangers to a dying God,
'Till thou dost thyself reveal:
Hear us for redemption groan,
Claim the prisoners for thine own.

- 3 Mightier than the mighty, seize
Whom thou hast redeem'd of old,
Us the slaves of man release,
Us to sin and Satan sold,
Bid thy ransom'd creatures rise,
Bear away the lawful prize.
- 4 Set our hearts at liberty,
Thro' the power of pard'ning grace,
Then we shall give thanks to thee,
Publish our Redeemer's praise,
Chant the Lamb like those above,
Only live to sing and love.

VII.

To: "With pity, Lord, a sinner see."

- 1 Come, Son of Abraham and of God,
Saviour on the world bestow'd,
To ransom and to bless,
And let our souls possest of thee
The true compleat felicity,
The sovereign good possess.
- 2 Thy faithful word and oath we plead:
Shew thyself the promis'd seed,
The all-redeeming Lord,
And let us in thy favour find
And in thy purity of mind
Our paradise restor'd.
- 3 In this thrice acceptable hour
Exercise thy pard'ning power,
Our curse and sin remove,
Admit us to the gospel feast,
And give our new-born souls to taste
The blessedness of love.

4 In peace incomprehensible
 Pardon on our conscience seal,
 In joy and love unknown:
Or'whelm us with the blissful sight
Which sinks the first-born sons of light
 In silence round thy throne.

VIII.

For Sunday.

To: "Rejoice, the Lord is King."

1 The Lord is ris'n indeed,
 And bids his members rise!
 Ye saints by Jesus freed,
 Pursue him to the skies:
This is the day the Lord hath made;
Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

2 On this triumphant day
 Peculiarly his own,
 He calls his church to pray,
 And sing around his throne:
This is the day the Lord hath made;
Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

3 Jesus, to us impart
 Thy resurrection's power,
 And teach our quicken'd heart
 Its living Lord t' adore,
To vie with the redeem'd above
Rejoicing in thy pard'ning love.

4 Us by thy peace assure
 Thou dost our sins forgive,
 And then our spirits pure
 Unto thyself receive,
To keep the day of rest above
Rejoicing in thy heavenly love.

IX.

To: "Jesu, shew us thy salvation."

- 1 Giver of unfeign'd repentance,
 Unto us thy blessing give,
That we may the mortal sentence
 In our guilty selves receive;
Sensible of our demerit,
 May from every sin depart,
Offering up a troubled spirit,
 Rend'ring thee a broken heart.
- 2 From the evils which surround us
 That we may this moment fly,
By a stroke of mercy wound us,
 By thy kind upbraiding eye:
Out of thine obdurate creature
 Thou the stony heart remove;
Cast the look that vanquish'd Peter,
 Melt us down by dying love.
- 3 Let thy dying love constrain us
 Our ingratitude to mourn,
Let thine unknown anguish pain us,
 'Till the wanderers return;
Fill our souls with sacred trouble,
 Give us bitterly to weep,
All our burthens, Lord, redouble,
 Sink us in the lowest deep.
- 4 From the pit of condemnation
 When to thee for help we cry,
Visit us with thy salvation,
 Shew the open fountain nigh;
Shew thyself our bleeding Jesus,
 All our sufferings to remove,
With thy pard'ning mercy bless us,
 Bless us with thy perfect love.

X.

To: "Happy Magdalene."

- 1 Happy soul whom Jesus loves,
 Freely loves and justifies!
Jesus all his griefs removes,
 Jesus all his wants supplies,
With celestial manna feeds,
 (Manna to the world unknown)
By the silent waters leads
 Up to an eternal throne.

- 2 Saviour, speak the blessing ours,
 (Peace thy gracious word imparts;)
Bid us taste the heavenly powers,
 Stamp the pardon on our hearts:
Wait our longing hearts on thee,
 'Till thou shed thy love abroad,
Give the glorious liberty,
 Wash us in thy hallowing blood.

- 3 Well thou know'st, we cannot rest
 Unrenew'd and unforgiven;
Troubled is the faithless breast,
 Unassur'd of peace with heaven:
Sick thro' hope so long delay'd
 Still we for redemption groan,
Of an angry God afraid,
 Flying from a God unknown.

- 4 Sent thy Father to proclaim,
 Wilt thou not the veil withdraw;
Turn, by telling us his name,
 Servile fear to filial awe?
Now the evangelic grace
 Let us with thyself receive,
See in thine the Father's face,
 Blest in God for ever live.

XI.

To: "Hail the day that sees him rise."

- 1 Meet and right it is to praise
God the giver of all grace,
God whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good:
He prevents the creature's call,
Kind and merciful to all,
Makes his sun on sinners rise,
Showers his blessings from the skies.
- 2 Least of all thy mercies we
Daily thy salvation see,
As by heavenly manna fed,
Thro' a world of dangers led,
Thro' a wilderness of cares,
Thro' a thousand, thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we can know and live.
- 3 By our bosom-foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,
Passion's unresisting prey
Oft within the toils we lay:
Sleeping on the brink of sin
Tophet gap'd to take us in;
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us thro'.
- 4 Here, as in the lions' den
Undevour'd we still remain,
Pass secure the watry flood
Hanging on the arm of God:
Here we lift our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire,

Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesus' name.

- 5 Jesus' name in Satan's hour
Stands our adamant tower:
Jesus doth his own defend,
Love, and save us to the end:
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear,
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

XII.

To: "Hail, Jesus, hail, our great high-priest."

- 1 How good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same,
A family of faith and love
Combin'd to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame!
- 2 The God of grace who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless,
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessings pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.
- 3 Jesus, thou precious corner-stone,
Preserve inseparably one
Whom thou dost by thy Spirit join:
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine:
- 4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive

Constant supplies of hallowing grace,
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepar'd our heavenly place.

XIII.

To: "Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made."

- 1 Father of omnipresent grace,
We *seem* agreed to seek thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear:
Thou knowst who *only* bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches thee.
- 2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead:
He now doth into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that ev'n now his powerful call
Might quicken and convert us all!
- 3 The sinners suddenly convince
O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins,
To day, while it is call'd to day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.
- 4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee,
The sheep for whom their shepherd bled,
For whom we in thy Spirit plead,
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not an hoof be left behind.

XIV.

To: "Jesus, we hang upon the word."

- 1 Jesus, display thy presence here,
Celestial architect divine,
To raise our fallen souls, appear,
To consecrate thy human shrine,
A temple for the deity,
A mansion not unworthy thee.
- 2 Thy hands must the foundation lay,
Thy hands the fabric must compleat:
O come, and take our sins away,
Forgive us trembling at thy feet,
Assure our hearts of sin forgiven,
And build thy temples up to heaven.
- 3 Who seek redemption in thy blood,
O let us there our pardon find,
With all the character of God,
With all thy meek and lowly mind,
(To fit us for our place above)
With all thy purity of love.
- 4 Accomplish thy redeeming plan,
By thine almighty Spirit's power
Conduct us to a perfect man,
And at our last triumphant hour
Remove into thy blissful sight,
And fill our souls with glorious light.

XV.

To: "Jesus, dear departed Lord."

- 1 Jesus, full of pity see,
Souls so dearly bought by thee;
Souls so dearly bought in vain,
If we still in sin remain;

If we unconverted die,
Though thou didst our pardon buy,
Wasted is the blood it cost,
Every precious drop is lost.

2 Wilt thou not our guilt remove,
Shew us thy redeeming love,
Of thy pard'ning grace assure,
Make our sprinkled conscience pure?
Yes; thy cross hath promis'd all;
Thou shalt raise us from our fall,
Every purchas'd good impart,
Purify and fill our heart.

3 In our desolate estate
We for full redemption wait,
Wait the leisure of our Lord
Sure to be at last restor'd:
We for whom our God hath died,
We shall feel thy blood applied,
Perfect peace in Jesus given,
Finish'd holiness, and heaven.

XVI.

To: "Spirit of truth, descend."

1 Spirit of love, return
 To every troubled breast,
 And comfort us who mourn
 For permanence of rest:
Thou dost thy mourners' steps attend
 Our undiscovered guide;
But come our grief and sin to end,
 And in our hearts abide.

- 2 *With* us residing here
 We know thee now in part,
 The author of our fear,
 And all our hope thou art:
Thou often visitest thine own:
 But in an hour, or day
Our transitory guest is gone,
 Our joy is fled away.
- 3 How short alas, our taste
 Of those celestial powers,
 When a few moments blest,
 We know that Christ is ours,
That Christ hath quench'd the wrath of God,
 His Father's grace reveal'd,
And bought our pardon with his blood,
 And on our conscience seal'd.
- 4 O might we always know,
 The Father reconcil'd:
 Set up thy throne below
 In each adopted child;
Restore the kingdom of thy grace,
 And fill us from above
With purest joy, and perfect peace,
 And everlasting love.

XVII.

For the Evening.

To: "Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord."

- 1 Father by saints on earth ador'd,
 By saints beyond the skies,
Accept thro' Jesus Christ our Lord
 Our evening sacrifice:
If kept to day from wilful sin,
 We magnify thy grace;
Thou hast our kind preserver been,
 And thine be all the praise.

2 We found the presence of our God,
The power of Jesus' name,
While passing thro' the parted flood,
And thro' the harmless flame:
Inticed by sin, we did not yield,
Or place to Satan give:
And still by mercy's arm with-held
We to thy glory live.

3 We live to testify the grace
Which sure salvation brings:
And sink to night in thy embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings:
But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
The charge of love divine,
We trust thy providence to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

XVIII.

To: "Sinners obey the gospel-word."

1 Jesus, the virtue of thy name
To day as yesterday the same
Our guilt removes, our fear dispels,
And every soul-distemper heals.

2 On us the precious faith bestow
Thro' which thy name we truly know,
Experience all its saving powers,
And feel, whate'er thou hast is ours.

3 Thou giv'st us now our want to feel,
Thou dost our unbelief reveal,
And wrought to this by previous grace
We ask thy love, and seek thy face.

4 Thy all-restoring love impart,
Display thy presence in our heart,

And perfectly made whole we rise,
And go in peace to paradise.

XIX.

To: "O love divine, how sweet thou art!"

- 1 O thou that hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee, and mourn,
 On thee whom we have slain,
Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand times,
And by re-iterated crimes
 Renew'd thy mortal pain.
- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The man transfixt on Calvary,
 To know thee who thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 My heart all other means defies,
It dares against thy threatnings rise,
 Thy righteous laws disdains;
More harden'd than the fiends below,
With unconcern to hell I go,
 And laugh at hellish pains.
- 4 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine
 That suffer'd in my stead,
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
 And bow'd that sacred head.
- 5 The unbelieving veil remove,
And by thy manifested love,
 And by thy sprinkled blood
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
 And bring me back to God.

- 6 Now by thy dying love constrain
My heart to love its God again,
Its God to glorify;
And lo, I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die.

XX.

To: "Head of thy church triumphant."

- 1 Fountain of endless mercies,
Giver of all in Jesus,
Who from thy throne
Hast sent thy Son
To ransom and to bless us:
Respect our humble mansion
With grateful joy resounding,
With hymns of praise
For pard'ning grace
Above our sins abounding.
- 2 Acknowledging the author
And God of our salvation,
Our hearts we lift,
And own the gift
Too mighty for expression:
We would be truly thankful
Whom Jesus doth deliver
From all our foes,
And peace bestows,
And life that lasts for ever.
- 3 At morning, noon, and evening
Our sacrifices bringing,
We instantly
Give praise to thee,
The song triumphant singing;

With all thy ransom'd people
Thro' Jesus' blood forgiven,
From earth we fly,
And scale the sky,
And join the quire of heaven.

XXI.

To: "Ye servants of God."

- 1 The wonders of grace
Redeem'd we proclaim,
The virtues confess
Of Jesus's name;
Our whole conversation
To Jesus doth tend,
To final salvation,
And joy without end.
- 2 We rise with the sun,
To commune of him;
And when we lie down,
He still is our theme:
Recording his praises
We sink on his breast,
And in his embraces
With confidence rest.
- 3 Of Jesus our friend
We talk by the way,
His goodness commend,
His Spirit obey;
By short aspirations,
His succour implore,
And kept in temptations
Rejoice evermore.
- 4 O Saviour, appear,
To finish our sin,
In love without fear
Thy nature bring in:

We then in the Spirit
Of purity rise,
Thy joy to inherit,
Thy throne in the skies.

XXII.

To: "Ah lovely appearance of death!"

- 1 Almighty Redeemer of all,
To trouble and misery nigh,
Convinc'd, but unsav'd from our fall
On thee we desire to rely;
Thou lover and friend of mankind,
With joy we have heard of thy fame,
Thy mercy expecting to find
For ever and ever the same.
- 2 Thou didst the lost sinners receive,
The weary, o'erwhelm'd, and opprest,
Thou didst the afflicted relieve,
And give them assurance and rest:
With sins or infirmities pain'd,
Thy succour who humbly implor'd,
As many as sought it obtain'd,
As many as touch'd were restor'd.
- 3 Invited and urg'd to draw nigh,
We trust in a merciful God,
To thee the physician apply,
And wait for a drop of thy blood:
Thy blood can all sicknesses heal;
Its virtue, O Jesus, impart,
Our pardon infallibly seal,
And heaven implant in our heart.

XXIII.

To: "'Tis finish'd, 'tis done."

- 1 Come, Jesus, and build
 Thy temples below,
In mercy reveal'd
 Thy deity show;
Lay deep the foundation
 Of faith in thy blood
Which brought us salvation,
 Which brings us to God.

- 2 Implant by thy grace
 A church in this house,
Then, then we shall praise,
 And pay thee our vows;
Beholding thy glory
 Our souls shall arise,
And gladly adore thee,
 Like those in the skies.

- 3 A power to believe
 We humbly request,
And long to receive
 The promise of rest:
From sorrow and sinning
 This moment to cease,
Our service beginning
 With pardon and peace.

- 4 The praise of our Lord
 Impatient to spread,
We wait for a word
 That quickens the dead:
Thy mercy forgiving
 The moment we see,
The living, the living
 Shall triumph in thee.

5 The blessings of grace
If others conceal,
Our lips shall confess
The comforts we feel;
Redeem'd by thy passion,
We all the day long
Will publish salvation,
And sing the new song.

6 O wouldst thou inspire
Our hearts with thy love,
And add to the quire
Of harpers above:
Then, Saviour, receive us,
When perfect in one,
And graciously give us
A share of thy throne.

XXIV.

To: "Thanks be to God alone."

1 Jesus, we look to thee,
Part of thy family:
Saviour of our sinful race,
Claim the purchase of thy blood,
Seize the prisoners of thy grace,
Bring us to a pard'ning God.

2 Disconsolate, distrest,
We sigh to thee for rest,
Of our heavy load complain,
Sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
'Till the Comforter we gain,
'Till the bloody cross appears.

3 But when that Spirit pours
Thy blood on us and ours,

Conscience is no more defil'd,
Sighing, sin, and fear are gone,
God in thee is reconcil'd,
God in thee is all our own.

- 4 Come, Father, in the Son,
 And in the Spirit down,
Purify our inward parts
 By thy love ineffable,
Take possession of our hearts,
 God in us for ever dwell.

XXV.

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept our evening sacrifice,
 Which now to thee we give:
We bow before thy gracious throne
 And think ourselves sincere:
But shew us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper?
- 2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his want of thee,
A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree?
Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain,
And fill his careless heart with grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 3 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the leper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies;
Extort the cry what must be done
 To save a wretch like me?

How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

- 4 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake;
I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee,
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

XXVI.

- 1 O God in Christ the Saviour
To sinners reconcil'd,
With manifested favor
Receive thy suppliant child:
On us who bow before thee
Lift up thy smiling face,
And bid our souls adore thee
The God of pard'ning grace.
- 2 Father, 'till thou revealest
Truth in our inward parts,
And sure forgiveness sealest
On all our waiting hearts,
Us by thy fear o'erawing
From evil far remove,
And let us feel thee drawing
Our hearts with cords of love.
- 3 In soft compassion mind us,
If e'er we go astray,
And speak the word behind us
"Return, this is the way!"
Restrain our will consenting
To sin and misery,

And thro' thy grace preventing,
Allure us back to thee.

- 4 By mercy's sweet attraction
We after thee shall run,
And win the satisfaction
For us already won,
Regain our long-lost Eden,
In Jesus' peaceful mind,
And by thy Spirit's leading
Our heavenly country find.

XXVII.

- 1 Rest of every weary spirit,
Peace of every troubled heart,
Jesus full of righteous merit,
Righteousness to us impart;
All our sins in love pass over,
(All our sins were counted thine)
Spread thy skirt our shame to cover,
Screen us from the wrath divine.
- 2 To the hope display'd before us
While we would for refuge fly,
To thy Father's smile restore us,
Now th' ungodly justify;
While we pant beneath the mountain,
O remove our guilty load,
Draw us to the open fountain,
Plunge the sinners in thy blood.
- 3 Peace be to our habitation,
Peace to all that here reside!
Stir them up to seek salvation
Who secure in death abide:
By themselves no longer harden'd
Comfort may they never know,

Never rest till freely pardon'd
After thee with joy they go.

4 In a state of nature sleeping,
Still our little ones defend,
Have the innocents in keeping
Whom we to thy care commend;
Gently from their slumber wake them;
Shortning then the legal strife,
Thine adopted children make them
Heirs of everlasting life.

5 Every present soul receiving
In thy mercy's arms embrace,
Write our names among the living
Number with the faithful race:
Hallow'd vessels of election
For those purer mansions meet,
Children of the resurrection
Take us to thy glorious seat.

XXVIII.

1 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide;
Holy God, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide,
Thee, and only thee request
To every asking sinner given:
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

2 Born again that thee we may
In spirit and truth adore,
Come, and in thy temples stay
And never leave us more:

Thee our faithful souls desire;
Because we know thee now in part,
Nothing less can we require,
Than all thou hast, and art.

- 3 With resign'd simplicity
And patient earnestness,
Thee we seek; not thine, but thee
We languish to possess:
Come, and bring thy nature in,
And let thy love unrival'd reign;
Grace we then, and glory win,
And all in Jesus gain.

XXIX.

- 1 Spirit of supplication,
Thro' Jesus Christ bestow'd,
Visit this habitation,
And make us thine abode;
To pour a mournful prayer
Help our infirmity,
And all our souls prepare,
Great God, to compass thee.
- 2 Spirit of faith, discover
To us the crucified,
The sinners' friend, and lover
Who for his haters died:
Set forth the Lamb atoning,
As slaughter'd in our stead,
And let us hear him groaning,
And see him bow his head.
- 3 Help us to look upon him
By us transfixt and torn,
The Lord of all to own him,
And o're our Saviour mourn

With tears of true contrition
Bewail a tortur'd God,
And find him a physician
Who heals us by his blood.

- 4 O might we now relenting
Confess the deicide,
And while we lie lamenting
Perceive his blood applied!
No longer let us grieve him
Who joy to us imparts,
But lovingly receive him
Into our broken hearts!

XXX.

For the Evening.

- 1 Another day preserv'd by grace,
We end it with our Saviour's praise,
Symphonious to the quire above,
And triumph in his guardian love!
Angels, with your wings outspread
Take your stand around our bed.
- 2 We soon shall wake, with you to sing
In presence of our heavenly King,
With you unutterably blest
Shall always praise, and never rest:
Smooth, as the melodious lay,
Endless ages roll away.
- 3 O that the joyful day were come,
Which calls our happy spirits home,
O could we join our friends in light,
And reach our Father's house to night,
Sweetly close our willing eyes,
Open them in paradise!

XXXI.

- 1 How happy are they
 Who for happiness stay,
 And attend on their Lord
Ever faithful and true to accomplish his word:
 Who calmly look up,
 As prisoners of hope,
 For liberty sigh,
And gladly believe their Redeemer is nigh.
- 2 This blessing is ours,
 Whom Jesus o'erpowers,
 And keeps by his grace,
Till on him we lay hold, and his promise embrace,
 Till in him we confide,
 Whose blood is applied,
 And of pardon possess
In the Eden of love beatifical rest.
- 3 O would he appear
 Our Deliverer here,
 And his prisoners release
By a sight of his love, and a taste of his peace!
 Himself if he show,
 With singing we go,
 And in triumph remove
To partake of his joy in the country above.
- 4 Come, heavenly Lord,
 The present reward,
 The full happiness be
Of us, and of all who are waiting for thee:
 Thy favor and mind,
 With thee let us find,
 And fulness of grace,
And glory obtain in a glimpse of thy face.

XXXII.

- 1 Ah, what shall we do,
Our pardon to gain,
And holiness true
With Jesus obtain;
Our utmost endeavour
Too weak to procure
His forfeited favor,
Or make our hearts pure!

- 2 For mercy and grace,
We only can cry,
And wait in his ways,
Till Jesus pass by,
To our supplication
Humanely attend,
And bring us salvation
Which never shall end.

- 3 The cry of our heart
Thou waitest to hear,
And ready thou art
Our Lord to appear,
To give us thy Spirit;
And then we are free,
And then we inherit
All fulness in thee.

XXXIII.

- 1 Prince of everlasting peace,
Us thy meanest servants bless,
Source of unanimity,
Make us one thro' faith in thee.

- 2 By the virtue of thy blood
Men are reconcil'd to God:

Reconcil'd thro' thee alone
Men are with each other one.

- 3 Pardon then to us impart,
Sprinkle every waiting heart,
To the head and members join
Cemented by blood divine:
- 4 Added to thy lambs and sheep
Us within thy bosom keep,
In the purity of peace,
In the bond of perfectness.
- 5 By the Spirit of thy love
Re-begotten from above,
Heavenward let our souls ascend,
Seek the joys that never end.
- 6 Be thyself our whole desire,
Till we reach the raptur'd quire,
There, with all thy family,
Gaze, for ever gaze on thee.

XXXIV.
For the Master.

- 1 Lord, I the messengers receive,
And firmly their report believe,
Who by thy order testify
Of judgment and salvation nigh:
Hunted by all the faithless race,
They here shall find an hiding-place,
And till the storm is turn'd aside,
Secure beneath my roof abide.
- 2 My love they amply will repay,
If I their warning voice obey,

Hang out the covenanted sign,
The sacred red, the blood divine;
Then, though thy plagues our land o' reflow,
And lay our lofty cities low,
No evil shall I feel, or dread
Protected by the scarlet thread.

XXXV.

- 1 Jesus, by our prayers invited,
 Condescend to be our guest,
With the sons of men delighted
 In thy ransom'd creature rest,
Claim us, for thy purchas'd home,
Come, thou friend of sinners, come.
- 2 In an earthly habitation
 Still if thou art pleas'd to dwell,
Visit us with thy salvation,
 God of love, thyself reveal,
Take possession of thine own,
Finish what thy grace begun.
- 3 Lord, thou hitherto hast brought us
 By thy sweet alluring grace,
Surely thou to this hast wrought us
 That we would our friend embrace:
Come, the loving Spirit cries,
Come, the longing bride replies.
- 4 Power divine hath made us willing
 All thy fulness to receive:
Now thine own desires fulfilling
 Come, and in thy temples live,
Thou in us, and we in thee
Dwell to all eternity.

XXXVI.

- 1 My burthen unable to bear,
 With sin above measure opprest,
I pour out a sorrowful prayer,
 I groan for redemption and rest;
In hope of approaching relief,
 I call on his wonderful name,
Whose pity attends to my grief,
 For ever and ever the same.

- 2 He came a lost world to redeem,
 He waits a lost world to forgive:
The sinner is welcome to him,
 The dead by his dying may live:
In mercy alone he delights,
 Unspeakably loving and kind,
The weary and burthen'd invites
 Repose in his bosom to find.

- 3 My only resource in despair,
 To Jesus I faithfully flee,
And cast a whole mountain of care
 On him, that hath answer'd for me:
His body the balsam supplied,
 My burthen of guilt it endur'd:
And lo, in his death I confide,
 And lo, by his wounds I am cur'd.

- 4 His free inexhaustible love,
 (A sea without bottom or shore,)
Doth all my affliction remove,
 And sorrow and sin are no more:
His mercy the pardon bestows
 With blissful assurance and rest,
And lull'd to eternal repose,
 I sink on Immanuel's breast!

XXXVII.

- 1 Happy day of his returning,
Day with no succeeding night,
Period of our pain and mourning,
Blaze of uncreated light,
When shall we thy glories see,
Live the life of heaven in thee!
- 2 Pains and griefs—we soon shall lose 'em
In the presence of our Lord,
Sink on the Redeemer's bosom,
Find in him our full reward,
Mightily, supremely blest,
Lull'd to everlasting rest.
- 3 Joyous hope our sorrows chearing,
Exiles sad while here we stay!
Jesus by his last appearing
Comes to wipe our tears away,
Comes to claim his ready bride,
Comes to seat us at his side.
- 4 Haste, thou God of our salvation,
Whom by faith in part we know,
Shew thyself the consummation
Of our bliss begun below,
All our happiness above,
Swallow up our souls in love.

XXXVIII.

For a Family of Believers.²

- 1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
Our best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;

²A manuscript version of this hymn is listed in MS Spencer, 21; but has not yet been available to compare.

We spend our wretched strength for nought:
But if our works in God are wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our hearts with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,
Thy glory if we now intend;
O let our deed begin and end
Compleat in Jesus' name.
- 3 In Jesus' name behold we meet!
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways,
One only thing resolv'd to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.
- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell
By vows and grates confin'd;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.
- 5 Now Jesus, now, thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will,
Deep founded in the truth of grace
Build up our rising church, and place
The city on the hill.
- 6 O let our faith and love abound,
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine,
That all, but us, our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

XXXIX.³

- 1 Come wisdom, power, and grace divine,
 Come Jesus, in thy name to join
 An happy chosen band,
 Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
 And all thy righteous laws fulfil
 In love's benign command.

- 2 If pure essential love thou art,
 Thy nature into every heart,
 Thy loving self inspire,
 Bid all our simple souls be one,
 United in a bond unknown,
 Baptiz'd with heavenly fire.

- 3 Still may we to our center tend,
 To spread thy praise our common end,
 To help each other on,
 Companions thro' the wilderness,
 To share a moment's pain, and seize
 An everlasting crown.

- 4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare,
 Infuse the softest, social care,
 The warmest charity,
 The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
 The virtues of thy wondrous name,
 The heart which was in thee.

- 5 Supply what every member wants,
 To found the fellowship of saints,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, supply,
 So shall we all thy love receive,
 Together to thy glory live,
 And to thy glory die.

³A manuscript version of this hymn is listed in MS Spencer, 22; but has not yet been available to compare (beyond the first line index reading "Come wisdom, power, and *strength* divine").

XL.⁴

- 1 O Saviour, cast a gracious smile,
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy mistrust remove,
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.
- 2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs thy work of grace
For ever drive it hence:
Exert thine all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.
- 3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purg'd from nature's art
Appears by grace forgiven,
We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.
- 4 O that we now the power might feel
To do on earth thy blessed will
As angels do above!
In thee the life, the truth, the way
To walk, and perfectly obey
Thy sweet constraining love!
- 5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Thro' every hallow'd breast,
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

⁴A manuscript version of this hymn (likely in shorthand) is listed in MS Spencer, 23; but has not yet been available to compare.

XLI.⁵

- 1 How happy we whom grace unites
In Jesus' precious name,
Whom mercy's secret call invites
To banquet with the Lamb!
- 2 We see our kind supporter's hand,
And joyfully adore,
And hastning to the heavenly land,
We send our hearts before.
- 3 Jesus shall there our hearts secure
And keep our life above,
As sure as Christ is God, as sure
As Christ our God is love.
- 4 And when he has prepar'd our place,
Our Lord again shall come—
Come, Lord, and shew thy glorious face,
And *look* thy pilgrims home!

XLII.⁶

- 1 Holy Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask,—What shall we do?
- 2 Govern'd by thine only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.
- 3 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.

⁵A manuscript version of this hymn (likely in shorthand) is listed in MS Spencer, 24; but has not yet been available to compare.

⁶A manuscript version of this hymn (likely in shorthand) is listed in MS Spencer, 24; but has not yet been available to compare.

- 4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity,
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.
- 5 Early in the temple met
Let us still our Maker greet,
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying pattern there:
- 6 There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again,
Power his image to retrieve,
Power like thee our Lord to live.
- 7 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing, or receiving good:
- 8 Glad to pray, and labour on,
'Till our earthly course is run,
'Till we on the sacred tree
Bow the head, and die like thee.

XLIII.⁷

- 1 Come, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart,
Bought for us by Jesus' merit
Now thy blissful self impart:
Sign our uncontested pardon,
Wash us in th' atoning blood,
Make our souls a watred garden,
Fill our sinless souls with God.

⁷A manuscript version of this hymn (likely in shorthand) is listed in MS Spencer, 25; but has not yet been available to compare.

- 2 If thou gav'st th' enlarg'd desire
Which for thee we ever feel,
Now our panting hearts inspire,
Now our cancel'd sin reveal:
Claim us for thine habitation,
Dwell within our hallow'd breast,
Seal us heirs of full salvation
Fitted for our heavenly rest.
- 3 Give us quietly to tarry
'Till for all thy glory meet,
Waiting like attentive Mary,
Happy at our Saviour's feet;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Fixt to live and die for thee.
- 4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
'Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All thou hast, and all thou art.

XLIV.⁸

- 1 Head of the church, appear, appear,
Assembled with thy members here,
Who in thy name and Spirit meet,
And tremble at thy wounded feet.
- 2 O'recome, o'rewhelm'd with mercy's power
We meekly wonder and adore,
With silent awe thy goodness prove,
Or triumph in thy dying love.

⁸A manuscript version of this hymn (likely in shorthand) is listed in MS Spencer, 16; but has not yet been available to compare.

- 3 Whene'er thou dost thy love reveal,
 Unutterable bliss we feel,
 We feel the virtue of thy name
 In holy fear, and humble shame.
- 4 Constrain'd by pure delight we own
 The everlasting life begun,
 Glory anticipate in grace,
 And heaven in thy smiling face.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

XLV.

For a Woman Near the Time of Her Travail.⁹

- 1 Righteous, O Lord, thy judgments are!
 Ordain'd by thy decree
 In sorrow to conceive and bear,
 I bow my soul to thee:
 Daughter of Eve, thy voice I hear
 Appointing my distress,
 And prostrate in the dust revere
 Thy awful righteousness.
- 2 The misery of my fall I feel,
 And patiently sustain:
 But save me from th' extreamest ill,
 The more than mortal pain:
 The utmost penalty decreed,
 The utmost wrath forbear,
 And spare me, O thou woman's seed,
 Thou Son of Mary, spare.
- 3 If once to swell the virgin's womb,
 Great God, thou didst not scorn,
 But man thyself for me become
 Of thy own creature born;

⁹A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 91–93.

Partaker of our flesh and blood,
Our sorrows still partake,
And screen me from the curse of God
For thy own nature's sake.

- 4 O Son of man, assuage my woes,
My rising fears controul,
And sanctify the mother's throes,
And save the mother's soul:
Thy blessed, sanctifying will
I know concerning me,
By faith assur'd I ne'er shall feel
That endless misery.
- 5 My Saviour from the wrath to come,
From present evil save,
And farther mitigate my doom,
Nor let me see the grave:
Still hold my soul in life, I pray,
A dying worm relieve,
And let me all my lengthen'd day
Unto thy glory live.
- 6 Now, Lord, I have to thee made known
My troubled soul's request,
And sink in calm dependence down
Within thy arms to rest:
Secure in danger's blackest hour
Thy faithfulness to prove,
Protected by almighty power,
And everlasting love.

XLVI.¹⁰

- 1 Save, Jesus, save! My hour is near
Of sorrow and distress,
And lo, I faint, opprest with fear
Of my own helplessness:

¹⁰A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 93–95.

My littleness of faith I feel,
And sink o'whelm'd again,
Awed by the salutary ill,
The pain-preventing pain.

2 But ah, thou know'st an heavier care
Hath all my soul o'respread,
And pain and death are light to bear
Compar'd with what I dread:
My life I freely would resign,
And lay this moment down,
Rather than see a child of mine
Eternally undone.

3 But wilt thou suffer me to bear
A sad reverse of thee,
A graceless, miserable heir
Of endless misery;
Expose it to the world's black wild,
And sin's malignant power?
And must I, Lord, bring forth a child
For Satan to devour?

4 Rather resume the blessings lent,
And stop thy creature's breath,
And by a temporal prevent
An everlasting death:
Before it draws this tainted air,
My harmless infant slay,
Or let the sad Benoni tear
My bleeding life away.

5 The keys of death and hell are held
In thine almighty hand,
And all the powers of nature yield
To thy supreme command:
Destroy the candidate for light,
Or slay me in its stead,
Childless among the living write,
Or free among the dead.

- 6 Or let the sleeping babe remain
In its maternal tomb,
And safe from sin, and safe from pain
For ever swell the womb;
'Till waken'd by the trumpet's sound
We both triumphant rise,
And see our life with glory crown'd,
And grasp him in the skies.

XLVII.¹¹

- 1 But if thou otherwise ordain,
All-gracious as thou art,
And bring me thro' the perilous pain
To act a mother's part;
My infant yet unborn receive,
An offering to the sky,
And let it for thy glory live,
And for thy glory die.
- 2 To thee, great God, in Jesus' name
Devoted from the womb,
For thine alone my offspring claim,
And when thou wilt resume:
My child, like Jephtha's daughter seize,
A sacrifice divine:
Or if a son his parents bless,
The Nazarite is thine.
- 3 Or in the morning of his day,
Or call him back at noon,
I will not murmur for his stay,
Or cry, he died too soon!
I freely render thee thy right,
And in thy pleasure rest,
For love and wisdom infinite
Must always chuse the best.

¹¹A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 95–96.

4 My every creature-good remove:
But let thy handmaid gain
The witness of thy pardning love,
And still the grace retain;
Retain, by mercy reconcil'd,
The sense of sin forgiven,
And meet at last my happy child
With all my friends in heaven.

XLVIII.¹²

1 To whom should I for succour fly,
While danger, pain, and death are nigh,
And nature's fears return?
Jesus, my only sure relief,
I tell to thee my secret grief,
And in thy bosom mourn.

2 I fear, lest in my trying hour
The strength of pain should quite o'repower
My soul's infirmity,
Lest, when my sorrows most prevail,
My patience and my faith should fail,
And leave me void of thee.

3 Ev'n now I faint o'rewhelm'd with dread,
I tremble at my greatest need
Lest thou should'st hide thy face,
Afflict me more than I can bear,
And then with-hold the aid of prayer,
The power to sue for grace.

4 Yet tho' I am sometimes afraid,
On thee my feeble mind is stay'd,
My trust is in the Lord,
I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And borne above myself I stand,
Supported by thy word.

¹²A manuscript version of this hymn, in Sarah Wesley's hand, is found in MS Travail, 6-7.

- 5 In God my Saviour I confide,
Whose truth and love are on my side;
If now for help I pray,
Thou in the depth of my distress
Wilt send a word of heavenly grace,
And save me thro' that day.
- 6 Thou wilt, I humbly trust, impart
The sense of pardon to my heart,
The witness of thy love:
Thy love shall all my griefs controul,
Thy love shall calm my fluttering soul,
And hide my life above.
- 7 Arm'd with thy love and patient mind,
I come, to thy blest will resign'd,
For all events prepar'd,
Soon as I know my pardon seal'd,
Assur'd that Jesus is my shield,
And infinite reward.

XLIX.¹³

- 1 At this solemn turn of fate,
Looking for my painful hour,
Lord, on thee I meekly wait,
Wait to prove thy gracious power:
From the eye of man conceal'd,
Lo, to thee, my God, alone
I my soul and body yield;
Let thy will on both be done.
- 2 Here I give myself to prayer,
Commune with my heart and thee,
Learn to cast on God my care,
Long thy saving health to see:

¹³A manuscript version of this hymn, in Sarah Wesley's hand, is found in MS Travail, 1–3.

Might I thy salvation feel,
Might I Abba Father cry,
Ready then for all thy will,
Meet I were to live, or die.

3 O for love and pity sake,
Look on thy unconscious child,
Cast my sins behind thy back,
Tell me thou art reconcil'd,
Let me in thy strength rejoice,
Let me feel my sins forgiven,
Answer to the shepherd's voice,
Know my name inroll'd in heaven.

4 Now explain thy whole design,
From my earliest infancy
Why didst thou my will incline,
Draw my simple heart to thee?
Wherefore did I haunt the shade,
Sad, disconsolate, alone,
Ever of thy frown afraid,
Wretched for a God unknown?

5 Shew me what I wanted then,
Give me what I still require,
Fairer than the sons of men,
Me with thy pure love inspire;
Thou my long-sought happiness,
Sum of my desires thou art,
Breathe the Spirit of thy grace,
Breathe thyself into my heart.

L.¹⁴

1 Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Author, God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore:

¹⁴A manuscript version of this hymn, in Sarah Wesley's hand, is found in MS Travail, 4-5.

Suffering Son of man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish
In thy days of flesh below,
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe,
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burthen'd with a wounded spirit,
Bruis'd by all the wrath of God.
- 3 By thy *most* severe temptation
In that dark satanic hour,
By thy last mysterious passion
Screen me from the adverse power:
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.
- 4 By the travail of thy Spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit
In my pangs remember me!
By thy death I thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend,
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

LI.

- 1 Help my loving Lord and Saviour!
Sav'd before, I implore
Thy continued favour.

- 2 Still on thee I cast my care,
Thou art still pleas'd to feel
What thy members bear.
- 3 With our weakness and temptation
Touch'd thou art; feels thy heart
Exquisite compassion.
- 4 Well thou knowst the fear and sorrow
Which I know, sunk in woe,
Trembling for to-morrow;
- 5 Trembling, lest without thy power,
Feeble I faint and die
In my coming hour:
- 6 Tried above what I can bear
Lest I yield, lose my shield,
Void of faith and prayer.
- 7 Let me now thy help secure,
Saviour *then* strength ordain,
Help me *then* t' endure.
- 8 Me baptiz'd into thy passion,
Made like thee, visit me
With thy great salvation.
- 9 By the travail of thy Spirit
Me sustain, by thy pain,
By thy bleeding merit.
- 10 In my bitterest affliction
By thy cup hold me up,
By thy dereliction.
- 11 Now I have thine aid bespoken,
Peace impart to my heart,
Give the loving token.

- 12 Love of my expiring Saviour
Be the sign I am thine,
Thou art mine for ever!

LII.¹⁵

- 1 Jesus, thou Son of Mary,
Thou Son of the Most-High,
Lo, at thy feet I tarry,
And on thy truth rely;
In awful expectation
Of my distressing hour,
I look for thy salvation
For all thy mercy's power.
- 2 On thee my health in sickness
My feeble soul is stay'd,
Thy strength in human weakness
Is perfectly display'd:
Thou never wilt forsake me
Who on thy love depend,
But to thy bosom take me
'Till pain with life shall end.

LIII.¹⁶

- 1 Lord, I magnify thy power,
Thy love and faithfulness,
Kept to my appointed hour
In safety and in peace:
Let thy providential care
Still my sure protection be,
'Till a living child I bear,
A sacrifice to thee.¹⁷
- 2 Who so near the birth hast brought,
(Since I on thee rely)
Tell me, Saviour, wilt thou not
Thy farther help supply?

¹⁵A manuscript version of this hymn, in Charles Wesley's hand, is found in MS Travail, 12.

¹⁶Charles sent the first three stanzas of this hymn, "just as it came to my mind," in a letter to his wife Sarah on 17 May 1755, concerning the pending birth of their daughter Martha Maria. Sadly, the child died shortly after her birth. The letter is at Emory University, MARBL, Wesley Family Papers, Box 4, file 55. It contains three textual variants, noted below. A manuscript version of the hymn, in Sarah Wesley's hand, is found in MS Travail, 10–11.

¹⁷In the original letter this line reads: "And give it back to thee."

Whisper to my list'ning soul,
Wilt thou not my strength renew,
Nature's fears and pangs¹⁸ controul,
And bring thy handmaid thro'?

3 Father, in the name I pray
Of thine incarnate love,
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering¹⁹ strength may prove:
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given;
Jesus come *with* my distress,
And agony is heaven.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me,
Me whom thou hast caus'd to trust
For more than life in thee:
With me in the fire remain,
'Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
Meet, thro' consecrated pain,
To see the face divine.

LIV.

1 Cast on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give:
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his handmaid leave,
But bring me thro' the last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast prov'd,
Oft observ'd my silent tears,
And challeng'd thy belov'd;

¹⁸In the original letter this reads "pains" rather than "pangs."

¹⁹The original letter reads "passive strength" rather than "suffering strength."

Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey,
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
 In all my troubles nigh,
 Jesus, on thy word and name
 I stedfastly rely:
 Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I soon shall have,
Sav'd again to sinners tell
 Thy power and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
 And stay'd on thee alone,
 I thy perfect strength shall find,
 Thy faithful mercies own,
 Compast round with songs of praise
My all to my Deliverer give,
 Spread the miracle of grace,
 And for thy glory live.

LV.²⁰

1 Father, and friend of human kind,
 Supporter of this tottering clay,
I rest on thee my feeble mind,
 On thee my shrinking flesh I stay,
And, call'd thy chastisement to bear,
Pour out a calmly pensive prayer.

2 My life I know secur'd above,
 Hid in those gracious hands divine,
But O, my heavier care remove,
 And claim my unborn child for thine,
The burthen of my womb receive,
Thine, only thine to die, or live.

²⁰A manuscript version of this hymn, in Sarah Wesley's hand, is found in MS Travail, 8-9.

- 3 If fore-ordain'd to see the light,
It bursts into a world of woe,
Seize the young sinner as thy right,
Before it good or evil know,
And cleanse in the baptismal flood,
And wash my babe thro' Jesus' blood.
- 4 Ev'n from the sacred laver take,
And guard its favour'd infancy,
Nor ever, Lord, thy charge forsake,
Nor let thy charge depart from thee,
But walk in all thy righteous ways,
Till meet to see thy glorious face.

LVI.
For a Woman in Travail.

- 1 Jesus, help! No longer tarry,
Hasten to redeem thine own:
Son of God, and Son of Mary,
Answering to thy creature's groan,
Now omnipotently near,
Prince of life in death appear.
- 2 Save her by thy righteous merit
From the just reward of sin:
By the travail of thy Spirit,
Bring the timely succours in;
By thy passion on the tree
Save a soul that gasps to thee.
- 3 Soften, sanctify the anguish,
Sad memorial of her fall;
Let her on thy bosom languish,
Till thou bring her safe thro' all,
Ransom'd from th' extreme distress,
Bid her live—in perfect peace.

- 4 God of her compleat salvation,
Heal, and bid her body rise,
Let her soul with exultation
Mount to thee beyond the skies,
Happy as thy saints above,
Lost in her Redeemer's love.

LVII.

- 1 Hear, O thou friend of human kind,
Thou Son of Mary hear,
And let thy suffering handmaid find
The answer of our prayer.
Thy Spirit's mixt with nature's cries
Thro' thee to heaven ascend:
O send deliverance from the skies,
A swift deliverance send.
- 2 Save her, thyself of woman born,
Thyself the Son of man,
The curse into a blessing turn,
And sanctify the pain:
Be thou a present succour found
In time of greatest need,
And while her sorrows most abound,
Her comforts shall exceed.
- 3 This keenest sense of deep distress
Which feeble flesh can feel,
Or'epower, and swallow up in peace
And joy unspeakable:
Thy love shall bring her safely thro':
Thy love to her be given,
And change the pains of hell into
The extacies of heaven.
- 4 So shall the ransom'd sinner give
To thee her added days,
So shall the joyful mother live
A mon'ment of thy praise;

She and her house shall serve the Lord,
Till all from earth remove
In sounds of glory to record
Thine everlasting love.

LVIII.

- 1 Jesus, we ask thy promis'd aid;
Thou who for us a curse was made,
The penalty extreme
Far from thy chosen one remove,
And now the object of thy love
From curse and death redeem.
- 2 First in the primitive offence
The curse she feels with quicker sense:
But, of a woman born,
Thou didst its utmost burthen bear,
To make it fall more light on her,
And to a blessing turn.
- 3 With pity then the anguish see,
The fruits of sin endur'd by thee,
Thou patient Man of Woe:
Thy sufferings past recall to mind,
Shorten in her thy pangs behind,
And break the mortal blow.
- 4 In mercy mitigate her pain,
Her feeble fainting soul sustain
With comforts from above;
Strengthen, till all her pains are past,
And let her every moment taste
The cordial of thy love.
- 5 Before her weary eyes display
The bed where her Redeemer lay
A Lamb transfixt and torn!

The place thou never canst forget,
Where thou hast paid our utmost debt,
And all our sorrows borne.

6 O let thy grief dry up her tears,
And while thy mangled form appears,
Thy visage marr'd with blood,
Let trouble, fear, and torture cease,
And all her happy soul confess
Her Saviour and her God.

7 Victorious, with thy cross in view,
By thy own travail bring her thro'
The agonizing hour,
A living monument of praise,
A witness of redeeming grace,
And love's eternal power.

LIX.

Thanksgiving for Her Safe Delivery.

1 Blessing, and praise, and thanks, and love
Let God, the Saviour-God receive,
Who sent the succours from above,
And bad the dying sinner live!
The bitterness of death is past,
The mortal agony is o're
Brought thro' the fire, she lives at last
To love, and wonder, and adore.

2 Long in the toils of hell she lay,
(While torture tore her tender frame,)
And meekly sigh'd her life away,
A picture of the bleeding Lamb!
Her eyes with looking upward fail'd,
And sought the rest of endless night;
But Christ her Advocate prevail'd,
And stopt the spirit in its flight.

- 3 When nature's strength and sense were gone,
 And death's cold hand had grasp'd his prey,
God held her soul in life unknown,
 And re-inspir'd the breathless clay:
God heard his wrestling people plead
 Strong in the faith himself had given,
Mighty in prayer which wakes the dead,
 In prayer which shuts and opens heaven.
- 4 Touch'd by the healing hand divine,
 She lives, she lives to praise her Lord:
Jesus, the work and praise be thine,
 Thy name be blest, rever'd, ador'd!
Thou hast thy gracious word fulfil'd,
 And sav'd her in her last distress,
The promise and the prayer is seal'd,
 Seal'd on her heart in gospel-peace.
- 5 Wherefore with joyful lips and heart,
 Thee, Jesus, Lord of life we own,
And sing how great and good thou art,
 How near to help and save thine own!
To thee our grateful all we give,
 Thine, wholly thine resolv'd to be,
And only for thy glory live,
 And die a sacrifice to thee.

LX.

Hymn for a New-Born Child.²¹

- 1 Father, Son, and Spirit come,
 Enter now thy human shrine,
Take my offspring from the womb;
 Mine he is not, Lord, but thine:
Thine this moment let him be,
 Thine to all eternity!
- 2 Seize, O seize his tender heart
 Beating to the vital war;
Everlasting life impart,
 Sow the seed of glory there:

²¹Charles wrote this hymn for the birth of his own first child (John), and a nephew of William Lunell born the same day. See his letter to William Lunell (August 22, 1752).

Grace be to my infant given,
Grace the principle of heaven.

- 3 Soon as reason's glimmering ray
 Feebly faint begins to shine,
Let the spark of grace display
 Stronger influence divine,
All the life of sin controul,
Spread throughout his new-born soul.
- 4 Father, draw him from his birth
 With the cords of heavenly love,
From the trivial joys of earth
 Raise his mind to joys above,
Gently lead thy favourite on,
Till thou giv'st him to thy Son.
- 5 Rise the woman's conquering seed,
 In his ransom'd nature rise,
Bruiser of the serpent's head,
 Give him back his paradise,
Nature into grace convert,
Grave thine image on his heart.
- 6 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
 The deep things of God reveal,
Seal him from his natal hour,
 Him the heir of glory seal,
Strong with sevenfold energy
Stamp, and fit him for the sky.
- 7 Father, Son, and Spirit come,
 Enter now thy human shrine,
Take my offspring from the womb;
 Mine he is not, Lord, but thine:
Thine this moment let him be,
Thine to all eternity.

LXI.

- 1 Helpless babe, who from the womb
 Dost this hour thy course begin,
 Hasty trav'ler to the tomb,
 Born in misery and sin,
 Born into a vale of tears,
 To a world of trouble born,
 Subject of our hopes and fears,
 Shall thy friends rejoice, or mourn?
- 2 Thee an heritage from God,
 Thee whom God vouchsafes to give,
 Not in wrath but love bestow'd,
 Thankfully we should receive;
 But when all thy dangers rise,
 Passions, pains, and sins, and snares,
 Fear rebukes our forward joys,
 Turns our praises into prayers.
- 3 God, whose eye doth all things see,
 Hidden from short-sighted man,
 All thy works are known to thee,
 All our springs of joy and pain:
 Knows thy wise omniscient mind
 What the new-born child shall prove;
 Whether²² mine his God *will* find,
Will insure thy hate, or love.
- 4 But if now thy prescience sees
 Scenes of misery and vice,
 If his future wickedness
 Now offends thy glorious eyes,
 Ere²³ the dire decree bring forth,
 Ere²⁴ he turn from thee his will,
 Crush the viper in the birth,
 Save him from a world of ill.

²²Ori. (both edns.), "Whither"; a misprint.

²³Ori. (both edns.), "E're."

²⁴Ori. (both edns.), "Ee'r."

- 5 Do not suffer him to live
 A transgressor from the womb,
Thy good Spirit by sin to grieve,
 Rather now prevent his doom;
Hear thy Spirit's cry within
 A poor earthly parent's breast,
Save my helpless child from sin,
 Snatch him now to endless rest.

LXII.
At the Baptism of a Child.

- 1 God of eternal truth and love,
 Vouchsafe the promis'd grace we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve,
 The child baptis'd into thy name
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give her all thine image back.
- 2 Born in the dregs of sin and time,
 These darkest, last, apostate days,
Burthen'd with Adam's curse and crime
 Thou in thy mercy's arms embrace,
And wash out all her guilty load,
And quench the brand in Jesus' blood.
- 3 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
 If Jesus *did* the rite injoin,
Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
 And let the grace attend the sign;
The seed of endless life impart,
Seize for thy own our infant's heart.
- 4 Answer on her thy wisdom's end
 In present and eternal good,
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
 Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd,

Now to this favour'd babe be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

- 5 In presence of thy heavenly host
Thyself we faithfully require;
Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

LXIII.
Hymns for Parents.

- 1 Father of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is,
Who hast intrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss,
Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guard what grace hath given,
We ask the wisdom from on high
To train our infant up for heaven.
- 2 We tremble at the danger near,
And crouds of wretched parents see,
Who blindly fond their children rear
In tempers far as hell from thee:
Themselves the slaves of sense and praise
Their babes who pamper and admire,
And make the helpless infants pass
To murderer Moloch thro' the fire.
- 3 But let not *us* the demon please,
Our offspring to destruction doom,
Strengthen a sin-sick soul's disease,
Or damn him from his mother's womb;

Rather this hour resume his breath
From selfishness and pride to save,
By death prevent the second death,
And hide him in the silent grave.

4 Or if thou grant a longer date,
With resolute wisdom *us* endure,
To point him out his lost estate,
His dire apostacy to shew,
To *time* our every smile and frown,
To mark the bounds of good and ill,
And beat the pride of nature down,
And bend or break his rising will.

5 Him let us tend, severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth,
As set to form his tender mind
By principles of virtuous truth,
To fit his soul for heavenly grace,
Discharge the Christian parent's part,
And keep him, 'till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

LXIV.

1 How fast the chains of nature bind
Our poor degenerate race!
What darkness clouds the parent's mind
If unrenew'd by grace!
As sworn to take the tempter's part
They fatally employ
Their utmost power and utmost art
Their offspring to destroy.

2 By Satan's subtilty beguil'd
To Satan's school they send,
And each delights the fav'rite child
To humour and commend:

The proud with ranker pride they fill,
Heighten their worst disease,
And fondly sooth the stubborn will
To ten-fold stubbornness.

3 With lust of pleasure, wealth, and fame
Their children they inspire,
And every vain desire inflame,
And every passion fire:
They wish them good, but rather great,
Religious, but genteel;
Pious, yet fond of pomp and state;
As heaven would mix with hell.

4 Adorn'd in pearl and rich array
You see the murderer's prize!
As crown'd with flowers, the victims gay
Are led to sacrifice;
Down a broad easy way they glide
To endless misery,
And curse their doting parents' pride
To all eternity.

5 Others, an half-discerning few,
The fond excess condemn,
And rush with headlong zeal into
The merciless extream;
They vent their passion's furious heat
In stern, tyrannic sway,
Their children as their beasts intreat,
And force the slaves t' obey.

6 With notions fraught, the Stoicks sour
Pursue their rigid plan,
In weakness look for perfect power,
In babes the strength of man;
The wisdom ripe of hoary hairs
From children they require,
'Till time their schemes in pieces tears,
And all in smoke expire.

- 7 Harass'd by long domestic war
With scarce a truce between,
Their children's tender minds abhor
Th' Egyptian discipline;
They quite throw off the yoke severe,
O're nature's wilds to rove,
And hate the objects of their fear
Whom they could never love.

LXV.

- 1 God only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright;
To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand,
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.
- 2 Made apt by thy sufficient grace
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny;
Their selfish will by times subdue,
And mortify their pride,
And lend their youth a sacred clue
To find the crucified.
- 3 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought:
We would persuade their hearts t' obey,
With mildest zeal proceed,
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

- 4 For this we ask in faith sincere
The wisdom from above
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love,
To watch their will to sense inclin'd,
With-hold the hurtful food,
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

LXVI.

- 1 Father of light, thy needful aid
To us who ask impart,
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart;
O'rewhelm'd with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call,
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsav'd, we fall.
- 2 Unless restrain'd by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see,
We see and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry;
We plunge ourselves in endless woes,
Our hapless infant sell,
Resist the light, and side with those
Who send their babes to hell.
- 3 Ah, what avails superior light
Without superior love?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve;
We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong,
And we shall do the same.

- 4 We censure them, ourselves untried,
For passionate excess,
Who train their children up in pride,
And sloth, and stubbornness:
Less savage in our judgment they
Who slew their little ones,
Or left to ravenous beasts a prey,
Or dash'd against the stones.
- 5 Yet spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity,
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee:
We soon shall do what we condemn,
And down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
Too strong for us to turn.
- 6 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art,
Above the world and tempter's power,
And greater than our heart.
Us from ourselves thou canst secure
In nature's slippery ways,
And make our feeble footsteps sure
By thy sufficient grace.
- 7 If on thy promis'd grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt protect thy own,
And keep us to the end,
Wilt make us tenderly discreet
To guard what thou hast given,
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

LXVII.

- 1 O that my son might live
 A mon' ment of thy grace,
To thee his earliest childhood give,
 To thee his riper days!
 My heavenly Father, hear
 In me thy Spirit's cry,
And grant the child his God to fear,
 Or give him now to die.
- 2 Ah, do not let him stay
 To grieve thy glorious eyes,
To wander down the beaten way
 Of passion, pride, and vice;
 To know the misery
 Which I, alas, have known,
Or sav'd by fire, if sav'd like me,
 Or finally undone.
- 3 Rather in tender grace
 Resume my infant's breath,
And snatch him from the dangerous maze,
 The brink of second death,
 To glorious worlds on high
 His spotless soul receive,
Where all who in their childhood die
 With God for ever live.

LXVIII.

- 1 Let Ishmael live
 Devoted to God;
O Father receive
 Whom thou hast bestow'd,
Hast purposely given,
 That we may resign
The blessing of heaven,
 The present divine.

- 2 Thy servants prepare
 With wisdom for this
To bring up an heir
 Of heavenly bliss:
By walking before thee
 His steps let us guide,
And lead him to glory
 Thro' Jesus's side.
- 3 The doting excess
 Of nature remove,
And graciously bless
 Our labours of love,
Our sanctified cares
 With favour allow,
And answer our prayers,
 And answer them now.
- 4 The blessing we claim
 Now, Father, impart,
Thy nature and name
 Be on his young heart,
Our infant inspire
 With life from on high,
And kindle the fire
 That never shall die.

LXIX.

The Mother's Hymn.

- 1 O what shall I do,
 What method pursue,
In safety to bring my young innocent thro'?
 What a wonder of grace,
 If he 'scapes one whole race,
Unspoil'd by indulgence, unpoison'd by praise!

- 2 'Tis mercy alone
 Can assist him to run
Thro' a desert, when thousands are daily undone.
 That mercy I claim
 In Jesus's name,
And believe him a Saviour for ever the same.
- 3 By mercy set free
 My Redeemer I see
As willing to save my poor infant as me:
 If I trust him, he must
 Be true to his trust,
For to all that believe he is gracious and just.
- 4 I trust him alone
 For myself and my son,
That he will not forsake whom he takes for his own:
 By grace reconcil'd
 I give him my child;
And if Jesus preserve, he can never be spoil'd.

LXX.

Another [The Mother's Hymn].

- 1 What follies abound,
 Where reason is drown'd
By an heathenish nurse in a torrent of sound!
 When by Satan beguil'd,
 With sonnets defil'd,
She angers her Maker, to quiet her child!
- 2 Who the Saviour and Son
 Of Mary have known
They delight to converse with their Jesus alone,
 They at all times proclaim
 His wonderful name,
And in tending their infants they sing of the Lamb.

- 3 The Lamb from the throne
 Of his Father came down,
He was flesh of our flesh, he was bone of our bone:
 The omnipotent Lord
 By all heaven ador'd
The invisible Godhead appear'd in the Word.
- 4 With the children of men
 Jehovah was seen,
Thro' the veil of our dignified nature between;
 The Antient of days
 Discover'd his face,
And admitted his angels with rapture to gaze.
- 5 Who gave all things to be
 What a wonder to see
Him born of his creature, and nurst on her knee!
 The infant divine
 (Let all creatures combine
To acknowledge the grace) was as helpless as mine!

[LXXI.]²⁵
For a Sick Child.²⁶

- 1 Father, God of pitying love,
 Let thy yearning bowels move,
 Let thine ear attend our cry,
 Help before our infant die.
- 2 Hear her help-imploring groan,
 Pain'd with sorrows not her own,
 Bruis'd alas, for our offence
 Save her suffering innocence.
- 3 Whom but now thy mercy gave
 Keep her from the gaping grave,
 Whom thy love persists to give,
 Let her for thy glory live.

²⁵Ori., "LXXII." Hymns LXXII to LXXXVI have also been corrected.

²⁶This poem was written concerning the illness of Charles and Sarah's second child, Martha Maria.

- 4 But if thou foreknow'st it best
Not to grant our blind request,
Snatch her from a length of pain,
Take her to thine arms again.
- 5 Now her spotless soul remove
To the innocents above,
To her kindred in the skies,
To an early paradise.
- 6 Only while she hence departs,
Let her carry up our hearts,
Rend them, as she rends her clay,
Tear them far from earth away.
- 7 Far above the world of pain
Let our souls with her's remain,
Far above its comforts soar,
Stoop to earthly bliss no more.

[LXXII.]
On Her Death.²⁷

- 1 Lovely-fair, but breathless clay,
Whither is thy tenant gone?
Would the soul no longer stay
Prisoner in a world unknown?
Surfeited with life and pain,
Is she fled to heaven again?
- 2 Wherefore did she visit earth,
Earth so suddenly to leave,
Gaul'd and burthen'd from the birth,
Only born to cry and grieve?
What was all her life below?
One sad month of fruitless woe.
- 3 Count we now our mournful gains,
We who call'd the child our own:
Lo, she pays her mother's pains
With her last expiring groan:

²⁷This poem was written on the death of Charles and Sarah's second child, Martha Maria.

Mocking all his fond desires,
Lo, her father's hope expires!

4 Thus her parents' grief she chears,
 Transient as a short-liv'd flower,
Scarcely seen she disappears,
 Blooms, and withers in an hour,
Thus our former loss supplies,
Thus our *promis'd* comfort dies!

5 But shall sinful man complain
 Stript by the divine decree?
Dares our impious grief arraign
 Heaven's tremendous majesty?
Rather let us meekly own
All is right which God hath done.

6 God hath answer'd all our prayers,
 Mended after his own will,
Number'd with salvation's heirs
 Her whose happy change we *feel*,
Her whose bliss rebukes our sighs,
Bids us follow to the skies.

7 God, t' enhance her joy above,
 Gave her a few painful days,
Object of his richest love,
 Vessel of his choicest grace,
Bad her suffer with his Son,
Die to claim an earlier throne.

8 Best for her so soon to die:
 Best for us how can it be?
Let our bleeding hearts reply,
 Torn from all, O Lord, but thee,
To thy righteous will subdued,
Panting for the sovereign good.

- 9 Let them pant, and never rest
 'Till thy peace our sorrows heal,
Troubled be our aching breast
 'Till the balm of love we feel,
Love, which every want supplies,
Love of one that never dies.
- 10 Might we, Lord, thy love attain!
 Cure of every evil this,
This would turn our loss to gain,
 Turn our misery into bliss,
Love our Eden here would prove,
Love would make our heaven above.

[LXXIII.]

For a Child in the Small-Pox.

- 1 Father, by the tender name
 Thou for man vouchsaf' st to bear,
We thy needful succour claim,
 We implore thy pitying care,
For our stricken child distress:
 Wilt thou not our load remove,
Calm the tumult in our breast,
 Manifest thy saving love?
- 2 Love inflicts the plague severe,
 Love the dire distemper sends:
Let thy heavenly messenger
 Answer all thy gracious ends:
Give us power to watch and pray
 Trembling at the threaten'd loss:
Tear our hearts from earth away,
 Nail them to thy bleeding cross.
- 3 Fain we would obedient prove,
 Here on rugged Calvary
Render back the son we love,
 Yield our only son to thee:

While he on the altar lies,
We to thy decree submit,
Offer up our sacrifice,
Weep in silence at thy feet.

- 4 Human tears may freely flow
Authoris'd by tears divine,
'Till thine awful will we know,
Comprehend thy whole design:
Jesus wept! And so may we:
Jesus suffering all thy will,
Felt the soft infirmity;
Feels his creature's sorrow still.
- 5 Father of our patient Lord,
Strengthen us with him to grieve,
Prostrate to receive thy word,
All thy counsel to receive:
Tho' we would the cup decline,
Govern'd by thy will alone
Ours we struggle to resign:
Thine, and only thine be done.
- 6 Life and death are in thine hand:
In thine hand our child we see
Waiting thy benign command,
Less belov'd by us than thee:
Need we then his life request?
Jesus understands our fears,
Reads a mother's panting breast,
Knows the meaning of her tears.
- 7 Jesus blends them with his own,
Mindful of his suffering days:
Father, hear thy pleading Son,
Son of man for us he prays:

What for us he asks, bestow:
Ours he makes his own request:
Send us life or death; we know,
Life, or death from thee is best.

[LXXIV.]

Thanksgiving for His Recovery.

- 1 Glory to our God most high
With joyful hearts we give,
Call'd like Abraham from the sky
Our Isaac to receive!
Him as from the dead restor'd
Thankful we again embrace,
Taste the goodness of our Lord,
And sing the donor's praise.
- 2 How shall we the gift improve
A little longer lent?
Father, to receive thy love
We now our hearts present;
Humbly on thy mercy cast,
Farther mercy we implore,
Pay thee back thy favours past
By still accepting more.
- 3 Jesus (for whose only sake
Thou hast restor'd our child)
Thy most precious gift we take,
And own thee reconcil'd;
Wait thy peace and power to feel,
Peace unspeakable, unknown,
Power to do thy perfect will,
And serve our God alone.
- 4 We, if so thy will require,
Our sacrifice repeat,
Nature's every fond desire
To thy decree submit;

Back to thee thine own we give,
Leave him in thy sovereign hand,
Let him in thy presence live,
Or die at thy command.

- 5 Only while we offer up
Our dearest blessings here,
Bless us with our heavenly hope
The constant Comforter,
While our faith by works we prove,
While the furnace we abide,
Speak us perfected in love,
For ever justified.

[LXXV.]

Another [Thanksgiving for His Recovery].

- 1 Worship, and power, and thanks, and love
To God, the gracious God and true,
Whose faithfulness again we prove,
And mercies every moment new:
Jesus hath heard his people's prayer,
Our child reviv'd, our son re-given:
Let all his healing name declare,
And spread his praise thro' earth and heaven.
- 2 Saviour, we at thy hands receive
This pledge of greater good to come,
And to thy wise disposal leave
Whom thou hast ransom'd from the tomb:
The child, no longer ours, but thine,
Ev'n from his earliest infancy
To thee we cheerfully resign,
A servant of thy church and thee.
- 3 While here our Samuel we present,
With favour, Lord, accept the loan,
To thee irrevocably lent,
And bless and seal him for thine own:

Devoted from his infant days,
O may he in thy courts be found,
Grow up to minister thy grace,
And spread thro' earth the gospel-sound.

[LXXVI.]

For a Child Cutting His Teeth.

- 1 Suffering for another's sin,
Why should innocence complain?
Sin by Adam enter'd in,
Sin ingendring grief and pain:
Sin entail'd on all our race,
Forces harmless babes to cry,
Born to sorrow and distress,
Born to feel, lament, and die.
- 2 Tortur'd in his tender frame,
Strugling with convulsive throes,
Doth he not aloud proclaim
Guilt the cause of all our woes?
Guilt, whose sad effects appear,
Guilt original we own,
See it in that starting tear,
Hear it in that heaving groan!
- 3 Man's intemperate offence
In its punishment we read;
Speechless, by his aching sense
Guilty doth our infant plead;
Instruments of sin and pain,
Signs of guilt and misery
Eve's incontinence explain,
Point us to the tasted tree.
- 4 There the bitter root we find,
Fatal source of nature's ill,
Ill which all our fallen kind
With this young apostate feel:

But what we can ne'er remove
Jesus came to sanctify,
Second Adam from above
Born for us to live and die.

5 Help, the woman's heavenly seed,
Thou that didst our sorrows take,
Turn aside the death decreed,
Save him for thy nature's sake!
Pitying Son of man and God,
Still thy creature's pains indure;
Quench the fever with thy blood,
Bless him with a perfect cure.

6 Thine it is to bless and heal,
Thine to rescue and repair:
On our child the answer seal,
Thou who didst suggest the prayer:
Send salvation to this house;
Then to double health restor'd,
I, and mine will pay our vows,
I and mine will serve the Lord.

[LXXVII.]

At Sending a Child to the Boarding-School.

1 Not without thy direction
From us our child we send,
And to thy sure protection
Her innocence commend:
Jesus, thou friend and lover
Of helpless infancy,
With wings of mercy cover
A soul below'd by thee.

2 Evil communication
O let it not pervert,
Or fill with pride and passion
Her fond unwary heart;

Preserve her uninfected
(In answer to our prayers)
From dangers unsuspected,
From twice ten thousand snares.

3 Let no affections foolish
Or vain her spirit soil
Let no instructions polish
Her nature into guile;
No low dissimulation
Place in her bosom find,
No worldly art or fashion
Corrupt her simple mind.

4 Our little one, believing
Beneath thy care we place,
And see thee, Lord, receiving
Her into thine embrace:
Thyself her inward teacher,
Thyself her guardian be,
And graciously enrich her
With all that is in thee.

[LXXVIII.]

**A Mother's Act of Resignation
on the Death of a Child.**²⁸

1 Peace, my heart, be calm, be still,
Subject to my Father's will!
God in Jesus reconcil'd
Calls for *his* beloved child,
Who on me himself bestow'd
Claims the purchase of his blood.

2 Child of prayer, by grace divine
Him I willingly resign
Thro' his last convulsive throes
Born into the true repose,

²⁸The original manuscript version of this hymn appears in CW's letter to Mrs. Berkin, March 17, 1766, commending the resignation with which she had accepted the recent death of her son George.

Born into the world above,
Glorious world of light and love!

3 Thro' the purple fountain brought,
To his Saviour's bosom caught,
Him in the pure mantle clad,
In the milk-white robe array'd.
Follower of the Lamb I see;
See the joy prepar'd for me.

4 Lord, for this alone I stay,
Fit me for eternal day,
Then thou wilt receive thy bride
To the souls beatified,
Then with all thy saints I meet,
Then my rapture is compleat.

[LXXIX.]

**Thanksgiving after Recovery
from the Small-Pox.**

1 Peace, panting soul, the storm is o're,
My mortal foe appears no more,
As brandishing his dart:
But lo, the Prince of life is nigh,
To chase my terrors with his eye,
And still my fluttering heart.

2 The awful doubt is solv'd at last,
The bitterness of death is past,
And blest with a reprieve
My panting soul may now respire;
My body too hath pass'd the fire,
And doubly sav'd I live.

3 'Twas prayer alone that turn'd the scale,
(The prayer which doth with God prevail)
And brought him from the sky;

The friend of Lazarus was here,
And dropt again the pitying tear,
And would not let me die.

- 4 God of my life and health restor'd,
I own thee for my God and Lord,
Thy power and goodness see,
Accept the token from above,
The pledge of thy forgiving love
The life of heaven in thee.
- 5 Thy arm omnipotent to save
Hath kindly snatch'd me from the grave,
And made my body whole:
Oh for thy own compassion sake,
Cast all my sins behind thy back,
And now restore my soul.
- 6 The confidence divine impart,
The witness breathe into my heart,
And seal my sins forgiven,
Allow me then my last desire,
And send with death the car of fire
That raps my soul to heaven.

[LXXX.]

**Another [Thanksgiving after Recovery
from the Small-Pox].**

- 1 Sing to the Prince of life and peace,
Let every tongue *my* Saviour bless,
So strong to help in danger's hour,
So present in his healing power,
And from the margin of the grave
So good a dying worm to save.
- 2 Can I forget the solemn day
When grappling with my foe I lay?
O're my weak flesh from foot to head
The loathsom leprosy was spread,

The foulest plague our race can feel,
The deadliest fruit of sin and hell.

- 3 The poison boil'd in every vein,
The fire broke out in raging pain,
I sunk opprest thro' all my powers,
With bruises, wounds, and putrid sores,
My body rack'd in every part,
And sick to death my fainting heart.
- 4 Jesus beheld my last distress,
And turn'd the current of disease,
He stop'd my spirit on the wing,
And chas'd away the griezly king:
His wonder-working arm I own,
And give the praise to God alone.
- 5 He in the kind physician came,
(Bow all to Jesus' balmy name!)
Amidst my weeping friends he stood,
And mix'd the cordial with his blood,
Display'd his dead-reviving art,
And pour'd his life into my heart.
- 6 Brought from the gates of death I give
My life to him by whom I live,
Rais'd from a restless bed of pain
I render him my strength again,
And only wait to prove his grace,
And only breathe,²⁹ to breathe his praise.

[LXXXI.]

Oblation of a Sick Friend.

- 1 God of love, with pity see,
Succour our infirmity;
Father, let thy will be done;—
Thine we say, but mean our own.

²⁹Ori. (in both cases), "breath."

- 2 Can we of ourselves resign
The most precious loan divine?
With thy loveliest creature part?
Lord, thou seest our bleeding heart.
- 3 Whom thyself hast planted there,
From our bleeding heart to tear,
This, most sensibly we feel,
This we own impossible.
- 4 Dearest of thy gifts below,
Nature cannot let her go,
Nature, 'till by grace subdued,
Will not give her back to God.
- 5 But we *would* receive the power
Every blessing to restore,
Would to thy decision bow,
Would be meekly willing now.
- 6 If thou *wilt* thine own revoke,
Now inflict the sudden stroke,
Take our eyes' and heart's desire,
Let her in thine arms expire.
- 7 Stript of all, we trust in thee,
As our day our strength shall be,
Jesus, Lord, we come to prove
All the virtue of thy love.
- 8 When the creature-streams are dry,
Thou thyself our wants supply,
Thou of life the fountain art,
Rise eternal in our heart.

[LXXXII.]

Another [Oblation of a Sick Friend].

- 1 Lover, friend of human kind,
Call thy days of flesh to mind,

When thou didst our sorrows bear,
All our sinless frailties share.

- 2 When thou didst converse below,
 Every shape of human woe,
 Every supplicant in pain
 Could thy ready help obtain.
- 3 Melted by thy creature's tears,
 Troubled with our griefs and fears,
 Pity made thy Spirit groan,
 Made our miseries thine own.
- 4 None applied in vain to thee,
 Thy divine philanthropy
 Chear'd the faint, the hungry fed,
 Heal'd the sick, and rais'd the dead.
- 5 Hear us then, thou Man of Grief,
 O make haste to our relief,
 After thee for help we cry,
 Come, before our sister die.
- 6 Jesus, evermore the same,
 Manifest thy saving name,
 Good Physician from above,
 Heal the object of thy love.
- 7 Humbly prostrate at thy feet,
 We our will to thine submit;
 Yet, before thy will is shown,
 Trembling we present our own.
- 8 'Till thy love's design we see,
 Earnest, but resign'd to thee,
 Suffer us for life to pray,
 Bless us with her longer stay.

- 9 Let the balm be now applied,
Touch her, and the fever chide,
Now command it to depart,
Sprinkle now her peaceful heart.
- 10 Thou with equal ease and skill
Canst the soul and body heal:
Raise her, Lord, the vessel raise
Of thine all-sufficient grace.
- 11 Let her long a witness live
That thou canst on earth forgive,
Live, thine utmost love to see,
Live to serve thy church and thee.
- 12 Then, when all her work is done,
Thou thy faithful servant crown,
Take her, Jesus, to thy breast,
Take us all to endless rest.

[LXXXIII.]

For One Visited with Sickness.

- 1 O thou, whose wise paternal love
Hath brought my active vigour down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I chuse the state my God ordains.
- 2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer *do*,
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness shew,
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.
- 3 But since without thy Spirit's might
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask in Jesus' right,
The strength he did for me procure,

Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.

- 4 This single good I humbly crave,
 This single good on me bestow,
And when my one desire I have,
 Let every other blessing go!
Ah, do not, Lord, my suit deny,
I only want to love—and die.
- 5 Or let me live, of love possest,
 In weakness, weariness, and pain;
The anguish of my labouring breast,
 The daily cross I still sustain,
For him that languish'd on the tree,
But liv'd, before he died, for me.

[LXXXIV.]

- 1 Welcome incurable disease,
Whate'er my gracious God decrees
 My happy choice I make,
Death's sentence in myself receive,
Since God a Man of Grievs did live,
 And suffer for my sake.
- 2 The love which brought him from the skies,
Which made his soul a sacrifice
 Visits me in this pain,
He bids me taste his passion's cup,
And fill his mournful measure up,
 That I with him may reign.
- 3 Not that the sufferings I endure
His Father's favour can procure,
 Or for my sins atone:
Jesus alone the wine-press trod,
Answer'd the just demands of God,
 And paid my debt alone.

- 4 Nor can my utmost griefs or pains
Purge out th' original remains,
Or kill the root of sin:
That blood which did my pardon buy,
That only blood must sanctify,
And wash my nature clean.
- 5 Yes, O thou all-redeeming Lamb,
The virtue of thy balmy name
Restores my inward peace,
Thy death doth all my guilt remove,
Thy life shall fill my heart with love
And perfect holiness.
- 6 Faith in thy powerful love I have,
Thou wilt the helpless sinner save
Who fain to thee would go:
Thou dost from time to time relieve,
'Till I my pardon seal'd receive,
And all thy fulness know.
- 7 I own thy kind design on me,
The meaning of thy patience see;
Thou hast my manners borne,
That sav'd, before I hence depart,
Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart,
I may to God return.
- 8 Accomplish then thy gracious end,
And bid my happy soul ascend
In holiness compleat,
The meanest of that heavenly throng
Who sing thine own eternal song,
And triumph at thy feet.

[LXXXV.]

For the Morning.

- 1 Giver of every good,
To praise thy love I wake,

Thy love the balmy sleep bestow'd
For my Redeemer's sake;
Thy love kept off the pain
That oft invades my breast,
And bids my soul aspire again
To its eternal rest.

2 To thee in Christ my peace
Again I humbly turn,
My past ingratitude confess,
My life of folly mourn;
A life how dark and void!
A long-continu'd blot!
Talents or hid, or misemploy'd,
And benefits forgot.

3 My virtues false and vain,
My justest works unjust,
Not one but gives my conscience pain,
And lays me in the dust:
But worse than all I find
The bitter root within,
The beastly heart, the devilish mind,
The hell of inbred sin.

4 Far from myself to thee,
Thou sinner's friend, I fly,
Forc'd out by my own misery
To seek salvation nigh:
Th' infallible relief
Assur'd at last to prove,
And lose my depths of sin and grief
In thy abyss of love.

5 One thing I now desire,
While for thy love I stay,
One blessing instantly require,
And will not be said nay;

To genuine holiness
'Till thou my soul restore,
Give joy or grief, give pain or ease,
But bid me sin no more.

[LXXXVI.]

- 1 And let this gross corporeal clay
Clog the pure, ethereal ray,
And weigh my spirit down,
My spirit shall superior rise,
If Jesus shews me from the skies
That everlasting crown.
- 2 Sick, and in pain, why should I grieve?
"Troubled heart in me believe,
And heaven, he saith, is thine:"
He went before, that all who mourn
Might triumph in his swift return,
And see the face divine.
- 3 Fulness of joy his presence gives,
Heaven its heavenliness receives,
When him unveil'd we see:
Of all our bliss the fount and root,
The tree, the blossom, and the fruit
Is immortality.
- 4 My immortality thou art,
Glorious earnest in my heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
Of thee possest, I ask no more,
But happy in thy love adore
The joy of earth and heaven.

LXXXVII.

- 1 O thou, whose kind compassion
Hath lengthen'd out my day,
To see thy great salvation
Still in the flesh I stay:

Thyself the cause unfoldest
Of all thy patient grace,
My soul in life thou holdest,
That I may see thy face.

2 For this, as tottering over
The grave I feebly stand,
'Till thou thyself discover,
And bring me safe to land;
I live, tho' daily dying,
And languish for that peace,
And wait that blood's applying
Which signs my soul's release.

3 My God, thou wilt not leave me,
When strength and friends depart,
But graciously forgive me,
And seal it on my heart
In joy beyond expressing
In comforts from above,
In every gospel blessing,
In all the life of love.

4 Come then my consolation,
My life beyond the grave,
And shew me thy salvation,
And by thy presence save:
In faith's most strict embraces
O might I compass thee,
And then in heavenly places
Thy face for ever see.

LXXXVIII.

1 Of a dejected spirit
I want the sovereign cure,
The all-atoning merit
Which makes salvation sure:

In secret meditation
On an expiring God,
I wait the application
Of Jesus' balmy blood.

2 What but my faithful thinking
On him who stain'd the tree,
Can prop my nature sinking
In its own misery?
What but the sacred fountain
Which purg'd a world of sin,
Can move this guilty mountain,
And give me peace within?

3 When sick of sin I languish,
My plague incurable,
My wounded spirit's anguish
Will men or angels heal?
So desperate my condition,
I only can confide
In that divine physician
Who for his patients died.

4 His death the sinner raises
With his own love reveal'd,
My mouth is fill'd with praises,
My heart with joy is fill'd;
A blessed man forgiven,
A sav'd, regenerate soul,
I go in peace to heaven,
When faith hath made me whole.

LXXXIX.

1 No more amus'd by earthly things,
Or worldly vanity,
Father, my troubled spirit brings
Its last distress to thee:

Spare me, a little longer spare,
In feeble age I cry,
Thou God, who hear'st the faintest prayer,
And all my sins pass by.

- 2 For this alone I wish to live,
That I thy love may feel,
Thy power a sinner to forgive,
And all my sickness heal;
To live, 'till I my strength regain
Original, divine,
Thy favour forfeited obtain,
And in thine image shine.
- 3 This only blessing I implore,
The gift unspeakable,
The Spirit of life and health and power,
The witness, pledge, and seal:
Nought differing from a servant I,
'Till thou thy Spirit impart,
And hear him Abba Father cry
In my poor broken heart.
- 4 Him as a Spirit of binding fear
Thou hast on me bestow'd,
Sure token of redemption near
With Jesus' sprinkled blood:
The blessed hope lifts up my head,
While in thy Spirit I groan,
And call out of the deep, and plead
The passion of thy Son.
- 5 What Jesus' blood for me did buy
May I not humbly claim?
Thou canst not, Lord, my suit deny
Who ask in Jesus' name:
I ask what he hath made my right,
A pardon full and free:
And if thou dost in him delight,
Thou art well-pleas'd with me.

6 Me, me for his dear sake alone
 Into thine arms receive,
And let me feel the peace unknown,
 And consciously believe;
By holy confidence divine
 Made ready to depart,
I then my spotless soul resign,
 And see thee as thou art.

XC.

1 Let the redeem'd give thanks and praise
 To a forgiving God:
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
 'Till wash'd in Jesus' blood;
'Till at thy coming from above
 My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
 And peace o'erflows my heart.

2 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
 The love and joy unknown,
Wilt thou not to thy servant give,
 And claim me for thy own;
My God in Jesus pacified
 My God thyself declare,
And draw me to his open side,
 And plunge the sinner there?

3 Prisoner of hope I still attend
 Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and sins to end,
 And speak my soul restor'd,
Restor'd by reconciling grace,
 With present pardon blest,
And fitted by true holiness
 For my eternal rest.

- 4 Yet ah! My troubled spirit knows
Its own infirmities;
'Till God on me his Son bestows,
I cannot die in peace:
A stranger to th' atoning God
Who did our world redeem,
Unless he wash me in his blood,
I have no part with him.
- 5 But wilt thou not the balm apply,
The purchas'd blessing give?
Thou didst for every sinner die,
That all mankind may live;
That I thy pardoning love may taste,
May live on earth forgiven,
And in thy mercy's arms embrac'd
Return with thee to heaven.

XCI.

- 1 God of my life preserv'd by grace
Like Moses's bush amidst the fire,
Teach me to count aright my days,
With wisdom pure my heart inspire,
That busied with the one concern,
I may my remnant life employ
Thy meek humility to learn,
And enter thy celestial joy.
- 2 In number as my days decrease,
In value, Lord, I know, they rise,
And every moment makes them less,
And brings me nearer to the skies,
If taught my talents to improve,
My hours I on account receive,
And live to win thy precious love,
And only for thy glory live.

- 3 Thy Spirit now if thou infuse,
My latter end I wisely weigh,
No more th' important moments lose,
No more neglect to watch and pray:
Stir'd up to seek the God unknown
My soul awakes to righteousness,
And strives, and pants, and wrestles on
For power to live and die in peace.
- 4 This instant now I cease from sin,
This instant now I turn to thee,
And trust thy blood to make me clean
From all, from all impurity:
The current of thy powerful blood
Shall all my mountain-sins remove,
Wash off, wash out my nature's load,
And waft me to the port above.

XCII.

- 1 Most sensibly declining,
Born to resign my breath,
Why should I live repining
At the approach of death?
In peevish lamentation
For life I cannot cry,
Appointed to salvation,
And joys that never die.
- 2 O were that point secured,
My sorrows all would cease,
O were my soul assured
Of everlasting peace.
Saviour, I want the witness
Of my felicity,
And languish for that meetness
To share a throne with thee.
- 3 Thy Spirit's attestation
Added, O God, to mine,

Must be the confirmation
That I am truly thine:
With faith and love inspire
Thy Spirit into my heart,
And let the sanctifier
Dispose me to depart.

- 4 Thy manifested favour
Better than life I feel,
When conscious that my Saviour
Doth in his servant dwell:
The rapturous sensation
Restores my paradise,
Prepares for my translation,
And wafts me to the skies.
- 5 Come then my hope of glory,
My unprecarious peace,
My joy untransitory,
My perfect righteousness,
The kingdom of thy Spirit
Establish, Lord, in me,
And take me up t' inherit
My heaven of heavens in thee.

XCIII.

- 1 Weary of this daily dying,
Crush'd with my own misery,
Lord, thou hear'st thy creature crying
After real life in thee:
Friend of helpless sinners, ease me
By thy last distressful cries,
By thy mortal pangs release me
From the death that never dies.
- 2 Guilt my troubled spirit harrows,
Gives to death his dread array,
Points his sting, and wings his arrows,
Arms him with his power to slay:

Only thy tremendous passion
Can my fears and sins controul,
Save from endless condemnation,
Pacify my ransom'd soul.

- 3 O might that revealing Spirit
Take of thine and shew to me,
Shew thy all-redeeming merit,
Thy eternal deity,
While beneath my burthen groaning
I my unbelief confess,
Shew my heart the blood atoning,
Bid me then depart in peace.

XCIV.

- 1 With sin and grief beginning,
Must I with sorrow end
A wretched life, and sinning
Into the grave descend?
Will mercy's arms receive me,
When all my woes are past?
Or God refuse to give me
Pardon and peace at last!
- 2 No longer I endeavour
Myself to justify,
Convinc'd my Maker's favour
I cannot, cannot buy:
No deeds or tempers virtuous
Have I wherein to trust:
If love will lose his purchase,
I am for ever lost.
- 3 But is there no salvation
For sinners lost as me?
But is there no compassion
In him who stain'd the tree?

Jesus, thou cam'st from heaven,
And pourd'st out all thy blood,
That I might die forgiven,
Might share the throne of God.

- 4 Soon as thy passion tells me
 Hope in my end there is,
 Soon as thy Spirit seals me
 An heir of endless bliss,
 The kingdom to inherit,
 I would with joy resign
 My disembodied spirit
 Into the hands divine.

XCIV.

- 1 Bending beneath the burthen
 Of sinful misery,
 I wait to feel the pardon
 Thy blood procur'd for me:
 Giver of life unceasing
 Thine aged servant own,
 And bless me with the blessing
 The heaven on earth begun.
- 2 Death I no more desire
 By countless woes opprest;
 Do thou my soul require,
 Whene'er thou know'st it best:
 Sooner, O God, or later
 My soul from earth remove,
 But first impart thy nature,
 And change me into love.

XCVI.

- 1 Father, thy gracious warning
 I thankfully receive,
 And to thy arms returning
 Prepare with thee to live:

Thy prisoner to unshackle
Soon as the angels come,
I quit this tabernacle
For my celestial home.

2 What is that preparation
For fellowship with thee,
For final full salvation,
But faith and purity,
The dire hand-writing blotted,
The peace and life of God,
The holiness unspotted
Which comes with Jesus' blood!

3 Its virtue sanctifying
O might I throughly know,
And on his death relying
To life eternal go!
Father send forth his Spirit
Into my hallow'd heart,
And meet thy throne t' inherit,
Meet am I to depart.

4 My head with Jesus bending,
On his great sacrifice
I rest my soul, ascending
To joy that never dies,
With Jesus' resignation
With Jesus' perfect love
I finish my oblation,
And take my seat above.

XCVII.

Prayers for a Sick Child.

1 Righteous, O God, are all thy ways!
A sinful still-afflicted man
The cause I mournfully confess,
And bleeding with another's pain,

And justly punish'd in my son,
I cry—thy awful will be done!

- 2 The cause in its effect I find,
My sin in its chastisement read:
Thy judgments bring my sin to mind,
And *guilty of his death* I plead,
If justice now demand its prey,
And thou art come my son to slay.
- 3 Less than thy least of mercies, I
Have mercies numberless abus'd,
Worthy a thousand deaths to die
Who life, eternal life refus'd,
Provok'd by vile idolatry,
And lov'd thy creature more than thee.
- 4 Wherefore thy righteousness I own,
If thou the forfeiture require,
If now I hear his latest groan,
And while I see my child expire,
The sorrow break my aching heart,
The sight my soul and body part.
- 5 Yet spare him—for his only sake
Who never sinn'd against thy love,
And from the gates of death bring back,
In honour of my friend above
Who offers up the sinner's prayer,
Whose blood beseeches thee to spare.
- 6 God of unfathomable grace,
Whom now I in the dust adore,
Omnipotent the dead to raise,
Display the wonders of thy power,
And kindly give me back my son,
T' exalt, and glorify thine own.

XCVIII.³⁰

- 1 Thou God who hear'st the prayer
 Of supplicants distrest,
 With pity mark the care
 In a sad parent's breast:
 I cannot, Lord, dissemble;
 But all my weakness own:
 Thou knowst for whom I tremble,—
 My son, my only son!
- 2 Thou gav'st on this condition,
 That I should ready be
 To bow with meek submission,
 And yield him back to thee:
 To all thy dispensations
 I would, I would submit,
 And weep with humble patience,
 And tremble at thy feet.
- 3 I must, I do restore,
 If thou revoke thy loan,
 And silently adore,
 Or sigh, thy will be done:
 To thee his great Creator,
 I with my Isaac part:
 But O, thou know'st my nature,
 Thou read'st a father's heart.
- 4 My bowels of compassion
 Thou dost vouchsafe to feel,
 With vehement deprecation
 While nature's wish I tell;
 Ah, do not yet receive him
 To that celestial quire,
 But hasten to relieve him,
 Before my son expire.
- 5 This sorrowful petition
 Obtain'd thy gracious ear,

³⁰This hymn was written concerning Charles and Sarah Wesley's first child, John, born in August 1752. He died 7 January 1754. A manuscript version of the first half is present in MS Travail, 13.

When our divine physician
Thou didst on earth appear:
And still I sue for favour,
And still invoke thy name,
Jesus, my present Saviour,
Eternally the same.

- 6 Bidden in time of trouble
For help to call on thee,
Lord, I my suit redouble,
'Till thy design I see:
I never will give over
My passionate request,
'Till thou the child recover,
Or take him to thy breast.

XCIX.

- 1 Father, thy froward children spare,
Who tempt thee by our daily prayer,
And while we say, thy will be done,
Alas, we only mean our own.
- 2 Yet now permit the sad request
Of parents for their son distrest,
Nature's infirmity forgive,
If still we ask that he may live.
- 3 Prostrate before thy mercy-seat
We ask; but would our will submit,
Whene'er thy sovereign will remove
The child, whom next to thee we love.
- 4 We would our earthly bliss resign,
Bestow'd, revok'd, by grace divine,
(If call'd with more than life to part,)
And tear him from our bleeding heart.
- 5 But O, before the fixt decree
Bring forth, may we not cry to thee,

Our weakness and reluctance own,
And for the faith of Abraham groan?

- 6 We want our wishes to suspend,
On thy decisive word t' attend,
Our wishes at thy feet we lay,
And calmly weep, and humbly pray.
- 7 Yet shall, we Lord, our hearts disguise,
Or hide from thy all-seeing eyes?
Our hearts, 'till we thy counsel know,
Will deprecate the threaten'd blow.
- 8 Joy of our eyes, our heart's desire,
Ah, do not now our child require:
Or taking whom thy mercy gave,
Indulge *us* with a common grave.
- 9 There let our mingled ashes lie,
Where no forlorn survivors sigh,
Where none their ravish'd joys deplore,
And Rachel weeps her loss no more.
- 10 There—but we know not what to say,
Father, aright we cannot pray—
But Jesus reads the troubled breast—
O let his bowels speak the rest!

C.

- 1 Saviour, 'till thou declare thy will,
Thy providential mind reveal,
And charge us to submit,
May we not humbly persevere
In pleading for a life so dear,
In weeping at thy feet?
- 2 Foolish, and blind to what is best,
We urge, yet check our fond request,
With resignation cry,

Save him—the vessel of thy grace,
Save him—and for thy glory raise,
While at the point to die.

3 Thou did'st not blame the father's prayer,
Beseeching thee his son to spare
Just gasping out his breath:
Thy mercy hasten'd to his aid,
Thy love the parting spirit stay'd,
And rescu'd him from death.

4 Another in distress and pain,
Did he apply to thee in vain,
In vain for succour groan?
Thy pity felt thy creature's grief,
Remov'd his helpless unbelief,
And gave him back his son.

5 Thou couldst not, Lord, thy help deny,
Regardless of a mother's cry
For her own child opprest:
With pleasing importunity
She wrestled, and obtain'd of thee
Her violent request.

6 Thy mercy ever more the same
For *our* afflicted child we claim
Whose dying weight we bear,
Unanswer'd still our suit repeat,
And cry for mercy at thy feet
In agony of prayer.

7 Thou dost not yet relief afford,
Or speak one comfortable word
In our extream distress,
As seeming to condemn our fears,
And frown in silence at our tears,
And hide thy angry face.

- 8 Answer, thou suffering Son of man,
May we not patiently complain,
And feel our threatned loss,
Under so huge a burthen stoop,
Or deprecate the bitter cup,
Or faint beneath the cross?
- 9 Thy mild humanity divine
Shall help us meekly to resign,
If thou resume thine own:
We trust in that tremendous hour,
To say, thro' love's almighty power,
Thy sovereign will be done.
- 10 But if our cry hath reach'd thy heart,
If still the Man of Griefs thou art,
The friend of misery,
Thou wilt restore our heart's desire,
With strength to give him back entire
A sacrifice to thee.

CI.

- 1 Love divine, th' afflicted see,
Mov'd with our infirmity,
Once thyself a Man of Grief,
Hasten, Lord, to our relief.
- 2 Mindful of thy suffering days,
Now as then replete with grace,
Good Physician, bow the skies,
Come before our infant dies.
- 3 Present in thy balmy power,
Thou canst³¹ suddenly restore,
By a word the dying save;
Speak, and snatch him from the grave.
- 4 Touching this we both agree,
If thy blessed will it be,

³¹Ori. (in both edns.), "cast"; a misprint.

Now the burning fever chide,
Turn the dart of death aside.

- 5 If thou dost our sorrows share,
Children in thy bosom bear,
Help an innocent opprest,
Give to thy beloved rest.
- 6 While we yet invoke thy name,
Quench the life-devouring flame;
While we a sad vigil keep,
Grant him in thy arms to sleep.
- 7 Thou his feebleness sustain,
Pity, and assuage his pain,
Thou whose tender mercies are
Kinder than a father's care.
- 8 Listning to his plaintive moan,
Make his every grief thine own,
Thou whose yearning bowels move
Softer than a mother's love.
- 9 Need we then prescribe to thee
Cloath'd with our humanity,
Succour with impatience crave,
Urge salvation's self to save?
- 10 No: we have our suit made known
Now let all thy will be done:
Do whate'er thy Spirit requests,
Do whate'er thy heart suggests.

CII.

Thanksgiving for His Recovery.

- 1 Who is so great a God as ours,
So near with his redeeming powers,

So ready at his creature's cry
To send deliverance from the sky,
To turn aside the ills we dread,
And all our largest hopes exceed!

- 2 Thou dost, in answer to our prayer,
 A death-devoted victim spare:
 Thou hast not, Lord, in wrath remov'd
 A child too tenderly belov'd,
 But still thine eye with pity sees
 His parents' life wrapt up in his.
- 3 Thy pity heard our softest tears,
 And scatter'd all our griefs and fears,
 The means thy mercy sanctified,
 The balmy help thy love supplied,
 And gives our joyful hearts to own
 Thou dost the work, and thou alone.
- 4 Our Isaac on the altar laid
 Receiving back as from the dead,
 We offer up at mercy's shrine
 A living sacrifice divine:
 And let him live to health restor'd,
 The servant of his quick'ning Lord.
- 5 Saviour, inspire him with thy grace
 From now to run the Christian race,
 From now to seek the things above,
 And pant for his Redeemer's love,
 'Till thou the heavenly bliss impart,
 And spread thy kingdom thro' his heart.
- 6 Long may he live to serve thy will
 With humble persevering zeal,
 To recompense our tenderest tears,
 The stay of our declining years,
 And close his happy parents' eyes,
 And trace us then to paradise.

CIII.

Another [Thanksgiving for His Recovery].

- 1 Jesus our refuge in distress,
Our helper hitherto,
We now with joyful hearts confess
That thou art good and true:
Thro' importunity of prayer
We have the blessing won,
And thee in songs of praise declare
The healer of our son.
- 2 Thou didst in tender mercy look
On our fond heart's desire:
The fever, check'd by thy rebuke,
Did at thy touch retire:
The glory, Lord, to thee alone,
Not to the means we give:
Thyself the saving work hast done,
And by thy love we live.
- 3 The living, they thy love shall praise,
The living, they shall sing
The God and giver of all grace,
Our Saviour, friend, and King:
Our Isaac too to health restor'd
Shall the thanksgiving join,
And live to magnify his Lord
His ransomer divine.
- 4 O that thou would'st thy power exert,
The gracious wonder do,
Put the new song into his heart,
The song for ever new!
Now let thy brooding Spirit move
On his awakening soul,
Infuse the principle of love,
And make the sinner whole.

- 5 Better than life thy favour is:
Be it on him bestow'd:
We only ask'd his life for this,
That he may live for God,
Wholly devoted to thy will,
May run his Christian race,
And all his work on earth fulfil,
And then behold thy face.

CIV.
For a Sick Child Relapsed.

- 1 To whom should I in grief complain,
To whom for help in trouble fly?
Nature hath took th' alarm again,
Touch'd is the apple of mine eye,
His danger with my fears return,
And stricken in the child I mourn.
- 2 Thou God of unexhausted grace,
Thou Father of compassions hear,
And while I humbly seek thy face,
Thyself in my behalf appear,
Forgive the sin thy pity sees,
Forgive, and bid me go in peace.
- 3 Why should my faltring tongue disown
The weakness of my fluttering heart?
Thou read'st it in the stifled groan,
The fond regret, the lingering smart,
My fears and flowing sorrows tell
I lov'd the child, alas, too well!
- 4 Child of my age so late bestow'd,
So lovely in a father's sight,
So kindly promising for God,
My comfort, joy, and whole delight:
For him I seem'd to live in pain,
And track'd my steps to earth again.

5 My sin reluctant I confess;
But how shall I my sin forsake,
Put off a father's tenderness,
Pluck out my eyes and give him back?
I cannot yield my son to thee,
'Till thou bestow thine own on me.

CV.

1 Wherewithal shall I appear
Before the righteous Lord,
How appease the judge severe,
Who whets his glittering sword?
For my soul's offence t' atone,
Shall I my body's offspring give,
Offering up my only son
To die, that I may live?

2 Mine alas, can never pay
The debt I owe to God,
Turn th' Almighty's wrath away,
Or quench with all his blood:
But in whom thou art well-pleas'd,
Father, thy Son himself hath died;
By his death thy wrath appeas'd,
Thy justice satisfied.

3 Suffering in the sinner's place,
He purchas'd life for me,
Pardon, plenitude of grace,
And all I ask from thee;
All the benefits I claim
Thro' him thou promisest to give;
Lord, I ask in Jesus' name,
My dying child may live.

4 This I ask with strong desire,
Expecting to receive:
Do not now the soul require
Thou dost so oft relieve:

Kindly lengthen out his span,
And bid him rise redeem'd, restor'd,
Rise a righteous godlike man,
An image of his Lord.

CVI.
For Sleep.

- 1 Sleep that soothingly restores
Weary nature's wasted powers,
Gift of an indulgent God
Be it on our child bestow'd.
- 2 Jesus, Lord, we cry to thee
Friend of helpless infancy,
Now the sufferer's grief suspend,
Now the balmy blessing send.
- 3 In the arms of faith and prayer
Whom to thee we humbly bear,
Safe in thy protection keep,
Let him on thy bosom sleep.
- 4 Touch'd thyself with human pain
Sympathizing Son of man,
Ease the anguish of his breast,
Lull him in thy arms to rest.
- 5 Object of thy dearest love
Hide his precious life above,
Precious in the sight of God,
Dearly bought with all thy blood.
- 6 Him we to thy grace commend,
Confident thou wilt defend,
'Till the answer'd prayer is seal'd,
'Till the child of faith is heal'd.

**CVII.
On His Recovery.**

- 1 Saviour, thou hast deliverance sent,
Thou hast a little longer lent
Whom I receiv'd from thee,
I see thy healing work begun,
My age's prop, my only son
Restor'd to life I see.
- 2 With thankful heart I ask for more,
Go on to manifest thy power,
Thy mercy's full design,
Strength to the faint and feeble give,
And let him for thy glory live,
In soul and body thine.
- 3 Why would my prayer detain him here,
But that he may with lowly fear
Grow up to serve his Lord,
A witness for his Saviour rise,
Proclaim thy kingdom from the skies,
And minister thy word?
- 4 But shall my will prescribe to thee?
Or is thine absolute decree
Inclin'd by human prayer?
Thy works are all to thee foreknown,
Thy will, thy sovereign will alone
Elects a minister.
- 5 Yet as thy own command requires,
I tell thee all my heart's desires,
For him thy grace implore;
Let Ishmael in thy presence live,
Isaac's inheritance receive,
And Abraham's God adore.

- 6 On Sion's walls the watchman place,
The free dispenser of thy grace,
The steward wise and good,
(If now thou hear'st thy Spirit's cry)
Thee let him rise to testify,
And pardon in thy blood.
- 7 Thou know'st thy pleading Spirit's will
In my accomplish'd wish fulfil
Thy own supreme design;
My son into thy service take,
Fit for his Master's use, and make
An instrument divine.
- 8 When I from all my labours rest,
Be mindful, Lord, of this request,
For my surviving son:
Into thy mercy's arms I cast,
And trust thy love to hold him fast,
'Till all his work is done.

CVIII.

- 1 O might he live before thee
My well-beloved son,
With tender fear adore thee
His God while yet unknown!
Thine eye of mercy guide him
Into the land of rest,
And let no ill betide him
By his Creator blest.
- 2 That from his kind Creator
He never may depart,
Keep in the state of nature
His inexperience'd heart,
Unconquer'd by temptation,
By Satan unbeguil'd,
From each alluring passion
Preserve my giddy child.

- 3 The unsuspecting stranger
To our malignant race
From every hidden danger
Deliver by thy grace,
From popular infection,
From every great offence
Thy love be the protection
Of thoughtless innocence.
- 4 Prevent, restrain, attend him
Thro' a wide world of ill,
'Till thou call forth and send him
To do thy blessed will,
By thy predestination
The heavenly seed to sow,
And minister salvation,
And serve thy saints below.

CIX.

Hymn for a Child on His Birth-Day.

- 1 Great author of my being,
Thankful³² I bow before thee,
Thine own I am
From whom I came,
And all my powers adore thee:
I triumph in existence,
Injoy my Maker's favour,
Created I
To glorify,
And love my God for ever.
- 2 While all that breathe acknowledge
Their merciful Creator,
O God of grace
Accept the praise
Of universal nature:

³²Ori. (in both edns.), "Tankful"; a misprint.

And let us with our Father
Adore the Son and Spirit,
Thro' whom we rise
Beyond the skies,
And heavenly joys inherit.

CX.

A Father's Prayer for His Son.

- 1 God of my thoughtless infancy
My giddy youth and riper age,
Pierc'd with thy love, I worship thee,
My God, my guide through every stage;
From countless sins, and griefs, and snares
Preserv'd thy guardian hand I own,
And borne and sav'd to hoary hairs,
Ask the same mercy for my son.
- 2 Not yet by the commandment slain
O may he uncorrupted live,
His simple innocence retain,
And dread an unknown God to grieve:
Restrain'd, prevented by thy love
Give him the evil to refuse,
And feel thy drawings from above,
And good, and life, and virtue chuse.
- 3 When near the slippery paths of vice
With heedless steps he runs secure,
Preserve the favorite of the skies,
And keep his life and conscience pure:
Shorten his time for childish play,
From youthful lusts and passions screen,
Nor leave him in the wilds to stray
Of pleasure, vanity, and sin.
- 4 Soon may the all-inspiring Dove
With brooding wings his soul o'respread;
The hidden principle of love
The pure, incorruptible seed

Hasten into his heart to sow;
And when the word of power takes place,
Let every blossom knit and grow,
And ripen into perfect grace.

CXI.

On Going to a New Habitation.

- 1 Weary, why should I farther go,
Or seek a resting-place below
With vain anxiety?
Without the presence of my Lord,
This earth can no repose afford,
Or glimpse of joy for me.
- 2 Weeping where'er mine eye I turn,
Fresh cause to weep, lament, and mourn
Mine eye with horror sees;
Nothing but sin and pain appears
In all the dreary vale of tears
The frightful wilderness.
- 3 My paradise is lost and gone,
Distrest, disconsolate, alone,
A banish'd man I rove,
I faint beneath my nature's load,
An alien from the life of God,
A stranger to his love.
- 4 What then is change of place to me?
The end of sin and misery,
In every place is nigh;
No spot of earth but yields a grave:
Where'er he wills, if Jesus save,
I lay me down and die.

CXII.

- 1 O that I first of love possess,
With my Redeemer's presence blest,
Might his salvation see!
Before thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And shew thyself to me.
- 2 Appear my sanctuary from sin,
Open thine arms to take me in,
By thy own presence hide,
Hide in the place where Moses stood,
And shew me now the face of God,
My Father pacified.
- 3 What but thy manifested grace
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy?
Thy mercy brings salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallow'd joy.
- 4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove,
Pass as a God of pardoning love
Before my ravish'd eyes:
And when I in thy person see
Jehovah's glorious majesty,
I find my paradise.
- 5 Then, then my wandering toil is o're,
Restless I sigh and pine no more
For local happiness;
Confident in thy blood applied,
Mine inmost soul is satisfied
With everlasting peace.

6 Then, then where'er thy will below
Assign my lot, with thee I go
 An happy man forgiven:
I know my God is reconcil'd,
Regain my Eden in the wild,
 And glide from earth to heaven.

CXIII.

1 The Son of man supplies
My every outward need
Who had not, when he left the skies,
A place to lay his head:
He will provide my place,
And in due season show
Where I shall pass my few sad days
Of pilgrimage below.

2 No matter where or how
I in this desart live,
If, when my dying head I bow,
Jesus my soul receive:
Blest with thy precious love,
Saviour, 'tis all my care
To reach the purchas'd house above,
And find a mansion there.

3 An house with hands not made
Hast thou not bought for me?
The full stupendous price was paid
In blood on yonder tree!
But ere³³ thou call me hence,
Lord, with thyself impart
The pledge of mine inheritance,
And fill my loving heart.

4 An heir of endless bliss
Now in a tent I dwell,

³³Ori. (in both edns.), "e're"; but used in sense of "before."

Till thou my spotless soul dismiss
To joys unspeakable,
'Till thou in that glad day
Make all thy glories known,
And to the heavenly house convey,
And bid me share thy throne.

CXIV.

- 1 Jesus, my faithful guide,
 For thy advice I stay,
Who wilt not let me wander wide
 Of thy appointed way:
 'Till thou reveal thy will,
 In calm uncertainty
I know not what to do, but still
 Mine eyes are fixt on thee.

- 2 'Till thou direction send,
 Delightfully resign'd
I mark the openings, and attend
 The tokens of thy mind;
 What thou wouldst have me do
 By plainest signs to prove
I wait; and step by step pursue
 The leadings of thy love.

- 3 Saviour, I would not take
 One step in life, alone,
Or dare the smallest motion make
 Without thy counsel known:
 Thee I my Lord confess,
 In every thing I see,
And thou by thine unerring grace
 Shalt order all for me.

- 4 Surely thou wilt provide
 The place thou knowst I need,
The solitary place to hide
 Thy hoary servant's head;

Where a few moments more
Expecting my release,
I may my father's God adore,
And then depart in peace.

CXV.

- 1 What matters it to me,
 When a few days are past,
Where I shall end my misery,
 Where I shall breathe my last?
 The meanest house or cot
 The hoary hairs may screen
Of one who would be clean forgot,
 And live and die unseen.

- 2 Expos'd I long have been
 In this bleak vale of tears,
Midst scenes of vanity and sin
 Consum'd my threescore years:
 I turn my face aside,
 Sick of beholding more,
And wish the latest storm t' outride,
 And reach the happy shore.

- 3 As dead already here,
 Without desire or hope,
'Till from this earth I disappear,
 I give the creature up,
 In temporal despair
 Contentedly abide,
And in my flesh the tokens bear
 Of Jesus crucified.

- 4 A prisoner of the Lord,
 Where he appoints I wait,
In age to be renew'd, restor'd
 To my unsinning state,

My only want I feel
Jesus my peace to know,
In him to live, in him to dwell,
And die to all below.

- 5 Jesus, my hope, my rest,
This load of sin remove,
Thy name, thy nature manifest
In purity and love:
And when in knowing thee
The heavenly life I live,
Set my imprison'd spirit free,
And to thyself receive.

CXVI.³⁴

- 1 Giver of every useful gift,
My thankful heart to thee I lift,
Who hast a cottage given
To lodge a poor wayfaring man,
'Till I my long-sought country gain,
And find my house in heaven.
- 2 Indulg'd with an obscure retreat,
Ah, never leave me to forget
That this is not my home;
A sojourner and stranger still,
I suffer and perform thy will,
'Till my Redeemer³⁵ come.
- 3 I seek not my repose below,
If, long a man of strife and woe,
I to the desert fly:
If thou a moment's respite give,
Thou knowst, I come not here to live,
I³⁶ only come to die.
- 4 Author of godly sorrow, meet,
And suffer me to kiss thy feet,
And bathe them with my tears,

³⁴A manuscript version of this hymn appears in shorthand on the back cover of MS Six. The few variants are noted here.

³⁵Shorthand version reads "Redemption."

³⁶Shorthand version substitutes "But" for "I."

My sins, tho' pardon'd, to bewail,
'Till thou release me from the vale,
And life in death appears.

5 The broken, contrite spirit give,
And lo, I come to weep and grieve,
And long for my remove,
I gasp to breathe my native air,
When once enabled to declare
Thou knowst that thee I love.

6 Ah, take me, Saviour, at my word,
Pronounce me now to peace restor'd
To purity of heart,
Snatch from this³⁷ soothing solitude
My soul in spotless love renew'd,
And bid³⁸ me now depart.

CXVII.

For a Woman in the Beginning of Her Travail.

1 Jesus, the woman's conquering seed,
Who didst our world of sorrows bear,
Stand by me in my greatest need,
And now accept my plaintive prayer:
The painful curse intail'd by Eve
On me, on all the weaker kind,
O may I patiently receive,
And turn'd into a blessing find.

2 Thou hast redeem'd in troubles past
A soul that did on thee rely;
And still I hold the promise fast,
And still expect salvation nigh:
I trust, that as my pangs increase,
Thou wilt my fainting spirit revive,
And nearest in my last distress
Thy most abundant comforts give.

³⁷Shorthand version substitutes "my" for "this."

³⁸Shorthand version substitutes "let" for "bid."

3 Orewhelm'd at times with chilling fears,
 Thou dost not leave me without hope;
 Thy secret power and presence cheers
 And lifts my sinking nature up:
 Again thy gracious strength I own
 Display'd in man's infirmity:
 And never did thy Spirit groan
 For help in one so weak as me!

CXVIII.

For the Same in Travail.

1 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear
 Our help-imploing cry,
 Lord of life and death, appear
 With thy salvation nigh;
 God of grace and boundless power,
 And never-failing faithfulness,
 Bring her thro' the tort'ring hour,
 And bid her live in peace.

2 Caught as in the toils of hell,
 Thine own with pity see:
 Nature's strength and spirits fail
 If unrenow'd by thee:
 Ere³⁹ the griezly king devour,
 Our refuge in extreme distress,
 Bring her thro' the tort'ring hour,
 And bid her live in peace.

3 By the travail of thy soul,
 Thy more than mortal pain,
 All her fears of death controul,
 Her fainting heart sustain:
 Streams of consolation shower
 On one thy love delights to bless;
 Bring her thro' the tort'ring hour,
 And bid her live in peace.

³⁹Ori. (in both edns.), "E'er."

- 4 Bid her live in peace divine,
In holiness and love,
Witnessing that power of thine
Which hides her life above:
Speak the direful conflict o're,
Thou God whose mercies never cease,
Now conclude the tort'ring hour,
And bid her live in peace.

CXIX.
After Her Delivery.

- 1 Thee faithful and true
O Jesus, we praise,
Omnipotent too,
And plenteous in grace:
Of life the kind giver
Thy goodness we prove,
Which loves to deliver
Who hang on thy love.
- 2 Brought thro' the dread hour
And torturing fires,
The proof of thy power
And mercy respites,
The promise declaring
Thy truth she receives,
And sav'd in childbearing
Thy confessor lives.
- 3 She lives to extol
Thy wonderful name,
And invoke all
Her Lord to proclaim,
To sing of her Saviour
And lover divine,
And rest in thy favor
Eternally thine.

CXX.

Another [After Her Delivery].

- 1 Thee our strength and righteousness,
Jesus, we with joy confess:
Mighty to redeem from death,
Thou hast spread thine arms beneath,
Kept her, till the hour was past,
Scarcely sav'd—yet sav'd at last.
- 2 Mighty to redeem from pain,
Turn, and visit her again:
Till thy breath again revives,
In the shade of death she lives,
In extreme infirmity
Dying still for want of thee.
- 3 Make her, Lord, thy constant care,
In thy loving bosom bear:
Mov'd by our continued cry
Thy balsamic blood apply,
Nature's sinking powers restore,
Give her life for evermore.
- 4 While thou dost her soul renew,
Quicken her frail body too,
While she hangs in even scale,
Let the prayer of faith prevail,
Present in thy power to heal,
On her heart the answer seal.

CXXI.

Another [After Her Delivery].

- 1 Let the redeem'd by grace
Their kind Redeemer praise:
Ransom'd from the gaping grave
Jesus hid my life above,
Ready was my Lord to save
The dear object of his love.

2 Pluck'd from the jaws of death,
 Saviour, thy praise I breathe,
Pledge of greater mercies still
 This deliverance I receive,
Live t' experience all thy will,
 Only for thy glory live.

3 Thy healing work begun
 Wilt thou not carry on,
Nature's wasted strength repair,
 Clothe my flesh with vigour new,
That I may thy power declare,
 Testify that thou art true?

4 But most I long to prove
 The sweetness of thy love:
Filial love for servile fear
 Shed it in my heart abroad;
Now as slain for me appear,
 Shew thyself the pardning God.

5 Incapable of rest
 Till of thy love possest,
Comforted I cannot be,
 Till thou dost the grace bestow,
Wrestling in thy strength with thee,
 Weakness will not let thee go.

6 Reserv'd for this alone
 To know as I am known,
Come with thy salvation, Lord,
 Let, my sins no longer part,
Speak the reconciling word,
 Speak thyself into my heart.

CXXII.

For a Sick Child.

1 So foolish, ignorant, and blind
 To that thy wisdom hath design'd,

What shall I to my Father say,
Or how for a sick infant pray?
With pain he doth his life begin,
Who never copied Adam's sin,
Yet, innocent, in plaintive groans
Th' original offence he owns.

2 May I not suffer his distress,
And ask my God his pain to ease?
Or, if it be thy gracious will,
My child in season due to heal?
May I not, till thy will appears,
Indulge these unrebelling tears,
My suit unblameable repeat,
And mourn, submissive, at thy feet?

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
For ever streaming from above,
My nature's soft infirmity
I feel, a drop deriv'd from thee!
And wilt thou not accept thy own,
Mixt with the sorrows of thy Son,
Exalted by that sacred flood,
And offer'd up thro' Jesus' blood!

4 For Jesus' sake my son retrieve,
And bid him for thy glory live,
Live to proclaim his Saviour's praise,
An herald of redeeming grace;
Of future good I ask a sign,
Now, Father, seal the vessel thine,
And let him serve his Lord alone,
And live, till all thy will is done.

CXXIII.
For a Sick Friend.

1 Jesus, omnipotent to save
Both soul and body from the grave,
Thy saving power exert,

The outcast's hope, the sinner's friend,
With all thy balmy grace descend
 Into a broken heart.

- 2 Thou must admit the sinner's plea,
 And help his desperate misery
 Who feels himself undone,
 Who fears to lift his guilty eyes,
 Or only by his silence cries
 For mercy at thy throne.
- 3 Thy bowels melt at his distress,
 Thy heart o'reflows with tenderness,
 And for his sorrows bleeds,
 Thy Spirit of supplicating love
 One with his Advocate above
 In all the members pleads.
- 4 Mercy we ask in Jesus' name,
 Mercy for a meer sinner claim;
 Mercy and thou art one:
 Nor canst thou, Lord, thyself deny,
 While all the church for mercy cry,
 And in thy Spirit groan.
- 5 Come then, his life, his strength, his peace,
 The prisoner let thy blood release,
 Thy blood the patient heal,
 While prostrate at thy feet we pray,
 Thy blood wash all his sins away,
 And now his pardon seal.
- 6 This moment come, and touch his hand,
 This moment, dearest Lord, command
 The fever to depart,
 This moment let our faithful prayer
 Thy answer to his conscience bear,
 And reach his happy heart.

CXXIV.
The Collier's Hymn.⁴⁰

- 1 Teacher, friend of foolish sinners,
Take the praise of thy grace
From us young beginners.
Struck with loving admiration
Hear us tell of thy zeal
For our soul's salvation.
- 2 Foes to God and unforgiven
Once we were, distant far,
Far as hell from heaven:
But we have thro' thee found favour,
Brought to God by thy blood,
O thou precious Saviour.
- 3 Thou hast in the weak and feeble
Power display'd, call'd and made
Us thy favourite people:
Us the vulgar, and obscure
Thou dost own; us unknown,
Ignorant and poor.
- 4 Simple folk and undiscerning,
Nothing we know but thee,
Love is all our learning:
We with loving hearts adore thee,
This our deep scholarship,
This is all our glory.
- 5 Thou, we know, hast died to save us,
We are thine, love divine,
Thou who bought'st shalt have us:
Taught and led by thy good Spirit
We shall soon share thy throne,
All thy joys inherit.
- 6 Here is knowledge rare, and hidden
From the wise, who despise
All our inward Eden;

⁴⁰A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 60–61.

Thou to us the truth hast given,
We in thee, (happy we!)
Know the way to heaven.

CXXV.
The Young Man's Hymn.

- 1 How shall a young unstable man
To evil prone like me,
His actions and his heart maintain
From all pollution free?
Thee, Lord, that I may not forsake,
Or ever turn aside,
Thy precepts for my rule I take,
Thy Spirit for my guide.
- 2 Govern'd by the ingrafted word,
And principled with grace,
I shall not yield to sin abhor'd,
Or give to passion place:
From youthful lusts I still shall flee,
From all the paths of vice,
My omnipresent Saviour see,
And walk before thine eyes.
- 3 Saviour, to me thy Spirit give,
That thro' his power I may
Thy word effectually believe,
And faithfully obey;
From every great transgression pure,
For all thy will prepar'd,
Thy servant to the end endure,
And gain the full reward.

CXXVI.
The Maiden's Hymn.

- 1 Holy child of heavenly birth,
God made man, and born on earth,

Virgin's Son, impart to me
Thy unsullied purity.

2 In my pilgrimage below
Only thee I pant to know,
Every creature I resign,
Thine, both soul and body, thine.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Over me thy sway maintain:
Perfect loveliness thou art,
Take my undivided heart.

4 All my heart to thee I give,
All thy holiness receive,
Live to make my Saviour known,
Live to please my God alone:

5 Free from low, distracting care,
For the happy day prepare,
For the joys that never die,
For my Bridegroom in the sky.

6 Here betroth'd to thee in love
I shall see my Lord above,
Lean on my Redeemer's breast,
In thy arms for ever rest.

CXXVII.

For an Unconverted Husband.

1 Searcher of hearts, to thee I fly,
In doubly deep distress apply
For help to thee alone:
I want to feel thy pardning love,
I want my partner's heart to prove
That mystic peace unknown.

- 2 Thy goodness form'd, and turn'd his mind,
Thou mad'st him generous, just, and kind;
Yet O, incarnate God,
Thro' thee escap'd the gulph of vice,
In nature's deadly sleep he lies,
Nor pants to feel thy blood.
- 3 Thou know'st, if not a foe profest,
A stranger to thy cross, at rest
Without thy grace he lives;
Thoughtless of death and judgment near,
His joy, his good, his portion here
Contented he receives.
- 4 Saviour, his slumbring spirit call,
Awake, upraise him from his fall,
And shew the fountain nigh:
Ah, give him now himself to see,
To feel his need of faith and thee,
And then his need supply.
- 5 'Till he awakes I cannot rest,
Or blest myself be singly blest,
To him so closely join'd,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone;
Thyself of twain hast made us one
In will, and heart, and mind.
- 6 O might we one become in thee,
The great mysterious unity
Of sacred wedlock prove,
To Sion hand in hand repair,
And fitted for thy presence, share
The marriage-feast above.

CXXVIII.

For a Persecuting Husband.

- 1 Saviour, let thy will be done,
Calling me thy cross to bear:

Thee my heavenly Lord I own,
Cast on thee my mournful care;
By my bosom-friend distrest,
In thy sovereign will I rest.

- 2 Persecution for thy sake
Strengthen'd by thy grace t' endure,
No complaint to man I make;
Find in God my refuge sure;
Confident, thy pity hears,
Counts my supplicating tears.
- 3 Still mine eyes for him o'erflow
Whom thyself hast join'd to me:
Partner of my weal and woe,
Can I his destruction see?
See his soul insensible
Madly rushing down to hell?
- 4 Summon'd to thy judgment-seat
(Who the dreadful thought can bear!)
Must we in thy presence meet,
Meet to part for ever there?
Must he then receive his hire,
Curst into eternal fire?
- 5 God of love, his doom prevent,
Lengthening out his gracious day:
Give the rebel to relent,
Force his stubborn heart to pray:
Pray thyself that he may live:
Slay him first; and then forgive.
- 6 Let him now unclose his eyes,
Turn'd from Satan's power to thee,
See th' atoning sacrifice,
Hear the blood that pleads for me;
Pleads for both, that sav'd by grace
Both may see thy glorious face.

CXXIX.
For an Unconverted Wife.

- 1 Restorer of the sinsick race,
Thy balmy power exert,
And turn by unresisted grace
My dear companion's heart:
One flesh whom thou hast made of two,
(For thy own nature's sake,
In proof that thou art good and true,
In thee one spirit make.

- 2 In every hour of near access
I bear her to the throne,
And wrestle on, 'till thou impress
On her thy name unknown:
An interest if in thee I have,
And feel thy Spirit's life,
O let the faithful husband save
The unbelieving wife.

- 3 Instruct me, Saviour, when to yield
With mitigated zeal,
And when by true affection steel'd
To stand invincible:
Arm'd with the meekness of my Lord,
The wisdom from above,
Give me to win without the word,
And conquer her by love.

- 4 Thy boundless charity divine
Into my bosom breathe,
And gladly I my life resign,
To save her soul from death;
Give up my residue of days,
That she may live forgiven,
And run with joy the Christian race,
And follow me to heaven.

CXXX.
For an Undutiful Son.

- 1 Father of everlasting grace,
 Who hast the prodigal forgiven,
Folded me in thy kind embrace,
 And gladdend all thy house in heaven;
Again thy mercy's depths make known,
And save my poor rebellious son.

- 2 Far from thy family remov'd,
 With eyes of soft compassion see
A soul for Jesus' sake belov'd,
 And look the wanderer back to thee,
Incline his stubborn heart to grieve,
And, when he turns his face, forgive.

- 3 I cannot, Lord, of him despair,
 Hoping myself for final bliss,
Trusting in Jesus' blood and prayer,
 That powerful Advocate of his,
That only sinless Son of thine,
Who asks eternal life for mine.

- 4 Faith echoes to his prayer above,
 And reaches now thy pitying ear:
The rebel shall thy mercy prove,
 Adorn'd in the best robe appear,
And see his heavenly Father's face,
And feast for ever on thy grace.

CXXXI.
For Unconverted Relations.

- 1 Jesus, I at thy throne appear,
 For those who have not known thy grace,
To me alas, by nature near,
 But far from thee and righteousness!
As dead in trespasses to day,
 As I was yesterday, they rest:
But thou hast stir'd me up to pray,
 And wilt accept thine own request.

- 2 I ask for them the life of faith,
Who never sinn'd that deadly sin:
O could I snatch from second death,
Divinely wise their souls to win;
To time my every kind advice!
Or, if my words they will not hear,
To set my life before their eyes,
And in thy character appear!
- 3 Help me to put thy bowels on,
From proud contempt and anger free,
By meekest zeal to bear them down,
By faith, and fervent charity:
To serve, and succour them, and tend,
For evil benefits return,
And bear their manners to the end,
As thou hast all my manners borne.
- 4 I now for their awakening stay,
And hoping against hope abide,
To see them cast their sins away,
And fall before the crucified:
I trust thine instrument to prove
For saving souls redeem'd by thee:
But patience first and humble love
Must have its perfect work in me.

CXXXII.

For a Family in Want.

- 1 Father, who knowst the things we need,
Before thy children cry,
Give us this day our daily bread,
As manna from the sky.
- 2 By providential love bestow'd
Thy blessings we receive,
And satisfied with scanty food
Miraculously live.

- 3 We live, but not by bread alone,
Without distracting care,
A life invisible, unknown,
A life of faith and prayer:
- 4 We on thy only word depend
Who nothing here possess,
Reliev'd by the unfailing friend
Of indigent distress.
- 5 The portion of the poor thou art,
Who thy commands obey,
And trust thou never wilt depart,
But keep us to that day;
- 6 When borne aloft on angels' wings
As Lazarus we rest,
Inthron'd with Jesus' priests and kings
At heaven's eternal feast.

CXXXIII.
Before Work.

- 1 Come, let us anew
Our calling pursue,
Go forth with the sun,
And rejoice as a giant our circuit to run:
Whom Jesus commands
To work with our hands,
Obeying his word,
We a service perform to our heavenly Lord.
- 2 While we labour for him
And each moment redeem,
His service we own
Our freedom indeed, and our heaven begun:
If he give us a smile
We are paid for our toil,
If our work he approve,
'Tis a work of the Lord, and a labour of love.

3 Our wages are sure
 Who his burthen endure:
 And we cannot complain
Of our daily delight as a wearisome pain;
 The labour is o're
 And fatigues us no more
 When a moment is past,
But the blessed effect shall eternally last.

CXXXIV.
The Master's Hymn.

1 Jesus, my Master in the sky,
 Govern and guide me with thine eye,
 And teach me to fulfil
 With strict fidelity and just,
 The charge committed to my trust,
 And answer all thy will.

2 Not harsh, imperious, or austere,
 But gentle to my servants here
 I would thy word obey,
 Render to each his lawful right,
 And rule my house, as in thy sight,
 With mild paternal sway.

3 To persons thou hast no respect:
 And shall I scornfully reject
 My meanest servant's plea!
 Is he not (by my Maker made,
 And in the sacred balance weigh'd,)
 As dear to God as me?

4 Brethren in our Creator's eyes,
 I dare not injure, or despise
 The workmanship of God,
 Who me their earthly lord confess,
 Heirs of my Saviour's righteousness,
 And bought with all his blood.

- 5 Then let me tenderly intreat,
And give them what is right and meet,
As thou to me hast given;
But make their souls my chiefest care,
Their souls as in my bosom bear,
And train them up for heaven.
- 6 I would in Abraham's footsteps go,
Instruct my house their God to know,
And walk in all thy ways,
Till each th' allotted work hath done,
And wafted to the land unknown
Appears before thy face.

CXXXV.

- 1 Master supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above!
Vested with thy authority
Indue me with thy patient love;
That taught, according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may th' appointed charge fulfil
With all my heart and all my might.
- 2 Inferiors as a sacred trust
I from the sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just
Impartial I to each may give;
Ore'look them with a guardian's eye,
From vice and wickedness restrain,
Mistakes or lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.
- 3 The servant faithful and discreet
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly intreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child:

Yet let me not my place forsake,
Th' occasion of his stumbling prove,
The servant to my bosom take,
And mar him by familiar love.

4 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the gospel-sound
And trace the providential way,
As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity:
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by thee.

5 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burthens feel
Of souls intrusted to my care,
In daily prayer to God commend
The souls whom God expir'd to save,
And think—how soon my sway shall end,
And all be equal in the grave!

CXXXVI.

1 How shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
Or'e all beneath my care,
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian-angel live,
As Jesus' minister?

2 The opposite extremes I see
Remissness and severity,
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand;
While in a narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

- 3 Shall I through indolence supine
Neglect, betray my charge divine,
My delegated power?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give
At that tremendous hour.
- 4 A lion in my house, shall I
My tame inferiors terrify
By fierce tyrannic sway,
Despotic as an eastern prince
By regal arguments convince,
Compel them to obey?
- 5 Of angry man th' impatience proud
Works not the righteousness of God,
Nor true respect begets:
Proud wrath can only wrath create,
And cringing fear and smother'd hate
In slaves and hypocrites.
- 6 Lord over all, and God most high,
Jesu, to thee for help I cry,
For constancy of grace,
That taught by thy good Spirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.
- 7 O teach me my first lesson now,
And when to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee
Is governing by love.

CXXXVII.

- 1 I and my house will serve the Lord,
But first, obedient to his word
I must myself appear,

By actions, words, and tempers show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

- 2 I must the fair example set,
From those who on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be intreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.
- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will, and do,
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians live.
- 5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And lo, I come to testify
The wonders of thy name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.
- 6 A sinner sav'd myself from sin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach *their* sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And thro' the ways of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

CXXXVIII.
Hymn for the Head
of an Unconverted Family.

- 1 Father of earth and heaven,
 Permit me to complain
Of those thy love to me hath given,
 Who bear thy name in vain:
 As yet I cannot see
 The marks of grace divine,
Or one of all my family
 Adopted into thine.
- 2 Strangers or foes to God,
 Dead, dead in sin they live,
And thoughtless, with the worldly croud,
 Their hearts to pleasure give:
 The paths of gospel-peace
 Alas, they have not known,
But hate the power of godliness,
 And love themselves alone.
- 3 My life of faith and prayer
 As madness they condemn,
My ways so strict they cannot bear,
 So contrary to them:
 My counsels they despise,
 When kindly I reprove,
And stop their ears, and shut their eyes,
 And trample on my love.
- 4 Day after day I mourn,
 And wait their change to see:
When wilt thou touch their hearts, and turn
 The wand'ers back to thee?
 Mercy on them be show'd
 In honour of thy Son;
Nor let them perish in their blood
 For whom he pour'd his own.

5 Father, for Jesus' sake,
 Thy quickning Spirit breathe,
And let their precious souls awake,
 Nor sleep in endless death:
 My household-foes convert,
 From Satan's power release,
And then permit me to depart
 In everlasting peace.

CXXXIX.

The Servant's Hymn.

1 Jesus, the Lord most high,
 Thy poorest servant own,
And give me strength to glorify,
 And serve my God alone;
 Inspir'd with humble fear,
 And principled with grace,
My earthly master to revere,
 As standing in thy place.

2 Thine acceptable will
 (If thou the power impart)
In his I cheerfully fulfil,
 And with a single heart:
 Not with eye-service vain
 A flatter'd worm to please,
But God, who knows what is in men,
 And all our motives sees.

3 Whate'er for man I do,
 I do as to the Lord,
From God the merciful and true
 Expecting my reward:
 And whether bond or free,
 I know, thou wilt approve,
And crown our services to thee
 With thy eternal love.

CXL.

- 1 O that I always may
 My honour'd master please,
And his paternal care repay
 With faithful services!
 My study and delight
 With warm, unwearied zeal
To do, as in Jehovah's sight,
 My honour'd master's will.
- 2 If those who know not God
 Their kind reprovers spurn,
Or stubborn, petulant, and loud
 The answer prompt return;
 The chidings of my lord
 Let me with awe receive,
And wounded by an hasty word
 In modest silence grieve.
- 3 Harden'd in sordid sin,
 The basest of the throng,
By pilfering and purloining mean
 If slaves their masters wrong;
 My constant care shall be
 My faithfulness t' approve,
And guard his sacred property
 Whom I revere and love.
- 4 Jesus, with loving fear
 My simple heart inspire,
So shall I serve thy servant here
 For conscience, not for hire,
 In free subjection live,
 In every thing obey,
And all my recompence receive
 At that triumphant day!

CXLI.

- 1 Lord, if thou hast on me bestow'd
A master, not humane and good,
 But froward and severe,
Assist the servant of thy will
With grace and wisdom to fulfil
 The Christian character.
- 2 Trampled as dirt beneath his feet,
O may I quietly submit
 To all his stern decrees,
Insults and wrongs in silence bear,
And serve with conscientious care
 Whom I can never please.
- 3 Under the gauling iron yoke
To thee my only help I look,
 To thee in secret groan:
I cannot murmur or complain,
But meekly all my griefs sustain
 For thy dear sake alone.
- 4 The promise stands for ever sure,
The griefs I for thy sake endure
 My crown and joy shall be:
But all my strength of patient grace,
And all my glorious happiness
 Is a free gift from thee.

CXLII.

- 1 Why in the neighbourhood of hell,
Saviour, am I constrain'd to dwell
 Who would be wholly thine,
Subjected to a furious lord,
Who heaven provokes at every word,
 And dares the wrath divine!
- 2 A witness of his frantic ways
His drunken riotous excess,
 Am I a partner too?

Jesus, mine eyes are unto thee:
Shew in this sad perplexity
What should thy servant do?

3 Must I th' infernal language hear
Tormenting to a sober ear,
And not reprove his sin?
Words from his slaves he cannot brook
But let him meet my mournful look,
And stand condemn'd within.

4 Him let my blameless life reprove,
My labour of unwearied love,
My active zeal to please,
To serve his will by day and night,
As one who in a world of light
An heavenly Master sees.

5 By duteous and respectful awe
O might I his attention draw
To principles unseen!
A testimony from thy foe
Extort, that those who Jesus know
Give all their due to men.

6 Then let his waken'd soul arise,
Shake off the chains of vulgar vice,
And every sin abhor'd,
Till pardon makes him truly free,
And turns his heart to serve with me
Our dear redeeming Lord.

CXLIII.

1 Servant of Christ, on him I call:
The help and sure resource of all
His followers in distress;
Saviour, in my defence arise;
My soul as among lions lies,
And no deliverance sees.

- 2 Departing from their sinful way,
I make myself the sinner's prey,
 Provoke the sons of night
(While good for evil I return)
To hunt me down with cruel scorn,
 And rancorous despite.
- 3 Thy confessor I stand alone,
My heavenly Lord and Master own
 By them alas, denied:
The alien host is always near,
Yet cannot I their outrage fear
 With Jesus on my side.
- 4 I cannot haughtily contemn,
Or once prefer myself to them,
 Or bitterly reprove
The slaves of open wickedness;
I differ thro' thy only grace,
 And freely pardning love.
- 5 Thou know'st their unrelenting hate,
Who daily for my halting wait,
 And wish my fall to see;
Strike their insidious malice blind,
Or let them no occasion find,
 Except my zeal for thee.
- 6 My zeal be warm, and wise, and meek:
Instruct me, Saviour, when to speak,
 And when in silence stay,
That ready to take up my cross,
I never may disgrace thy cause,
 I never may betray.
- 7 The gospel-pearl, the truth divine
I would not, Lord, expose to swine,
 The mysteries of grace

To men of life and lips impure,
Or tell *them* of my pardon sure,
And perfect holiness.

8 No: rather let my actions tell
That a poor soul redeem'd from hell,
Doth his Redeemer own,
Fears a forgiving God t' offend,
Studies to please so dear a friend,
And lives for him alone.

9 My life, a copy fair from thine,
Must in the eyes of sinners shine,
If thou thine arrows dart,
Thine old rebellious foes subdue,
Convert them into creatures new,
And reign in every heart.

10 Jesus, I will not let thee go,
Till thou to these thy mercy show,
And made the sons of God
Their dear Redeemer they proclaim,
Obtain salvation in thy name,
And pardon in thy blood.

CXLIV.

1 With a believing master blest,
His equal in the Saviour's eyes,
His brother in the Lord confest,
Shall I neglect him, or despise?
Forget the difference of estate,
And scorn at his commands to bow,
As high and low, as small and great
Were all upon a level now!

2 Rather I would with warmer zeal
My just fidelity approve,
Gladly perform his utmost will,
And love whom God is pleas'd to love,

Worthy of double honour deem
The heir of joys that never end,
And serve and cordially esteem
Whom Jesus deigns to call his friend.

- 3 Giver of all good gifts, on me,
On all who bear the yoke bestow
The wisdom, and humility,
Our station and ourselves to know,
Our masters to obey and prize;
Lest failing in allegiance here,
We force the world with taunting cries
To ask, Is this your godly fear!
- 4 If stubborn, insolent, and proud;
We tempt ev'n heathens to exclaim,
And urge the sacrilegious croud
To vilify the Christian name:
The faith which such as you profess
Must error, or imposture be,
A meer pretence for idleness,
Or cover for hypocrisy.
- 5 But if the gospel we obey,
Our will to God and man resign,
All honour to our masters pay,
And worship only not divine;
His uncontested witnesses
We praise the doctrine of our Lord,
Prove to their hearts the truth of grace,
And sinners save without the word.

CXLV.

A Parent's Prayer.

- 1 O never let my children live
The devil's to become,
Their God by wickedness to grieve,
Their substance to consume;

Far from thy family to rove,
The tempter's easy prey,
And forfeit thine eternal love,
And cast their souls away.

2 Rather permit them to expire
In life's unclouded morn,
And join them to the virgin-quire,
The church of the first-born:
Before thy statutes they forsake,
Allow my just request,
And thro' the wounds of Jesus take
The infants to thy breast.

3 My fairest prospects I forego,
So thou with safety bless,
And ere⁴¹ they good or evil know,
The innocents release:
I ask as with my parting breath,
To each allotted be
An holy life, or early death:
But which I leave to thee.

CXLVI.

To be Sung at the Tea-Table.

1 How happy are we
Who in Jesus agree
To expect his return from above!
We sit under our VINE,
And delightfully join
In the praise of his excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet
(In his name when we meet)
Is his fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

⁴¹Ori. (in both editions), "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 3 Invited by him,
 We drink of the stream
Ever-flowing in bliss from the throne;
 Who in Jesus believe
 We the Spirit receive
 That proceeds from the Father and Son.
- 4 The unspeakable grace
 He obtain'd for our race;
And the Spirit of faith he imparts:
 Then, then we conceive
 How in heaven they live
 By the kingdom of God in our hearts.
- 5 True believers have seen
 The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bow'd;
 We shall see him again,
 When with all his bright train
 He descends on the luminous cloud.
- 6 We remember the word
 Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place,
 "I will come in that day,
 And transport you away,
 And admit to a sight of my face."
- 7 With earnest desire
 After thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see;
 'Till our souls thou receive
 In thy presence to live,
 And be perfectly happy in thee.
- 8 Come, Lord, from the skies,
 And command us to rise
Ready made for the mansions above;
 With our head to ascend,
 And eternity spend
 In a rapture of heavenly love.

CXLVII.
Morning Hymn.

- 1 My God, thou art in Jesus mine,
And early will I seek thy face,
A slave redeem'd by blood divine,
A sinner sav'd by pardning grace.
- 2 Preventing the first dawn of day,
I lift my joyful heart and eyes,
And call'd by love my vows to pay,
Present my morning sacrifice.
- 3 Thanks be to God inthron'd above,
Who did to man salvation bring:
Thy riches of redeeming love
Let angels and archangels sing.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb extol'd to live,
Whose life to ransom ours was given:
Jesus, the homage due receive,
The utmost praise of earth and heaven.
- 5 God over all for ever blest,
Giver of every gift and grace,
Redemption shines above the rest,
And challenges my endless praise.
- 6 Fountain and root of all beside
Redemption in the dust I own,
And suffering with the crucified
Arise the partner of thy throne.
- 7 Ev'n now I taste the raptures there,
Amidst the church of the first-born,
Redeem'd from earth, my Lord declare,
And shouting to thine arms return.

- 8 I see those outstretch'd arms of love,
Those arms extended on the tree!
I see my place prepar'd above,
And bow my head, to reign with thee!

CXLVIII.

For One Retired into the Country.⁴²

- 1 Merciful God, what hast thou done
For a poor sojourner,
How strangely drawn and led me on
To seek salvation here?
Here in the solitary shade
I seek the things above,
In deep distress implore thine aid,
And languish for thy love.
- 2 Thou, only thou canst sooth my grief,
And calm my troubled breast,
Afford the permanent relief,
The true internal rest;
Th' irreparable loss repair,
And draw th' invenom'd dart,
And shut the world of sin and care
Out of my peaceful heart.
- 3 Sorrow and sin are chas'd away,
Whene'er thy love appears,
The gloom it brightens into day,
And dries the mourner's tears:
It makes a wounded spirit whole,
Pours in the balm divine,
And whispers to mine inmost soul
"The pard'ning God is thine!"
- 4 Come then, thou universal Good,
And bid my heart be still,
And let me meet thee in the wood,
Or find thee on the hill:

⁴²Manuscript precursors to this hymn appear in MS Richmond, 127–29; and MS Spencer, 12–13.

My soul to nobler prospects raise,
My largest views extend
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Where pain and death shall end.

- 5 Lead to the streams of paradise
 My raptur'd spirit lead,
 And bid the tree of life arise
 And flourish o'er my head:
Place me by faith on Pisgah's top
 The antepast to prove,
And then receive thy servant up
 To see thy face above.

CXLIX.

Another [For One Retired into the Country].⁴³

- 1 Hence, lying world, with all thy care,
 With all thy shews of good or fair,
 Of beautiful or great!
Stand with thy slighted charms aloof,
Nor dare invade my peaceful roof,
 Or trouble my retreat.
- 2 Far from thy mad fantastic ways,
I here have found a resting place
 Of poor wayfaring men:
Calm as the hermit in his grot,
I here enjoy my happy lot,
 And solid pleasures gain.
- 3 Along the hill or dewy mead
In sweet forgetfulness I tread,
 Or wander thro' the grove,
As Adam in his native seat,
In all his works my God I meet
 The object of my love.

⁴³Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in MS Richmond, 146–47; and MS Spencer, 14.

- 4 I see his beauty in the flower;
To shade my walks, and deck my bower,
His love and wisdom join:
Him in the feather'd quire I hear,
And own, while all my soul is ear,
The music is divine!
- 5 In yon unbounded plain I see
A sketch of his immensity
Who spans these ample skies,
Whose presence makes the happy place,
And opens in the wilderness
A blooming paradise.
- 6 O would he now himself impart,
And fix the Eden in my heart
The sense of sin forgiven,
How should I then throw off my load,
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven!

CL.

Written in Uncertainty.⁴⁴

- 1 To what am I reserv'd! Great God,
The counsel⁴⁵ of thy will display,
Nor let me underneath the load
Of anxious doubt for ever stay.
- 2 Thou seest I cannot journey on,
'Till thou the lingring cloud remove,
And make the destin'd action known,
And lead me by the fire of love.
- 3 My every choice, desire, design
I now implicitly submit,
My will is fixt to follow thine,
And lies indifferent at thy feet.

⁴⁴A manuscript version of this hymn (likely in shorthand) is listed in MS Spencer, 34; but has not yet been available to compare.

⁴⁵Ori. (in both editions), "council."

- 4 Parties and sects I now forego,
From all their schemes and systems free:
After the flesh no more I know
Those dearest souls thou gav'st to me.
- 5 Loos'd and detach'd I cease from man,
Opinions, names are clean forgot,
This all my aim, and all my plan,
To do, and be—I know not what.
- 6 But wilt thou not at last appear,
Make darkness light before my face,
And crooked strait, and doubtful clear,
And shew, and shine on all my ways?
- 7 Who on thine only truth depend,
Who thee mine only Master own,
To me thou wilt thy Spirit send,
And govern me thyself alone:
- 8 Thy wisdom and thy power shall join
T' effectuate what thy love decrees,
My work, and place, and friends assign,
And crown the whole with full success.

CLI.⁴⁶

- 1 My God and Lord, thy counsel shew,
What wouldst thou have thy servant do
Before I hence depart?
How shall I serve thy church, and where?
The thing, the time, the means declare,
And teach my listning heart.
- 2 Thrust out from them I serv'd so long,
I dare not strive against the wrong,
But silently resign
The charge I never *could* forsake,
And give my dearest children back
Into the hands divine.

⁴⁶A manuscript version of this hymn (likely in shorthand) is listed in MS Spencer, 35; but has not yet been available to compare.

- 3 Where first I preach'd the word of grace,
 If now I have no longer place,
 By my own flesh unknown,
 Thy secret hand in all I see,
 Thy will be done, whate'er it be,
 Thy welcome will be done.
- 4 Free for whate'er thy love ordains,
 I offer up my life's remains
 To be for thee employ'd:
 My little strength can little do,
 Yet would I in thy service true,
 Devote it all to God.
- 5 Wilt thou not, Lord, my offer take?
 Canst thou in helpless age forsake
 The creature of thy will?
 My strength is spent in the best cause:
 Thy zealous messenger I was;
 I am thy servant still.
- 6 Master, be thou my might, my mouth,
 And send me forth to north or south,
 To farthest east or west;
 Be thou my guide to worlds unknown:
 Rest to my flesh I covet none,
 But give my spirit rest.
- 7 My rest on earth to toil for thee,
 My whole delight and business be
 To minister thy word,
 For thee immortal souls to win,
 And make the wretched slaves of sin
 The freemen of my Lord.
- 8 Witness and messenger of peace
 I only languish to decrease
 In trumpeting thy name,

I only live to preach thy death,
And publish with my latest breath
The glories of the Lamb.

CLII.⁴⁷

- 1 O thou, with whom unfelt, unseen,
Still in the desert I abide,
Look thro' the lowring cloud between,
And *shew* thyself my heavenly guide.
- 2 Out of the fire of chastning love
Send forth one kind instructive ray,
And give the signal to remove,
And kindle darkness into day.
- 3 Till thou thy secret will declare,
And shine in pure, unerring light,
I groan with all thy church to bear
The burthen of incumbent night.
- 4 For thee, not without hope, we mourn,
For thee in calm dependence wait,
Assur'd thou wilt at last return,
And raise us to our first estate.
- 5 The dark apostacy shall end,
The Babel of religions cease,
The church shall with her head ascend,
And quit this howling wilderness;
- 6 Shall yet again thy tokens see,
Behold thy glorious presence shine,
And prove, from sin and doubt set free,
The good the perfect will divine.
- 7 That God-revealing Spirit of grace
Thou wilt in all his fulness give,
And never more conceal thy face,
And never more thy people leave.

⁴⁷A manuscript version of this hymn is listed in MS Spencer, 36–38. Only the last two stanzas are currently available for comparison, and contain no variants.

- 8 But who the kingdom shall behold,
Who, when the Lord doth this, shall live?
“I will come back” (my heart he told)
“And thee unto myself receive.”
- 9 So be it, O my God, my Lord,
In whom I stedfastly confide,
I trust the sure inspoken word,
And patient by thy cross abide.
- 10 For all who thine appearing love,
For me thou hast prepar’d a place,
And I shall meet thee from above,
And I shall see thy open face.
- 11 Whether thy will ordain my stay
To see thy general kingdom come,
Or snatch me from the evil day,
And take my gasping spirit home:
- 12 Happy, if with my best-belov’d
I live to share the gospel-feast,
But happier still, if now remov’d,
I find my everlasting rest.
- 13 Wherefore with meekest awe to thee
My time, my life, my all I leave,
Eternal wisdom chuse for me,
And when, and as thou wilt, receive.
- 14 Or come in perfect light and love,
To me, to all thy people given,
Or come thy servant to remove,
And take me to thyself in heaven.

CLIII.

Hymns for Love.

- 1 O might the love of Jesus
That heaven-descended man
Incomparably precious,
My ransom’d heart constrain

From every earthly passion,
From every sin to part,
That God and his salvation
May take up all my heart.

2 O would'st thou, Lord, discover
Thy blessed self to me,
My soul's eternal lover,
As bleeding on the tree;
For my offences bleeding,
Crush'd with the general load,
Yet kindly interceding
For those that shed his blood!

3 The realizing power
Of faith divine I want,
To see thee in that hour,
And hear thy last complaint,
By hellish toils o'rtaken
To hear th' immortal groan
Why hath my God forsaken
His dear, expiring Son!

4 Let thy own bowels move thee
The faith of God t' impart:
I cannot, cannot love thee,
Till thou constrain my heart,
To flesh the stony turning,
Till thou thy wounds display:
And then in blissful mourning
I weep my life away!

CLIV.

1 Jesus, the fame of thy great name
My sinsick soul allures:
Still in every age the same,
I hear, its virtue cures.

- 2 With humble fear I now draw near⁴⁸
In my forlorn condition,
Thy balsamic words to hear,
And prove thee my physician.
- 3 In complicate distress I wait
My plague no more concealing:
Pity my forlorn estate,
And shew thy power of healing.
- 4 The leprosy that cleaves to me
Thine only touch can cure;
Sin before thy touch shall flee,
And leave my conscience pure.
- 5 Throughout my veins a fever reigns
Of pride and fierce desire:
Let thy love remove my pains,
And quench this hellish fire.
- 6 Of creature bliss my nature is
Rapacious above measure:
Heal this dropsical disease,
This thirst of praise and pleasure.
- 7 Benumb'd by sin I long have been,
As past all sense of feeling:
Cure the palsy, Lord, within,
Thy hidden life revealing.
- 8 An issue foul hath fill'd my soul
With pain and desperation,
But thy word shall make me whole
With sensible salvation.
- 9 Now then exert thy gracious art
To finish my distresses,
Drive the legion from my heart,
Of devils and diseases.

⁴⁸The word "near" is missing in both editions, but clearly implied by needed rhyme.

- 10 O that I might receive my sight
Thro' thine almighty power!
Turn my darkness into light,
And now my faith restore.
- 11 Helpless and lame in soul I am,
But let thy grace be given,
I thro' virtue of thy name
Shall leap, and fly to heaven.
- 12 Speechless am I, till thy kind sigh
From this dumb fiend deliver;
Then my Lord, my God I cry,
And sing, and shout for ever!

CLV.

- 1 What shall I do to love thee
Who lov'st my soul so well?
Saviour, will nothing move thee
Thy goodness to reveal?
Without the revelation
So dearly purchas'd I
In final condemnation
Must sink, despair, and die.
- 2 Wretched, and miserable,
Naked, and poor, and blind,
Thou know'st me quite unable
Thy precious love to find,
Unless, my heavenly lover,
The bleeding mystery
Thou in my heart discover,
And shew thyself to me.
- 3 The cause of my salvation
Must all in thee be found;
Stir up thy own compassion,
And let thy bowels sound:

I faint, for mercy crying
As with my latest groan,
I in my blood am dying
For whom thou pour'dst thine own.

4 O by thy bloody offering
By all thy pangs redeem
A sinful soul from suffering
That punishment extreme:
Unworthy of thy favour,
The vilest of the race,
Undone, undone for ever,
If banish'd from thy face.

5 From thee I must be driven
To that infernal grave,
Unless thy love be given
The sinner here to save:
Thy love alone can part me
From every sin abhor'd,
Into a saint convert me,
A transcript of my Lord.

6 Thy love so strong and fervent
To this poor soul is vain,
Unless thou help thy servant
To love my God again:
Th' inestimable blessing
For thy own sake bestow,
While peace and joy unceasing
My loving heart o'reflow.

7 Th' affectionate sensation
If thou hast bought for me,
Of thy mysterious passion
The end accomplish'd see,
Fulfil my sole desire
Thy hidden love to taste,
And then my soul require,
And let me breathe my last.

CLVI.

- 1 O God of love, come from above,
O God that hear'st the prayer,
All this mountain load remove,
All this world of care.
- 2 The cause express of my distress
I own with grief and anguish:
Still for want of pardoning grace,
For want of faith I languish.
- 3 Thou God unknown, for whom I groan
In endless lamentation,
Wilt thou suffer me to moan,
And die without salvation?
- 4 O when shall I with rapture cry
Thy servant hath found favour,
Thee my Lord I magnify,
I joy in thee my Saviour.
- 5 For this I pant, athirst and faint,
And cry in pain unceasing
Give the only good I want,
Give the gospel-blessing.
- 6 Now let me know the grace below
To all believers given,
Bid me feel thy love, and go
In perfect peace to heaven.

CLVII.

- 1 Delight, and softest sympathy,
My faithful heart divide,
When I behold the shameful tree
Where my beloved died!

I look on him whose blood redeems,
And bears me up to God;
I look—and while the fountain streams,
My tears increase the flood.

2 I want to pour a sea of tears,
With blessed grief to mourn,
In view of him, whose form appears
By my offences torn:
My sins have done th' atrocious deed,
Have caus'd the killing smart,
And pierc'd his soul, and made him bleed
The balm that breaks my heart.

3 His precious blood both wounds and heals,
(When faith the balm applies)
My peace restores, my pardon seals,
My nature sanctifies;
His precious blood the life inspires
Which angels live above,
And fills my infinite desires,
And turns me all to love.

CLVIII.

1 Allow'd to kiss my Saviour's feet,
I here rejoice and grieve:
I never can the sins forget
Which Jesus doth forgive;
Sorrow and joy unspeakable
Alternately I prove,
And now my baseness I bewail,
And now admire his love.

2 O might I thus thro' life remain,
Delightfully distrest,
And still indulge the pleasing pain
Which tears my happy breast;
Till he, my heart's desire appears
Reveal'd in heavenly light,
And wipes away these blessed tears
By that extatic sight!

CLIX.

- 1 O that I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem,
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!
O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!
- 2 Jesus, thou all-atoneing Lamb,
How shall I plead with thee?
If graven on thy hands I am,
For good remember me:
If still thou dost my tokens bear,
Thy love to me reveal,
And listning to a sinner's prayer,
My present pardon seal.
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That kept by mercy's power
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more:
Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my sins remove,
And set my heart at liberty
By thy victorious love.
- 4 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardning God descend,
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end:
Nothing I ask, or want beside,
Of all in earth and heaven,
Let me but feel thy blood applied,
Let me but die forgiven.

CLX.

- 1 Ask if a mother's heart is kind
To her own sucking child,
Then ask, is God to love inclin'd,
Or my Redeemer mild?

- 2 A mother may perhaps neglect,
And her own son forget,
But Jesus never will reject
A sinner at his feet.
- 3 Ask, if the sun doth once mistake
His true celestial road;
Then ask, if Jesus can forsake
The purchase of his blood.
- 4 The sun at last shall lose his way,
And into darkness fall;
But Jesus at that endless day
Shall be our all in all.

CLXI.

- 1 With glorious clouds incompast round
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer thou Man of grief and love,
And speak into my heart.
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design,
What meant the suffering Son of man,
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?
- 5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
Those wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confest
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb,
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

- 7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified,
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood applied;
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light
Whom angels dimly see,
And gaze transported at the sight
Thro' all eternity.

CLXII.

- 1 Fain would I, Lord, obtain the grace,
Before I hence remove,
To see a few unruffled days,
And my Redeemer love.
- 2 O might I with thy people blest
Thy great salvation see,
Anticipate the glorious rest
And find it now in thee.
- 3 Give me the hidden bliss to feel
The heavenly powers to taste
Realities invisible,
And joys that ever last.
- 4 Eternal life begun below
I in thy favour prove,
And all thy gifts thou dost bestow
By giving me thy love.

CLXIII.

A Wedding Song.⁴⁹

- 1 Come, thou everlasting Lord,
By our trembling hearts ador'd,
Come thou heaven-descended guest,
Bidden to our marriage feast;
Jesus, in the midst appear,
Present with thy followers here,
Grant us the peculiar grace,
Shew us all thy smiling face.

⁴⁹Manuscript precursors of this hymn appear in Letter to Ebenezer Blackwell (April 8, 1749); and MS Richmond, 4–5. This is the hymn Charles prepared to be sung at his own wedding to Sarah Gwynne. Cf. his *MS Journal* (April 8, 1749).

- 2 Now the veil of sin withdraw,
Fill our souls with sacred awe,
Awe that dares not speak or move,
Deepest awe of humble love;
Love that doth its Lord descry,
Ever intimately nigh,
Sees th' invisible in thee,
Fulness of the deity.
- 3 Let on us thy Spirit rest,
Enter each devoted breast,
Still with thy disciples sit,
Still thy works of grace repeat:
Now the former wonder show,
Manifest thy power below,
Earthly souls exalt, refine,
Turn the water into wine.
- 4 Stop the hurrying spirit's haste,
Change the soul's ignoble taste,
Nature into grace improve,
Earthly into heavenly love:
Raise our hearts to things on high,
To our Bridegroom in the sky,
Heaven our hope, and highest aim,
Mystic marriage of the Lamb.
- 5 O might each obtain a share,
Of the pure enjoyments there,
Now in rapturous surprize,
Drink the wine of paradise,
Cry, amidst the rich repast,
Thou hast giv'n the best at last,
Wine that cheers the host above,
The best wine of perfect love.

CLXIV.

Another [A Wedding Song].⁵⁰

- 1 Sing to the Lord of earth and sky,
Who first ordain'd the nuptial tie,
In Eden yok'd the new-made pair,
And bless'd them to each other there.

⁵⁰A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 130–31.

- 2 Extol the great Jehovah's name,
Whose love from age to age the same
Delights his creature's bliss to see,
And joys in our prosperity.
- 3 God of the patriarchal race,
He still directs us by his grace,
Who Isaac and Rebecca join'd
He gives us each our mate to find.
- 4 He magnified the social state,
And stamp'd our joy divinely great,
When God appear'd his creature's guest,
And Jesus grac'd a wedding-feast.
- 5 That everlasting joy of his,
Is shadow'd by the nuptial bliss:
Heaven is the marriage of the Lamb,
And God assumes a bridegroom's name.
- 6 Then let us glory in his grace,
And triumph in the Father's praise,
Who made a marriage for his Son,
And sent him from his bosom down:
- 7 Thanks to our heavenly Adam give,
Who form'd his church the second Eve,
Produc'd her from his wounded side,
And still rejoices o're his bride:
- 8 Praise to the blessed Spirit above,
Who fills our hearts with sacred love,
Our faithful hearts to Jesus plights,
And each to each in God unites.
Praise God from whom, &c.

CLXV.

On the Birth-Day of a Friend.⁵¹

- 1 Come away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice on the day thou wast born,
On the festival day
Come exulting away,
To thy heavenly country return.

⁵¹A manuscript precursor of this hymn appears in MS Richmond, 2-4; where it is clear this was written for the birthday of Sarah Gwynne Wesley.

- 2 We have laid up our love
 And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
 The redeem'd of the Lord
 We remember his word,
And with singing to Sion we go.
- 3 With singing we praise
 The original grace
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,
 Our being receive
 From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we are,
 Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
 Created again,
 That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.
- 5 With thanks we approve
 The design of thy love
Which hath join'd us, in Jesus his name,
 So united in heart,
 That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, there at his seat
 We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more,
 We shall sing to our lyres
 With the heavenly quires,
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 7 Hallelujah we sing
 To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
 To the Lamb that was slain
 Hallelujah again
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

8 In assurance of hope
 We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
 From our grave we doth see,
 And cry out IT IS HE,
And fly up to acknowledge him there!

CLXVI.

Gloria Patri, &c. [I.]

[1] Glory to the paternal God,
 To Jesus lavish of his blood,
 God over all supreme in power and grace,
And God the Holy Ghost with equal ardors praise.

[2] Sing all on earth like those on high,
 Let saints and angels magnify
 One undivided God in Persons Three,
And lengthen out the song to all eternity!

[CLXVII.]

[Gloria Patri, &c.] II.

Thankful the Father's grace we own;
Jehovah's fellow and his Son,
 With God the Holy Ghost adore,
One glorious God in Persons Three,
All honour we ascribe to thee,
As always was, and is, and shall be evermore!