

## *Preparation for Death (1772)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker list, #342]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

In eighteenth-century English spirituality the life of a Christian in this world was generally seen as a pilgrimage, with death bringing release from our probationary state into the reward of the afterlife. Charles Wesley was deeply shaped by this perspective, often commenting at funerals about how he envied the dead, who had reached their peace. Of course, this assumed that they had died in a state of saving relationship to God. A genre of literature had developed to give guidance on how to prepare for such a “good death”—an example Wesley would have known well is Jeremy Taylor’s *Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Holy Dying* (1651).

Reflection on the “good death” is woven throughout Charles Wesley’s verse, reaching some prominence in his two published collections of *Funeral Hymns* (1746 / 1759). It found its strongest focus in his later years. In 1772 Charles published forty hymns on the theme of *Preparation for Death*. And additional forty-one manuscript hymns on this theme, composed over the last decade or so of his life, appear in MS Preparation for death.

The general theme of the hymns in this published collection is captured well in the first stanza of hymn 4: “I want the preparation / Before I hence depart, / The knowledge of salvation, / The purity of heart.” The hymns stress the desire for assurance of justification and for actual spiritual transformation (sanctification) as prerequisites to greeting death with peace. One of the debates among scholars of Charles’s verse is whether the plaintive plea in many of these hymns should be read as autobiographical (suggesting his negative assessment of his own state) or as the skillful crafting of poetic conversion narratives for others.

### **Edition:**

[Charles Wesley.] *Preparation for Death, in Several Hymns*. London, 1772.

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**PREPARATION  
FOR  
DEATH.**

**Hymn 1.**

- 1 Jesus, to thee distressed I cry,  
A sinner at the point to die,  
    Before I yield my breath;  
Thy mercy in my heart reveal,  
And save a soul thou loved'st so well  
    From everlasting death.
  
- 2 Thy heart-felt love alone can save  
My soul from that infernal grave,  
    That worm which never dies;  
Can ascertain my sins forgiven,  
Bless with an antepast of heaven,  
    And fit me for the skies.

- 3    What shall I say thy love to gain?  
      Remind thee of the mortal pain  
          Which bought the grace for me?  
      Thy pain thou never canst forget,  
      Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
          Thy prayer on Calvary.
- 4    Why wast thou there of God forsook,  
      Why didst thou to thy Father look,  
          And gasp for help in vain?  
      Why did thy blood so kindly flow,  
      But that I might the blessing know  
          Of loving thee again?
- 5    By all thou didst on earth endure,  
      To make our peace and pardon sure,  
          My instant suit allow,  
      The grace for which alone I pray;  
      Streaming afresh thy wounds display,  
          And grant the blessing now.
- 6    Behold me with thy closing eye,  
      Revive by thy expiring cry,  
          And let me hence depart,  
      Exclaiming with my latest breath,  
      Thou know'st I love thee, Lord, in death,  
          I give thee all my heart!

## **Hymn 2.**

- 1    Saviour, lavish of thy blood,  
      My poor stony heart to win,  
      Must I faint beneath the load  
          Of this base ungrateful sin?  
      Thou who didst my burdens bear,  
          All my burdens to remove,

Wilt thou leave me in despair,  
Let me die without thy love?

- 2 No: thy passion answers no:  
Since thou could'st expire for me,  
I shall thy salvation know,  
Thy indulgent goodness see;  
Apprehended of my Lord,  
I my Lord shall apprehend:  
True and gracious is the word,  
Hope and love are in my end.
- 3 On thy bleeding passion staid,  
On thy faithful mercy cast,  
By my sin so long delayed,  
Thee I shall receive at last;  
In my loving heart receive,  
Which thou didst so dearly buy;  
Here an happy moment live,  
Sure of life eternal die.
- 4 Grant me this, I ask no more:  
Then the balmy grace exert,  
Then bestow the loving power,  
When my soul and body part;  
In the bond of perfectness  
Knit my loving soul to thee,  
Then indulged to die in peace,  
God I shall forever see.

### Hymn 3.

- 1 How foolish was my hope and vain,  
That age would conquer sin,  
My nature's enmity restrain,  
And end the war within;  
Would tame my passion's wild excess,  
The slighted world o'erthrow,

The fiend's malicious rage repress,  
And weary out the foe!

- 2 Because his time to tempt and try  
Is short, he tempts the more,  
And hunts me on the wing to fly  
Beyond his baleful power;  
His utmost rage and strength exerts,  
Before I 'scape away,  
And strives by all his hellish arts  
My parting soul to slay.
- 3 My heart he turns to earthly things,  
From which I soon shall go,  
And closer to the world it clings,  
And seeks its rest below:  
By base mistrust impelled to spare,  
I cloak the sordid vice,  
And, in the garb of prudent care,  
Applaud my avarice.
- 4 My stiff-necked stubbornness of will  
By time is not subdued,  
My carnal mind is carnal still,  
And enmity to God:  
With years infirmities increase,  
While strength and patience fails,  
And countless ills my spirit oppress,  
And peevish flesh prevails.
- 5 The sin which long beset my soul,  
Would re-usurp the sway,  
Reason's enfeebled powers control,  
And force me still t' obey:  
With shame indignantly I groan,  
With lifted heart and eyes,  
I smite my aged breast, and own  
That anger never dies.

- 6     What must a dying sinner do,  
        From sin to be set free?  
Merciful God, and strong, and true,  
        I gasp for help to thee:  
O let my utter helplessness  
        Thy kind compassion move!  
I cannot, Lord, from sinning cease,  
        Till I begin to love.
- 7     O might thy love on me bestowed  
        The love of sin expel,  
O'ercome the world, cast down their god,  
        With all the powers of hell!  
The works of Satan to destroy,  
        Jesus, in me appear;  
In peace, and righteousness, and joy,  
        Restore thy kingdom here.
- 8     Peace, righteousness, and joy divine,  
        Thou dost with love impart,  
That thou art love, that thou art mine,  
        Assure my happy heart:  
Then am I meet for my reward,  
        Renewed in holiness,  
And live the image of my Lord,  
        And die to see thy face.

**Hymn 4.**

- 1     Warned of my dissolution,  
        Unfit to die or live,  
With horror and confusion  
        The summons I receive.  
I want the preparation  
        Before I hence depart,  
The knowledge of salvation,  
        The purity of heart.

- 2 O that the blood which cleanses  
From all iniquity,  
To blot out my offences,  
Were sprinkled now on me!  
What but that blood's applying  
Can purge this inbred stain,  
Can save a sinner dying,  
And make me love again?
- 3 With cries and tears unceasing  
I ask thee to bestow  
On me the long-sought blessing,  
And let my spirit go.  
Thy love to me discover  
While on the brink I stand,  
And waft in safety over  
To that celestial land.
- 4 'Tis all my soul's desire,  
'Tis all my business here,  
That precious love t' acquire,  
And then to disappear,  
With those in heavenly places  
The Saviour to commend,  
And hymn in endless praises  
My soul's eternal friend.

**Hymn 5.**

- 1 Saviour, all my wretchedness  
In thy bosom I confess,  
Let it thy compassion move,  
O relieve my want of love.
- 2 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoan,  
Burdened with an heart of stone;



Sinking underneath the load,  
Dying ignorant of God.

- 3    Oft I have implored thy aid,  
      Long for thy salvation staid;  
      Still unheard, unsaved, I cry,  
      Give me love, or else I die.
- 4    Can I seek the grace in vain,  
      Ask, and not my suit obtain,  
      Knock, but never enter in,  
      Die in *deprecated* sin?
- 5    Answer now my mournful prayer,  
      Thou who didst my sorrows bear,  
      Didst redeem me with thy blood,  
      Die for my ingratitude.
- 6    My ingratitude to heal,  
      Pardon on my conscience seal;  
      Now thy sovereign right assert,  
      Take my dearly-purchased heart.
- 7    There inscribe thy fav'rite name,  
      Kindle there the heav'nly flame,  
      Spring of bliss ineffable,  
      There with all thy sweetness dwell.
- 8    Then my ready soul receive,  
      Happy in thy sight to live;  
      Fervent as the spirits above,  
      All desire, and praise, and love.

**Hymn 6.**

**Isaiah 46:4. “Even to your old age I am  
he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you:  
I have made, and I will bear, even I will  
carry and will deliver you.”<sup>2</sup>**

- 1 Jesu, thou hast to hoary hairs  
My manners and my burdens borne,  
Carried me through ten thousand snares,  
And, when I would to sin return,  
With a high hand and outstretched arm,  
Redeemed me from the mortal harm.
- 2 O let me still the promise plead,  
Thy kind continued aid engage!  
Thy aid I every moment need,  
In childhood, youth, and trembling age;  
A sinner I, on mercy cast,  
By mercy saved from first to last.
- 3 Still, O thou patient God of love,  
My soul’s infirmity sustain,  
Bear me on eagles’ wings above  
The world of ill, the vale of pain;  
The flesh that weighs my spirit down,  
The fiend who strives to take my crown.
- 4 While, hanging on thy faithful word  
My utter helplessness I feel,  
Carry me in thy bosom, Lord,  
Beyond the reach of earth and hell,  
Till on the margin of the grave,  
I prove thine utmost power to save.

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<sup>2</sup>MARC, MA1977/594/8, #1 is a manuscript precursor of this hymn (see in this collection Assorted Looseleaf Manuscript Verse, 27–28).

- 5    Thou know'st the trials yet behind,  
      The strength of sin, the tempter's power:  
Support my feebleness of mind  
      In ev'ry dark unguarded hour  
Thy servant mightily defend,  
And love and save me to the end.
- 6    Walk with me through the lion's den,  
      Walk with me through the floods and fires,  
In form of God distinctly seen;  
      And O! To crown my last desires,  
In death my guide and Saviour be,  
My God through all eternity!

**Hymn 7.**

- 1    The will of my Creator  
      I would with joy obey,  
And pay the debt of nature  
      Which all are born to pay.  
The graves are ready for me:  
      But ere I disappear,  
O God! In Christ restore me  
      To thy own image here.
- 2    Th' experience of salvation  
      I languish to receive,  
And, free from pride and passion,  
      The life of faith to live,  
In holiness unspotted,  
      T' attain my heart's desire,  
Fulfill the work allotted,  
      And one with Christ expire.
- 3    Come then, my present Saviour,  
      Thy precious self reveal,

And, happy in thy favour,  
The heir of glory seal.  
Enriched with heav'nly graces,  
Till I from earth remove,  
Dissolved in thy embraces,  
Forever lost in love.

**Hymn 8.**

- 1 I come, at Jesus' call I come,  
Submissive to the general doom,  
The way of all the earth I go,  
And only wait my guide to know;  
Happy, if thou my steps attend,  
And bless me with a peaceful end.
- 2 While struggling in the toils of death,  
Convulsed, I gasp my latest breath,  
O that my soul, reclined on thee,  
Serene in mortal agony,  
Might all the tyrant's darts defy,  
And show the world how Christians die!
- 3 O could I then behold my God  
Arrayed in garments dipped in blood!  
As when thou didst the wine-press tread,  
And meekly bow thy dying head,  
That I my spirit may resign,  
Like thee, into the hands divine.
- 4 The grace thou didst for me procure,  
Let it my final peace insure;  
Implant thine image in my heart,  
And then, made ready to depart,  
I gladly to the sentence bow;  
I die to see my Saviour now.

**Hymn 9.**

- 1        Jesus, the just, the good,  
          Remember Calvary,  
And claim the purchase of thy blood,  
          Expended all for me:  
          My Saviour hitherto,  
          A little longer save;  
The pardoned penitent renew,  
          And hide me in the grave.
  
- 2        Not my own faithfulness,  
          But thine I humbly plead,  
Who will not quench a spark of grace,  
          Nor break a bruised reed:  
          Thy work, with life begun,  
          In this weak soul complete,  
And let me groan my latest groan  
          For mercy, at thy feet.
  
- 3        I ask not ecstasies;  
          But with a loving heart,  
In steadfast hope and humble peace  
          Permit me to depart:  
          Suffice, that here I know  
          My sins through grace forgiven,  
And calmly blest, with safety go  
          To endless joys in heaven.

**Hymn 10.**

- 1           By justice doomed to die,  
              I feel the time is nigh,  
Wanting strength, increasing care,  
              Sickly life's redoubled load,  
All cry out, For death prepare,  
              O prepare to meet thy God!
- 2           With thankfulness and fear  
              Thy warning voice I hear:  
Let me then my life's remains  
              To unfeigned repentance give,  
'Midst infirmities and pains,  
              Meek, and daily dying, live.
- 3           Giver of godly woe,  
              On me the grace bestow;  
Stony into fleshly turn  
              By thy last expiring cry;  
Bid me look on thee and mourn,  
              Mourn, and with my Saviour die.
- 4           Thy bleeding love declare,  
              Too strong for life to bear;  
Let it purge, and break my heart,  
              Then my heart's desire I prove,  
Bowing on thy cross depart,  
              Pay thee back thy bleeding love.

**Hymn 11.**

- 1 Giver, Lord, of life and death,  
Disposer of thine own,  
Ready to resign my breath,  
Thou hear'st a sinner groan;  
For this only thing I pray,  
Indulged as with a last reprieve,  
Take the sting of death away,  
And then my soul receive.
  
- 2 Passed on all the sinful kind,  
I own thy sentence just,  
Earth to earth again consigned,  
And dust be mixed with dust.  
Nature's debt content I pay;  
But, O! Before the flesh I leave,  
Take the sting of death away,  
And then my soul receive.
  
- 3 Father of compassions, show  
Thy mercy to my heart,  
That, when thee in Christ I know,  
I may in peace depart:  
Nothing here can court my stay,  
If thou the prodigal forgive;  
Take the sting of death away,  
And then my soul receive.
  
- 4 If my threat'ning sins were gone,  
How freely, Lord, would I  
Lay the mortal body down,  
As privileged to die;

God of love, no more delay  
The grace, for which alone I grieve;  
Take the sting of death away,  
And now my soul receive.

**Hymn 12.**

- 1 Thee, Saviour, I confess  
Omnipotent in grace:  
True I account thee, Lord,  
And faithful to thy word:  
Freely thou wilt confer  
Whate'er we ask in prayer,  
And readier art to give  
Than sinners to receive.
- 2 Ere with my lips I pray,  
Thou know'st what I would say:  
Might I be found of thee  
In peace and purity,  
And then my spirit give  
With my dear Lord to live:  
Safe on that happy shore,  
I could desire no more.

**Hymn 13.**

- 1 Thrice happy estate of the dead,  
Who die on Immanuel's breast!  
From trouble and misery freed,  
From pain they eternally rest;  
Pursued by their labours of love,  
By mercy assigned their reward,  
They mount to the mansions above,  
And heaven enjoy in their Lord.
- 2 O how shall a sinner like me  
That blissful enjoyment obtain?



To Jesus's bowels I flee,  
Oppressed with affliction and pain.  
My burden of guilt I confess,  
Just ready from earth to depart:  
O Saviour, in pity release,  
And pardon inscribe on my heart.

3 That rest from oppression bestow,  
That faith in a crucified God,  
And, freely forgiven, I know  
The mercy procured by thy blood;  
Thy easy command I receive,  
Affixed to the infamous tree,  
And daily expiring I live,  
I suffer and triumph with thee.

4 Then lowly I enter the rest  
For lowly believers designed,  
The people in Jesus possessed  
Of pardon and purity joined:  
Then, faithful and just to thy word,  
Permit me in peace to remove,  
Dissolved by a sight of my Lord,  
And bless'd with an heaven of love.

#### **Hymn 14.<sup>3</sup>**

1 World of vanity, farewell!  
Thee without regret I leave;  
While, redeemed from death and hell,  
Mercy doth my soul forgive,  
Lends me wings from earth to fly,  
Tells me I shall never die.

2 Though the worms this flesh devour,  
Clothed with immortality,

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<sup>3</sup>Ori., "15".

Ransomed from corruption's power,  
God I in this flesh shall see,  
See my dear Redeemer's face,  
See, and catch the glorious blaze.

3 Son of the Most High, appear,  
Now my evils to remove;  
Stamp me with thy character,  
God of holiness and love:  
In thine own similitude  
Speak my sinless soul renewed.

4 Loving thee with all my heart,  
Ready for the righteous crown,  
Meet to see thee as thou art,  
Glad I lay my body down;  
Partner of thy nature rise,  
Reign eternal in the skies.

#### **Hymn 15.**

1 The way of all the earth I go  
To my celestial place,  
And only wait in Christ to know  
The God of pard'ning grace:

2 To find the heart by Jesus bought,  
The heart-transforming love,  
And feel the peace-surpassing thought,  
The pledge of joys above.

3 That heavenly kingdom, Lord, within  
My newborn soul restore,  
And cancel and extirpate sin  
By love's almighty power:

- 4 The grace affectionate infuse;  
And when of love possessed,  
From chains of flesh my spirit loose,  
And take me to thy breast.

**Hymn 16.**

- 1 Love divine, for whom I languish,  
Bring relief to my grief,  
To my spirit's anguish.
- 2 Ease of every heart-oppression,  
O come in, end my sin,  
Finish my transgression.
- 3 Witness, seal of sin forgiven,  
When thou art in my heart,  
Thou art instant heaven.
- 4 Ready made for my translation,  
Then I prove; God is love,  
Jesus is salvation.
- 5 Then, partaker of thy nature,  
I fulfil all the will  
Of my new-creator.
- 6 Into nothing sink before thee,  
Sink and rise, grasp the prize,  
See my Lord in glory.

**Hymn 17.**

- 1 A sinner ready to expire,  
    Afraid to drop the sinful clay,  
With vehemence of intense desire,  
    For peace and purity I pray.
- 2 Unless thou wash my life from sin,  
    Saviour, I have no part in thee,  
Unless thou make my nature clean,  
    The holy God I cannot see.
- 3 Obedient saints, and they alone,  
    Into the sacred city press,  
And, conquering all, partake thy throne,  
    And, pure in heart, behold thy face.
- 4 The meetness for that rapt'rous sight,  
    Is all I can on earth request;  
The righteous robe, the linen white,  
    T' adorn me for that heavenly feast.
- 5 The law-fulfilling power of love,  
    Lover of souls, to me impart;  
And then thy easy yoke I prove,  
    Thy lowly, meek, obedient heart:
- 6 Then, then I feel redemption nigh,  
    List'ning I catch the welcome word,  
"Go, get thee up the mount, and die,  
    And live triumphant with thy Lord."

**Hymn 18.**

- 1 A transgressor from the womb,  
Sinking now into my tomb;  
O forbid it, Lord, that I,  
Born in sin, in sin should die.
- 2 Whom thyself hast died to save,  
Snatch from the infernal grave;  
Me to save, thy love impart,  
Pour the bliss into my heart.
- 3 Essence of eternal love,  
Joy of all thy hosts above,  
Joy of all thy saints below,  
Only thee I sigh to know.
- 4 Banished now out of thy sight,  
Bound in chains of penal night,  
Painfully my want I feel;  
Absent love is present hell.
- 5 Kindler of seraphic fires,  
Fill my soul with pure desires;  
All my guilty gloom to chase,  
Jesus, show thy heavenly face.
- 6 Pain before thy presence flies,  
Grief no longer weeps or sighs:  
Sin and unbelief remove,  
God in thee I see and love.

**Hymn 19.**

- 1 Away with my fears!  
The Redeemer appears

Offered up in my stead,  
And for every offender inclining his head;  
He answered for me,  
When he bled on the tree,  
And my punishment took,  
By his Father aggrieved, by his Father forsook.

2 'Tis finished he cries,  
Our Deliverer dies,  
The atonement is made,  
The ransom laid down, and the penalty paid.  
The all-conquering tomb  
Is by Jesus o'ercome,  
The terrible king  
Is disarmed of his dart, and despoiled of his sting.

3 Triumphant I am  
Through the death of the Lamb,  
And redeemed by his blood,  
I have nothing to fear from a pacified God,  
The favour divine,  
The image is mine,  
When his Son I receive,  
And united to him I eternally live.

### Hymn 20.

1 In anxious agony of doubt,  
Who shall the dying sinner save?  
Afraid my sin will find me out,  
And sink my soul beneath the grave,  
To whom can I for refuge run,  
Undone, eternally undone?

2 My only hope, in sad despair,  
Expiring hangs on yonder tree!  
His speaking blood's effectual prayer  
Is heard all-prevalent for me:

His blood resounding through the skies,  
Mercy, unbounded mercy, cries!

3 His blood has bought the general peace,  
His blood has purged my guilty stain,  
Has signed my guilty soul's release,  
And brought me back to God again,  
Who makes in Christ his goodness known,  
And gives me to his dying Son.

4 This, only this, I stay to know,  
And feel it in my sprinkled heart,  
I then with calm affiance go  
To see thee, Saviour, as thou art,  
Thy shining scars, thy face to see,  
Whose death is life, is heaven to me.

#### **Hymn 21.**

1 By the Redeemer certified,  
That here I have not long to live,  
I wait to feel his blood applied,  
Who doth for his own sake forgive.

2 His favour sealed in perfect peace,  
Is joy unspeakable t' obtain,  
His image of true holiness,  
That meetness with himself to reign.

3 The Son of God revealed in me,  
He only can my soul prepare,  
Filled with his immortality,  
To meet and grasp him in the air.

4 O might I now with Jesus find  
The everlasting life brought in,  
And know the Saviour of mankind,  
My Saviour from all fear and sin!

- 5 O might I after God wake up,  
And do his will like those above,  
And taste in Christ, my glorious hope,  
Th' anticipated heaven of love,
- 6 Of love, of God in Christ possessed;  
And winged with infinite desire,  
I then should enter into rest,  
And face to face my Lord admire.

**Hymn 22.**

- 1 O immaculate Lamb!  
Thy disciple I am,  
And in following thee thy assistance I claim:  
Thy assistance is nigh;  
And on this I rely,  
And obediently come with my Saviour to die.
- 2 Though of dying afraid,  
Through the horrible shade,  
In view of thy cross I may walk undismayed:  
To banish my fear,  
My despondence to cheer,  
In thy crimson apparel, O Jesus! Appear.
- 3 Thou hast pacified God;  
And the mountainous load  
Of my guilt is removed by thy *all-cleansing* blood:  
Only show on the tree  
Thy passion for me,  
And an end of my sin and my sorrow I see.
- 4 'Tis finished, 'tis done!  
By Messiah alone,  
The wine-press is trod, and the victory won:



I have nothing to dread,  
Since my surety has bled,  
And Jehovah himself has expired in my stead.

5       The salvation is sure,  
          Which he died to procure  
For whoever believe to the end and endure:  
          I in Jesus confide,  
          And can all things abide,  
With a God of omnipotent love on my side.

6       Departing in thee,  
          Thee, Lord, may I see  
Walking on in the shadowy valley with me:  
          Then all evil is o'er,  
          And I suffer no more,  
With my Saviour arrived at the heavenly shore.

#### **Hymn 23.<sup>4</sup>**

1       Thou hast restrained my soul from sin,  
          And still, O Lord, restrain,  
Till, born of God,<sup>5</sup> and pure within,  
          I cannot sin again:  
I cannot thy good Spirit grieve,  
          Or take the tempter's part,  
Or basely to the creature cleave,  
          When thou hast all my heart.

2       O that it might this moment be,  
          O that I now could prove  
The blest impossibility  
          Of trampling on thy love!  
Instant for this thou hear'st me pray  
          With groans unspeakable,  
O take the carnal mind away,  
          And empty me of hell.

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<sup>4</sup>A looseleaf version of this hymn is present in MARC (MA 1977/594/8, #3). It contains only a couple of variants, which are noted below.

<sup>5</sup>MA 1977/594/8, #3 substitutes "Thee" for "God."

- 3 Thy nature's purity reveal,  
And plant the heaven in me;  
And now my gasping spirit fill<sup>6</sup>  
With love's immensity:  
The love which casts out fear and sin,  
Which thou, my Jesus, art,  
Bring with thy Father's fulness in,  
And take up all my heart.
- 4 Then shall I never more offend  
My Saviour's glorious eyes,  
But walk with my indwelling friend,  
Unspotted, to the skies;  
Obtain th' inheritance prepared  
For all the sons of grace,  
And find my full immense reward  
In my Redeemer's face.

#### Hymn 24.

- 1 Warned of my dissolution near,  
As on the margin of the grave,  
Jesus, with humble faith and fear,  
I now bespeak thy power to save:  
Thou who hast tasted death for me,  
Indulge me in my fond request,  
And let a worm prescribe to thee  
The manner of my final rest.
- 2 My feeble heart's extreme desire,  
If now thine eye with pity sees,  
Whene'er thou dost my soul require,  
O let me then be found in peace;  
In active faith, and humble prayer,  
Resigned, yet longing to depart,  
To rise, redeemed from earthly care,  
And see thee, Saviour, as thou art.

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<sup>6</sup>MA 1977/594/8, #3 reads: "And with thy Father now my gasping spirit fill."

- 3 Suffice that more than threescore years  
I have thine indignation borne;  
Glad may I quit the vale of tears,  
And, pardoned, to thine arms return!  
The tokens of thy pard'ning love,  
The comforts sweet through life suspend;  
But, while I from the flesh remove,  
Let hope and peace be in my end.
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,  
And, certified that thou art mine,  
My spirit, calm and undismayed,  
I shall into thine hands resign:  
No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,  
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;  
My light, my life, my God, is come,  
And glory in his face appears!

**Hymn 25.**

- 1 Still let me in thy Spirit pray,  
Still my infirmity confess:  
Take this tormenting fear away,  
Nor leave me in my last distress:  
While grappling with my mortal foe,  
O might I find thy arms beneath,  
Assured that I shall never know  
The bitter pains of endless death.
- 2 The pains which soul and body part,  
Which only less than hell I dread,  
O might thy pitying love avert,  
And gently smooth my dying bed!  
My coward flesh the conflict flies,  
And shrinks from the last agony:  
Rememb'ring thy own tears and cries,  
Jesus, in death remember me!

- 3    When nature's strength, and spirits fail,  
      And all th' infernal powers combined  
My conscience furiously assail,  
      And Satan brings my sins to mind;  
The fierce accusing fiend restrain,  
      Prevent, or break his final blow,  
And, ransomed through thy bleeding pain,  
      I trample on my vanquished foe.
- 4    I sing the new triumphant song,  
      O death, where is thy boasted sting?  
Salvation doth to God belong,  
      Who doth to me salvation bring!  
Thanks be to God through Christ alone,  
      Who gives the final victory,  
Mingles with his my latest groan,  
      And bids me die his face to see.

**Hymn 26.**

- 1    Jesus, to whose omniscient mind  
      Future and past are present now,  
See my weak soul on thee reclined,  
      Whene'er my dying head I bow:  
Ev'n now a sinner's suit admit,  
      Who humbly my request make known,  
And, prostrate at thy mercy seat,  
      For peace, and final pardon groan.
- 2    Saved from ten thousand deaths and snares,  
      Wilt thou not lead me safely home,  
Numbered with thee my hoary hairs  
      Bring down with triumph to the tomb?  
Thou infinite in love and power,  
      My tempted soul through life stand by,  
And when I meet my mortal hour,  
      My only business be to die.

- 3 My finished work, my conflicts past,  
O may I then with joy perceive,  
And, more than conqueror at last,  
Glory to my Redeemer give!  
Dealing thy grace to all around,  
I would my latest breath employ,  
Witness of full redemption found,  
And ripe for all my Master's joy.
- 4 A sinner saved! (Be then my cry)  
Saved by the riches of his grace,  
Who would not have one sinner die,  
Who died himself for all our race!  
His blood my utmost debt has paid,  
His blood has cleansed me from all sin,  
And bought the heaven I see displayed  
To take an heir of glory in.

**Hymn 27.**

- 1 Drawn by a dying sinner's prayer,  
Come, Saviour, from above,  
And in my parting soul declare,  
The majesty of love:
- 2 Before I render up my breath,  
Thy glorious goodness show,  
And safely through the gates of death  
To endless life I go.
- 3 I long thy smiling face to see,  
Who freely dost forgive  
Transgression, sin, iniquity,  
The moment we believe.

- 4 In me create that seeing eye,  
Which doth the peace impart,  
And now with all thy wounds pass by,  
And captivate my heart.
- 5 Soon as thou dost in me proclaim,  
And make thy nature known,  
The new unutterable name  
Which perfects us in one;
- 6 Made capable of heavenly rest,  
I shall from earth remove,  
T' enjoy the God forever blest,  
Whom I entirely love.

**Hymn 28.**

- 1 Before my judge severe,  
O how shall I appear!  
Stranger to his saving grace,  
Guilty and unholy I,  
Banished from his glorious face,  
Must I not forever die?
- 2 Answer to God for me  
The man on Calvary!  
Pleader of my desperate cause,  
He hath paid the debt I owe,  
Bought my pardon on the cross,  
Died himself to save his foe.
- 3 His death to thee I show,  
Thou righteous God and true;  
In arrest of judgment, plead  
Jesus, crushed beneath my load:  
I no other ransom need,  
Speaks for me the sprinkled blood!

4            His blood from every sin  
              Shall make my nature clean:  
Faith if in his blood I have,  
              All my sins *are* washed away;  
He shall ransom from the grave,  
              He shall raise me in that day.

5            I then shall lift mine eyes  
              With rapturous surprise,  
Boldly stand before the throne,  
              In the judge the Saviour see,  
Christ my Intercessor own,  
              Mine through all eternity!

**Hymn 29.**

1            In mercy infinite,  
              Who hear'st the sinner's prayer,  
A little longer, yet  
              A little longer spare  
Thy work, originally good,  
Thy fallen creature—bought with blood.

2            My soul in life detain,  
              Saviour and Lord of all,  
Till, made like thee again,  
              Recovered from my fall,  
Thy long-lost favour I retrieve,  
And sinless in thine image live.

3            Thou hast in patient love,  
              Reserved me to this day,  
That I the power may prove  
              Which takes my sins away,  
Which bids my soul depart in peace,  
In joy, and finished holiness.

- 4            Bid then my newborn soul  
              After thy likeness rise,  
              The faith that makes me whole  
              That clears and sanctifies,  
To a poor ransomed worm impart,  
With all thou hast, and all thou art.

**Hymn 30.**

- 1            Long in prayer and supplication  
              Have I made my fruitless moan,  
Waited, Lord, for thy salvation,  
              Hungered for a good unknown:  
Hid from all but the receiver,  
              Life's imperishable tree,  
Meat divine that lasts forever,  
              God himself revealed in me.
- 2            Through thy death and righteous merit  
              Pardon still I hope t' obtain,  
Through thy pure indwelling Spirit  
              Perfect holiness to gain:  
Partner of thy sinless nature,  
              All thy spotless mind to show,  
Fashioned after my Creator,  
              God as I am known to know.
- 3            Whence the earnest expectation,  
              Struggling now within my breast?  
Pants my soul with boundless passion  
              After its eternal rest.  
O that now the grace were given,  
              Taste of immortality!  
Ere I can ascend to heaven,  
              Heaven must descend to me.
- 4            If thou hast in mercy caught me,  
              Thee that I may apprehend,



If to this thyself hast wrought me,  
That I may to heaven ascend,  
Draw me now into my centre;  
Into thy ambitious shrine,  
Father, Son, and Spirit enter,  
Seal my soul forever thine!

**Hymn 31.**

- 1 I come, but tremble to draw near,  
Before the righteous God t' appear,  
The God of purer eyes  
Than to behold iniquity:  
Or smile upon a wretch like me,  
Who unconverted dies.
- 2 I want the faith my God to please,  
The true essential holiness,  
The kingdom from above,  
The rest for Christ-like souls designed,  
The humble, meek, and heavenly mind,  
The fear-excluding love.
- 3 I want thy laws engraved within,  
Thy chaste antipathy to sin,  
Thy love of purity:  
Unless I here thy nature share,  
I know, my soul can never bear  
A holy God to see.
- 4 How shall I, Lord, the meetness gain?  
Thy only blood from every stain  
Can make my nature pure:  
And shed for all the sinful race,  
It bought the pardon and the grace  
That makes salvation sure.

- 5 Thee let thy bleeding love compel  
Its saving virtue to reveal  
    In this poor heart of mine:  
A glad partaker of my hope,  
I then shall after God wake up  
    To righteousness divine.
- 6 To my primeval state restored,  
Found in the image of my Lord,  
    The perfect character,  
I then, with thee in spirit one,  
Boldly approach th' eternal throne,  
    And in thy sight appear!

**Hymn 32.**

- 1 Jesus, come! (The mortal sentence  
    I receive) come and give  
Faith, and true repentance.
- 2 All my hope and consolation  
    Is in thee; visit me  
With thy full salvation.
- 3 Show thyself the Lord of glory,  
    Lamb of God, bathed in blood,  
Crucified before me!
- 4 By the dreadful exhibition  
    Make me groan, melt the stone  
Into deep contrition.
- 5 Now apply the blood that cleanses  
    Every stain, once again  
Blot out my offences.

- 6    Bleeding love—I long to feel it!  
      Let the smart break my heart,  
      Break my heart, and heal it.
- 7    Let the sense of sin forgiven,  
      Make my soul th'roughly whole,  
      Be my taste of heaven.
- 8    Then the earnest I inherit;  
      To its rest, in thy breast,  
      Then receive my spirit.

**Hymn 33.**

- 1    I know, and feel it cannot be  
      That I the holy God should see,  
      Or stand before his sight,  
      Unless I after him awake,  
      His nature here on earth partake,  
      And in his love delight.
- 2    But he my flesh and blood assumed,  
      That I, to death eternal doomed,  
      His Spirit might retrieve,  
      The favour of my Lord regain,  
      Substantial holiness obtain,  
      And in his image live.
- 3    Come then, great God, thyself reveal,  
      With ecstasies unspeakable  
      Thy pard'ning love impart;  
      Thy sanctifying blood apply,  
      To purge my nature's deepest die,  
      And purify my heart.
- 4    My heart, which then to thee I give,  
      To earthly things no more shall cleave,

Or seek its rest below,  
No more to vile affections yield,  
But with th' indwelling Spirit filled,  
My only Jesus know.

5    Soon as of thee possessed I am,  
      The leopard sinks into a lamb,  
          And with thy nature blest,  
      Thy lowly, meek, unspotted mind,  
      Rest to my hallowed soul I find,  
          The true eternal rest.

6    Then, then, mature for my reward,  
      Fit to behold my glorious Lord  
          With all thy white-robed choir,  
      (My faith and holiness filled up)  
      I reach the sacred mountain's top,  
          And in thy sight expire!

#### **Hymn 34.**

1    Who shall that rapt'rous sight explain,  
      Which gracious souls departing gain,  
          The crown of all their grace?  
      Life cannot bear the bliss divine:  
      Then let me, Lord, my soul resign,  
          To see thy heavenly face.

2    This earth, I know, is not my home,  
      Through which a banished man I roam,  
          A weary pilgrim I,  
      Till, at thy word, my wand'rings cease,  
      And, mounting from the wilderness,  
          I to thy bosom fly.

3    O that I on the wings of love,  
      The wings of thy celestial dove,

Could from the valley soar;  
Escape to my Redeemer's breast,  
Recover there my endless rest,  
And never wander more!

- 4 Author, and end of my desires,  
Whom my imprisoned soul aspires  
As I am known to know,  
Come, and dissolve this fleshly chain,  
And take me to thine arms again,  
And all thy glory show.

**Hymn 35.**

- 1 Tell me, affrighted reason, tell  
What is that death I soon shall feel?  
"The foul original disgrace  
Involving our devoted race,  
The sad effect of Adam's fall,  
The direful curse entailed on all."
- 2 His oracles the answer give,  
Who wills that all mankind should live,  
Who lived himself in grief and woe,  
On me his blessing to bestow,  
To purchase immortality,  
Who died for all mankind and me.
- 3 Saviour and Prince of life and peace,  
Thy passion bids my horrors cease:  
Through thy atoning sacrifice,  
The light doth out of darkness rise,  
And scatters all my guilty gloom,  
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.
- 4 The death thou didst for me sustain,  
Shall mitigate my mortal pain,

While leaning on thy bloody cross,  
I trust with thee my desp'rate cause,  
My sufferings to thy sufferings join,  
And mix my parting soul with thine.

**Hymn 36.**

- 1       Weary of all below,  
          And drawing toward my end,  
          My only want I show  
          To thee, the sinner's friend,  
Who hast through life my Saviour been;  
Open thy arms to take me in.
  
- 2       Yet here my soul detain,  
          God of almighty love,  
          Till, joined to thee again,  
          The life of faith I prove,  
The utmost power of godliness,  
The plenitude of gospel-grace.
  
- 3       I want a pardon sealed  
          In peace and humble joy,  
          The deity revealed,  
          My evils to destroy,  
The Spirit purchased by thy blood,  
The fulness of indwelling God.
  
- 4       Thy absence from my heart  
          Forbids my soul t' aspire,  
          And longing to depart,  
          I check the rash desire,  
Bewail my want of purity,  
My painful want of love and thee.

- 5           O let my mournful cry  
              Thy kind compassion move,  
              Nor suffer me to die  
              A stranger to thy love:  
Thy word the weeping sinner cheers;  
O keep not silence at my tears.
- 6           I wait the quick'ning word,  
              Which bids my soul awake,  
              In holiness restored,  
              Thy nature to partake;  
That life which time and death defies,  
That charity which never dies.
- 7           Then let this body drop  
              Into its earthen bed;  
              This flesh shall rest in hope,  
              While numbered with the dead:  
Sweet fellowship with thee I have,  
And share my dear Redeemer's grave.
- 8           My spirit then set free,  
              On eagle's wings shall rise,  
              With eagle's eye shall see  
              Its Lord in paradise,  
Till thy eternal Spirit come,  
And call my dust out of the tomb.
- [9]<sup>7</sup>        In soul and body blest,  
              My utmost flight I soar,  
              Enter the heavenly rest,  
              And face to face adore  
The glorious God in Persons Three,  
My God through all eternity!

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "8"; a misprint.

**Hymn 37.**

- 1 To my latest moment crying,  
Must I cry for grace in vain,  
Jesus, save a sinner dying,  
O redeem a wretched man!  
Wretched I beyond expression,  
Longer if my Lord defer,  
Finisher of the transgression,  
End of sin in me t' appear.
  
- 2 Contrary to thee by nature,  
Shapen in iniquity,  
Born thine enemy and hater,  
How shall I thy kingdom see?  
How into thy presence venture,  
Unrenewed in righteousness?  
No unholy thing can enter,  
Stand before thy glorious face.
  
- 3 Yet I in my lost condition  
May approach the sinner's friend,  
Still presenting my petition,  
Saviour, in the cloud descend:  
Make thy goodness pass before me,  
God discovered from above,  
To thine image here restore me,  
Change my nature into love.
  
- 4 Love excludes the selfish passion,  
Love destroys the carnal mind;  
Love be here my full salvation,  
Love for thee and all mankind:



Let thine own compassion move thee  
Thy own nature to impart,  
Force me now to cry—I love thee,  
Love thee, Lord, with all my heart.

- 5 Thus prepared for my dismissal,  
Let me for thy coming stay,  
Gliding with a smooth transition  
Into everlasting day,  
Sealed by thy uniting Spirit,  
Meet with thee, O Christ, to live—  
Then impute thy righteous merit,  
Then my spotless soul receive.

**Hymn 38.**

- 1    Weary of my own complaints,  
      Still I sigh for purity:  
      Jesus, come! My spirit faints,  
      Faints and dies for want of thee:  
      Drawn by my expiring groan,  
      Quickly come, and save thine own.
  
- 2    Alien from the life of God,  
      Lest the second death I die,  
      Me polluted in my blood,  
      Pass compassionately by:  
      Faith divine and pardon give,  
      Bid me in thy likeness live.
  
- 3    Only thee I gasp to know,  
      Truth of holiness and love,  
      Truth of happiness below,  
      Way to glorious joys above;  
      Life, eternal life thou art;  
      Speak thyself into my heart.

**Hymn 39.**

- 1           So near the haven brought,  
              Must I be shipwrecked here?  
Saviour, forgive the hasty thought  
              Of misbelieving fear;  
              Fear of myself, not thee,  
              It is my grief and shame,  
It is my own infirmity;  
              But thou art still the same.
- 2           In childhood's giddy hour  
              Thou hast my keeper been,  
And screened my youth from passion's power,  
              From every pleasing sin:  
              When by the fiend impelled,  
              In slippery paths I ran,  
Thy hand invisible withheld,  
              "And led me up to man."<sup>8</sup>
- 3           Restrained by heavenly grace  
              From what the world pursued,  
"Eager ambition's fiery race"<sup>9</sup>  
              With unconcern I viewed:  
              The lust of wealth and fame  
              Thou only didst suppress,  
And gav'st my mounting soul to aim  
              At nobler happiness.

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<sup>8</sup>Joseph Addison, *Spectator*, no. 453 (August 9, 1712).

<sup>9</sup>Cf. Edward Young, *Night Thoughts*, Night 4, line 91.

- 4           Oft as from thee I roved,  
              In quest of my own will,  
Thy Spirit tenderly reprov'd,  
              And kept me back from ill;  
              He crossed my fond desire  
              Of perishable good,  
And plucked the brand out of the fire,  
              And quenched it in thy blood.
- 5           Unnumbered deaths and snares,  
              Thy love hath turned aside:  
And still, O God, to hoary hairs,  
              Thou art my faithful guide:  
              Thy miracles of grace  
              Thou daily dost renew,  
Straighten th' inextricable maze,  
              And bring me strangely through.
- 6           Why then am I cast down,  
              With anxious thoughts oppress'd,  
With doubts if thou wilt lead me on  
              To my eternal rest?  
              Thy will and power are joined  
              The helpless to defend;  
And saved so long, I trust to find  
              Salvation in my end.
- 7           This unbelieving sin  
              Thou wilt, O Lord, control,  
And perfect righteousness bring in  
              To my expecting soul:  
              Finish, expel, destroy,  
              This inbred enemy;  
And fill with everlasting joy,  
              And make me all like thee.

8           Confiding in thy word,  
              I ask the grace unknown,  
According to thy promise, Lord,  
              Let it in me be done:  
              My faith's defects supply,  
              Almighty to forgive,  
And then I get me up, and die,  
              And then forever live!

**Hymn 40.**

1           Father of all, to thee I come!  
              By thee supported from the womb,  
                  Thy providential charge and care;  
I magnify thy gracious power,  
Who dost to life's extremest hour  
              My every grief and burden bear:

2           Thou never wilt thine own forsake,  
              Till pure I give my spirit back  
                  Into those blessed hands of thine;  
Thy name ineffable receive,  
An image of thy glory live,  
              And with thy light forever shine.

3           My deathless soul, my mould'ring dust,  
              To God the merciful and just,  
                  Through Christ, I faithfully commend;  
Kept by my Advocate above,  
Told in a whisper of his love,  
              That hope and heaven is in my end!

4 This, this is all my heart's desire,  
When mercy doth my soul require,  
    By Jesus found mature in grace,  
In full conformity divine  
My spotless spirit to resign,  
    And see my Saviour face to face.