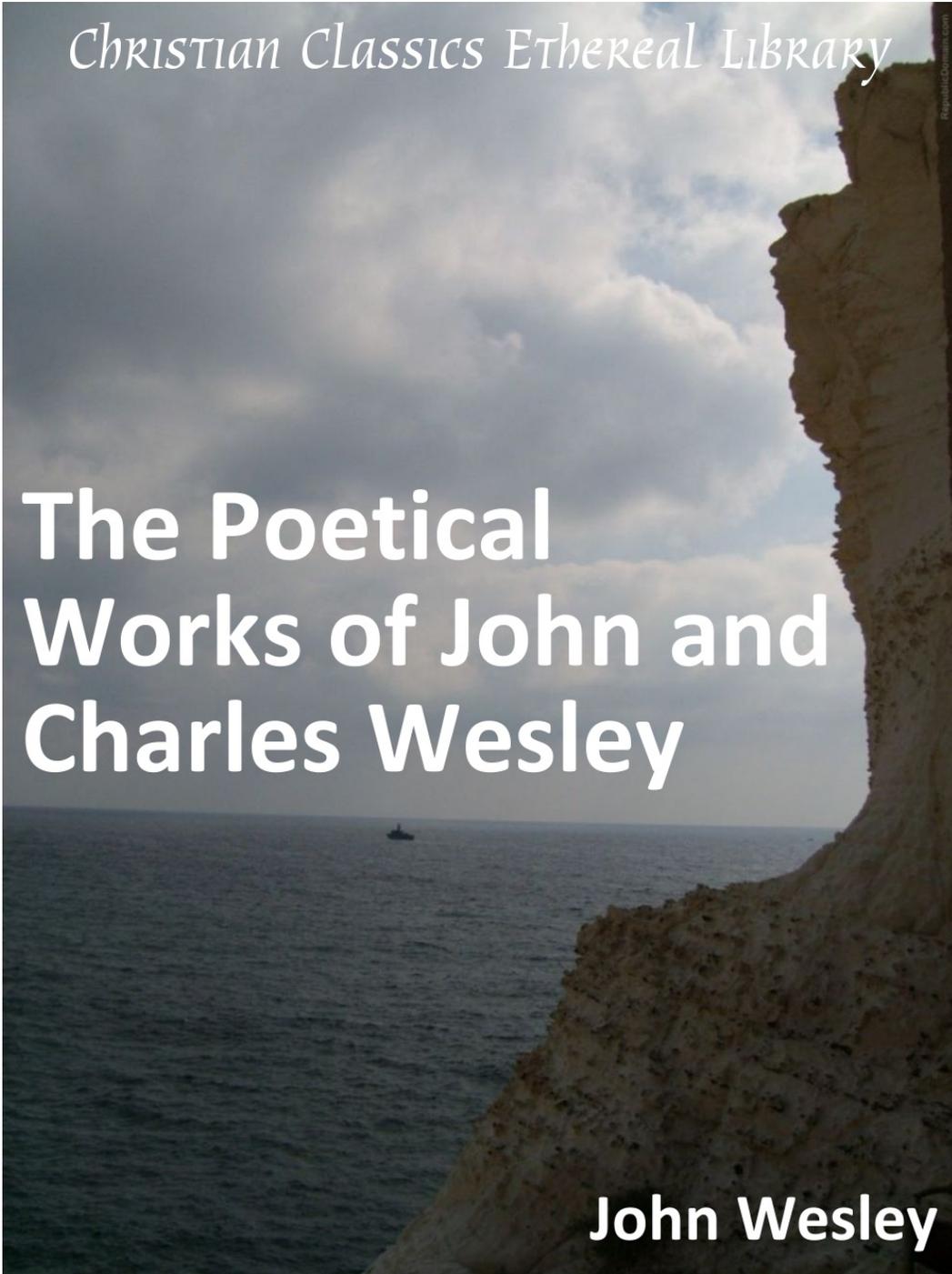


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The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley

John Wesley





The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley

Author(s): Wesley, John (1703-1791)

Publisher: Grand Rapids, MI: Christian Classics Ethereal Library

Description: John and Charles Wesley, leaders of the Methodist movement, collectively wrote thousands of hymns and religious poems, with Charles writing the great majority. Among the best known hymns Charles Wesley authored are “Come Thou Long Expected Jesus” and “Hark the Herald Angels Sing.” As well as a compilation of some of the most important pieces of literature in the Evangelical Christian tradition, John and Charles Wesley’s *Poetical Works* offers the texts of hundreds of the most beloved hymns and songs in the English language.

Kathleen O’Bannon

CCEL Staff

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The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley

ADVERTISEMENT

The poetical publications of John and Charles Wesley originally appeared at various intervals during a space of fifty-two or -three years. The total number of them, as far as at present ascertained, is fifty-seven; of which, seven bore the names of the two brothers, seven of John Wesley only, eight of Charles Wesley only; while the remaining thirty-five were anonymous, though some were afterwards owned, and all are capable of being certainly identified. They admit of a further classification in regard to their respective contents. (1.) Four are entirely extracted from other authors. (2.) Six are partly original and partly selected. (3.) Nine are mostly selected from previous publications of their own, with a few from other authors intermixed. While (4.) Thirty-eight are strictly and exclusively original. This fourth and largest class constitutes the basis of the present edition, along with three volumes of the second class which it has been deemed advisable to reprint entire, because in the majority of instances the selected poems have been altered and adapted by the Editors for a purpose of their own, and according to their own taste. The third class, like the first, it is obviously unnecessary to include. With these reprints, there will be published in successive volumes a large number of poems left by Mr. Charles Wesley in MSS., and carefully revised for publication, but which, for some reason or reasons unknown, were not published by him; together with such single poems, whether in print already or in manuscript, as may not have been before collected the whole forming as complete a collection as circumstances will permit of the poetry of these wonderful and blessed men. Such a collection has been long desired by the lovers of sacred song in various parts of the world, as well as by "the people called Methodists," whose obligations to these two poets it is hard, if not impossible, adequately to express in words. Why the accomplishment of this wide-spread and earnest desire has been so long postponed, need not now be particularly considered, even were it practicable to state the various causes of the delay. Rather let the reader be invited to join the Editor in the earnest hope and prayer that the purpose so long cherished, and now at length in course of accomplishment, may be sanctioned by the Divine blessing, and that these "winged words" may carry with them everywhere those hallowing influences which it was the highest ambition of the writers to multiply and diffuse. It is only needful at present to add, that the volume now in the reader's hands contains a complete reprint of the two first of the poetical publications which bear the names of John and Charles Wesley. They were issued in rapid succession, doubtless to meet the wants of the infant Societies; and contain a larger number of selected and adapted poems than any of the subsequent volumes, except those entitled "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns," and "A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems," neither of which will be reprinted entire. From those "Collections" the originals, as far as they can be ascertained, will be extracted for this edition; but to have pursued that course with the volumes of 1739 and 1740 would have been to destroy their identity, and to deprive the reader of many valuable and edifying pieces not easily accessible otherwise. Those "altered

from Herbert," for instance, are only to be found in full in the volume of 1739; and, apart from their devotional character, supply interesting instances of the literary skill and judgment of the Wesleys. Even the fondest admirers of that holy ecclesiastic can scarcely be displeased at his appearance in a somewhat modernized attire, especially when they remember how much the Wesleys contributed to keep up his name and fame in an age when he was by no means so popular as now. The fine poems of Gambold were preserved and kept in circulation by the Wesleys; if, indeed, they do not entirely owe their publicity to the care and taste of the two brothers; not having been published by himself at all, nor by his friends until half a century after this volume appeared. The hymns of the venerable father of the Wesleys were likewise first collected by his sons in their first joint publication, and are thus made generally known. The two volumes now reprinted were each originally divided into two parts; and the division has been preserved here, though the reason of it cannot be ascertained. The volume of 1739 reached a third edition before that year expired; a fourth was published in 1743, and a fifth in 1756. To the fourth and fifth editions the volume of 1740 was added, its two parts being then numbered the third and fourth respectively, and the preface appearing in the third part. This composite volume was subsequently known and catalogued as Vol. 1 of "Hymns and Sacred Poems by John and Charles Wesley." A copy of it corrected for a new edition is in the possession of the Editor, and such corrections as have not been followed in the text of this volume are preserved in the notes. The only other alterations to be mentioned are, that the Index and Table of Contents are here adapted to the continuous paging; and that certain poems, afterwards published by their authors in other volumes, are transferred to the places to which they more properly belong; the transfer being mentioned as on pp. 269 and 289. To have omitted them from those later publications would have been unjust to the authors, and to have inserted them twice for the sake of an exact and literal reprint would have been unjust to the purchaser.

London, October 13, 1868.

HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS, 1739

Published by
John Wesley, M.A.

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford;

and

Charles Wesley, M.A.

Student of Christ-Church, Oxford.

“Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your hearts to the Lord.”

[Col. 3:16](#)

London

Printed by William Strahan; and sold by James Hutton, Bookseller, at the Bible and Sun, without Temple-Bar; and at MR. BRAY’S, a Brazier in Little-Britain.

MDCCXXXIX

THE PREFACE

Some verses, it may be observed, in the following Collection, were wrote upon the scheme of the Mystic divines. And these, 'tis owned, we had once in great veneration, as the best explainers of the Gospel of Christ. But we are now convinced that we therein greatly erred, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God. And because this is an error which many serious minds are sooner or later exposed to, and which indeed most easily besets those who seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity; we believe ourselves indispensably obliged in the presence of God, and angels, and men, to declare wherein we apprehend those writers not to teach the truth as it is in Jesus.

And first, we apprehend them to lay another foundation. They are careful indeed to pull down our own works, and to prove, that by the Deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified. But why is this? Only, to establish our own righteousness in the place of our own works. They speak largely and well against expecting to be accepted of God for our virtuous actions; and then teach, that we are to be accepted for our virtuous habits or tempers. Still the ground of our acceptance is placed in ourselves. The difference is only this Common writers suppose we are to be justified for the sake of our outward righteousness. These suppose we are to be justified for the sake of our inward righteousness: whereas, in truth, we are no more justified for the sake of one than of the other. For neither our own inward nor outward righteousness is the ground of our justification. Holiness of heart, as well as holiness of life, is not the cause, but the effect of it. The sole cause of our acceptance with God (or, that for the sake of which, on the account of which, we are accepted) is the righteousness and the death of Christ, who fulfilled God's law, and died in our stead. And even the condition of it is not (as they suppose) our holiness either of heart or life but our faith alone; faith contradistinguished from holiness as well as from good works. Other foundation therefore can no man lay, without being an adversary to Christ and His Gospel, than faith alone, faith, though necessarily producing both, yet not including either good works or holiness.

But supposing them to have laid the foundation right, the manner of building thereon which they advise is quite opposite to that prescribed by Christ. He commands to build up one another. They advise, "To the desert, to the desert, and God will build you up." Numberless are the commendations that occur in all their writings, not of retirement intermixed with conversation, but of an entire seclusion from men, (perhaps for months or years,) in order to purify the soul. Whereas, according to the judgment of our Lord, and the writings of His apostles, it is only when we are knit together, that we have nourishment from Him, and increase with the increase of God. Neither is there any time when the weakest member can say to the strongest, or the strongest to the weakest, "I have no need of thee." Accordingly our blessed Lord, when His disciples were in their weakest state, sent them forth, not alone, but two by two. When they were strengthened a little, not by solitude, but by abiding with

Him and one another, He commanded them to wait, not separate, but being assembled together, for the promise of the Father. And they were all with one accord in one place, when they received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Express mention is made in the same chapter, that when there were added unto them three thousand souls, all that believed were together, and continued steadfastly not only in the apostles' doctrine, but also in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in praying with one accord. Agreeable to which is the account the great apostle gives of the manner which he had been taught of God, for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of the body of Christ, even to the end of the world. And, according to St. Paul, all who will ever come, in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, must together grow up into Him from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted (or strengthened) by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love. ([Ephesians 4:15, 16.](#))

So widely distant is the manner of building up souls in Christ taught by St. Paul, from that taught by the Mystics Nor do they differ as to the foundation, or the manner of building thereon, more than they do with regard to the superstructure. For the religion these authors would edify us in is solitary religion. If thou wilt be perfect, say they, "trouble not thyself about outward works. It is better to work virtues in the will. He hath attained the true resignation, who hath estranged himself from all outward works, that God may work inwardly in him, without any turning to outward things. These are the true worshippers, who worship God in spirit and in truth." For contemplation is with them the fulfilling of the law, even a contemplation that "consists in a cessation of all works."

Directly opposite to this is the Gospel of Christ. Solitary religion is not to be found there. "Holy solitaires" is a phrase no more consistent with the Gospel than holy adulterers. The Gospel of Christ knows of no religion, but social; no holiness, but social holiness. Faith working by love is the length and breadth and depth and height of Christian perfection. This commandment have we from Christ, that he who loves God, love his brother also; and that we manifest our love by doing good unto all men, especially to them that are of the household of faith. And, in truth, whosoever loveth his brethren not in word only, but as Christ loved him, cannot but be zealous of good works. He feels in his soul a burning, restless desire of spending and being spent for them. My Father, will he say, worketh hitherto, and I work and, at all possible opportunities, he is, like his Master, going about doing good.

This then is the way: walk ye in it, whosoever ye are that have believed in His name. Ye know, other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ. Ye feel that by grace ye are saved through faith; saved from sin, by Christ formed in your hearts, and from fear, by His Spirit bearing witness with your spirit, that ye are the sons of God. Ye are taught of God, not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is; but to instruct, admonish, exhort, reprove, comfort, confirm, and every way build

up one another. Ye have an unction from the Holy One, that teacheth you to renounce any other or higher perfection, than faith working by love, faith zealous of good works, faith as it hath opportunity doing good unto all men. As ye have therefore received Jesus Christ the Lord, so walk ye in Him rooted and built up in Him, and stablished in the faith, and abounding therein more and more. Only, beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For ye are complete in Him. He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last. Only continue in Him, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel; and when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear, with Him in glory.

Part 1

Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator¹

Author of Being, Source of Light,²
With unfading beauties bright,
Fulness, Goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound:
Whether Thee Thy suppliants call
Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
Ei or Iao; Thee we hail
Essence that can never fail,
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast Being still the same.

Thee, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;
Thee, when sweet-declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee will I sing, O Parent Jove,
And teach the world to praise and love.

Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced,
All, Creating Power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.
Thou shak'st all Nature with Thy nod,
Sea, earth, and air confess the God:
Yet does Thy powerful hand sustain

1 Wesley inserted this poem in "Moral and Sacred Poems," vol. 3, p.3, assigning it to his father as its author. He also reprinted it in the first volume of the Arminian Magazine. When the Monthly Reviewers disparaged Methodist hymns, he transcribed fifty lines of it, and sent them with a remonstrance against the criticism. (Works, 3rd edition, vol. 13, pp.345-349.) In some editions the verses are headed "From the Greek;" but Dr. Clarke has shown that this is an error. The copy printed in his "Wesley Family" contains eighty-four additional lines; but Wesley never published more than are given here.

2 RS. The original has no verse numbering.

Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought arise
To Thy pavilion in the skies;
Nor can Plato's self declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
Barren above Thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train,
The Sons of God, the Sons of Light,
Ever joying in Thy sight:
(For Thee their silver harps are strung,)
Ever beauteous, ever young,
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And through heaven's arch resound Thy praise.

The feather'd souls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there,
The lark, precentor of their choir
Leading them higher still and higher,
Listen and learn; the angelic notes
Repeating in their warbling throats;
And, ere to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below
On the green turf, their mossy nest,
The evening anthem swells their breast.
Thus, like Thy golden chain from high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Source of Light, Thou bidst the sun
On his burning axles run;
The stars like dust around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky.
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase her orb of light,

Imparted lustre; thus we see,
The solar virtue shines by Thee.

Eiresione we'll no more,
Imaginary Power, adore;
Since oil, and wool, and cheering wine,
And life-sustaining bread is Thine.

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains;
The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,
Rises pregnant from the ground;
At Thy command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.
Minerva, only is Thy mind,
Wisdom, and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
Herb and flower and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taste or smell or sight,
For food, for medicine, or delight;
Planted by Thy parent care,
Spring and smile and flourish there.

O ye nurses of soft dreams,
Reedy brooks and winding streams,
Or murmuring o'er the pebbles sheen,
Or sliding through the meadows green,
Or where through matted sedge you creep,
Travelling to your parent deep:
Sound His praise, by whom you rose,
That Sea which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal woods and groves,
Which the enamour'd student loves;
Beneath whose venerable shade,
For thought and friendly converse made,

Famed Hecadem, old hero, lies,
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,
And through the gloom of silent night
Projects from far its trembling light;
You, whose roots descend as low
As high in air your branches grow;
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend:
Cedars and pines that wave above,
And the oak beloved of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or, Jove, from Thee!
Whether various Nature play,
Or re-inversed Thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise
The threatening vengeance of the skies,
Whilst the pious, on his guard,
Undismay'd is still prepared
Life or death, his mind's at rest,
Since what Thou send'st must needs be best.

No evil can from Thee proceed
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.
Darkness is not from the sun,
Nor mount the shades till he is gone:
Then does night obscene arise
From Erebus, and fill the skies,
Fantastic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing and of shade.

Can we forget Thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare?
Thou brak'st the haughty Persian's pride,
That dared old ocean's power deride;
Their shipwrecks strew'd the Eubean wave,

At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye blest Greeks who there expired,
For Greece with pious ardour fired,
What shrines or altars shall we raise
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die?

And yet a greater Hero far
(Unless great Socrates could err)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown Instructor, come!
Our leaping hearts shall make Thee room
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,
Of Jove and Thee we are the care.

O Father King, whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all Thy race,
We Thy magnificence adore,
And Thy well-known aid implore:
Nor vainly for Thy help we call;
Nor can we want: for Thou art All!

Solitude

From the Latin.

Solitude! where shall I find
Thee, pleasing to the thoughtful mind?
Sweet delights to thee belong,
Untasted by the vulgar throng.
Weary of vice and noise I flee,
Sweetest comforter, to thee.
Here the mild and holy dove
Peace inspires and joy and love.
Thy unmolested, silent shade
No tumultuous sounds invade:
No stain of guilt is seen in thee,
To soil thy spotless purity.
Here the smiling fields around
Softest harmony resound.
Here, with angel choirs combined,
The lord of his own peaceful mind
Glides through life, from business far,
And noisy strife, and eating care.
Here, retired from pomp and state,
(The envied torment of the great,)
Innocent he leads his days,
Far from giddy thirst of praise.
Here, his accounts with studious care
Preparing for his last great bar,
He weeps the stains of guilt away,
And ripens for eternal day.

Hoarded wealth desire who please,
Towers and gilded palaces.
Fraudless silence may I find,
Solitude and peace of mind;
To all the busy world unknown,
Seen and loved by God alone.

Ye rich, ye learn'd, ye great, confess
This in life is happiness,
To live (unknown to all abroad)
To myself only and my God.

The Mystery of Life

By the Rev. John Gambold.³

So many years I've seen the sun,
And call'd these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have and manhood known:
O what is Life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have fill'd my soul with great designs,
While practice grovell'd far behind:
O what is Thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
Some at one interview display'd,
Some oft and freely mix'd with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is Friendship! why imprest
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:

³ See his Works, (Bath,) 1789, p. 263.

O what is Virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when Sovereign Wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is Death?—'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouch'd again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

Epitaph

On Gambold. By Himself.⁴

Ask not, who ended here his span?
His name, reproach, and praise, was Man.
Did no great deeds adorn his course?
No deed of his but show'd him worse:
One thing was great, which God supplied,
He suffer'd human life—and died.
What points of knowledge did he gain?
That life was sacred all—and vain:
Sacred how high, and vain how low?
He knew not here, but died to know.

⁴ See Works, p. 276; Arminian Magazine, vol. 3, p.231.

Virtue

Altered from Herbert.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou with all thy sweets must die!

Sweet Rose, so fragrant and so brave,
Dazzling the rash beholder's eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou with all thy sweets must die!

Sweet Spring, so beauteous and so gay,
Storehouse, where sweets unnumber'd lie:
Not long thy fading glories stay,
But thou with all thy sweets must die!

Only a sweet and virtuous mind,
When Nature all in ruins lies,
When earth and heaven a period find,
Begins a life that never dies.

Upon Listening to the Vibrations of a Clock

By Gambold.⁵

Instructive sound! I'm now convinced by thee,
Time in its womb may bear infinity.
How the past moment dies, and throbs no more!
What worlds of parts compose the rolling hour!
The least of these a serious care demands;
For though they're little, yet they're golden sands:
By some great deeds distinguish'd all in heaven,
For the same end to me by number given!
Cease, man, to lavish sums thou ne'er hast told!
Angels, though deathless, dare not be so bold.

⁵ See Works, p. 265.

Doomsday

From Herbert.

“Come to Judgment, come away!”
(Hark, I hear the angel say,
Summoning the dust to rise;)
“Haste, resume, and lift your eyes;
Hear, ye sons of Adam, hear;
Man, before thy God appear!”

Come to Judgment, come away!
This the last, the dreadful day.
Sovereign Author, Judge of all,
Dust obeys Thy quickening call,
Dust no other voice will heed:
Thine the trump that wakes the dead.

Come to Judgment, come away!
Lingering man, no longer stay;
Thee let earth at length restore,
Prisoner in her womb no more;
Burst the barriers of the tomb,
Rise to meet thy instant doom!

Come to Judgment, come away!
Wide dispersed howe'er ye stray,
Lost in fire, or air, or main,
Kindred atoms meet again;
Sepulchred where'er ye rest,
Mix'd with fish, or bird, or beast.

Come to Judgment, come away!
Help, O Christ, Thy work's decay:
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world;
Lord, Thy broken concert raise,
And the music shall be praise.

Spiritual Slumber

From the German.⁶

O Thou, who all things canst control,
Chase this dead Slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.

O, may one beam of Thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:
With steps unwavering, undismay'd,
Give me in all Thy paths to tread.

With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray:
But ah! how soon it dies away!

The deadly Slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord; stir up Thy quick'ning power.
And wake me that I sleep no more.

Single of heart! O may I be,
Nothing may I desire but Thee:
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from Thy love.

⁶ Probably translated from the hymn, "Ach treib aus meiner Seel": the author unknown. See *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth, 1737*, p. 222.

Zeal⁷

Dead as I am, and cold my breast,
Untouch'd by thee, Celestial Zeal,
How shall I sing the unwonted guest?
How paint the joys I cannot feel?

Assist me Thou, at whose command
The heart exults, from earth set free!
'Tis Thine to raise the drooping hand,
Thine to confirm the feeble knee.

'Tis Zeal must end this inward strife,
Give me to know that warmth Divine!
Through all my verse, through all my life
The active principle shall shine.

Where shall we find its high abode?
To heaven the sacred ray aspires,
With ardent love embraces God,
Parent and Object of its fires.

There its peculiar influence known
In breasts seraphic learns to glow;
Yet, darted from the eternal throne,
It sheds a cheering light below.

Through earth diffused, the active flame
Intensely for God's glory burns;
And, always mindful whence it came,
To heaven in every wish returns.

Yet vain the fierce Enthusiast's aim
With this to sanctify his cause;
To screen beneath this awful name

⁷ Compare Lucas's "Enquiry after Happiness," part 3, ch. 6 and 7, from which some thoughts in this poem appear to have been taken.

The persecuting sword he draws.

In vain the mad Fanatic's dreams
To this mysteriously pretend;
On fancy built, his airy schemes
Or slight the means, or drop the end.

Where Zeal holds on its even course,
Blind rage and bigotry retires;
Knowledge assists, not checks its force,
And prudence guides, not damps its fires.

Resistless then it wins its way;
Yet deigns in humble hearts to dwell:
The humble hearts confess its sway,
And pleased the strange expansion feel.

Superior far to mortal things,
In grateful ecstasy they own,
(Such antedated heaven it brings,)
That Zeal and Happiness are one.

Now varied deaths their terrors spread,
Now threat'ning thousands rage—in vain!
Nor tortures can arrest its speed,
Nor worlds its energy restrain

That energy, which quells the strong,
Which clothes with strength the abject weak,
Looses the stammering infant's tongue,
And bids the sons of thunder speak.

While Zeal its heavenly influence sheds,
What light o'er Moses' visage plays!
It wings the immortal prophet's steeds,
And brightens fervent Stephen's face.

Come then, bright flame, my breast inspire;
To me, to me be thou but given,
Like them I'll mount my car of fire,
Or view from earth an opening heaven.

Come then, if, mighty to redeem,
Christ purchased thee with blood Divine:
Come, holy Zeal! for thou through Him,
Jesus Himself through thee is mine!

On Reading M. de Renty's Life

We deem the saints from mortal flesh released,
With brighter day and bolder raptures blest:
Sense now no more precludes the distant thought,
And naked souls now feel the God they sought.
But thy great soul, which walk'd with God on earth,
Can scarce be nearer by that second birth:
By change of place dull bodies may improve,
But spirits to their bliss advance by love.
Thy change insensible brought no surprise,
Inured to innocence and paradise:
For earth, not heaven, thou through a glass didst view;
The glass was love; and love no evil knew,
But in all places only heaven did shew.

Canst thou love more, when from a body freed,
Which so much life, so little had of need?
So pure, it seem'd for this alone design'd,
To usher forth the virtues of the mind!
From nature's chain, from earthly dross set free,
One only appetite remain'd in thee:
That appetite it mourn'd but once denied;
For when it ceased from serving God, it died.

Vanity

From Herbert.

The fleet Astronomer travels o'er
The spheres with his sagacious mind,
Their stations views from door to door,
As if to purchase he design'd;
Through all their circling orbs he goes,
And all their mazy wanderings knows.

The nimble Diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves his way,
To fetch the pearl which God did hide
On purpose from the view of day,
That he might save his life, and hers
Whose pride the costly danger wears.

The subtle Chemist can divest
Gay Nature of her various hue;
Stript of her thousand forms, confest
She stands, and naked to his view:
At distance other suitors stand;
Her inmost stores wait his command.

What has not man sought out and found,
But God? Who yet His glorious law
Plants in us; mellowing the ground
With showers and frost, with love and awe.
Poor, busy, foolish man! For Death
In fire, and air, and sea, and land,
Through heaven above, and earth beneath
Thou seek'st; but missest Life at hand.

Farewell to the World

From the French.⁸

World, adieu, thou real cheat!
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes, and false alarms:
Now I see as clear as day
How thy follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining sights,
False thy promises renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for Heaven above,
Object of the noblest love.

Farewell Honour's empty pride!
Thy own nice, uncertain gust,
If the least mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the dust:
Worldly honours end in gall,
Rise to-day, to-morrow fall.

Foolish Vanity, farewell,
More inconstant than the wave!
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
Purest tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly, from thee,
Jesus Christ, shall set me free,

Never shall my wandering mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in God alone I find
Solid and substantial joys;

⁸ Probably translated from Mad. de Bourignon, by John Byrom of Manchester. See 109.

Joys that, never overpast,
Through eternity shall last.

Lord, how happy is a heart
After Thee while it aspires!
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires:
It shall see the glorious scene
Of Thy everlasting reign.

Giddiness

From Herbert.

O, what a thing is man! from rest
How widely distant, and from power!
Some twenty several men at least
He seems, he is, each several hour.

Heaven his sole treasure now he loves;
But let a tempting thought creep in,
His coward soul he soon reproves,
That starts to admit a pleasing sin.

Eager he rushes now to war,
Inglorious now dissolves in ease:
Wealth now engrosses all his care;
And lavish now he scorns increase.

A stately dome he raises now:
But soon the dome his change shall feel;
See, level lies its lofty brow,
Crush'd by the whirlwind of his will.

O, what were man, if his attire
Still varied with his varying mind;
If we his every new desire
Stamp'd on his altering form could find!

Could each one see his neighbour's heart,
Brethren and social made in vain,
All would disband and range apart,
And man detest the monster man.

If God refuse our heart to turn,
Vain will His first creation be:
O, make us daily! or we spurn
Our own salvation, Lord, and Thee!

To a Friend in Love

By Gambold.⁹

Accept, dear youth, a sympathizing lay,¹⁰
The only tribute pitying love can pay.
Though vain the hope thine anguish to assuage,
Charm down desire, or calm fierce passion's rage:
Yet still permit me in thy griefs to grieve,
Relief to offer, if I can't relieve;
Near thy sick couch with fond concern to attend,
And reach out cordials to my dying friend.

Poor hapless youth! what words can ease thy pain,
When reason pleads, and wisdom cries in vain!
Can feeble verse impetuous nature guide,
Or stem the force of blind affection's tide?
If reason checks, or duty disallows,
"Reason," you cry, "and duty are my foes:
Religion's dictates ineffectual prove,
And God Himself's impertinence in love."

What art thou, Love? thou strange mysterious ill,
Whom none aright can know, though all can feel.
From careless sloth thy dull existence flows,
And feeds the fountain whence itself arose:
Silent its waves with baleful influence roll,
Damp the young mind, and sink the aspiring soul,
Poison its virtues, all its powers restrain,
And blast the promise of the future man.
To thee, curst fiend, the captive wretch consign'd,
"His passions rampant, and his reason blind,"
Reason, Heaven's great vicegerent, dares disown,
And place a foolish idol in its throne;
Or wildly raise his frantic raptures higher,
And pour out blasphemies at thy desire.

⁹ See Works, p. 258.

¹⁰ RS. Original has no verse numbering.

At thy desire he bids a creature shine,
He decks a worm with attributes Divine;
Hers to angelic beauties dares prefer,
“Angels are painted fair to look like her!”
Before her shrine the lowly suppliant laid,
Adores the idol that himself has made:
From her almighty breath his doom receives,
Dies by her frown, as by her smile he lives.
Supreme she reigns in all-sufficient state,
To her he bows, from her expects his fate,
“Heaven in her love, damnation in her hate.”
He rears unhallow’d altars to her name,
Where lust lights up a black polluted flame;
Where sighs impure, as impious incense rise,
Himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice:
And thus God’s sacred word his horrid prayer supplies.

“Centre of all perfection, source of bliss,
In whom thy creature lives and moves and is,
Save, or I perish! hear my humble prayer;
Spare thy poor servant:—O, in mercy spare!
Thou art my joy, on thee depends my trust;
Hide not thy face, nor frown me into dust.
Send forth thy breath, and, raised again, I see
My joy, my life, my final bliss in thee.
For thee I am; for thee I all resign;
Be thou my one thing needful, ever mine!”

But O, forbear, presumptuous Muse, forbear,
Nor wound with rant profane the Christian ear:
A just abhorrence in my friend I see,
He starts from love, when love’s idolatry.
“Give Me thy heart,” if the Creator cries,
“’Tis given the creature,” what bold wretch replies?
Not so my friend: he wakes, he breathes again,
And “reason takes once more the slacken’d rein.”
In vain rebellious nature claims a part;
When Heaven requires, he gives up all his heart:

(“For Love Divine no partnership allows,
And Heaven averse rejects divided vows:”)
Fixt though she be, he rends the idol thence,
Nor lets her power exceed Omnipotence.
Commands his God, “Cut off the offending hand?”
He hears, obedient to his God’s command.
“Pluck out thine eye,” let the Redeemer say;
He tears, and casts the bleeding orb away.
Victorious now to nobler joys aspires,
His bosom touch’d with more than earthly fires;
He leaves rough passion for calm virtue’s road,
Gives earth for heaven, and quits a worm for God.

1 Timothy 5:6

“She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.”

By Gambold.¹¹

How hapless is the applauded virgin's lot,¹²
Her God forgetting, by her God forgot!
Stranger to truth, unknowing to obey,
In error nursed, and disciplined to stray;
Swoll'n with self-will, and principled with pride,
Sense all her good, and passion all her guide:
Pleasure its tide, and flattery lends its breath,
And smoothly waft her to eternal death!

A goddess here, she sees her votaries meet,
Crowd to her shrine, and tremble at her feet;
She hears their vows, believes their life and death
Hangs on the wrath and mercy of her breath;
Supreme in fancied state she reigns her hour,
And glories in her plenitude of power:
Herself the only object worth her care,
Since all the kneeling world was made for her.

For her, creation all its stores displays,
The silkworms labour, and the diamonds blaze:
Air, earth, and sea conspire to tempt her taste,
And ransack'd nature furnishes the feast.
Life's gaudiest pride attracts her willing eyes.
And balls, and theatres, and courts arise:
Italian songsters pant her ear to please,
Bid the first cries of infant reason cease,
Save her from thought, and lull her soul to peace.

Deep sunk in sense the imprison'd soul remains,
Nor knows its fall from God, nor feels its chains:

11 See Works, p. 270.

12 RS. Original has no verse numbering.

Unconscious still, sleeps on in error's night,
Nor strives to rise, nor struggles into light:
Heaven-born in vain, degenerate cleaves to earth,
(No pangs experienced of the second birth,)
She only fall'n, yet unawaken'd found,
While all the enthrall'd creation groans around.

John 15:18,19¹³

Where has my slumbering spirit been,
So late emerging into light?
So imperceptible, within,
The weight of this Egyptian night!

Where have they hid the WORLD so long,
So late presented to my view?
Wretch! though myself increased the throng,
Myself a part I never knew.

Secure beneath its shade I sat,
To me were all its favours shown:
I could not taste its scorn or hate;
Alas, it ever loved its own!

Jesus, if half-discerning now,
From Thee I gain this glimmering light,
Retouch my eyes, anoint them Thou,
And grant me to receive my sight.

O, may I of Thy grace obtain
The world with other eyes to see;
Its judgments false, its pleasures vain,
Its friendship enmity with Thee!

Delusive world, thy hour is past,
The folly of thy wisdom shew!
It cannot now retard my haste,
I leave thee for the holy few,

No! thou blind leader of the blind,
I bow my neck to thee no more;
I cast thy glories all behind,
And slight thy smiles, and dare thy power.

13 The text prefixed to this piece in the later editions is James 4:4.

Excluded from my Saviour's prayer,
Stain'd, yet not hallow'd, with His blood,
Shalt thou my fond affection share,
Shalt thou divide my heart with God?

No! though it rouse thy utmost rage,
Eternal enmity I vow:
Though hell with thine its powers engage,
Prepared I meet your onset now.

Load me with scorn, reproach, and shame:
My patient Master's portion give:
As evil still cast out my name,
Nor suffer such a wretch to live.

Set to thy seal that I am His;
Vile as my Lord I long to be:
My hope, my crown, my glory this,
Dying to conquer sin and thee!

Hymn to Contempt

Welcome, Contempt! stern, faithful guide,
Unpleasing, healthful food!
Hail, pride-sprung antidote of pride;
Hail, evil turn'd to good!

Thee when with awful pomp array'd
Ill-judging mortals see,
Perverse they fly with coward speed,
To guilt they fly from thee.

Yet if one haply longing stands
To choose a nobler part,
Ardent from sin's ensnaring bands
To vindicate his heart:

Present to end the doubtful strife,
Thy aid he soon shall feel;
Confirm'd by thee, though warm in life,
Bid the vain world farewell.

Through thee he treads the shining way
That saints and martyrs trod,
Shakes off the frailty of his clay,
And wings his soul for God.

His portion thou, he burns no more,
With fond desire to please;
The fierce, distracting conflict's o'er,
And all his thoughts are peace.

Sent by Almighty Pity down,
To thee alone 'tis given
With glorious infamy to crown
The favourites of Heaven.

With thee Heaven's favourite Son, when made
Incarnate, deign'd to abide;
To thee He meekly bow'd His head,
He bow'd His head, and died.

And shall I still the cup decline,
His sufferings disesteem,
Disdain to make this portion mine
When sanctified by Him?

Or, firm through Him and undismay'd,
Thy sharpest darts abide?
Sharp as the thorns that tore His head,
The spear that pierced His side.

Yes; since with thee my lot is cast,
I bless my God's decree,
Embrace with joy what He embraced,
And live and die with thee!

So when before the angelic host
To each his lot is given,
Thy name shall be in glory lost,
And mine be found in heaven!

The Agony

From Herbert.

Vain man has measured land and sea,
Fathom'd the depths of states and kings,
O'er earth and heaven explored his way:
Yet there are two vast spacious things,
To measure which doth more behove,
Yet few that sound them!—Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
To Calvary: there shall he see
A Man so pain'd, that all His hair,
His skin, His garments bloody be!
Sin is that rack, which forces pain
To hunt its food through every vein.

Wouldst thou know Love? behold the God,
The Man, who for thy ransom died:
Go taste the sacred fount that flow'd
Fast-streaming from His wounded side!
Love is that liquor most divine,
God feels as blood, but I as wine.

The Thanksgiving

From the same.

O King of grief! (how strange and true
The name, to Jesus only due!)
How, Saviour, shall I grieve for Thee?
Who in all griefs preventest me.

Then let me vie with Thee in love,
And try who there shall conqueror prove.
Giv'st Thou me wealth? I will restore
All back unto Thee by the poor.

Giv'st Thou me honour? All shall see
The honour doth belong to Thee:
A bosom-friend? If false he prove
To Thee, I will tear thence his love.

Thee shall my music find: each string
Shall have his attribute to sing;
And every note accord in Thee,
To prove one God, one harmony.

Giv'st Thou me knowledge? It shall still
Search out Thy ways, Thy works, Thy will:
Yea, I will search Thy Book, nor move
Till I have found therein Thy love.

Thy love I will turn back on Thee
O my dear Saviour, victory!
Then for Thy passion, I for that
Will do—alas, I know not what!

The Reprisal

From the same.

Well have I weigh'd it, Lord, and find
Thy mighty Passion mocks my skill:
Though I die for Thee, I'm behind;
My sins deserve the death to feel.

O were I innocent, that I
Might bring Thee offerings pure and free!
Still my attempt Thy wounds defy,
For they require me dead for Thee.

Yet will I share the conquest too:
Though I can do against Thee nought,
In Thee, O Lord, I will subdue
The man that once against Thee fought!

Matins

From the same.

I cannot open, Lord, mine eyes,
But Thou art ready still to claim
My morning soul in sacrifice:
Thine then the following day I am.

My God, what is a human heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow; or a part
Of all, or all Thy world in one?

My God, what is a human heart?
Thou softenest it with heavenly dew,
Thou pour'st upon it all Thy art,
As all Thy business were to woo.

To serve his God is man's estate;
This glorious task asks all his care:
He did not earth and heaven create,
But may know Him by whom they are.

Teach me at last Thy love to know;
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and Workman show:
A sunbeam lifts me then to Thee!

Employment

From the same.

The flower now blooms, now hangs its head:
So fleets my short-lived day!
O, may my useful fragrance spread
Before I fade away!

What though the throne I then should fill
At the great day, were mine?
The sweetness, which Thy gracious skill
Diffused, its praise were Thine.

Let me not languish, then, and spend
A life dead to Thy praise,
As is the dust to which I tend
By sure though slow decays!

All things are busy round but I
Nor honey with the bees,
Nor scent with flowers, nor husbandry
Have I to water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,
A cumbrous, fruitless weed:
O, mend my music! Give one strain
Even to my useless reed!

The Elixir

From the same.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee!

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do, be Thou the Way;
In all, be Thou the End.

A man that looks on glass,
On that may fix his eye;
Or unopposed may through it pass
And heaven behind descry.

All may of Thee partake
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done to obey Thy laws,
Even servile labours shine;
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

The elixir this, the stone
That all converts to gold:
For that which God for His doth own
Cannot for less be told.¹⁴

14 Wesley published this in his anonymous "Collection of Psalms and Hymns," 1738: but there for "small" in v.4 we read "mean;" for "is" in v.5 we read "all," and the first line of v.6 is "This is the long-sought stone," which he has restored in the second edition of "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1739, along with the title which he at first prefixed, viz., "A Single Eye."

Grace Before Meat

Fountain of Being, Source of Good!
At whose almighty breath
The creature proves our bane or food,
Dispensing life or death:

Thee we address with humble fear;
Vouchsafe Thy gifts to crown;
Father of All, Thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

O, may our souls for ever pine
Thy grace to taste and see;
Athirst for righteousness Divine,
And hungry after Thee!

For this we lift our longing eyes,
We wait the gracious word:
Speak, and our hearts from earth shall rise,
And feed upon the Lord.

Another

Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good;
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.

Trembling, we taste for ah! no more
To Thee the creatures lead;
Changed, they exert a fatal power,
And poison while they feed.

Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualise his soul.

Grov'ling on earth we still must lie
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

Come, then, our Heavenly Adam, come!
Thy healing influence give;
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live.

The bondage of corruption break!
For this our spirits groan;
Thy only will we fain would seek;
O, save us from our own.

Turn the full stream of nature's tide
Let all our actions tend
To Thee, their Source; Thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.

Earth then a scale to heaven shall be,
Sense shall point out the road;
The creatures then shall lead to Thee,
And all we taste be God!¹⁵

15 Mr. H. Moore ("Life of Wesley," 1825, vol. 2, p.348) beautifully suggests a comparison between the 5th and last verses of this hymn, and a stanza of Pope's "Universal Prayer," which runs thus: "The blessings Thy free bounty gives. Let me not cast away; For God is pleased when man receives: To enjoy is to obey." "This is very true," he says, "but is it not very flat? Let us hear our religious poet." The comparison may properly be extended to the other hymns in this volume bearing the title of "Graces."

Grace After Meat

Being of beings, God of Love,
To Thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.

Thine, wholly Thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.

Heavenward our every wish aspires:
For all Thy mercy's store
The sole return Thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace Thy will:
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,
With all Thy fulness fill!

Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

On Clemens Alexandrian's Description of a Perfect Christian¹⁶

Here from afar the finish'd height
Of holiness is seen:
But, O! what heavy tracts of toil.
What deserts lie between?

Man for the simple life Divine
What will it cost to break;
Ere pleasure soft and wily pride
No more within him speak?

What lingering anguish must corrode
The root of nature's joy?
What secret shame and dire defeats
The pride of heart destroy?

Learn thou the whole of mortal state
In stillness to sustain;
Nor soothe with false delights of earth
Whom God has doom'd to pain.

Thy mind now multitude of thoughts,
Now stupor shall distress;
The venom of each latent vice
Wild images impress.

Yet darkly safe with God thy soul
His arm still onward bears,
Till through each tempest on her face
A peace beneath appears.

16 This poem, and that which follows on p.51, "After considering some of his Friends," are not included in the edition of Gambold's Works before referred to; but the place which they occupy in the "Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems," among other poems of Gambold, and apart from those which are afterwards claimed for J. and C. W., makes it highly probable that, though his name is not prefixed, Wesley knew them to be the productions of his early friend. Clement's Description of a perfect Christian will be found in the Fourth Book of his "Stromata," or Miscellanies.

'Tis in that peace we see and act
By instincts from above;
With finer taste of wisdom fraught,
And mystic powers of love.

Yet ask not in mere ease and pomp
Of ghostly gifts to shine:
Till death the lownesses of man,
And decent griefs are thine.

Affliction

From Herbert.

When first Thou didst entice my heart
To Thee, I thought the service brave;
So many joys I for my part
Set down; besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented by Thy gracious benefits.

I view'd Thy furniture so fine,
So gay, so rich; and all for me!
Strongly it spoke the hand Divine,
And lured my ravish'd soul to Thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both Heaven and Earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want who served
A King, where joys my fellows were?
Still my fond hopes no place reserved
For pining grief, or anxious fear:
Thus did my simple soul Thy yoke embrace,
And made her youth and fierceness seek Thy face.

At first Thou gav'st me sweetnesses,
And strew'dst with flowers the narrow way:
Smoothly my soul sunk down to peace,
My every joyous month was May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh chastised with torturing pain
My soul, and sickness clave my bones;
Pale agues dwelt in every vein,
And sadly tuned my breath to groans.
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce perceived,
But by the pains I suffer'd, that I lived.

Health's slowly-lingering, vain return
A far severer loss attends;
Sudden my ravish'd life I mourn,
I lose it in my dying friends.
Defenceless now, my every comfort fled,
While grief's whole sea is emptied on my head.

How Thou wilt now Thy servant use,
Not one of all my books can say.
On Thy ignobler works I muse,
And wish like them my God to obey:
Blest, could I emulate the lifeless mass,
Flow like the stream, or flourish like the grass.

Yet must I, though oppress'd, submit
Strongly my misery to sustain;
Or I will now the service quit,
And straight some other master gain.
Ah! my dear Lord, though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not!

Frailty

From the same.

Lord, how in silence I despise
The giddy worldling's snare!
This beauty, riches, honour, toys
Not worth a moment's care.
Hence, painted dust, and gilded clay!
You have no charms for me:
Delusive breath, be far away!
I waste no thought on thee.

But when abroad at once I view
Both the world's hosts and Thine!
Those simple, sad, afflicted, few;
These numerous, gay, and fine:
Lost my resolves, my scorn is past,
I boast my strength no more;
A willing slave they bind me fast
With unresisted power.

O, brook not this; let not Thy foes
Profane Thy hallow'd shrine:
Thine is my soul, by sacred vows
Of strictest union Thine!
Hear then my just, though late request,
Once more the captive free;
Renew Thy image in my breast,
And claim my heart for Thee.

The Collar

From the same.

No more, I cried, shall grief be mine,
I will throw off the load;
No longer weep, and sigh, and pine
To find an absent God.

Free as the Muse, my wishes move,
Through Nature's wilds they roam:
Loose as the wind, ye wanderers, rove,
And bring me pleasure home!

Still shall I urge, with endless toil,
Yet not obtain my suit?
Still shall I plant the ungrateful soil,
Yet never taste the fruit?

Not so, my heart!—for fruit there is:
Seize it with eager haste;
Riot in joys, dissolve in bliss,
And pamper every taste.

On right and wrong thy thoughts no more
In cold dispute employ;
Forsake thy cell, the bounds pass o'er,
And give a loose to joy.

Conscience and Reason's power deride,
Let stronger Nature draw;
Self be thy end, and Sense thy guide,
And Appetite thy law.

Away, ye shades, while light I rise,
I tread you all beneath!
Grasp the dear hours my youth supplies,
Nor idly dream of death.

Who'er enslaved to grief and pain,
Yet starts from pleasure's road,
Still let him weep, and still complain,
And sink beneath his load.—

But as I raved, and grew more wild
And fierce at every word,
Methought I heard One calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

Grace

From the same.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Does Thy past gifts improve:
O, let Thy graces without cease
Drop gently from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
Earth would a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives: O, let grace
Drop gently from above.

The dew unsought each morning falls:
Less bounteous is Thy dove?
The dew for which my spirit calls
Drop gently from above.

Death is still digging like a mole
My grave, where'er I move;
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop gently from above.

Sin is still spreading o'er my heart
A hardness void of love;
Let suppling grace, to cross her art,
Drop gently from above.

O, come; for Thou dost know the way!
Or, if Thou wilt not move,
Translate me, where I need not say
Drop gently from above.

Gratefulness

From the same.

Thou, who hast given so much to me,
O, give a grateful heart:
See how Thy beggar works on Thee
By acceptable art!

He makes Thy gifts occasion more;
And says, if here he's crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore,
Thyself and all, is lost.

But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Our wants Thy aid did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
Such needy worms to save.

Perpetual knockings at Thy door,
Tears sullyng all Thy rooms;
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And still Thy suppliant comes.

Yet Thy unwearied love went on;
Allow'd us all our noise;
Nay, Thou hast dignified a groan,
And made a sigh Thy joys.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again,
Nor canst Thou quiet be,
Till my repeated suit obtain
A thankful heart from Thee.

Hear then, and thankfulness impart
Continual as Thy grace;
O, add to all Thy gifts a heart
Whose pulse may be Thy praise!

The Method

From the same.

Lament, unhappy heart, lament!
Since God refuses still
To hear thy prayer, some discontent
Unknown must cool His will.

Doubtless thy heavenly Father could
Give all thy suit does move;
For He is power and sure He would
Give all; for He is Love.

Go then the secret cause explore,
Go search thy inmost soul:
Let earth divide thy care no more,
Since heaven requires the whole.

Ha! what do I here written see?
It tells me "Yesterday
Cold I preferr'd my careless plea,
And only seem'd to pray."

But stay—What read I written there?
"Something I would have done;
His Spirit moved me to forbear,
Yet boldly I went on."

Then bend once more thy knees and pray,
Once more lift up thy voice:
Seek pardon first; and God will say,
"Again, glad heart, rejoice."

“Grieve not the Holy Spirit”¹⁷

From the same.

And art Thou grieved, O sacred Dove,
When I despise or cross Thy love?
Grieved for a worm; when every tread
Crushes, and leaves the reptile dead!

Then mirth be ever banish'd hence,
Since Thou art pain'd by my offence:
I sin not to my grief alone,
The Comforter within doth groan.

Then weep, my eyes, for God doth grieve!
Weep, foolish heart, and weeping live:
Tears for the living mourner plead,
But ne'er avail the hopeless dead.

Lord, I adjudge myself to grief,
To endless tears without relief:
Yet O! to exact Thy due forbear,
And spare a feeble creature, spare!

Still if I wail not, (still to wail
Nature denies, and flesh would fail,
Lord, pardon; for Thy Son makes good
My want of tears, with store of blood.

17 Ephesians 4:30.

The Sigh

From the same.

My heart did heave, and there came forth "O God!"
By that I knew that Thou wast in the grief,
(Making a golden sceptre of Thy rod,
To guide and govern it to my relief.
Hadst Thou not had a more than equal part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since Thy will my bounds of life assign'd,
Thou know'st my frame and if a single sigh
Ask so much breath, what then remains behind?
Why! if some years of life together fly,
The swiftly-wafting sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss!

Thy life on earth was grief: to this Thou still
Art constant, while Thy suffering Majesty,
Touch'd with my misery, feels whate'er I feel,
Adopts my woes, and daily grieves in me.
Thy death was but begun on Calvary;
Thou every hour dost in Thy members die!

The Flower

From the same.

While sad my heart, and blasted mourns,
How cheering, Lord, are Thy returns,
How sweet the life, the joys they bring!
Grief in Thy presence melts away.
Refresh'd I hail the gladsome day,
As flowers salute the rising spring.

Who would have thought my wither'd heart
Again should feel Thy sovereign art,
A kindly warmth again should know?
Late like the flower, whose drooping head
Sinks down, and seeks its native bed
To see the mother-root below.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening! One short hour
Lifts up to heaven, and sinks to hell:
Thy will supreme disposes all;
We prove Thy justice in our fall,
Thy mercy in our rise we feel.

O that my latest change were o'er!
O were I placed where sin no more,
With its attendant grief, could come!
Stranger to change, I then should rise
Amidst the plants of paradise,
And flourish in eternal bloom.

Many a spring since here I grew,
I seem'd my verdure to renew,
And higher still to rise and higher:
Water'd by tears, and fann'd by sighs,
I pour'd my fragrance through the skies,
And heavenward ever seem'd to aspire.

But while I grow, as heaven were mine,
Thine anger comes, and I decline;
Faded my bloom, my glory lost:
Who can the deadly cold sustain,
Or stand beneath the chilling pain
When blasted by Thine anger's frost?

And now in age I bud again,
Once more I feel the vernal rain;
Though dead so oft, I live and write:
Sure I but dream! It cannot be
That I, my God, that I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
Thy mercy thus delights to prove
We are but flowers that bloom and die!
Soon as this saving truth we see,
Within Thy garden placed by Thee,
Time we survive, and death defy.

Desertion

From the same.

Joy of my soul, when Thou art gone,
And I (which cannot be) alone;
(It cannot, Lord! for I on Thee
Depend, and Thou abid'st in me;)—

But when Thou dost the sense repress,
The ecstatic influence of Thy grace;
Seem to desert Thy loved abode,
And leave me sunk beneath my load:

O, what a damp and deadly shade,
What horrors then my soul invade!
Less ghastly lours the gloomiest night
Than the eclipse that veils Thy light.

O! do not, do not thus withdraw,
Lest sin surprise me void of awe,
And when Thou dost but shine less clear,
Say boldly, that Thou art not here.

Thou, Lord, and only Thou canst tell
How dead the life which then I feel;
Pursued by sin's insulting boast,
That "I may seek—but Thou art lost!"

I half believe (the deadly cold
Does all my powers so fast infold)
That sin says true. But while I grieve,
Again I see Thy face, and live!

A True Hymn

From the same.

My Joy, my Life, my Crown of bliss,
My heart was musing all the day,
Fain would it speak; yet only this,
“My Joy, my Life, my Crown,” could say.

Few as they are, and void of art,
Yet slight not, Lord, these humble words:
Fine is that hymn which speaks the heart,
The heart that to the lines accords.

He who requires His creature’s time,
And all his soul, and strength, and mind,
Complains, if heartless flows the rhyme,
What makes the hymn is still behind:

The scanty verse himself supplies,
But let the fervent heart be moved;
And when it says with longing sighs,
“O, could I love!” God writeth, “Loved!”

The Temper

From the same.

O Lord, how gladly would my rhymes
Engrave Thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!

Though there were forty heavens or more,
Sometimes I mount them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

Rack me not to such vast extent;
These lengths belong to Thee;
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

O, mete not arms with man, nor stretch
A worm from heaven to hell!
Strive not with dust, nor let a wretch
Thy power almighty feel.

Yet take Thy way: Thy way is best;
Grant or deny me ease:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music please.

Rise I to heaven, or sink to dust,
In both Thy hands appear;
Thy power and love, my love and trust
Make one place everywhere!

The Same

It cannot be! Is this the heart
That swell'd so late with mighty joy?
Lord, if Thou needs must use Thy dart,
Spare Thy own gifts, and sin destroy.

The greater world knows no decay;
But Thy diviner world of grace
A new Creator every day
Thou suddenly dost rear or raise.

Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
That all my powers Thy sway may own:
For ah! my Lord, if Thou depart,
Straight rebel Nature mounts Thy throne.

Though heaven be moved, may I remain
Steadfast, and centred firm on Thee:
Here fix Thy court, and still maintain
A standing Majesty in me!

Bitter-Sweet

From the same.

Ah, my dear, angry Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike,
Cast down, and yet Thy help afford,
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise,
Bewail, and yet approve,
And all my mournful, joyful days
I will lament, and love.

A Hymn for Midnight¹⁸

While midnight shades the earth o'erspread,
And veil the bosom of the deep,
Nature reclines her weary head,
And care respire and sorrows sleep:
My soul still aims at nobler rest,
Aspiring to her Saviour's breast.

Aid me, ye hovering spirits near,
Angels and ministers of grace;
Who ever, while you guard us here,
Behold your Heavenly Father's face!
Gently my raptured soul convey
To regions of eternal day.

Fain would I leave this earth below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me from my God:
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since death alone confirms me His.¹⁹

Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home;
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting till the Bridegroom come
Come quickly, Lord! Thy own receive;
Now let me see Thy face, and live.

Absent from Thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans;

18 In some editions this title was changed to "A Midnight Hymn for one under the Law." Wesley saw how this phrase had been misapprehended; and in a copy of the 5th edition, now before me, it is corrected with his own hand to "A Midnight Hymn for one convinced of Sin."

19 Against these words Wesley writes "No." In the "Large Hymn-Book" we find them altered to "Since faith alone," and "Error," v.6, l.1, exchanged for "Sorrow."

Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And labouring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord! Thy face display,
And look my midnight into day.

Error, and sin, and death are o'er,
If Thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,
If Thou, the God, the Saviour come:
Of Thee possest, in Thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

After Considering Some of his Friends

Why do the deeds of happier men
Into a mind return,
Which can, oppress'd by bands of sloth,
With no such ardours burn?

God of my life and all my powers,
The Everlasting Friend!
Shall life so favour'd in its dawn
Be fruitless in its end?

To Thee, O Lord, my tender years
A trembling duty paid,
With glimpses of the mighty God
Delighted and afraid.

From parents' eye, and paths of men,
Thy touch I ran to meet;
It swell'd the hymn, and seal'd the prayer,
Twas calm, and strange, and sweet!

Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood:

Thy dew came down—my heart was Thine,
It knew nor doubt nor strife;
Cool now and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.

Full of myself, I oft forsook
The now, the truth, and Thee,
For sanguine hope, or sensual gust,
Or earthborn sophistry.

The folly thrived, and came in sight
Too gross for life to bear;
I smote the breast for man too base,
I smote—and God was there!

Still will I hope for voice and strength
To glorify Thy Name;
Though I must die to all that's mine,
And suffer all my shame.

Religious Discourse

By Gambold.²⁰

To speak for God, to sound Religion's praise,²¹
Of sacred passions the wise warmth to raise;
To infuse the contrite wish to conquest nigh,
And point the steps mysterious as they lie;
To seize the wretch in full career of lust,
And soothe the silent sorrows of the just:
Who would not bless for this the gift of speech,
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich?

But who must talk? Not the mere modern sage
Who suits the soften'd Gospel to the age;
Who ne'er to raise degenerate practice strives,
But brings the precept down to Christians' lives:
Not he, who maxims from cold reading took,
And never saw himself but through a book:
Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace,
Soon sinks extinguish'd as a comet's blaze:
Not he, who strains in Scripture phrase to abound,
Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound:
But he, who silence loves, and never dealt
In the false commerce of a Truth unfelt.

Guilty you speak, if subtle from within
Blows on your words the self-admiring sin;
If, unresolved to choose the better part,
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart:
But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind,
Above self-seeking blest, on God reclined,
Feels Him at once suggest unlabour'd sense,
And ope a sluice of sweet benevolence.

20 See Works, as before, p.251. More than thirty years after it was first published, Wesley inserted this piece in the "Arminian Magazine" (vol. 4, p.170) with a commendatory note; omitting, however, the 9th paragraph, from which, in the copy referred to on p.49 as corrected with his own hand, he expresses his entire dissent.

21 RS. The original has no verse numbering.

Some high behests of Heaven you then fulfil,
Sprung from His light your words, and issuing by
His will.

Nor yet expect so mystically long,
Till certain inspiration loose your tongue:
Express the precept runs, "Do good to all;"
Nor adds, "Whene'er you find an inward call."
'Tis God commands: no farther motive seek,
Speak or without, or with reluctance speak:
To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,
And kindle, till you catch the Gospel fire.
Discoveries immature of truth decline,
Nor prostitute the Gospel pearl to swine.
Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,
The vileness, or the treasures of your soul.
If spurn'd by some, where weak on earth you lie;
If judged a cheat or dreamer, where you fly;
Here the sublimer strain, the exerted air
Forego; you're at the bar, not in the chair.

To the pert reasoner if you speak at all,
Speak what within his cognizance may fall:
Expose not truths Divine to reason's rack,
Give him his own beloved ideas back;
Your notions, till they look like his, dilute;
Blind he must be—but save him from dispute!
But when we're turn'd of reason's noontide glare,
And things begin to show us what they are,
More free to such your true conceptions tell;
Yet graft them on the arts where they excel.
If sprightly sentiments detain their taste;
If paths of various learning they have traced;
If their cool judgment longs, yet fears to fix:
Fire, erudition, hesitation mix.

All rules are dead: 'tis from the heart you draw
The living lustre, and unerring law.

A state of thinking in your manner show,
Nor fiercely soaring, nor supinely low:
Others their lightness and each inward fault
Quench in the stillness of your deeper thought,
Let all your gestures fix'd attention draw,
And wide around diffuse infectious awe;
Present with God by recollection seem,
Yet present, by your cheerfulness, with them.

Without elation, Christian glories paint,
Nor by fond amorous phrase assume the saint.
Greet not frail men with compliments untrue,
With smiles to peace confirm'd and conquest due.
There are who watch to adore the dawn of grace,
And pamper the young proselyte with praise:
Kind, humble souls! They with a right good will
Admire his progress—till he stands stock still.

Speak but to thirsty minds of things Divine,
Who strong for thought, are free in yours to join.
The busy from his channel parts with pain,
The languid loathes an elevated strain:
With these you aim but at good-natured chat,
Where all, except the love, is low and flat.

Not one address will different tempers fit,
The grave and gay, the heavy and the wit.
Wits will sift you; and most conviction find
Where least 'tis urged, and seems the least design'd.
Slow minds are merely passive, and forget
Truths not inculcated to these repeat,
Avow your counsel, nor abstain from heat.

Some gentle souls, to gay indifference true,
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you.
Let love turn babbler here, and caution sleep;
Blush not for shallow speech, nor muse for deep:
These to your humour, not your sense attend;

'Tis not the advice that sways them, but the friend.
Others have large recesses in their breast,
With pensive process all they hear digest:
Here well-weigh'd words with wary foresight sow,
For all you say will sink, and every seed will grow.

At first acquaintance press each truth severe,
Stir the whole odium of your character:
Let harshest doctrines all your words engross,
And Nature bleeding on the daily cross.
Then to yourself the ascetic rule enjoin,
To others stoop surprisingly benign;
Pitying, if from themselves with pain they part,
If stubborn Nature long holds out the heart.
Their outworks now are gain'd; forbear to press,
The more you urge them, you prevail the less;
Let speech lay by its roughness to oblige,
Your speaking life will carry on the siege
By your example struck, to God they strive
To live, no longer to themselves alive.

To positive adepts insidious yield,
To ensure the conquest seem to quit the field:
Large in your grants; be their opinion shown
Approve, amend—and wind it to your own.
Couch in your hints, if more resign'd they hear,
Both what they will be soon, and what they are:
Pleasing these words now to their conscious breast,
The anticipating voice hereafter blest.

In souls just waked the paths of light to choose,
Convictions keen, and zeal of prayer infuse.
Let them love rules; till freed from passion's reign,
Till blameless moral rectitude they gain.

But lest, reform'd from each extremer ill,
They should but civilize old Nature still,
The loftier charms and energy display

Of virtue modell'd by the Godhead's Ray;
The lineaments Divine, Perfection's plan,
And all the grandeur of the inner man.
Commences thus the agonizing strife
Previous to Nature's death, and second life:

Struck by their own inclement piercing eye,
Their feeble virtues blush, subside, and die;
They view the scheme that mimic Nature made,
A fancied goodness, and religion's shade;
With angry scorn they now reject the whole,
Unchanged their heart, undeified their soul;
Till indignation sleeps away to faith,
And God's own power and peace take root in sacred
wrath.

Aim less to teach than love. The work begun
In words, is crown'd by artless warmth alone.
Love to your friend a second office owes,
Yourself and him before Heaven's footstool throws:
You place his form as suppliant by your side,
(A helpless worm, for whom the Saviour died,)
Into his soul call down the eternal beam,
And longing ask to spend and to be spent for him.

Man's Medley

From Herbert.

Hark how the woods with music ring,
How sweet the feather'd minstrels sing!
They have their joys, and man has his:
Yet, if we judge our state aright,
The present is not man's delight;
Hereafter brings his perfect bliss.

This life belongs to things of sense,
Justly to this they make pretence;
Angels possess the next by birth:
Man, groveling, glorious man alone,
Angel and brute unites in one,
While this hand heaven, that touches earth.

Glorious in soul, he mounts and flies;
Groveling²² in flesh, he sinks and dies:
His treasure holds in earth confined:
The body's calls forbid to hear,
Born to regard with listening ear
The dictates of his nobler mind.

Not but his gracious Master here
Allows and bids him taste the cheer:
As birds, that drinking lift their head,
Thankful like them He bids him drink,
And of those streams of pleasure think
That ever cheer the immortal dead.

His joys are double—and his pains;
While of two winters he complains,
The brute creation feels but one:
Round, and within him, tempests roll;

22 RS. Original is "groveling."

Frost chills his veins, and thought his soul;
Two deaths he fears, and he alone.

Yet even the sharpest, heaviest grief
May with it bring its own relief,
If right his state the sufferer weighs:
Happy the man who finds the art
To turn, by thankfulness of heart,
His double pains to double praise!

Misery

From the same.

Lord, let the angels praise Thy name;
Man is a feeble, foolish thing!
Folly and sin play all his game;
Still burns his house, he still doth sing:
To-day he's here, tomorrow gone,
The madman knows it—and sings on.

How canst Thou brook his foolishness?
When heedless of the voice Divine,
Himself alone he seeks to please,
And carnal joys prefers to Thine;
Eager through Nature's wilds to rove,
Nor awed by fear, nor charm'd by love.

What strange pollutions does he wed,
Slave to his senses and to sin!
Naked of God, his guilty head
He strives in midnight shades to screen:
Fondly he hopes from Thee to fly,
Unmark'd by Thine all-seeing eye.

The best of men to evil yield,²³
If but the slightest trial come;
They fall, by Thee no more upheld:
And when affliction calls them home,
Thy gentle rod they scarce endure,
And murmur to accept their cure.

Wayward they haste, while Nature leads,
To escape Thee; but Thy gracious Dove
Still mildly o'er their folly spreads
The wings of His expanded love:

23 "No!" is Wesley's manuscript note here.

Thou bring'st them back, nor sufferest those
Who would be, to remain Thy foes.

My God, Thy Name man cannot praise,
All brightness Thou, all purity!
The sun in his meridian blaze
Is darkness, if compared to Thee.
O, how shall sinful worms proclaim?
Shall man presume to speak Thy Name?

Man cannot serve Thee: all his care,
Engross'd by grovelling appetite,
Is fix'd on earth; his treasure there,
His portion, and his base delight:
He starts from Virtue's thorny road,
Alive to sin, but dead to God!

Ah, foolish man, where are thine eyes?
Lost in a crowd of earthly cares:
Thy indolence neglects to rise,
While husks to heaven thy soul prefers:
Careless the starry crown to seize,
By pleasure bound, or lull'd by ease.

To God, through all creation's bounds,
The unconscious kinds their homage bring;
His praise through every grove resounds,
Nor know the warblers whom they sing;
But man, lord of the creatures, knows
The Source from whence their being flows.

He owns a God—but eyes Him not;
But lets his mad disorders reign:
They make his life a constant blot,
And Blood Divine an offering vain.
Ah, wretch! thy heart unsearchable,
Thy ways mysterious who can tell!

Perfect at first, and blest his state,
Man in his Maker's image shone;
In innocence divinely great
He lived; he lived to God alone:
His heart was love, his pulse was praise,
And light and glory deck'd his face.

But alter'd now, and fall'n he is,
Immersed in flesh, and dead within;
Dead to the taste of native bliss,
And ever sinking into sin:
Nay, by his wretched self undone.
Such is man's state—and such my own!

The Sinner

From the same.

When all the secrets of my heart
With horror, Lord, I see,
Thine is, I find, the smallest part,
Though all be due to Thee.
Thy footsteps scarce appear within,
But lustrous a countless crowd;
The immense circumference is sin,
A point is all my good.

O, break my bonds, let sin enthrall
My struggling soul no more;
Hear Thy fall'n creature's feeble call,
Thine image, O, restore!

And though my heart, senseless and hard,
To Thee can scarcely groan,
Yet O, remember, gracious Lord,
Thou once didst write in stone!

Repentance

From the same.

Lord, I confess my sin is great
Great is my sin O, gently treat
Thy tender flower, Thy fading bloom,
Whose life's still aiming at a tomb.

Have mercy, Lord! Lo, I confess,
I feel, I mourn my foolishness.
O, spare me, whom Thy hands have made,
A withering leaf, a fleeting shade.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl
Which Thou hast pour'd into my soul!
O, tarry not! If still Thou stay,
Here sets in death my short-lived day.

When Thou for sin rebukest man,
His drooping heart is fill'd with pain;
Blasted his strength, his beauty too
Consumes away as morning dew.

When wilt Thou sin and grief destroy,
That all the broken bones may joy;
And at Thy all-reviving word
Dead sinners rise, and praise the Lord?

Complaining

From the same.

Thou, Lord, my power and wisdom art;
O, do not then reject my heart!
Thy clay that weeps, Thy dust I am
That calls; O, put me not to shame!

Thy glories, Lord, in all things shine,
Thine is the deed, the praise is Thine:
A feeble, helpless creature, I
Do at Thy pleasure live or die.

Art Thou all Justice?—shows Thy Word
Through every page an angry Lord?
Am I all tears?—Is this to live?
Is all my business here to grieve?

Fill not my life's short hour with pain;
Or, O! contract the wretched span:
So shall I mount from sorrow free,
And find relief and heaven in Thee.

Home

From the same.

Faint is my head, and sick my heart,
While Thou dost ever, ever stay!
Fix'd in my soul I feel Thy dart,
Groaning I feel it night and day.
Come, Lord, and show Thyself to me,
Or take, O, take me up to Thee!

Canst Thou withhold Thy healing grace,
So kindly lavish of Thy blood;
When swiftly trickling down Thy face,
For me the purple current flow'd!
Come, Lord, and show, &c.

When man was lost, love look'd about.
To see what help in earth or sky:
In vain; for none appear'd without,
The help did in Thy bosom lie!
Come, Lord, &c.

There lay Thy Son; but left His rest
Thralldom and misery to remove
From those, who glory once possess'd,
But wantonly abused Thy love.
Come, Lord, &c.

He came—O, my Redeemer dear!
And canst Thou after this be strange?
Not yet within my heart appear?
Can love like Thine or fail or change?
Come, Lord, &c.

But if Thou tarriest, why must I?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe—hence let them fly,

The clouds that part my soul and Thee.
Come, Lord, &c.

Why should this weary world delight,
Or sense the immortal spirit bind?
Why should frail beauty's charms invite,
The trifling charms of womankind?
Come, Lord, &c.

A sigh Thou breath'st into my heart,
And earthly joys I view with scorn:
Far from my soul, ye dreams, depart,
Nor mock me with your vain return!
Come, Lord, &c.

Sorrow and sin, and loss and pain,
Are all that here on earth we see;
Restless we pant for ease in vain,
In vain—till ease we find in Thee.
Come, Lord, &c.

Idly we talk of harvests here;
Eternity our harvest is:
Grace brings the great sabbatic year,
When ripen'd into glorious bliss.
Come, Lord, &c.

O, loose this frame, life's knot untie,
That my free soul may use her wing;
Now pinion'd with mortality,
A weak, entangled, wretched thing!
Come, Lord, &c.

Why should I longer stay and groan?
The most of me to heaven is fled:
My thoughts and joys are thither gone;
To all below I now am dead.

Come, Lord, &c.

Come, dearest Lord! my soul's desire
With eager pantings gasps for home:
Thee, Thee my restless hopes require;
My flesh and spirit bid Thee come!
Come, Lord, and show Thyself to me,
Or take, O, take me up to Thee!

Longings

From the same.

With bended knees, and aching eyes,
Weary and faint, to Thee my cries,
To Thee my tears, my groans I send:
O, when shall my complainings end?

Wither'd my heart, like barren ground
Accursed of God; my head turns round,
My throat is hoarse: I faint, I fall,
Yet falling still for pity call.

Eternal streams of pity flow
From Thee their Source to earth below:
Mothers are kind, because Thou art,
Thy tenderness o'erflows their heart.

Lord of my soul, bow down Thine ear,
Hear, Bowels of Compassion, hear!
O, give not to the winds my prayer:
Thy Name, Thy hallow'd Name is there!

Look on my sorrows, mark them well,
The shame, the pangs, the fires I feel:
Consider, Lord; Thine ear incline!
Thy Son hath made my sufferings Thine.

Thou, Jesu, on the accursed tree
Didst bow Thy dying head for me:
Incline it now! Who made the ear,
Shall He, shall He forget to hear?

See Thy poor dust, in pity see;
It stirs, it creeps, it aims at Thee!
Haste, save it from the greedy tomb!
Come!—every atom bids Thee come!

Tis Thine to help! Forget me not!
O, be Thy mercy ne'er forgot!
Lock'd is Thy ear? Yet still my plea
May speed; for Mercy keeps the key.

Thou tarriest, while I sink, I die,
And fall to nothing! Thou on high
Seest me undone. Yet am I styled
By Thee (lost as I am) Thy child!

Didst Thou for this forsake Thy throne?
Where are Thy ancient mercies gone?
Why should my pain my guilt survive,
And sin be dead, yet sorrow live?

Yet sin is dead; and yet abide
Thy promises; they speak, they chide.
They in Thy bosom pour my tears,
And my complaints present as theirs.

Hear, Jesu! hear my broken heart!
Broken so long, that every part
Hath got a tongue that ne'er shall cease,
Till Thou pronounce, "Depart in peace."

My Love, my Saviour, hear my cry;
By these Thy feet at which I lie!
Pluck out Thy dart! regard my sighs;
Now heal my soul, or now it dies.

The Search

From the same.

Whither, O whither art Thou fled,
My Saviour and my Love?
My searches are my daily bread,
Yet unsuccessful prove.
My knees on earth, on heaven mine eye
Is fix'd; and yet the sphere,
And yet the centre both deny
That Thou, my God, art there.

Yet can I mark that herbs below
Their fragrant greens display,
As if to meet Thee they did know,
While wither'd I decay.
Yet can I mark how stars above
With conscious lustre shine,
Their glories borrowing from Thy love,
While I in darkness pine.

I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,
Drawn from my heart in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow; but my scout
Return'd, alas! in vain.
Another from my endless store
I turn'd into a groan,
Because the search was dumb before
But all, alas! was one.

Where is my God? What secret place
Still holds, and hides Thee still?
What covert dares eclipse Thy face?—
Is it Thy awful will?
O, let not that Thy presence bound:
Rather let walls of brass,
Let seas and mountains gird Thee round,

And I through all will pass.

Thy will so vast a distance is,
Remotest points combine,
East touches west, compared to this,
And heaven and hell conjoin.
Take then these bars, these lengths away,
Turn and restore my soul
Thy love omnipotent display,
Approach! and make me whole.

When Thou, my Lord, my God art nigh,
Nor life, nor death can move,
Nor deepest hell, nor powers on high
Can part me from Thy love.
For as Thy absence passes far
The widest distance known,
Thy presence brings my soul so near,
That Thou and I are one!

Discipline

From the same.

O, throw away Thy rod,
O, throw away Thy wrath!
My gracious Saviour and my God,
O, take the gentle path!

Thou seest, my heart's desire
Still unto Thee is bent:
Still does my longing soul aspire
To an entire consent.

Not even a word or look
Do I approve or own,
But by the model of Thy Book,
Thy sacred Book alone.

Although I fail, I weep;
Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.

O, then, let wrath remove
For love will do the deed!
Love will the conquest gain; with love
Even stony hearts will bleed.

For love is swift of foot,
Love is a man of war;
Love can resistless arrows shoot.
And hit the mark from far.

Who can escape his bow?
That which hath wrought on Thee,
Which brought the King of Glory low,
Must surely work on me.

O, throw away Thy rod;
What though man frailties hath?
Thou art my Saviour and my God!
O, throw away Thy wrath!

Divine Love

From the German.²⁴

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.²⁵

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would but though my will
Be fix'd, yet wide my passions rove.
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,

24 This translation from Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769) was made by Wesley while he was at Savannah, in 1736, and printed in "Psalms and Hymns," 1738. The original, beginning "Verborgne Gottes Liebe du", may be found in the Herrnhuth Collection, 1737, p. 483. That translation agrees with this, except in v. 4, where we read: Ah tear it thence, that Thou alone May'st reign unrivall'd Monarch there: From earthly loves I must be free Ere I can find repose in Thee. But after the ever-memorable 24th of May, 1738, Wesley knew "the way of God more perfectly;" and wrote as in the text. In a final revision for the "Large Hymn-Book," 1780, he changed "Be" in v.2, l.4, into "Seem," and made the closing couplet of v.8 precatory, in accordance with the two preceding, by changing "is" in the last line into "be."

25 Comp. Augustine's Confessions, I, i.

The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

O, hide this SELF from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!

O LOVE, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care:
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there.
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba, Father," cry.

Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame.
O, help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of Thy love!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love is all my choice!

Written in the Beginning of a Recovery from Sickness

Peace, fluttering soul! the storm is o'er,
Ended at last the doubtful strife:
Respiring now, the cause explore
That bound thee to a wretched life.

When on the margin of the grave,
Why did I doubt my Saviour's art?
Ah! why mistrust His will to save?
What meant that faltering of my heart?

'Twas not the searching pain within
That fill'd my coward flesh with fear;
Nor conscience of uncancell'd sin;
Nor sense of dissolution near.

Of hope I felt no joyful ground,
The fruit of righteousness alone;
Naked of Christ my soul I found,
And started from a God unknown,

Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,
Could I His purer presence bear?
Unchanged, unhallow'd, unrenew'd
Could I before His face appear?

Father of mercies, hear my call!
Ere yet returns the fatal hour,
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,
And raise me by Thy quickening power.

My nature re-exchange for Thine;
Be Thou my life, my hope, my gain;
Arm me in panoply Divine,
And Death shall shake his dart in vain.

When I Thy promised Christ have seen,
And clasp'd Him in my soul's embrace,
Possess of my salvation, then—
Then, let me, Lord, depart in peace!

After a Recovery from Sickness

And live I yet by power Divine?
And have I still my course to run?
Again brought back in its decline
The shadow of my parting sun?

Wondering I ask, Is this the breast
Struggling so late and torn with pain?
The eyes that upward look'd for rest,
And dropt their weary lids again?

The recent horrors still appear:
O, may they never cease to awe!
Still be the King of Terrors near,
Whom late in all his pomp I saw.

Torture and sin prepared his way,
And pointed to a yawning tomb!
Darkness behind eclipsed the day,
And check'd my forward hopes of home.

My feeble flesh refused to bear
Its strong redoubled agonies:
When Mercy heard my speechless prayer,
And saw me faintly gasp for ease.

Jesus to my deliverance flew,
Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay:
Pale Death his ancient Conqueror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasp'd his prey!

The fever turn'd its backward course,
Arrested by Almighty power;
Sudden expired its fiery force,
And anguish gnaw'd my side no more.

God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn,
To love my God I only live!

To Thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak Thy co-extended praise.

How shall I teach the world to love,
Unchanged myself, unloosed my tongue?
Give me the power of faith to prove,
And mercy shall be all my song.

Be all my added life employ'd
Thy image in my soul to see:
Fill with Thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass Thee!

O, give me, Saviour, give me more!
Thy mercies to my soul reveal:
Alas! I see their endless store,
Yet, O! I cannot, cannot feel!

The blessing of Thy love bestow:
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

I'll weary Thee with my complaint;
Here at Thy feet for ever lie,
With longing sick, with groaning faint:
O, give me love, or else I die!

Without this best, divinest grace
'Tis death, 'tis worse than death to live;

'Tis hell to want Thy blissful face,
And saints in Thee their heaven receive.

Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me Thy lasting home!
Be mindful of Thy gracious word,
Thou with Thy promised Father, come!

Prepare, and then possess my heart;
O, take me, seize me from above:
Thee do I love, for God Thou art;
Thee do I feel, for God is love!

A Prayer Under Convictions

Father of Lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er Thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness providently nigh
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To Thee I look: my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

Since by Thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants; for help they call;
And ere I speak, Thou know'st them all.

Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

Fain would I know, as known by Thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My total misery reveal:
Ah, give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

Scarce I begin my sad complaint,

When all my warmest wishes faint;
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
When all my kindling ardours die;
Nor hopes nor fears my bosom move,
For still I cannot, cannot love.

Father, I want a thankful heart;
I want to taste how good Thou art;
To plunge me in Thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend Thy love to me,—
The breadth, and length, and depth, and height
Of Love divinely infinite.

Father, I long my soul to raise,
And dwell for ever on Thy praise;
Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,
In ecstasy unspeakable;
While the full power of FAITH I know,
And reign triumphant here below.

The Fifty-Third Chapter of Isaiah

Who hath believed the tidings? Who?
Or felt the joys our words impart?
Gladly confess'd our record true,
And found the Saviour in his heart?
Planted in nature's barren ground,
And cherish'd by Jehovah's care,
There shall the Immortal Seed be found,
The Root Divine shall flourish there.

See the Desire of Nations comes,
Nor outward pomp bespeaks Him near:
A veil of flesh the God assumes,
A servant's form He stoops to wear.
He lays His every glory by;
Ignobly low, obscurely mean,
Of beauty void, in reason's eye,
The Source of Loveliness is seen.

Rejected and despised of men,
A Man of griefs, inured to woe;
His only intimate is pain,
And grief is all His life below.
We saw, and from the irksome sight
Disdainfully our faces turn'd;
Hell follow'd Him with fierce despite,
And earth the humble Object scorn'd.

Surely for us He humbled was,
And grieved with sorrows not His own:
Of all His woes were we the cause,
We fill'd His soul with pangs unknown.
Yet Him the Offender we esteem'd,
Stricken by Heaven's vindictive rod,
Afflicted for Himself we deem'd,
And punish'd by an angry God.

But, O! with our transgressions stain'd,
For our offence He wounded was;
Ours were the sins that bruised and pain'd
And scourged, and nail'd Him to the cross.
The chastisement that bought our peace,
To sinners due, on Him was laid:
Conscience, be still! Thy terrors cease!
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid.

What though we all as wandering sheep
Have left our God, and loved to stray,
Refused His mild commands to keep,
And madly urged the downward way?
Father, on Him Thy bolt did fall,
The mortal law Thy Son fulfill'd,
Thou laid'st on Him the guilt of all,
And by His stripes we all are heal'd.

Accused, His mouth He open'd not;
He answer'd not, by wrongs oppress'd.
Pure though He was from sinful spot,
Our guilt He silently confess'd.
Meek as a lamb to slaughter led,
A sheep before His shearers dumb,
To suffer in the sinner's stead
Behold the Spotless Victim come!

Who could His heavenly birth declare,
When bound by man He silent stood;
When worms arraign'd Him at their bar,
And doom'd to death the Eternal God!
Patient the sufferings to sustain,
The vengeance to transgressors due,
Guiltless He groan'd and died for man:
Sinners, rejoice, He died for you!

For your imputed guilt He bled,
Made sin a sinful world to save;

Meekly He sunk among the dead:
The rich supplied an honour'd grave!
For, O! devoid of sin, and free
From actual or entail'd offence,
No sinner in Himself was He,
But pure and perfect innocence.

Yet Him the Almighty Father's will
With bruising chastisements pursued,
Doom'd Him the weight of sin to feel,
And, sternly just, required His blood.
But, lo! the mortal debt is paid,
The costly sacrifice is o'er;
His soul, for sin an offering made,
Revives, and He shall die no more.

His numerous seed He now shall see,
Scatter'd through all the earth abroad,
Blest with His immortality,
Begot by Him, and born of God.
Head to His Church o'er all below,
Long shall He here His sons sustain;
Their bounding hearts His power shall know,
And bless the loved Messiah's reign.

'Twixt God and them He still shall stand,
The children whom His Sire hath given;
Their cause shall prosper in His hand,
While RIGHTEOUSNESS looks down from heaven:
While pleased He counts the ransom'd race,
And calls and draws them from above;
The travail of His soul surveys,
And rests in His redeeming love.

'Tis done! My justice asks no more,
The satisfaction's fully made
Their sins He in His body bore,
Their Surety all the debt has paid.

My Righteous Servant and My Son
Shall each believing sinner clear;
And all who stoop to abjure their own,
Shall in His righteousness appear.

Them shall He claim His just desert,
Them His inheritance receive,
And many a contrite humble heart
Will I for His possession give.
Satan He thence shall chase away,
Assert His right, His foes o'ercome;
Stronger than hell, retrieve the prey,
And bear the spoil triumphant home.

For charged with all their guilt He stood,
Sinners from suffering to redeem;
For them He pour'd out all His blood,
Their Substitute, He died for them.
He died, and rose His death to plead,
To testify their sins forgiven:
And still I hear Him intercede,
And still He makes their claim to heaven.

Hebrews 12:2

“Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.”

Weary of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

From my own works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And all my fitness is despair.

Lord, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till Thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to Thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal is Thine.

With simple faith, to Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my heart.

Galatians 3:22

“The Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.”

Jesu, the Sinner’s Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open Thine arms, and take me in.

Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
’Tis Thou alone canst make me whole:
Fall’n, till in me Thine image shine,
And cursed I am, till Thou art mine.

Hear, Jesu, hear my helpless cry;
O, save a wretch condemn’d to die!
The sentence in myself I feel,
And all my nature teems with hell.

When shall concupiscence and pride
No more my tortured heart divide!
When shall this agony be o’er,
And the old Adam rage no more!

Awake, the woman’s conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent’s head!
Tread down Thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

The mansion for Thyself prepare;
Dispose my heart by entering there!
’Tis this alone can make me clean,
’Tis this alone can cast out sin.

Long have I vainly hoped and strove
To force my hardness into love,
To give Thee all Thy laws require;

And labour'd in the purging fire.

A thousand specious arts essay'd,
Call'd the deep Mystic to my aid:
His boasted skill the brute refined,
But left the subtler fiend behind.

Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,
Nor hope to break my nature's chain:
The fond self-emptying scheme is past,
And, lo! constrain'd, I yield at last.

At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here then to Thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

No more to lift my eyes I dare,
Abandon'd to a just despair;
I have my punishment in view;
I feel a thousand hells my due.

What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but Thou art Love:
I give up every plea beside,
“Lord, I am damn'd,—but Thou hast died!”

While groaning at Thy feet I fall,
Spurn me away, refuse my call,
If love permit, contract Thy brow,
And, if Thou canst, destroy me now!

Hoping for Grace

From the German.²⁶

My soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see:
O, let Thy presence set me free!

Lost and undone, for aid I cry;
In Thy death, Saviour, let me die!
Grieved with Thy grief, pain'd with Thy pain,
Ne'er may I feel self-love again.

Jesu, vouchsafe my heart and will
With Thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let Nature boast,
But in Thy will may mine be lost.

In life's short day let me yet more
Of Thy enlivening power implore:
My mind must deeper sink in Thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

Ye sons of men, here nought avails
Your strength; here all your wisdom fails
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou only, Lord, supreme of men.

And well I know Thy tender love;
Thou never didst unfaithful prove:
And well I know Thou stand'st by me,
Pleased from myself to set me free.

26 "Hier legt mein Sinn sich vor dir nieder" by Dr. C. F. Richter, of Halle. (1676–1711.) Herrnhuth Collection, p. 724. Or Knapp's *Evangelischer Liederschatz*, p.716. See an interesting anecdote relating to the use of this hymn in Lockwood's "Memorials of Peter Bohler," pp.77–79.

Still will I watch, and labour still
To banish every thought of ill;
Till Thou in Thy good time appear,
And sav'st me from the fowler's snare.

Already springing hope I feel;
God will destroy the power of hell:
God from the land of wars and pain
Leads me where peace and safety reign.

One only care my soul shall know,—
Father, all Thy commands to do:
Ah! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in Thee even now am blest.

When my warm'd thoughts I fix on Thee,
And plunge me in Thy mercy's sea,
Then even on me Thy face shall shine,
And quicken this dead heart of mine.

So even in storms my zeal shall grow;
So shall I Thy hid sweetness know;
And feel (what endless age shall prove)
That Thou, my Lord, my God, art Love!

The Dawning

From Herbert.

Awake, sad heart, whom sorrows drown,
Lift up thine eyes, and cease to mourn,
Unfold thy forehead's settled frown;
Thy Saviour and thy joys return.

Awake, sad drooping heart, awake!
No more lament, and pine, and cry:
His death thou ever dost partake,
Partake at last His victory.

Arise; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's resurrection thine may be:
O, break not from the gracious Hand,
Which, as it rises, raises thee.

Cheer'd by thy Saviour's sorrows rise;
He grieved, that thou may'st cease to grieve:
Dry with His burial-clothes thine eyes;
He died Himself, that thou may'st live!

Psalm 139:23

“Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart.”²⁷

Jesu! my great High-Priest above,
My Friend before the throne of Love!
If now for me prevails Thy prayer,
If now I find Thee pleading there;
If Thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to Thine!

Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature’s weight to feel;
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scatter’d o’er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.

Jesu! my heart’s desire obtain,
My earnest suit present and gain,
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for Thee.

For Thee my spirit often pants,
Yet often in pursuing faints;
Drooping it soon neglects to aspire,

²⁷ The Prayer-Book version is quoted here, as often elsewhere by the Wesleys. In the first edition the title prefixed to this piece was, “Blessed are they that mourn” (Matt. 5:4.). In the second and all subsequent editions it stands as above.

To fan the ever-dying fire:
No more Thy glory's skirts are seen,
The world, the creature steals between;
Heavenward no more my wishes move,
And I forget that Thou art Love.

O sovereign Love, to Thee I cry;
Give me Thyself, or else I die.
Save me from death, from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee.
Quicken'd by Thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possess of Thee, I am;
My life, my only heaven, Thou art:
And, lo! I feel Thee in my heart!²⁸

²⁸ In editions 2, 3, for "And, lo! I feel" we read, "When shall I feel?" and in editions 4 and 5, "O might I feel Thee in my heart."

The Change

From the German.²⁹

Jesu, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to Thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before Thy presence stand:
How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold Thy awful throne,
Or view Thy unapproached light?

Restore my sight! let Thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give!
Open my eyes of faith! Thy face
So shall I see; yet seeing live.
Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth: see, my whole heart I bow:
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love,
My chosen 'midst ten thousand, thou."

O Jesu, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view!
Hark how my silence speaks; and cries,
"Mercy, Thou God of mercy, shew!"
I know Thou canst not but be good!
How shouldst Thou, Lord, Thy grace restrain?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so largely flow'd
To save me from all guilt and pain.

Into Thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace:
King of Glory, hear my call!
O, raise me, heal me by Thy grace!

29 "Mein Jesu dem die Seraphinen" by W. C. Dessler. (1660–1722.) Herrnhuth Collect, p.250. Knapp, E. L., p.819.

—Now righteous through Thy wounds I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in Thy Name,
Alive in Thee my living Head!

Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy light from me away;
Still with me let Thy grace abide,
That I from Thee may never stray.
Let Thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do Thy will,
Till perfect I am found in Thee.

Arm me with Thy whole armour, Lord,
Support my weakness with Thy might;
Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight.
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in Thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

Part 2

Christ the Friend of Sinners³⁰

Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
And sing my great Deliverer's praise!

O, how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God!
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear His gifts to own?
Unmindful of His favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse His righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

No—though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage;
Them, and their god, alike I dare:
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!

30 Probably the hymn written on his conversion by Charles Wesley. Compare his Journal, under date May 23, 1738. "Least of all would he [the enemy] have us tell what things God has done for our souls... In His name, therefore, and through His strength, I will perform my vows unto the Lord, of not hiding His righteousness within my heart, if it should ever please Him to plant it there." (Vol. 1, p.94.) The same hymn was probably sung next day, when his brother John was able to declare, "I believe." (Ib., p.95.)

He spreads His arms to embrace you all;
Sinners alone His grace receives:
No need of Him the righteous have,
He came the lost to seek and save.

Come, all ye Magdalens in lust,
Ye ruffians fell in murders old;³¹
Repent, and live: despair and trust!
Jesus for you to death was sold;
Though hell protest, and earth repine,
He died for crimes like yours and mine.

Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin!
His bleeding heart shall make you room.
His open side shall take you in.
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from His wounded side:
Languish'd for you the eternal God,
For you the Prince of Glory died.
Believe, and all your guilt's forgiven;
Only believe—and yours is heaven.

31 This line is borrowed from a poem in the "Arminian Magazine," vol. 1, p.283: "The ruffian fell in murders old."

On the Conversion of a Common Harlot

“There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.”—Luke 15:10.

Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, rejoice;
Make to God a cheerful noise:
He the work alone hath done,
He hath glorified His Son.

Sons of God, exulting rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
See the prodigal is come,
Shout to bear the wanderer home!

Strive in joy, with angels strive;
Dead she was, but now's alive:
Loud repeat the glorious sound,
Lost she was, but now is found!

This through ages all along,
This be still the joyous song,
Wide diffused o'er earth abroad,
Music in the ears of God.

Rescued from the fowler's snare,
Jesus spreads His arms for her;
Jesu's arms her sacred fence:—
Come, ye fiends, and pluck her thence!

Thence she never shall remove,
Safe in His redeeming love:
This the purchase of His groans!
This the soul He died for once!

Now the gracious Father smiles,
Now the Saviour boasts His spoils;
Now the Spirit grieves no more:

Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, adore!
Hallelujah.

Romans 4:5³²

“To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.”

Lord, if to me Thy grace hath given
A spark of life, a taste of heaven,
The Gospel Pearl, the woman’s Seed,
The Bruiser of the serpent’s head;

Why sleeps my principle Divine?
Why hastens not my spark to shine?
The Saviour in my heart to move,
And all my soul to flame with love?

Buried, o’erwhelm’d, and lost in sin,
And seemingly extinct within,
The Immortal Seed unactive lies,
The heavenly Adam sinks and dies:

Dies, and revives the dying flame.
Cast down, but not destroy’d I am;
’Midst thousand lusts I still respire,
And tremble, unconsumed in fire.

Suffer’d awhile to want my God,
To groan beneath my nature’s load,
That all may own, that all may see
The ungodly justified in me.

32 In editions 4 and 5 entitled “Looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith.”

Acts 1:4

“Wait for the promise of the Father, which ye have heard of Me.”³³

Saviour of men, how long shall I
Forgotten at Thy footstool lie!
Wash'd in the fountain of Thy blood,
Yet groaning still to be renew'd;

A miracle of grace and sin,
Pardon'd, yet still, alas, unclean!
Thy righteousness is counted mine:
When will it in my nature shine?

Darksome I still remain and void,
And painfully unlike my God,
Till Thou diffuse a brighter ray,
And turn the glimmering into day.

Why didst Thou the first gift impart,
And sprinkle with Thy blood my heart,
But that my sprinkled heart might prove
The light and liberty of love?

Why didst Thou bid my terrors cease,
And sweetly fill my soul with peace,
But that my peaceful soul might know
The joys that from believing flow?

See then Thy ransom'd servant, see;
I hunger, Lord, I thirst for Thee!
Feed me with love, Thy Spirit give;
I gasp, in Him, in Thee to live.

The promised Comforter impart,
Open the Fountain in my heart;

33 In editions 3 and 4 the title is simply “Another;” but the earlier is probably the more correct.

There let Him flow with springing joys,
And into life eternal rise.

There let Him ever, ever dwell,
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal:
I'll glory then in sin forgiven,
In Christ my life, my love, my heaven!

Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Father

Thee, O my God and King,
My Father, Thee I sing!
Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

Father, behold Thy son;
In Christ I am Thy own.
Stranger long to Thee and rest,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide Thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity look'd me near:
Me Thy bowels yearn'd to see,
Me Thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of Thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare;
His be righteousness Divine!"

Thee then, my God and King,
My Father, Thee I sing!
Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

Hymn to the Son

O filial Deity,
Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of Thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me hast died!

Of life Thou art the tree,
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of Thine,
Ceaseless influence derive,
Thou the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into Thee I live.

Of life the Fountain Thou,
I know—I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop:
Thou art in me; Thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.

Thou the good Shepherd art,
From Thee I ne'er shall part:
Thou my Keeper and my Guide,
Make me still Thy tender care,
Gently lead me by Thy side,
Sweetly in Thy bosom bear.

Thou art my daily bread;
O Christ, Thou art my head:
Motion, virtue, strength to me,
Me Thy living member flow;
Nourish'd I, and fed by Thee,
Up to Thee in all things grow.

Prophet, to me reveal

Thy Father's perfect will.
Never mortal spake like Thee,
Human prophet like Divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small and still and inward Thine!

On Thee, my Priest, I call;
Thy blood atoned for all.
Still the Lamb as slain appears;
Still Thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up thy prayers,³⁴
These presenting with Thy own.

Jesu Thou art my King;
From Thee my strength I bring!
Shadow'd by Thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand
Strong as Thy omnipotence.

O filial Deity,
Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of Thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me hast died!

34 In Wesley's final revision, 1782, "my" is substituted for "thy," thus rendering the meaning unquestionable.

Hymn to the Holy Ghost

Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,
My inward Comforter!
Loosed by Thee, my stammering tongue
First essays to praise Thee now;
This the new, the joyful song:
Hear it in Thy temple Thou!

Long o'er my formless soul
The dreary waves did roll;
Void I lay, and sunk in night:
Thou, the overshadowing Dove,
Call'dst the chaos into light,
Bad'st me be, and live, and love.

Thee I exult to feel,
Thou in my heart dost dwell:
There Thou bear'st Thy witness true,
Shedd'st the love of God abroad;
I in Christ a creature new,
I, even I, am born of God!

Ere yet the time was come
To fix in me Thy home,
With me oft Thou didst reside:
Now, my God, Thou in me art!
Here Thou ever shalt abide:
One we are, no more to part.

Fruit of the Saviour's prayer,
My promised Comforter!
Thee the world cannot receive,
Thee they neither know nor see,
Dead is all the life they live,
Dark their light while void of Thee.

Yet I partake Thy grace

Through Christ my righteousness;
Mine the gifts Thou dost impart,
Mine the unction from above,
Pardon written on my heart,
Light, and life, and joy, and love.

Thy gifts, blest Paraclete,
I glory to repeat:
Sweetly sure of grace I am,
Pardon to my soul applied,
Interest in the spotless Lamb;
Dead for all, for me He died.

Thou art Thyself the seal;
I more than pardon feel,
Peace, unutterable peace,
Joy that ages ne'er can move,
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,
All the confidence of love!

Pledge of Thy promise given,
My antepast of heaven;
Earnest Thou of joys Divine,
Joys Divine on me bestow'd,
Heaven, and Christ, and all is mine,
All the plenitude of God.

Thou art my inward Guide,
I ask no help beside:
Arm of God, to Thee I call,
Weak as helpless infancy!
Weak I am—yet cannot fall,
Stay'd by faith, and led by Thee!

Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,
My inward Comforter!
Loosed by Thee, my stammering tongue

First essays to praise Thee now;
This the new, the joyful song:
Hear it in Thy temple Thou!

Praise

From Herbert.

O King of glory, King of peace,
Thee only will I love:
Thee, that my love may never cease,
Incessant will I move!

For Thou hast granted my request,
For Thou my cries hast heard,
Mark'd all the workings of my breast,
And hast in mercy spared.

Wherefore with all my strength and art
Thy mercy's praise I sing;
To Thee the tribute of my heart,
My soul, my all I bring.

What though my sins against me cried?
Thou didst the sinner spare:
In vain the accuser still replied,
For love had charm'd Thy ear.

Thee seven whole days, not one in seven,
Unwearied will I praise,
And in my heart, a little heaven,
Thy throne triumphant raise.

Soften'd and vanquish'd by my tears,
Thou couldst no more withstand;
But when stern Justice call'd for fears,
Disarm'd her lifted hand.

Small is it in this humble sort
Thy mercy's power to raise:
For even eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

The Glance

From the same.

When first Thy gracious eye's survey,
Even in the midst of youth and night,
Mark'd me, where sunk in sin I lay,
I felt a strange unknown delight.

My soul, in all its powers renew'd,
Own'd the Divine Physician's art;
So swift the healing look bedew'd,
Embalm'd, o'erran, and fill'd my heart.

Since then I many a bitter storm
Have felt; and, feeling, sure had died,
Had the malicious fatal harm
Roll'd on its unmolested tide:

But, working still, within my soul
Thy sweet original joy remain'd;
Thy love did all my griefs control,
Thy love the victory more than gain'd.

If the first glance, but open'd now
And now seal'd up, so powerful prove,
What wondrous transports shall we know
When glorying in Thy full-eyed love!

When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
And raise us to Thy blissful sight,
With open face strong to sustain
The blaze of Thy unclouded light!

Desiring to Praise Worthily

From the German.³⁵

Monarch of all, with lowly fear
To whom heaven's host their voices raise,
Even earth and dust Thy bounties share:
Let earth and dust attempt Thy praise.

Before Thy face, O Lord Most High,
Sinks all created glory down:
Yet be not wroth with me, that I,
Vile worm, draw near Thy awful throne.

Of all Thou the beginning art,
Of all things Thou alone the end:
On Thee still fix my steadfast heart;
To Thee let all my actions tend.

Thou, Lord, art light; Thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows:
On my dark soul (ye clouds, away)
The brightness of Thy face disclose.

Thou, Lord, art love; from Thee pure love
Flows forth in unexhausted streams:
Let me its quickening influence prove,
Fill my whole heart with sacred flames.

Thou, Lord, art good, and Thou alone:
With eager hope, with warm desire,
Thee may I still my portion own,
To Thee in every thought aspire.

So shall my every power to Thee
In love, thanks, praise incessant rise;

35 Author unknown.

Yea, my whole soul and flesh shall be
One holy, living sacrifice.

Lord God of armies, ceaseless praise
In heaven, Thy throne, to Thee is given:
Here, as in heaven, Thy Name we raise;
For where Thy presence shines is heaven.

Free Grace

And can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me?—who caused His pain!
For me?—who Him to death pursued.
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free!
For, O my God! it found out me!

Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee.

Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning blood is near,
That quench'd the wrath of hostile Heaven:
I feel the life His wounds impart;
I feel my Saviour in my heart.

No condemnation now I dread,

Jesus, and all in Him, is mine:
Alive in Him, my Living Head,
And clothed in righteousness Divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

The Call

From Herbert.

Come, O my Way, my Truth, my Life!
A Way that gives us breath,
A Truth that ends its followers' strife,
A Life that conquers death!

Come, O my Light, my Feast, my Strength!
A Light that shows a feast;
A Feast that still improves by length,
A Strength that makes the guest!

Come, O my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
A Joy that none can move;
A Love that none can ever part,
A Heart that joys in love!

True Praise

From the same.

When first my feeble verse essay'd
Of heavenly joys to sing,
Fancy was summon'd to my aid
Her choicest stores to bring.

With studied words each rising thought
I deck'd, with nicest art,
And shining metaphors I sought
To burnish every part.

Thousands of notions swift did run,
And fill'd my labouring head;
I blotted oft what I begun,—
This was too flat, that dead.

To clothe the sun, no dress too fine
I thought, no words too gay;
Much less the realms that glorious shine
In one eternal day.

Meanwhile I whispering heard a Friend.
“Why all this vain pretence?
Love has a sweetness ready penn'd;
Take that, and save expense.”

The Dialogue

From the same.

Saviour, if Thy precious love
Could be merited by mine,
Faith these mountains would remove;
Faith would make me ever Thine:
But when all my care and pains
Worth can ne'er create in me,
Nought by me Thy fulness gains;
Vain the hope to purchase Thee.

C. Cease, my child, thy worth to weigh,
Give the needless contest o'er:
Mine thou art while thus I say,
Yield thee up, and ask no more.
What thy estimate may be,
Only can by Him be told,
Who to ransom wretched thee,
Thee to gain, Himself was sold.

S. But when all in me is sin,
How can I Thy grace obtain?
How presume Thyself to win?
God of Love, the doubt explain:
Or, if Thou the means supply,
Lo! to Thee I all resign!
Make me, Lord, (I ask not why,
How, I ask not,) ever Thine!

C. This I would—that humbly still
Thou submit to My decree,
Blindly subjecting thy will,
Meekly copying after Me:³⁶

³⁶ In the second and third editions “Blindly” in line 3 is altered to “Gladly;” in the fourth and fifth, to “Meekly;” for which in line 4 “Closely” is very properly substituted.

That, as I did leave My throne;
Freely from My glory part;
Die to make thy heart My own—
S. Ah! no more: Thou break'st my heart!

Subjection to Christ

From the German.³⁷

Jesu, to Thee my heart I bow;
Strange flames far from my soul remove;
Fairest among ten thousand Thou,
Be Thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.

All heaven Thou fill'st with pure desire;
O, shine upon my frozen breast;
With sacred warmth my heart inspire;
May I too Thy hid sweetness taste.

O see Thy garments roll'd in blood,
Thy streaming head, Thy hands, Thy side:
All hail, Thou suffering, conquering God!
Now man shall live; for God hath died.

O, kill in me this rebel Sin,
And triumph o'er my willing breast:
Restore Thy image, Lord, therein,
And lead me to my Father's rest.

Ye earthly loves, be far away!
Saviour, be Thou my love alone;
No more may mine usurp the sway,
But in me Thy great will be done!

Yea, Thou true Witness, spotless Lamb,
All things for Thee I count but loss;
My sole desire, my constant aim,
My only glory be Thy Cross.

³⁷ Author unknown.

Renouncing All for Christ

From the French.³⁸

Come, Saviour Jesu, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace,
Withdraw my heart from worldly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.

O, let Thy sacred presence fill
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on Thee.

While in these regions here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its flattering snares, adieu.

That path with humble speed I'll seek
Wherein my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love than Thine.

To Thee my earnest soul aspires,
To Thee I offer all my vows;
Keep me from false and vain desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.

38 This, and the "Farewell to the World," p.17, were probably furnished to the compilers by Mr. Byrom of Manchester, (see "Byrom and the Wesleys," by the Rev. Dr. Hoole, pp.17, 27,) and translated by him from the French of Madame de Bourignon. The copy of "A Hymn to Jesus," which is found in his *Miscellaneous Poems*, (Manchester, 1773,) vol. 2, p.211, differs from that given above only in the title, and in such verbal alterations as the superior taste and judgment of the Wesleys would dictate. The 9th and 10th verses in both Byrom's and Wesley's copies are tinged with that mysticism to which the preface refers; and Wesley has improved on himself as well as on Byrom in the last edition of v.9, (that in the *Large Hymn-Book*, 1780,) where, instead of "Nor heaven nor earth," we read "Nothing on earth."

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honour, pleasure, or what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as you will, my heart repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

Thee I can love, and Thee alone,
With holy peace and inward bliss;
To find Thou tak'st me for Thy own,
O, what a happiness is this!

Nor heaven nor earth do I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast:
This, this I always will require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Thy gifts, if call'd for, I resign,
Pleased to receive, pleased to restore:
Gifts are Thy work; it shall be mine
The Giver only to adore.

The Invitation

From Herbert.

Come hither all, whose grovelling³⁹ taste
Inslaves your souls, and lays them waste;
Save your expense, and mend your cheer:
Here God Himself's prepared and dress'd,
Himself vouchsafes to be your feast,
In whom alone all dainties are.

Come hither all, whom tempting wine
Bows to your father Belial's shrine,
Sin all your boast, and sense your God:
Weep now for what you've drunk amiss,
And lose your taste for sensual bliss
By drinking here your Saviour's blood.

Come hither all, whom searching pain,
Whom conscience's loud cries arraign,
Producing all your sins to view:
Taste; and dismiss your guilty fear,
O, taste and see that God is here
To heal your souls and sin subdue.

Come hither all, whom careless joy
Does with alluring force destroy,
While loose ye range beyond your bounds:
True joy is here, that passes quite
And all your transient mean delight
Drowns, as a flood the lower grounds.

Come hither all, whose idol-love,
While fond the pleasing pain ye prove,
Raises your foolish raptures high:
True Love is here; whose dying breath

39 RS. Original is "groveling."

Gave life to us; who tasted death,
And, tasting once, no more can die.

Lord, I have now invited all,
And instant still the guests shall call,
Still shall I all invite to Thee:
For, O my God, it seems but right
In mine, Thy meanest servant's sight,
That where All is, there all should be!

The Banquet

From the same.

Welcome, delicious sacred cheer;
Welcome, my God, my Saviour dear;
O, with me, in me live and dwell!
Thine, earthly joy surpasses quite,
The depths of Thy supreme delight
Not angel tongues can taste or tell.

What streams of sweetness from the bowl
Surprise and deluge all my soul,
Sweetness that is, and makes Divine!
Surely from God's right hand they flow,
From thence derived to earth below
To cheer us with immortal wine.

Soon as I taste the heavenly bread,
What manna o'er my soul is shed,
Manna that angels never knew!
Victorious sweetness fills my heart,
Such as my God delights to impart,
Mighty to save, and sin subdue.

I had forgot my heavenly birth,
My soul degenerate clave to earth,
In sense and sin's base pleasures drown'd:
When God assumed humanity,
And spilt His sacred blood for me,
To find me grovelling⁴⁰ on the ground.

Soon as His love has raised me up,
He mingles blessings in a cup,
And sweetly meets my ravish'd taste;
Joyous, I now throw off my load,

40 RS. Original is "groveling."

I cast my sins and care on God,
And Wine becomes a Wing at last.

Upborne on this, I mount, I fly;
Regaining swift my native sky,—
I wipe my streaming eyes and see
Him, whom I seek, for whom I sue,
My God, my Saviour there I view,
Him, who has done so much for me!

O, let Thy wondrous mercy's praise
Inspire and consecrate my lays,
And take up all my lines and life;
Thy praise my every breath employ:
Be all my business, all my joy
To strive in this, and love the strife!

Therefore with Angels, &c.

Lord and God of heavenly powers,
Theirs—yet, O! benignly ours,
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant Thy name.

Thee to laud in songs Divine
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing Thy eternal praise

“Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored!”
Full of Thee, they ever cry,
“Glory be to God most High!”

Glory be to God on High, &c.

Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky:
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of Heaven!

Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail! by all Thy works adored,
Hail! the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
Lord of Power, and God of Love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son!
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man!

Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the World's Atonement Thou!
Jesu, in Thy name we pray,
Take, O, take our sins away.

Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood!
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the World's Atonement Thou!

Hear; for Thou, O Christ, alone
With Thy glorious Sire art One!
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme Eternal Three.

Hymn to Christ

Altered from Dr. Hickeys's Reformed Devotions.

Jesu, behold, the wise from far,
Led to Thy cradle by a star,
Bring gifts to Thee, their God and King!
O, guide us by Thy light, that we
The way may find, and still to Thee
Our hearts, our all for tribute bring.

Jesu, the pure, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came
Duteous the legal rights to pay:
O, make our proud, our stubborn will
All Thy wise, gracious laws fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

Jesu, who on the fatal wood
Pour'dst out Thy life's last drop of blood,
Nail'd to the accursed shameful cross:
O, may we bless Thy love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee
All shame, all grief, all pain, all loss.

Jesu, who by Thine own love slain,
By Thine own power took'st life again,
And conqueror from the grave didst rise:
O, may Thy death our souls revive,
And even on earth a new life give,
A glorious life that never dies.

Jesu, who to thy heaven again
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign
Of men and angels Sovereign King:
O, may our parting souls take flight
Up to that land of joy and light,
And there for ever grateful sing!

All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
All honour, power, and love, and praise;
Still may Thy blessed name shine bright
In beams of uncreated light,
Crown'd with its own eternal rays.

On the Crucifixion

By S. Wesley, senior.

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark how He groans! while Nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The Temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies.

But soon He'll break Death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine!
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine!

Part of the Sixty-Third Chapter of Isaiah

Altered from Mr. Norris.⁴¹

No common Vision this I see
In more than human majesty!
Who is this mighty Hero, who,
With glorious terror on His brow?
His deep-dyed crimson robes outvie
The blushes of the morning sky:
Lo, how triumphant He appears,
And victory in His visage bears!

How strong, how stately does He go!
Pompous and solemn is His pace,
And full of majesty His face.
Who is this mighty Hero, who?
'Tis I, who to My promise stand:
I, who sin, death, hell, and the grave
Have foil'd with this all-conquering hand:
'Tis I, the Lord, mighty to save.

Why wear'st Thou then this crimson dye;
Say, Thou all-conquering Hero, why?
Why do Thy garments look all red,
Like them that in the wine-fat tread?
The wine-press I alone have trod,
That pond'rous mass I plied alone;
And with Me to assist was none:
A task, worthy the Son of God!

Angels stood trembling at the sight;
Enraged, I put forth all my might,
And down the engine prest; the force
Put frightened Nature out of course;
The blood gush'd out, and chequer'd o'er

41 See his "Miscellanies," p. 40, ed. 1717. Inserted also in "Psalms and Hymns," 1738.

My garments with its deepest gore.
With glorious stains bedeck'd I stood,
And writ My victory in blood.

The day, the signal day is come
Vengeance of all My foes to take;
The day, when death shall have its doom,
And the dark kingdom's powers shall shake.
I look'd, who to assist stood by:
Trembled heaven's hosts, nor ventured nigh:
Even to My Father did I look
In pain; My Father Me forsook!

Awhile amazed I was to see
None to uphold or comfort Me:
Then I arose in might array'd,
And call'd My fury to My aid;
My single arm the battle won,
And straight the acclaiming hosts above
Hymn'd, in new songs of joy and love,
Jehovah and His conquering Son.

The Magnificat

My soul extols the mighty Lord,
In God the Saviour joys my heart:
Thou hast not my low state abhorr'd;
Now know I, Thou my Saviour art.

Sorrow and sighs are fled away,
Peace now I feel, and joy and rest:
Renew'd, I hail the festal day,
Henceforth by endless ages blest.

Great are the things which Thou hast done;
How holy is Thy name, O Lord!
How wondrous is Thy mercy shown
To all that tremble at Thy word!

Thy conquering arm with terror crown'd
Appear'd the humble to sustain;
And all the sons of pride have found
Their boasted wisdom void and vain.

The mighty, from their native sky
Cast down, Thou hast in darkness bound;
And raised the worms of earth on high
With majesty and glory crown'd.

The rich have pined amidst their store,
Nor e'er the way of peace have trod;
Meanwhile the hungry souls Thy power
Fill'd with the fulness of their God.

Come, Saviour, come, of old decreed!
Faithful and true be Thou confest;
By all earth's tribes in Abraham's Seed
Henceforth through endless ages blest.

Psalm 46⁴²

On God supreme our hope depends,
Whose omnipresent sight
Even to the pathless realms extends
Of uncreated night.

Plunged in the abyss of deep distress,
To Him we raised our cry:
His mercy bade our sorrows cease,
And fill'd our tongue with joy.

Though earth her ancient seat forsake,
By pangs convulsive torn;
Though her self-balanced fabric shake,
And ruin'd Nature mourn;

Though hills be in the ocean lost,
With all their trembling load;
No fear shall e'er disturb the just,
Or shake his trust in God.

Nations remote and realms unknown
In vain resist His sway;
For lo! Jehovah's voice is shown,
And earth shall melt away.

Let war's devouring surges rise
And swell on every side:
The Lord of Hosts our safeguard is,
And Jacob's God our guide.

42 From a letter in his Works, vol. 12, p.17, it would seem that these verses were given to Wesley by "a gentleman of Exeter," i.e., belonging to the college of that name; perhaps Mr. Broughton.

Psalm 113⁴³

Ye priests of God, whose happy days
Are spent in your Creator's praise,
Still more and more His fame express!
Ye pious worshippers, proclaim
With shouts of joy His holy name;
Not satisfied with praising, bless.

Let God's high praises still resound
Beyond old Time's too scanty bound,
And through eternal ages pierce,
From where the sun first gilds the streams
To where he sets with purpled beams,
Through all the wide-stretch'd universe.

The various tribes of earth obey
Thy awful and imperial sway;
Nor earth Thy sovereign power confines;
Above the sun's all-cheering light,
Above the stars, and far more bright,
Thy pure essential glory shines.

What mortal form'd of fading clay,
What native of eternal day
Can with the God of heaven compare?
Yet angels round Thy glorious throne
Thou stoop'st to view: nor they alone;
Even earth-born men Thy goodness share.

The poor Thou liftest from the dust;
The sinner, if in Thee he trust,
From depths of guilt and shame Thou'lt raise;
That he, in peace and safety placed,
With power and love and wisdom graced,

43 Psalms 113, 116, 117 are copied (with a few alterations) from "The Pious Communicant rightly prepared," by S. Wesley, Rector of Epworth: p.251, &c., ed. 1700.

May sing aloud his Saviour's praise.

Psalm 116

O Thou, who, when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove;
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.

Since Thou a pitying ear didst give
And hear me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon Thee while I live,
And never doubt Thy aid.

Pale Death with all his ghastly train
My soul encompass'd round;
Anguish and sin, and dread and pain
On every side I found.

To Thee, O Lord of Life, I pray'd,
And did for succour flee:
O, save (in my distress I said)
The soul that trusts in Thee!

How good Thou art! how large Thy grace!
How easy to forgive!
The helpless Thou delight'st to raise;
And by Thy love I live.

Then, O my soul, be never more
With anxious thoughts distrest:
God's bounteous love doth thee restore
To ease and joy and rest.

My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from death, and guilty fears,
O Lord, I'll live to Thee!

Psalm 117

Ye nations, who the globe divide,
Ye numerous nations scatter'd wide,
To God your grateful voices raise:
To all His boundless mercy shown,
His truth to endless ages known
Require our endless love and praise.

To Him who reigns enthroned on high,
To His dear Son who deign'd to die
Our guilt and errors to remove;
To that blest Spirit who grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be ceaseless glory, praise, and love!

Prayer

From Herbert.

How swiftly wafted in a sigh,
Thou God that hear'st the prayer,
Do our requests invade the sky,
And pierce Thy bending ear!

My suit is made, my prayer is o'er,
If I but lift my eye;
Thou, Omnipresent, canst no more
Not hear, than Thou canst die.

How shall we Thy great arm revere,
Which gives this All to be,
Connects the centre with the sphere,
And spans infinity!

Whate'er our ardent souls require,
Whate'er we wish is there;
Thy power exceeds our scant desire,
And chides our partial prayer.

O, how unbounded is Thy love,
Which, when Thou couldst not die,
Descending from Thy throne above,
Put on mortality!

Thou leav'st Thy Father's blissful face
Our guilt and curse to assume,
To burst the bars that stopp'd Thy grace,
And make Thy bounty room.

Still then may prayer with me remain,
This my companion be;
So shall I all my wants obtain,
Obtain all heaven in Thee.

Trust in Providence

From the German.⁴⁴

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands;
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

And whatso'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What Thy unerring wisdom chose
Thy power to being brings.

⁴⁴ The well-known hymn of Paul Gerhard, "Befiehl du deine Wege," had been previously translated, (in part at least,) and published in Jacobi's "Psalmodia Germanica." Since 1739 at least three other English translations of it have appeared. But for tenderness and solemnity combined none can compare with that of Wesley. Compare Watson's "Life of Wesley," Works, vol. 5, p.301; and "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1867, p.215.

Thou everywhere hast way,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well!

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,

When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care!

In Affliction

Eternal Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above!

Jesu! the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear,
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh:
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

O Death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with God; or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

In Affliction or Pain

From the German.⁴⁵

Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of peace,
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine!
My longing soul implores Thy grace;
O, make in me Thy likeness shine!

With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see:
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to Thee.

When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

Close by Thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone Thou hast the wine-press trod:
In me Thy strengthening grace be shown;
O, may I conquer through Thy blood!

So when on Sion Thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at Thy right hand,
And free from pain Thy glories sing.

⁴⁵ Compare "Stilles Lamm und Friedefürste" by C. F. Richter (1676–1711), in Knapp's *Evangelischer Liederschatz*, p.740, 3d ed., Stuttgart, 1865.

Another

By the same.⁴⁶

All glory to the eternal Three,
Of light and love the unfathom'd Sea!
Whose boundless power, whose saving grace,
Relieved me in my deep distress.

Still, Lord, from Thy exhaustless store
Pure blessing and salvation shower;
Till earth I leave, and soar away
To regions of unclouded day.

My heart from all pollution clean,
O, purge it, though with grief and pain:
To Thee, lo I my all resign;
Thine be my will, my soul be Thine.

O, guide me, lead me in Thy ways:
'Tis Thine the sinking hand to raise.
O, may I ever lean on Thee:
'Tis Thine to prop the feeble knee.

O Father, sanctify this pain,
Nor let one tear be shed in vain!
Soften, yet arm my breast: no fear,
No wrath, but love alone be there.

O, leave not, cast me not away
In fierce temptation's dreadful day:
Speak but the word; instant shall cease
The storm, and all my soul be peace!

46 Author unknown.

In Desertion or Temptation

Ah! my dear Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart!

Why do these cares my soul divide,
If Thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I thus, if God hath died;
If God hath died to purchase me?

Around me clouds of darkness roll,
In deepest night I still walk on;
Heavily moves my fainting soul,
My comfort and my God are gone.

Cheerless and all forlorn I droop;
In vain I lift my weary eye;
No gleam of light, no ray of hope
Appears throughout the darken'd sky.

My feeble knees I bend again,
My drooping hands again I rear:
Vain is the task, the effort vain,
My heart abhors the irksome prayer.

Oft with Thy saints my voice I raise,
And seem to join the tasteless song:
Faintly ascends the imperfect praise,
Or dies upon my thoughtless tongue.

Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To Thy dread courts I oft repair;
By conscience dragg'd, or custom led,
I come; nor know that God is there!

Nigh with my lips to Thee I draw,
Unconscious at Thy altar found;
Far off my heart nor touch'd with awe,
Nor moved—though angels tremble round.

In all I do, myself I feel,
And groan beneath the wonted load,
Still unrenew'd, and carnal still,
Naked of Christ, and void of God.

Nor yet the earthly Adam dies,
But lives, and moves, and fights again,
Still the fierce gusts of passion rise,
And rebel Nature strives to reign.

Fondly my foolish heart essays
To augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature-happiness.

O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts Thyself hast given:
My portion Thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

Would aught with Thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from Thee.

Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To Thee, my Lord, I here restore:
Gladly I all for Thee resign
Give me Thyself, I ask no more!

Another⁴⁷

My God, (if I may call Thee mine,
From heaven and Thee removed so far,)
Draw nigh; Thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.
Gently the weak Thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee:
O, break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me.

Buried in sin, Thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb;
In all the marks of death appear;
Forth at Thy call, though bound, I come.
Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed; repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.

Fain would I go to Thee my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell:
I feel my pardon seal'd in blood;
Saviour, Thy love I wait to feel.
Freed from the power of cancell'd sin;
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within
In flames of joy and praise and love?

When shall my eye affect my heart,

47 In the first and third editions this hymn is entitled "Justified but not Sanctified." In the second edition it finds no place. In the fourth and fifth the title stands as above; and the change is wisely made, inasmuch as the distinction so clearly maintained in Wesley's later years between Sanctification and Entire Sanctification is overlooked in the original title, or dropped for the sake of antithesis. In the copy corrected for a sixth edition verse 9 is erased. Doubtless the editor felt that the tone of the last couplet was somewhat more familiar than he could approve, though the pathos and earnestness of the hymn have made it a general favourite from the beginning.

Sweetly dissolved in gracious tears?
Ah, Lord, the stone to flesh convert!
And till Thy lovely face appears,
Still may I at Thy footstool keep,
And watch the smile of opening heaven:
Much would I pray, and love, and weep;
I would; for I have much forgiven.

Yet, O ten thousand lusts remain,
And vex my soul absolved from sin;
Still rebel nature strives to reign,
Still am I all unclean, unclean!
Assail'd by pride, allured by sense,
On earth the creatures court my stay:
False flattering idols, get ye hence;
Created good, be far away!

Jesu, to Thee my soul aspires;
Jesu, to Thee I plight my vows:
Keep me from earthly base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.
Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joys in Thee there is,
Without 'tis misery all and woe.

Take this poor wandering, worthless heart,
Its wanderings all to Thee are known;
May no false rival claim a part,
Nor sin disseize Thee of Thine own.
Stir up Thy interposing power,
Save me from sin, from idols save,
Snatch me from fierce temptation's hour,
And hide, O, hide me in the grave!

I know Thou wilt accept me now;
I know my sins are now forgiven!
My head to death, O, let me bow,

Nor keep my life, to lose my heaven.
Far from this snare my soul remove;
This only cup I would decline;
I deprecate a creature-love:
O, take me, to secure me Thine.

Or, if Thy wiser will ordain
The trial I would die to shun,
Welcome the strife, the grief, the pain;
Thy name be praised, Thy will be done!
I from Thy hand the cup receive,
Meekly submit to Thy decree,
Gladly for Thee consent to live!
Thou, Lord, hast lived, hast died for me!

Isaiah 43:1,2,3

Peace, doubting heart—my God's I am!
Who form'd me man forbids my fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.

When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare:
They cannot harm, for God is there!

To Him my eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play:
I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
Show forth in me Thy saving power.
Still be Thy arm my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
(Good as Thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave;
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near.
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

When darkness intercepts the skies,

And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace, be still."

Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and deaths I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsumed in fire.

The Believer's Support

From the German.⁴⁸

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee:
O, burst these bands, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross!
Hallow each thought: let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired I follow Thee:
O, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

⁴⁸ Wesley inserted this in his book of 1738. Compare No. 415 in the Herrnhuth Collection, beginning, "Seelen-brautigam O du Gottes-Lamm."

Living by Christ

From the German.⁴⁹

Jesu, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare:
O, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am:
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

O, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown.
Strange fires far from my soul remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love.

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing hear, feel, or think but Thee!

Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my breast renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there.

My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me

⁴⁹ Paul Gerhardt (1606–1676) is said by one of his German biographers to have had John Arndt's "Prayer and Paradise Garden" continually before him at the close of his life, and to have written "several hymns on its contents." To Arndt, therefore, as its ultimate source, we must trace the invaluable hymn before us; which, as written by Gerhardt, is found in No. 23 in the Herrnhuth Collection, and on p. 304 of Knapp's E. L.

In want, in pain, in shame, hast show'd;
For me on the accursed tree
Thou pouredst forth Thy guiltless blood:
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain:
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd Thy cleansing blood in vain.
Ah! soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away.

O that my heart, which open stands,
May catch each drop, that torturing pain,
Arm'd by my sins, wrung from Thy hands,
Thy feet, Thy head, Thy every vein:
That still my breast may heave with sighs,
Still tears of love o'erflow my eyes.

O that I as a little child
May follow Thee, nor ever rest
Till sweetly Thou hast pour'd Thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast.
Nor may we ever parted be
Till I become one spirit with Thee.

O, draw me, Saviour, after Thee;
So shall I run and never tire:
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire.
Free me from every weight: nor fear
Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

My health, my light, my life, my crown,
My portion and my treasure Thou!
O, take me, seal me for Thine own;

To Thee alone my soul I bow.
Without Thee all is pain; my mind
Repose in nought but Thee can find.

Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
In Thee alone is all my rest.
Be Thou my flame; within me burn,
Jesu, and I in Thee am blest.
Thou art the balm of life: my soul
Is faint; O save, O make it whole!

What in Thy love possess I not?
My Star by night, my Sun by day;
My Spring of Life when parch'd with drought,
My Wine to cheer, my Bread to stay,
My Strength, my Shield, my safe Abode,
My Robe before the throne of God!

Ah, Love! Thy influence withdrawn,
What profits me that I am born?
All my delight, my joy is gone,
Nor know I peace, till Thou return.
Thee may I seek till I attain;
And never may we part again.

From all eternity with love
Unchangeable Thou hast me view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued.
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

Still let Thy love point out my way;
(How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!)
Still lead me, lest I go astray,
Direct my work, inspire my thought:
And if I fall, soon may I hear

Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesu, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died!

God's Love to Mankind

From the same.⁵⁰

O God, of good the unfathom'd Sea,
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind
With all his strength to Thee unite?

Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the unsufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes:
Yet free as air Thy bounty streams
On all Thy works; Thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as Thy sun's, arise.

Astonish'd at Thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow;
Terrible majesty is Thine!
Who then can that vast love express
Which bows Thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till Thou art mine?

High-throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I with Thee
Enthroned may reign in endless bliss.

Fountain of Good, all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fulness knows:
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?

50 By Johann Angelus Scheffler (1624–1677). See Herrnhuth Collection, "Du unver-gleichlich gut," No. 605; or Knapp, E.L. p.10.

Yes: self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this Thou dost require.

Primeval Beauty! in Thy sight
The first-born, fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me Thy eyes could turn,
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade?

Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod,
And trembling own the Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, air, hell, and sky.
But who is This that comes from far,
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die!

O God, of good the unfathom'd Sea,
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind
With all his strength to Thee unite?

God's Greatness

From the same.⁵¹

O God, Thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths Thou art!
O, plunge me in Thy mercy's sea;
Void of true wisdom is my heart,
With love embrace and cover me.
While Thee, all-infinite, I set
By faith before my ravish'd eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.

Eternity Thy fountain was,
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere Time began his race,
Ere glow'd with stars the ethereal blue:
Greatness unspeakable is Thine,
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by Thy word,
It lives and moves and is from Thee.

Thy parent hand, Thy forming skill
Firm fix'd this universal chain;
Else empty, barren Darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign:
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,

51 By Ernst Lange, (1650–1727) “O Gott du Tiefe sonder Grund” Herrnhuth Collection, No. 9. Knapp, E. L., p.1. A couplet in v. 6 is copied from Brady and Tate's version of Ps. 103:8.

Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By Thee was to perfection brought.
High is Thy power above all height:
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,
Only to Thee, O God, is known.

Heaven's glory is Thy awful throne.
Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway:
Vain man thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What his dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to Thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light Thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation ever knew;
And heaven and hell stand all display'd
And open to Thy piercing view.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
The immortal armies of the sky:
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunder'st, and amazed they fly.
With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before Thy awful face;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound Thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all Thou art;
The conscious creature feels Thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impress'd the image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone;
Justice and truth before Thee stand;
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows Thy tender love,

Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace;
"Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace."
To Thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe,
And all we have, and all we are
From Thee, great Source of Being, flow.

Parent of Good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in Thee live, move, and are,
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those Thy daily favours share
Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.
Thy sun Thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all who hate or bless Thy sway
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

Yet while, at length, who scorn'd Thy might
Shall feel Thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright
Of those who to Thy love aspire!
All creatures praise the Eternal Name!
Ye hosts that to His courts belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song.
Thrice Holy, Thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is Thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Hymn on the Titles of Christ

Arise, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's Sacrifice!⁵²
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in Himself has join'd,
Thee, my soul, His own to make.

Equal with God Most High,
He laid His glory by:
He, the Eternal God, was born,
Man with men He deign'd to appear,
Object of His creature's scorn,
Pleased a servant's form to wear.

Hail, Everlasting Lord,
Divine, Incarnate Word!
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name.

Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The Promised Blessing's come:
Christ, the fathers' Hope of old,
Christ, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Christ, the Saviour long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

Refulgent from afar
See the bright Morning-star!
See the Day-spring from on high
Late in deepest darkness rise;
Night recedes, the shadows fly,
Flame with day the opening skies!

52 RS. Exclamation mark is in the original.

Our eyes on earth survey
The dazzling Shechinah!
Bright, in endless glory bright,
Now in flesh He stoops to dwell,
God of God, and Light of Light,
Image of the Invisible.

He shines on earth adored,
The Presence of the Lord:
God, the mighty God and true,
God by highest heaven confess'd,
Stands display'd to mortal view,
God supreme, for ever blest.

Jesu! to Thee I bow;
The Almighty's Fellow Thou!
Thou the Father's only Son;
Pleased He ever is in Thee;
Just and holy Thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

High above every name,
Jesus, the great I am!
Bows to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell;
Saints adore Him, demons flee,
Fiends and men and angels feel.

He left His throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God, vouchsafed a worm to appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

His own on earth He sought,
His own received Him not:

Him, a Sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast and despised of men,
Him they all a madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

Hail, Galilean King!
Thy humble state I sing;
Never shall my triumphs end;
Hail, derided Majesty,
Jesus, hail! the Sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans—and me!

Thine eye observed my pain,
Thou Good Samaritan!
Spoil'd I lay and bruised by sin,
Gasp'd my faint, expiring soul;
Wine and oil Thy love pour'd in,
Closed my wounds, and made me whole.

Hail the life-giving Lord,
Divine, Engrafted Word!
Thee the Life my soul has found,
Thee the Resurrection proved:
Dead, I heard the quickening sound,
Own'd Thy voice; believed, and loved!

With Thee gone up on high
I live, no more to die:
First and Last, I feel Thee now,
Witness of Thy empty tomb;
Alpha and Omega, Thou
Wast, and art, and art to come!

Second Hymn to Christ

Saviour, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like Thine!
Thou my pain, my curse hast took;
All my sins were laid on Thee:
Help me, Lord; to Thee I look:
Draw me, Saviour, after Thee.

'Tis done! My God hath died;
My Love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs Divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

When, O my God, shall I
For Thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay,
Rival of Thy passion prove?
Lead me in Thyself, the Way;
Melt my hardness into love.

To love is all my wish,
I only live for this:
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee and only Thee to feel.

Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by Thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things Divine,
What the length and breadth and height,
What the depth of love like Thine.

Ah! give me this to know

With all Thy saints below.
Swells my soul to compass Thee,
Gasp in Thee to live and move,
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

Third Hymn to Christ

Still, O my soul, prolong
The never-ceasing song!
Christ my theme, my hope, my joy;
His be all my happy days,
Praise my every hour employ,
Every breath be spent in praise.

His would I wholly be
Who lived and died for me:
Grief was all His life below,
Pain and poverty and loss:
Mine the sins that bruised Him so,
Scourged and nail'd Him to the cross.

He bore the curse of all,
A spotless criminal:
Burden'd with a world of guilt,
Blacken'd with imputed sin,
Man to save His blood He spilt,
Died, to make the sinner clean.

Join, earth and heaven, to bless
The Lord our righteousness!
Mystery of redemption this,
This the Saviour's strange design,
Man's offence was counted His,
Ours is righteousness Divine.

Far as our parent's fall
The gift is come to all:
Sinn'd we all, and died in one?
Just in One we all are made;
Christ the law fulfill'd alone,
Died for all, for all obey'd.

In Him complete we shine;

His death, His life is mine.
Fully am I justified,
Free from sin, and more than free;
Guiltless, since for me He died,
Righteous, since He lived for me!

Jesu! to Thee I bow,
Saved to the utmost now.
O the depth of love Divine!
Who Thy wisdom's stores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is Thine,
All Thy ways unsearchable!

Hymn to Christ the King

Jesu, my God and King,
Thy regal state I sing.
Thou, and only Thou art great,
High Thine everlasting throne;
Thou the sovereign Potentate,
Blest, immortal Thou alone.

Essay your choicest strains,
The King Messiah reigns!
Tune your harps, celestial choir,
Joyful all, your voices raise,
Christ, than earth-born monarchs higher,
Sons of men and angels, praise.

Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers!
Source of power, He rules alone:
Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before His throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire:
Praise doth all to Christ belong;
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire;
Earth, repeat the glorious song.

Worthy, O Lord, art Thou
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to Thee confess,
Universal Nature join
Strong and mighty Thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign!

Wisdom is due to Thee,

And might and majesty:
Thee in mercy rich we prove;
Glory, honour, praise receive;
Worthy Thou of all our love,
More than all we pant to give.

Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign.
One with Thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of hearts, let all conspire
Gratefully Thy sway to own.

Prince of the hosts of God,
Display Thy power abroad:
Strong and high is Thy right hand,
Terrible in majesty!
Who can in Thine anger stand?
Who the vengeful bolt can flee?

Thee when the dragon's pride
To battle vain defied,
Brighter than the morning star,
Lucifer as lightning fell,
Far from heaven, from glory far,
Headlong hurl'd to deepest hell.

Sin felt of old Thy power,
Thou patient Conqueror!
Long he vex'd the world below,
Long they groan'd beneath his reign;
Thou destroy'dst the tyrant foe,
Thou redeem'dst the captive, man.

Trembles the King of Fears
Whene'er Thy cross appears.
Once its dreadful force he found:

Saviour, cleave again the sky;
Slain by an eternal wound,
Death shall then for ever die!

Second Hymn to Christ the King

Jesu, Thou art our King,
To me Thy succour bring.
Christ the mighty One art Thou,
Help for all on Thee is laid:
This the word; I claim it now,
Send me now the promised aid.

High on Thy Father's throne,
O, look with pity down!
Help, O, help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity;
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

I pant to feel Thy sway,
And only Thee to obey.
Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, O, make my heart Thy seat;
O, set up Thy kingdom there!

Triumph and reign in me,
And spread Thy victory:
Hell and death and sin control,
Pride, and self, and every foe,⁵³
All subdue; through all my soul
Conquering and to conquer go.

53 MS. correction, "Pride, self-will;" and in the Large Hymn-Book, "Pride and wrath."

The Saviour Glorified by All

From the German.⁵⁴

Thou, Jesu, art our King,
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongue employ,
Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

Thou art the Eternal Light,
That shin'st in deepest night.
Wondering gazed the angelic train,
While Thou bow'dst the heavens beneath,
God with God wert man with man,
Man to save from endless death.

Thou for our pain didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne
All our sins on Thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt hast paid
Due from Adam's helpless race.

Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
God's kingdom fix'd below.
Conqueror of all adverse power,
Thou heaven's gates hast open'd wide:
Thou Thine own dost lead secure
In Thy cross, and by Thy side.

Enthroned above yon sky,
Thou reign'st with God Most High.

54 This noble composition was inserted by Wesley in his first book, 1738. It stands No. 68 in the Herrnhuth Collection, "Dich, Jesu, loben wir," and is given by Dr. Knapp as from the Pennsylvanian Collection of 1844, without any author's name. E. L., p.236.

Prostrate at Thy feet we fall:
Power supreme to Thee is given;
Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

Cherubs with seraphs join
And in Thy praise combine:
All their choirs Thy glories sing:
Who shall dare with Thee to vie?
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sovereign both of earth and sky

Hail, venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men!
Hail, apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength ye faithful proved!
Join to extol His sacred name
Whom in life and death ye loved.

The church through all her bounds
With Thy high praise resounds.
Confessors undaunted here
Unashamed proclaim their King;
Children's feebler voices there
To Thy name Hosannas sing.

'Midst danger's blackest frown
Thee hosts of martyrs own.
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly, singularly good;
Glorying Thy cross to bear,
Till they seal their faith with blood.

Even Heathens feel Thy power,
Thou suffering Conqueror!
Thousand virgins, chaste and clean,
From love's pleasing witchcraft free,

Fairer than the sons of men,
Consecrate their hearts to Thee.

Wide earth's remotest bound
Full of Thy praise is found:
And all heaven's eternal day
With Thy streaming glory flames:
All Thy foes shall melt away
From the insufferable beams.

O Lord, O God of Love,
Let us Thy mercy prove!
King of all, with pitying eye
Mark the toil, the pains we feel:
'Midst the snares of death we lie,
'Midst the banded powers of hell.

Arise, stir up Thy power,
Thou deathless Conqueror!
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with Thee above the skies
Endless joys we may possess.

A Morning Hymn

“See the day-spring from afar
Usher’d by the morning star!”
Haste; to Him who sends the light,
Hallow the remains of night.
Souls, put on your glorious dress,
Waking into righteousness:
Clothed with Christ, aspire to shine.
Radiance He of light Divine;
Beam of the Eternal Beam,
He in God, and God in Him!
Strive we Him in us to see,
Transcript of the Deity.

Burst we then the bands of death,
Raised by His all-quickening breath;
Long we to be loosed from earth,
Struggling into second birth.
Spent at length is nature’s night;
Christ attends to give us Light,
Christ attends Himself to give;
God we now may see, and live.
Though the outward man decay;
Form’d within us day by day
Still the Inner Man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

Turn, O turn us, Lord, again,
Raiser Thou of fallen man!
Sin destroy and nature’s boast,
Saviour Thou of spirits lost!
Thy great will in us be done:
Crucified and dead our own,
Ours no longer let us be;
Hide us from ourselves in Thee!
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Suffer us no more to stray;

Give us, Lord, and ever give
Thee to know, in Thee to live!

A Morning Dedication of Ourselves to Christ

From the German.⁵⁵

Jesu, Thy light again I view,
Again Thy mercy's beams I see,
And all within me wakes, anew
To pant for Thy immensity:
Again my thoughts to Thee aspire
In fervent flames of strong desire.

But, O! what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive
A holy, living sacrifice.
Small as it is, 'tis all my store
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

Now then, my God, Thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but Thine I am:
Guard Thou Thy own; possess it whole,
Cheer it by hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh; Thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to Thy will:
Here let Thy light for ever shine,
This house still let Thy presence fill:
O Source of Life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

O, never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation through Thy name

⁵⁵ From Dr. Joachim Lange, (1670–1744,) "O Jesu susses licht." Herrnhuth Collection, No.308. Knapp, E.L., p.1018.

My soul, and may I put on Thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe Thy righteousness!

Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,
Since I am call'd by Thy great name:
In Thee my wandering thoughts unite,
Of all my works be Thou the aim.
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be Thy praise!

Christ Protecting and Sanctifying

From the same.⁵⁶

O Jesu, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if Thou appear.

Effulgence of the Light Divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began;
Thou, when the appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wert Man with man.

The world, sin, death oppose in vain;
Thou, by Thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer, and my God!
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withstand Thy conquering blood.

Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To Thy dread sceptre will I bow:
With duteous reverence at Thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit:
Speak, Lord! Thy servant heareth now.

Renew Thy image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to Thee are dear:
No anger mayst Thou ever find,

⁵⁶ From J. A. Freylinghausen, (1670–1739), "Wer ist wol wie Du." Herrn. Coll., No.30. Knapp, E. L., p.137.

No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace be there.

A patient, a victorious mind
That, life and all things cast behind,
Springs forth obedient to Thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

Supplication for Grace

From the same.⁵⁷

O God of God, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love Divine,
With thankful hearts to Thee we sing!
To Thee our longing souls aspire
In fervent flames of strong desire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.

All things in earth and air and sea
Exist and live and move in Thee;
All Nature trembles at Thy voice:
With awe even we Thy children prove
Thy power. O, let us taste Thy love!
So evermore shall we rejoice.

O powerful Love, to Thee we bow,
Object of all our wishes Thou,
(Our hearts are naked to Thine eye,)
To Thee, who from the eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of Thy Godhead down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

Grace we implore; when billows roll,
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal:
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

O Love, our stubborn wills subdue,
Create our ruin'd frame anew;
Dispel our darkness by Thy light:

⁵⁷ The original is said to be a hymn by Count Zinzendorf, ("Gott aus dem quilt altes Leben") which has not yet been identified.

Into all truth our spirit guide,
But from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in Thy sight.

Be heaven even now our soul's abode,
Hid be our life with Christ in God,
Our spirit, Lord, be one with Thine:
Let all our works in Thee be wrought,
And fill'd with Thee be all our thought,
Till in us Thy full likeness shine.

Hymn to the Holy Ghost

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest!
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O, come, and consecrate my breast:
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix Thy sacred presence there!

If now Thy influence I feel,
If now in Thee begin to live,
Still to my heart Thyself reveal;
Give me Thyself, for ever give.
A point my good, a drop my store:
Eager I ask, and pant for more.

Eager for Thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle Divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul be Thine:
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in Thy immensity.

My peace, my life, my comfort now,
My treasure, and my all Thou art!
True witness of my sonship Thou,
Engraving pardon on my heart:
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

Come then, my God, mark out Thy heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give,
With clearer light Thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live:
Let all my powers Thy entrance feel,
And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire,

Come, and in me delight to rest!
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O, come, and consecrate my breast:
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix Thy sacred presence there!

On the Descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost

Altered from Dr. H. More.⁵⁸

When Christ had left His flock below,
The loss His faithful flock deplored:
Him in the flesh no more they know,
And languish for their absent Lord.

Not long—for He, gone up on high
Gifts to receive, and claim His crown,
Beheld them sorrowing from His sky,
And pour'd the mighty blessing down.

He, for the presence of His flesh,
The Spirit's seven-fold gifts imparts;
And living streams their souls refresh,
And joy Divine o'erflows their hearts.

While all, in sweet devotion join'd,
Humbly to wait for God retire,
The promised grace in rushing wind
Descends, and cloven tongues of fire.

God's mighty Spirit fills the dome,
The feeble dome beneath Him shook.
Trembled the crowd to feel Him come,
Soon as the sons of thunder spoke.

Father! if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

Our claim admit, and from above

58 For an account of the original of this fine hymn, and the alterations made in it, the reader may consult the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1867, p.23.

Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal and unity and power.

The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative impart;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart:

The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

The Spirit of faith, in this Thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.

The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts Thy laws may write:
Then grief expires, and pain and strife;
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

On all the earth Thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to Thy sceptre all subdue.

Like mighty wind, or torrent fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun,
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

Yea, let Thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare,
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,

The kingdom of Thy Christ prepare.

Grant this, O holy God, and true!
The ancient seers Thou didst inspire:
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

Public Worship

From the German.⁵⁹

Lo, God is here! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face.
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo, God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing:
To Him enthroned above all height
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone:
To Thee our will, soul, flesh we give;
O take, O seal them for Thy own!
Thou art the God; Thou art the Lord:
Be Thou by all Thy works adored!

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

In Thee we move. All things of Thee
Are full, Thou Source and Life of all!
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea!
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,

59 Tersteegen, (1697–1769) “Gott ist gegenwärtig.” *Herrn. Coll.*, No. 581. Knapp, E. L., p.748.

Ye sons of men; for God is man!
All may we lose, so Thee we gain!

As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire:
Thou Beam of the Eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening Flame!

Prayer to Christ Before the Sacrament

From the same.⁶⁰

O Thou, whom sinners love, whose care
Does all our sickness heal,
Thee we approach, with heart sincere,
Thy power we joy to feel.
To Thee our humblest thanks we pay,
To Thee our souls we bow;
Of hell erewhile the helpless prey,
Heirs of Thy glory now.

As incense to Thy throne above,
O, let our prayers arise!
O, wing with flames of holy love
Our living sacrifice!
Stir up Thy strength, O Lord of Might,
Our willing breasts inspire:
Fill our whole souls with heavenly light,
Melt with seraphic fire.

From Thy blest wounds our life we draw;
Thy all-atoning blood
Daily we drink with trembling awe;
Thy flesh our daily food.
Come, Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
Here make Thy likeness shine!
Stamp Thy whole image on our heart,
And all our souls be Thine!

⁶⁰ Author unknown. Both this and the following are for some unexplained reason marked for omission in the copy corrected for a sixth edition.

Hymn After the Sacrament

Sons of God, triumphant rise,
Shout the accomplish'd Sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!

Ye that round our altars throng,
Listening angels, join the song:
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!

Love's mysterious work is done!
Greet we now the accepted Son,
Heal'd and quicken'd by His blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

Christ, of all our hopes the seal;
Peace Divine in Christ we feel,
Pardon to our souls applied:
Dead for all, for me He died!

Sin shall tyrannise no more,
Purged its guilt, dissolved its power;
Jesus makes our hearts His throne,
There He lives, and reigns alone.

Grace our every thought controls,
Heaven is open'd in our souls,
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.

Christ in us; in Him we see
Fulness of the Deity.
Beam of the Eternal Beam;
Life Divine we taste in Him!

Him we only taste below;
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
Him when fully ours we prove,
Ours the heaven of perfect love!

Acts 2:41, &c.

The word pronounced, the Gospel-word,
The crowd with various hearts received:
In many a soul the Saviour stirr'd,
Three thousand yielded, and believed.

These by the apostles' counsels led,
With them in mighty prayer combined,
Broke the commemorative bread,
Nor from the fellowship declined.

God from above, with ready grace
And deeds of wonder, guards His flock;
Trembles the world before their face,
By Jesus crush'd, their Conquering Rock.

The happy band whom Christ redeems,
One only will, one judgment know:
None this contentious earth esteems,
Distinctions or delights below.

The men of worldly wealth possess'd
Their selfish happiness remove,
Sell, and divide it to the rest,
And buy the blessedness of love.

Thus in the presence of their God,
Jesus their life, and heaven their care,
With single heart they took their food,
Heighten'd by Eucharist and prayer.

God in their every work was praised:
The people bless'd the law benign:
Daily the Church, His arm had raised,
Received the sons of mercy in.

To be Sung at Work

Son of the Carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labour give,
By joining it to Thine.

Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy Majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free:
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

O, when wilt Thou, my Life, appear!
How gladly would I cry,
"Tis done, the work Thou gav'st me here,
'Tis finish'd, Lord," and die!

Another

Summon'd my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy name my task I do,
And with a single heart.

End of my every action Thou!
Thyself in all I see:
Accept my hallow'd labour now;
I do it unto Thee.

Whate'er the Father views as Thine,
He views with gracious eyes.
Jesus! this mean oblation join
To Thy great sacrifice.

Stamp'd with an infinite desert,
My work He then shall own;
Well-pleased in me, when mine Thou art,
And I His favourite son!

God With Us

From the German.⁶¹

Eternal depth of Love Divine,
In Jesus, God-with-us, display'd,
How bright Thy beaming glories shine!
How wide Thy healing streams are spread!
With whom dost Thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile, a thankless race.
O God what tongue aright can tell
How vast Thy love, how great Thy grace!

The dictates of Thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All Thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo! all we are to Thee we give.
To Thy sure love, Thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit we resign:
O fix Thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode for ever Thine.

O King of Glory, Thy rich grace
Our short desires surpasses far!
Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than Thy mercies are.
Still on Thee, Father, may we rest!
Still may we pant Thy Son to know!
Thy Spirit still breathe into our breast,
Fountain of peace and joy below!

Oft have we seen Thy mighty power
Since from the world Thou mad'st us free:
Still may we praise Thee more and more,
Our hearts more firmly knit to Thee!
Still, Lord, Thy saving health display,

61 Zinzendorf, "Du ewiger Abgrund der seligen Liebe." Herrn. Coll., No. 11. Knapp, E. L., p.523.

And arm our souls with heavenly zeal:
So, fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell!

God Our Portion

From the Spanish.⁶²

O God, my God, my all Thou art;
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

For Thee my thirsty soul does pant,
While in this desert land I live:
And hungry as I am and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on Thee, O Lord:
And more I joy to gain Thy grace
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

In holiness within Thy gates
Of old oft have I sought for Thee:
Again my longing spirit waits
That fulness of delight to see.

More dear than life itself, Thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare Thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

In blessing Thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to Thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

Abundant sweetness, while I sing

⁶² This noble version of Ps. 63 was inserted in the book of 1738, and therefore probably translated in America. The Spanish author is unknown.

Thy love, my ravish'd soul o'erflows;
Secure in Thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

Thy name, O Lord, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all Thy hands have wrought.

In all I do I feel Thy aid;
Therefore Thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

My soul draws nigh, and cleaves to Thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free
For whom Thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

Gratitude for Our Conversion

From the German.⁶³

Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and Thee alone!
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to Thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved:
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved.
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;

63 Johann Angelus Scheffler, "Ich will dich lieben meine Stärke." *Herrn. Coll.*, No. 610. Knapp, E. L., p.797.

My soul and flesh, O Lord of Might,
Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light.

Give to my eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires:
"That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite."⁶⁴

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

64 This couplet is copied from Bishop Ken's Morning Hymn, v. 9.

Boldness in the Gospel

From the same.⁶⁵

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd, in deed and word
Be a true witness to my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how Thy anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften Thy truths, and smooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by Thee?

What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

Yea, let man rage! since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain Thy tender love
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.

Saviour of men! Thy searching eye
Does all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise;
Or the world's favour, or its praise?

The love of Christ does me constrain

65 J.J. Winkler, (1670–1722), "Soltt ich aus furcht vor Menschen kindern." *Herrn. Coll.*, No. 162. Knapp, E.L., p.385.

To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach and welcome, pain!
Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

My life, my blood I here present;
If for Thy truth they may be spent,
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done! Thy name adored!

Give me Thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be—
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thee!

Acts 4:29

Captain of my salvation, hear!
Stir up Thy strength, and bow the skies:
Be Thou, the God of battles, near;
In all Thy majesty arise!

The day, the dreadful day's at hand!
In battle cover Thou my head:
Past is Thy word I here demand,
And confident expect Thine aid.

Now arm me for the threatening fight;
Now let Thy power descend from high;
Triumphant in Thy Spirit's might,
So shall I every foe defy.

I ask Thy help; by Thee sent forth
Thy glorious Gospel to proclaim,
Be Thou my mouth, and shake the earth,
And spread by me Thy awful name.

Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace,
Arm me with all Thy armour now.
Set like a flint my steady face,
Harden to adamant my brow.

Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,
My high commission to perform,
Nor shrink Thy harshest truths to unfold,
But more than meet the gathering storm.

Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,
Still may I turn my fearless face,
Stand as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.

Give me Thy might, Thou God of power;
Then let or men or fiends assail!
Strong in Thy strength, I'll stand a tower
Impregnable to earth or hell.

Congratulations to a Friend, upon Believing in Christ⁶⁶

What morn on thee with sweeter ray,
Or brighter lustre e'er hath shined?
Be blest the memorable day
That gave thee Jesus Christ to find!
Gave thee to taste His perfect grace,
From death to life in Him to pass!

O, how diversified the scene,
Since first that heart began to beat!
Evil and few thy days have been:
In suffering, and in comfort, great,
Oft hast Thou groan'd beneath thy load,
And sunk into the arms of God!

Long did all hell its powers engage,
And fill'd thy darken'd soul with fears:
Baffled at length the dragon's rage,
At length the atoning blood appears:
Thy light is come, thy mourning's o'er,
Look up; for thou shalt weep no more!

Blest be the Name that sets thee free,
The Name that sure salvation brings!
The Sun of Righteousness on thee
Has rose with healing in His wings.
Away let grief and sighing flee;
Jesus has died for thee—for thee!

And will He now forsake His own,
Or lose the purchase of His blood?
No! for He looks with pity down,
He watches over thee for good;

⁶⁶ Probably addressed to John Wesley, on the occasion of his "finding peace," by his brother Charles. Part of the first verse is adapted from his brother Samuel's verses on Bishop Atterbury's birthday; for which see his "Poems" in Nichols's edition, 1862, p.431.

Gracious He eyes thee from above,
And guards and feeds thee with His love.

Since thou wast precious in His sight,
How highly favour'd hast thou been!
Upborne by faith to glory's height,
The Saviour-God thine eyes have seen,
Thy heart has felt its sins forgiven,
And tastes anticipated heaven.

Still may His love thy fortress be,
And make thee still His darling care,
Settle, confirm, and stablish thee,
On eagle's wings thy spirit bear:
Fill thee with heaven, and ever shed
His choicest blessings on thy head.

Thus may He comfort thee below,
Thus may He all His graces give:
Him but in part thou here canst know:
Yet here by faith submit to live;
Help me to fight my passage through,
Nor seize thy heaven till I may too.

Or, if the sovereign wise decree
First number thee among the blest,
(The only good I'd envy thee,)
Translating to an earlier rest;
Near in thy latest hour, may I
Instruct, and learn of thee, to die.

Mix'd with the choirs that hover round
And all the adverse powers control,
Angel of peace may I be found
To animate thy parting soul,
Point out the crown, and smooth thy way
To regions of eternal day.

Fired with the thought, I see thee now
Triumphant meet the King of Fears!
Steadfast thy heart, serene thy brow;
Divinely confident appears
Thy mounting soul, and spreads abroad,
And swells to be dissolved in God.

Is this the soul so late weigh'd down
By cares and sins, by griefs and pains?
Whither are all thy terrors gone?
Jesus for thee the victory gains;
And death, and sin, and Satan yield
To faith's unconquerable shield.

Blest be the God that calls thee home;
Faithful to thee His mercies prove:
Through death's dark vale He bids thee come,
And more than conquer in His love;
Robes thee in righteousness Divine,
And makes the crown of glory thine!

Hymn for Christmas Day

Hark how all the welkin rings,
“Glory to the King of kings,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal Nature, say,
“Christ the Lord is born to-day!”

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin’s womb.

Veil’d in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born—that man no more may die,
Born—to raise the sons of earth,
Born—to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman’s conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent’s head.

Now display Thy saving power,
Ruin'd nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp Thy image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man:
O to all Thyself impart,
Form'd in each believing heart.

Hymn for the Epiphany

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Jacob's Star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below:
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!

There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on your eyes;
God in His own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.

Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man His life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

Hymn for Easter Day

“Christ the Lord is risen to-day,”
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply.

Love’s redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun’s eclipse is o’er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise:
Christ has open’d paradise!

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now, where Christ has led?
Following our exalted Head,
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

What though once we perish’d all,
Partners in our parent’s fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our Heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move;
Still we seek the things above;
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on His Father’s throne:

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below;
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God!

Hid; till Christ, our Life, appear,
Glorious in His members here:
Join'd to Him, we then shall shine
All immortal, all Divine!

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

Hymn for Ascension Day

Hail the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven!

There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in!"

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in!

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

See He lifts His hands above!
See He shows the prints of love!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below!

Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master, (will we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day;
See Thy faithful servants, see!
Ever gazing up to Thee.

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

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

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee!

Hymn for Whitsunday

Granted is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus to His heaven restored:

Christ; who, now gone up on high,
Captive leads captivity;
While His foes from Him receive
Grace, that God with man may live.

God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

Never will He thence depart,
Inmate of an humble heart;
Carrying on His work within,
Striving till He cast out sin.

There He helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans;
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

Come, Divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel-fire.

Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle, and Lord of life;
Life Divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!

Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth;
Now Thy quickening influence give,
Blow—and these dry bones shall live!

Brood Thou o'er our nature's night,
Darkness kindles into light;
Spread Thy over-shadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.

Pain, and sin, and sorrow cease;
Thee we taste, and all is peace;
Joy Divine in Thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

Grace Before Meat

Parent of good, whose plenteous grace
O'er all Thy creatures flows,
Humbly we ask Thy power to bless
The food Thy love bestows.

Thy love provides the sober feast:
A second gift impart,—
Give us with joy our food to taste,
And with a single heart.

Let it for Thee new life afford,
For Thee our strength repair,
Blest by Thine all-sustaining word,
And sanctified by prayer.

Thee let us taste; nor toil below
For perishable meat:
The manna of Thy love bestow,
Give us Thy flesh to eat.

Life of the world, our souls to feed
Thyself descend from high!
Grant us of Thee the Living Bread
To eat, and never die!

Ar Meals

Father, our eyes we lift to Thee,
And taste our daily bread:
'Tis now Thy open hand we see,
And on Thy bounty feed.

'Tis now the meaner creatures join
Richly Thy grace to prove;
Fulfil Thy primitive design,
Enjoy'd by thankful love.

Still, while our mouths are fill'd with good,
Our souls to Thee we raise;
Our souls partake of nobler food,
And banquet on Thy praise.

Yet higher still our farthest aim;
To mingle with the blest,
To attend the marriage of the Lamb,
And heaven's eternal feast.

Grace After Meat

Blest be the God whose tender care
Prevents His children's cry;
Whose pity, providently near,
Doth all our wants supply.

Blest be the God whose bounty's store
These cheering gifts imparts;
Who veils in bread the secret power
That feeds and glads our hearts.

Fountain of blessings, Source of good,
To Thee this strength we owe;
Thou art the virtue of our food,
Life of our life below.

When shall our souls regain the skies?
Thy heavenly sweetness prove?
Fulness of joys shall there arise,
And all our food be love.

Another

Fountain of all the good we see
Streaming from heaven above,
Saviour! our faith we act on Thee,
And exercise our love.

'Tis not the outward food we eat
Doth this new strength afford;
'Tis Thou, whose presence makes it meat,
Thou the life-giving Word.

Man doth not live by bread alone;
Whate'er Thou wilt can feed:
Thy power converts the bread to stone,
And turns the stone to bread.

Thou art our food: we taste Thee now;
In Thee we move and breathe;
Our bodies' only life art Thou,
And all besides is death!

John 16:24

“Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.”

Rise, my soul, with ardour rise,
Breathe thy wishes to the skies;
Freely pour out all thy mind;
Seek, and thou art sure to find.
Ready art thou to receive?
Readier is thy God to give.

Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and show Thou hear'st my call;
Let my cries Thy throne assail,
Entering now within the veil:
Give the benefits I claim—
Lord, I ask in Jesu's name!

Friend of sinners. King of saints,
Answer my minutest wants,
All my largest thoughts require;
Grant me all my heart's desire;
Give me, till my cup run o'er,
All, and infinitely more.

Meek and lowly be my mind,
Pure my heart, my will resign'd!
Keep me dead to all below,
Only Christ resolved to know,
Firm and disengaged and free,
Seeking all my bliss in Thee.

Suffer me no more to grieve
Wanting what Thou long'st to give;
Show me all Thy goodness, Lord,
Beaming from the incarnate Word,
Christ, in whom Thy glories shine,
Efflux of the Light Divine.

Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty,
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in Thy saving grace,
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Since the Son hath bought my peace,
Mine Thou art, as I am His:
Mine the Comforter I see,
Christ is full of grace for me;
Mine (the purchase of His blood)
All the plenitude of God.

Abba, Father! hear Thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled!
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

Lord, I will not let Thee go,
Till the blessing Thou bestow.
Hear my Advocate Divine;
Lo! to His my suit I join:
Join'd to His, it cannot fail:
Bless me, for I will prevail!

Stoop from Thy eternal throne;
See, Thy promise calls Thee down!
High and lofty as Thou art,
Dwell within my worthless heart!
Here,⁶⁷ a fainting soul revive;

⁶⁷ The reading of the second edition is followed: in the third, the obvious typographical error of the first (“hear”) reappears. In the fourth and fifth we read, “My poor fainting soul revive.” N.B.—In the first three editions of the first volume of “Hymns and Sacred Poems,” which were all published in the year 1739, the hymn given above on John 16:24 is followed by a Paraphrase on Isaiah 51:9, &c., which was withdrawn in the fourth and

Here for ever walk and live.

Heavenly Adam, Life Divine,
Change my nature into Thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now,
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in Thy temple stay;
Now Thy inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of Life, Thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart!

fifth editions, and published in 1749 in another volume as part of a complete paraphrase on the chapter. In that form it will appear in this edition in due course, and is therefore omitted here.

HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS, 1740

Published by

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Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford;

and

Charles Wesley, M.A.,

Student of Christ-Church, Oxford.

“Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your hearts to the Lord.”

-Col.3:16.

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MDCCXL

THE PREFACE⁶⁸

By grace, saith St. Paul, ye are saved through faith. And it is indeed a great salvation which they have received who truly believe on the name of the Son of God. It is such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, until God hath revealed it by His Spirit, which alone showeth these deep things of God.

Of this salvation the prophets inquired diligently, searching what manner of time the Spirit which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow; even that glorious liberty from the bondage of corruption which should then be given to the children of God. Much more doth it behove us, diligently to inquire after this prize of our high calling, and earnestly to hope for the grace which is brought unto us by the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Some faint description of this gracious gift of God is attempted in a few of the following verses. But the greater part of them relate to the way, rather than the end; either showing (so far as has fallen under our observation) the successive conquests of grace, and the gradual process of the work of God in the soul; or pointing out the chief hindrances in the way, at which many have stumbled and fallen.

This great gift of God, the salvation of our souls, which is begun on earth, but perfected in heaven, is no other than the Image of God fresh stamped upon our hearts. It is a renewal in the spirit of our minds after the likeness of Him that created us. It is a salvation from sin and doubt and fear: From Fear; for, being justified freely, they who believe have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. From Doubt; for the Spirit of God beareth witness with their spirit, that they are the children of God And from Sin; for being now made free from sin, they are become the servants of righteousness.

God hath now laid the axe to the root of the tree, purifying their hearts by faith, and cleansing all the thoughts of their hearts by the inspiration of His Holy Spirit. Having this hope, that they shall soon see God as He is, they purify themselves even as He is pure; and are holy as He which hath called them is holy in all manner of conversation. Not that they have already attained all they shall attain, either are already (in this sense) perfect. But they daily go on from strength to strength beholding now as in a glass the glory of the Lord, they are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.

And where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; such liberty from the law of sin and death as the children of this world will not believe, though a man declare it unto them. The

68 In this document there are several expressions which Wesley was afterwards convinced could not be justified as in harmony with the statements of Scripture, or the facts of Christian experience. The corrections and qualifications with which he wished them to be received are here inserted from his "Plain Account of Christian Perfection." (Works, vol. 11, p.379, 380.)

Son hath made them free, and they are free indeed insomuch that St. John lays it down, as a first principle among true believers, We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not: but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not. And again, Whosoever abideth in Him (in CHRIST) sinneth not. And yet again, Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. For his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

The Son hath made them free, who are thus born of God, from that great root of sin and bitterness, Pride. They feel, that all their sufficiency is of God; that it is He alone who is in all their thoughts, and worketh in them both to will and to do of His good pleasure. They feel, that it is not they who speak, but the Spirit of their Father which speaketh in them; and that whatsoever is done by their hands, the Father which is with them, He doeth the works. So that God is to them all in all, and they are as nothing in His sight. They are freed from self-will; as desiring nothing, no, not for one moment, (for perfect love casteth out all desire,) but the holy and perfect will of God: not supplies in want; not ease⁶⁹ in pain; not life or death, or any creature; but continually crying in their inmost soul, "Father, Thy will be done." They are freed from evil thoughts, so that they cannot enter into them; no, not for one instant. Aforetime, when an evil thought came in, they looked up, and it vanished away. But now it does not come in; there being no room for this in a soul which is full of God. They are freed from wanderings in prayer. Whensoever they pour out their hearts in a more immediate manner before God, they have no thought of anything past⁷⁰ or absent, or to come, but of God alone; to whom their whole souls flow in one men stream, and in whom they are swallowed up. In times past, they had wandering thoughts darted in; which yet fled away like smoke. But now that smoke does not rise at all, but they continually see Him which is invisible. They are freed from all darkness, having no fear, no doubt, either as to their state in general; or as to any particular action:⁷¹ for their eye being single, their whole body is full of light. Whatsoever is needful, they are taught of God. They have an unction from the Holy One, which abideth in them, and teacheth them every hour, what they shall do, and what they shall speak.⁷² Nor have they therefore any need to reason concerning it;⁷³ for they see the way straight before them. The Lamb is their light, and they simply follow Him, whithersoever He goeth. Hence also they are, in one sense, freed from temptations; for though numberless temptations fly about them, yet they wound them not,

69 "This is too strong. Our Lord Himself desired ease in pain. He asked for it, only with resignation: 'Not as I will, I desire, 'but as Thou wilt.'"

70 "This is far too strong. See the sermon 'On Wandering Thoughts.'"

71 "Frequently this is the case; but only for a time."

72 "For a time it may be so; but not always."

73 "Sometimes they have no need; at other times they have."

they trouble them not,⁷⁴ they have no place in them. At all times their soul is even and calm; their heart is steadfast and immovable; their peace, flowing as a river, passeth all understanding, and they rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. For they are sealed by the Spirit unto the day of redemption; having the witness in themselves, that there is laid up for them a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give them in that day;⁷⁵ and being fully persuaded, through the Holy Ghost, that neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate them from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, their Lord.

Not that every one is a child of the devil (as some have rashly asserted, who know not what they speak, nor whereof they affirm) till he is, in this full sense, born of God.⁷⁶ On the contrary, whosoever he be, who hath a sure trust and confidence in God, that through the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God; he is a child of God, and, if he abide in Him, an heir of all the great and precious promises. Neither ought he in any wise to cast away his confidence, or to deny the faith he hath received, because it is weak, because hitherto it is only as a grain of mustard-seed; or because it is tried with fire, so that his soul is in heaviness through manifold temptations. For though the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, yet is he lord of all. God doth not despise the day of small things; the day of fears, and doubts, and clouds: but if there be first a willing mind, pressing toward the mark of the prize of our high calling, it is accepted (for the present) according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not.

Neither therefore dare we affirm (as some have done) that this full salvation is at once given to true believers. There is indeed an instantaneous (as well as a gradual) work of God in the souls of His children; and there wants not, we know, a cloud of witnesses, who have received in one moment, either a clear sense of the forgiveness of their sins, or the abiding witness of the Holy Spirit. But we do not know a single instance, in any place, of a person's receiving, in one and the same moment, remission of sins, the abiding witness of the Spirit, and a new, a clean heart.

Indeed how God may work, we cannot tell; but the general manner wherein He does work is this. Those who once trusted in themselves that they were righteous, who were rich and had need of nothing, are, by the Spirit of God applying His word, convinced that they are poor and naked. All the things that they have done are brought to their remembrance, and set in array before them; so that they see the wrath of God hanging over their heads, and feel they deserve the damnation of hell. In their trouble they cry unto the Lord, and He shows He hath taken away their sins, and opens the kingdom of heaven in their hearts, even

74 "Sometimes they do not; at other times they do, and that grievously."

75 "Not all who are saved from sin; many of them have not attained it yet."

76 "Sanctified." MS. correction.

righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Fear and sorrow and pain are fled away, and sin hath no more dominion over them. Knowing they are justified freely through faith in His blood, they have peace with God through Jesus Christ; they rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and the love of God is shed abroad in their hearts.

In this peace they remain for days, or weeks, or months, and commonly suppose they shall not know war any more, till some of their old enemies, their bosom sins, or the sin which did most easily beset them, (perhaps anger or desire,) assault them again, and thrust sore at them, that they may fall. Then arises fear, that they shall not endure to the end; and often doubt, whether God has not forgotten them, or whether they did not deceive themselves, in thinking their sins were forgiven, and that they were children of God. Under these clouds, especially if they reason with the devil, or are received to doubtful disputations, they go mourning all the day long, even as a father mourneth for his only son whom he loveth. But it is seldom long before their Lord answers for Himself, sending them the Holy Ghost, to comfort them, to bear witness continually with their spirit, that they are the children of God. And then they are indeed meek, and gentle, and teachable, even as little children. Their stony heart was broken in pieces before they received remission of sins yet it continued hard; but now it is melted down, it is soft, tender, and susceptible of any impression. And now first do they see the ground of their heart; which God would not before disclose unto them, lest the flesh should fail before Him, and the spirit which He had made. Now they see all the hidden abominations there; the depths of pride, self-will, and hell. Yet having the witness in themselves, "Thou art an heir of God, a joint heir with Christ; thou shalt inherit the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness;" their spirit rejoiceth in God their Saviour, even in the midst of this fiery trial, which continually heightens both the strong sense they then have of their inability to help themselves, and the inexpressible hunger they feel after a full renewal in His image, in righteousness, and all true holiness. Then God is mindful of the desire of them that fear Him: He remembers His holy covenant, and He giveth them a single eye and a clean heart. He stamps upon them His own image and superscription: He createth them anew in Christ Jesus: He cometh unto them with His Son and His blessed Spirit, and, fixing His abode in their souls, bringeth them into the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Part 1

The Fifty-Fifth Chapter of Isaiah

Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:
(’Tis God invites the fallen race:)
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

Come to the Living Waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker’s call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find My grace is free for all.

See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden’d, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,
You spend your little all in vain.

In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would you go?
I have the words of endless life.

Hearken to Me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of My mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

I bid you all My goodness prove,
My promises for all are free:
Come taste the manna of My love,
And let your soul delight in Me.

Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believably receive
Quicken'd your soul, by faith Divine,
An everlasting life shall live.

You for My own I then shall take,
Shall surely seal you for My own,
My covenant of mercy make,
And 'stablish it in David's Son.

A faithful Witness of My grace,
Him have I to the people given,
To teach a sinful world My ways,
And lead and train them up for heaven.

Son of My love, behold, to Thee
From all eternity I give
Sinners who to Thy wounds will flee
The soul that chooseth life shall live.

Nations, whom once Thou didst not own,
Thou Thine inheritance shalt call;
Nations who knew not Thee shall run,
And hail the God that died for all.

For I, the holy God and true,
To glorify Thy name have sworn:
And, lo My faithfulness I show,
And, lo to Thee the Gentiles turn.

Seek ye the Lord with timely care,
Ye servants of uncancell'd sin,

While all that seek may find Him near
With open arms to take them in.

His evil let the sinner leave,
In bitterness of spirit mourn,
Death's sentence in himself receive,
And to a gracious God return.

Surely our God will bid him live,
Will with the arms of love embrace;
Freely, abundantly forgive,
And show him all His depths of grace.

For thus the mighty God hath said,
My ways and thoughts ye cannot scan;
Ye cannot, whom My hands have made,
Your Infinite Creator span.

Me will ye mete with reason's line?
Or teach My grace how far to move?
Fathom My mercy's deep design,
My height, and breadth, and length of love?

Far as the heavens that earth surpass,
Far as My throne those nether skies,
My ways of love, and thoughts of grace,
Beyond your low conceptions rise.

For as the snow from heaven comes down,
The first and latter rains distil,
The earth with fruitfulness to crown,
Man's heart with food and joy to fill:

As no return the shower can know,
But falls a thirsty land to cheer,
But executes its charge below,
While plenty decks the smiling year:

So shall the word My lips have spoke
Accomplish that which I ordain;
My word I never will revoke;
My word is not gone forth in vain.

In My redeeming work employ'd,
And sent My pleasure to fulfil,
Vain it shall not return, and void,
But prosper, and perform My will.

With Me is plenteous mercy found,
Redemption free for all to know;
And where your sin doth most abound,
My more abundant grace shall flow.

From guilt and pain ye shall be freed,
From the black dungeon of despair,
Into My heavenly kingdom led,
And reap eternal pleasures there.

All ye that in My word believe
Shall see My love in Jesu's face;
The peace and joy of faith receive,
And triumph in My saving grace.

The trees shall clap their hands and sing,
Mountains and hills their voices raise;
All the new heavens and earth shall ring
With Jesus their Creator's praise.

Where thorns deform'd the barren ground,
Where noisome weeds the soul o'erspread,
There shall the fruits of grace abound,
And second nature lift her head.

The trees of God shall deck the soil,
The plants of righteousness arise;

The Lord shall on His garden smile,
His late-returning paradise.

The earth, in token of His grace,
Shall spread the odour of His fame,
And everlasting trophies raise,
To glorify the Saviour's name.

The Life of Faith

Exemplified in the Eleventh Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews.

Verse 1

Author of Faith, Eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same:

To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable:
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

By faith we know Thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Saviour Thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

To him that in Thy name believes,
Eternal life with Thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and happiness, and heaven.

The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence
Their heavenly origin display.

Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Verses 2,3

By faith the holy men of old
Obtain'd a never-dying name;
The Sacred Leaves their praise unfold,
And God Himself records their fame.

Through faith we know the worlds were made,
By His great word to being brought:
He spake; the earth and heaven obey'd;
The universe sprang forth from nought.

The heavens Thy glorious power proclaim,
If Thou in us Thy power declare;
We know from whom the fabric came;
Our heart believes, when God is there.

Thee through Thyself we understand,
When Thou in us Thyself hast shown,
We see Thy all-creating hand,
We feel a God through faith alone.

Verse 4

Believing in the woman's Seed,
And justified by faith alone,
Abel a nobler offering made,
And God vouchsafed his gifts to own.

Witness Divine he thus obtain'd,
The gift of righteousness received;
And now he wears the crown he gain'd,
And sees the Christ he once believed.

Still by his faith he speaks, though dead
He calls us to the living way:
We hear; and in his footsteps tread:
We first believe, and then obey.

Verses 5,6

Exempted from the general doom,
The death which all are born to know,
Enoch obtain'd his heavenly home
By faith, and disappear'd below.

From earth unpainfully released,
Translated to the realms of light,
He found the God by faith he pleased;
His faith was sweetly lost in sight.

God, without faith, we cannot please:
For all, who unto God would come,
Must feelingly believe He is,
And gives to all their righteous doom.

We feelingly believe Thou art:
Behold, we ever seek Thee, Lord,
With all our mind, with all our heart,
And find Thee now our great reward,

Verse 7

Divinely warn'd of judgments near,
Noah believed a threatening God;
With humble faith, and holy fear
He built the ark, and 'scaped the flood.

He (while the world that disbelieved,
The careless world of sinners, died)
The righteousness of faith received:
Noah by faith was justified.

We too by faith the world condemn,
Of righteousness Divine possest,
Escape the wrath that covers them,
Safe in the ark of Jesu's breast.

Verses 8,9,10

Obedient to his God's command,
And influenced by faith alone,
Abraham left his native land,
Went out, and sought a place unknown—

A place he should possess at last,
When full four hundred years were o'er;—
Upon the Word himself he cast;
He follow'd God, and ask'd no more.

As in a strange, though promised, land,
(A land his distant heirs received,)
He and his sons in tents remain'd;
He knew on whom he had believed.

A better heritage he sought,
A city built by God on high;
Thither he raised his towering thought,
He fix'd on heaven his steadfast eye.

Whose firm foundations never move,
Jerusalem was all his care,
The New Jerusalem above;
His treasure and his heart was there.

And shall not we the call obey,
And haste where God commands, to go?
Despise these tenements of clay,
These dreams of happiness below?

Yes, Lord we hearken to Thy call
As sojourners o'er earth we rove;
We have for Thee forsaken all,
And seek the heaven of perfect love.

Verses 11,12

By faith the handmaid of the Lord,
Sarah, received a power unknown;
She judged Him faithful to His word;
Barren and old, she bore a son.

Nature had lost its genial power,
And Abraham was old, in vain:
Impossibilities are o'er,
If faith assent, and God ordain.

He glorified JEHOVAH'S name;
(God spake the word, it must be done)
Father of nations he became,
And multitudes sprang forth from one.

From one old man the race did rise,
A barren womb the myriads bore,
Countless as stars that deck the skies,
As sands that crown the ocean-shore.

Verses 13,14,15,16

The worthies these of ancient days,
By faith they lived, in faith they died:
Not yet received the promised grace,
But darkly from afar descried.

Assured the Saviour should appear,
And confident in Christ to come,
Him they embraced,—though distant, near,—
And languish'd for their heavenly home.

Pilgrims they here themselves confess'd,
Who no abiding-place must know;
Strangers on earth, they could not rest,
Or find their happiness below.

Regardless of the things behind,
The earthly home from whence they came,
A better land they long'd to find,
A promised heaven was all their aim.

Their faith the gracious Father sees,
And kindly for His children cares;
He condescends to call them His,
And suffers them to call Him theirs.

For them His heaven He hath prepared,
His New Jerusalem above;
And love is there their great reward,
A whole eternity of love.

Verses 17,18,19

Abraham, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience show'd;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

His son the father offer'd up,
Son of his age, his only son,
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

His seed elect, his heir foretold,
Of whom the promised Christ should rise,
He could not from his God withhold
That best, that costliest sacrifice.

The father curb'd his swelling grief;
'Twas God required, it must be done;
He stagger'd not through unbelief,
He bared his arm to slay his son.

He rested in Jehovah's power;
The word must stand which God hath said;
He knew the Almighty could restore,
Could raise his Isaac from the dead.

He knew in whom he had believed,
And, trusting in Omnipotence,
His son as from the dead received,
His steadfast face received him thence.

O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to Thee,
To whom our more than all is due!

Now, Lord, for Thee our all we leave;
Our willing soul Thy call obeys;
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
Freedom, and life, to win Thy grace.

Is there a thing than life more dear,
A thing from which we cannot part—
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

Jesu, accept our sacrifice;
All things for Thee we count but loss;
Lo! at Thy word our Isaac dies,
Dies on the altar of Thy cross.

Now to Thyself the victim take;
Nature's last agony is o'er;
Freely Thine own we render back,
We grieve to part with all no more.

For what to Thee, O Lord, we give,
An hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with Thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

Verses 20,21,22

Isaac by faith declared his race
In Jacob and in Esau blest
The younger by peculiar grace
A nobler heritage possess'd.

By faith expiring Jacob knew
Distinguish'd mercies to pronounce;
His hands found out the happy two,
And blest his favourite Joseph's sons.

He raised himself upon the bed;
Propp'd on a staff, he own'd his Lord;
The patriarch bow'd his hoary head,
His body with his soul adored.

Joseph by faith the flight foretold
Of Israel's afflicted race;
God their hard bondage should behold,
And lead them to the promised place.

Thither he will'd his bones to go,
And take possession in their stead:
His bones the promised land shall show;
He claims his Canaan, though dead.

Verses 23,24,25,26,27,28

Moses by faith from death was saved;
While heedless of the tyrant's will,
His parents in their God believed,
And dared the lovely babe conceal.

By faith, when now to manhood grown,
A just contempt of earth he show'd,
Refused a prince's name to own,
And sought but to be great in God.

In vain its pomp's ambition spreads,
Glory in vain displays her charms
A brighter crown its lustre sheds,
A purer flame his bosom warms.

Wisely he chose the better part,
Sufferings with God's elect to share:
To pleasures vain he steel'd his heart;
No room for them when God is there.

Fleeting he deem'd them all, and vain;
His heart on heavenly joys bestow'd;
Partaker of his people's pain,
The afflicted people of his God.

Egypt unfolds her golden blaze,
Yet all for Christ he counts but loss;
A richer treasure he surveys,
His Lord's anticipated Cross.

He triumph'd in His glorious shame,
On pleasure, fame, and wealth look'd down;
'Twas heaven at which his wishes aim'd,
Aspiring to a starry crown.

By faith he left the oppressive land,
And scorn'd the petty rage of kings,
Supported by Jehovah's hand,
And shadow'd by Jehovah's wings.

His steady way he still pursued,
Nor hopes nor fears retard his pace;
The Invisible before him stood,
And faith unveil'd the Saviour's face.

By faith he slew the typic Lamb,
And kept the passover of God:
He knew from whom its virtue came,
The saving power of sprinkled blood.

With all the servants of his Lord,
He (while the first-born victims died)
Dared the destroying angel's sword,
And, arm'd with blood, its point defied!

Verse 29

While through the sea by faith they past,
The sea retired at God's command,
The waves shrink back with trembling haste,
The waves a crystal barrier stand.

The Egyptians, daring to pursue,
With horror found a watery grave;
Too late their want of faith they knew,
And sunk beneath the o'erwhelming wave.

Verses 30–35

By faith, while Israel's host surrounds
Proud Jericho's devoted walls,
The ark stands still, the trumpet sounds,
The people shouts, the city falls.

Rahab by faith deliverance found,
Nor perish'd with the accursed race;
The harlot, for her faith renown'd,
Amongst the worthies takes her place:

Worthies, who all recorded stand,
And shine in everlasting lays;
And justly now they each demand
The tribute of distincter praise.

Gideon and Barak claim the song,
And David good, and Samuel wise,
And Jephtha bold, and Samson strong,
And all the ancient prophets rise!

The battles of the Lord they fought
Through faith, and mighty states subdued;
And works of righteousness they wrought,
And proved the faithfulness of God.

They stopp'd the lions' mouths, the rage
Of fire they quench'd, escaped the sword;
The weak grew strong, and bold to engage,
And chase the hosts that dared their Lord.

Women their quicken'd dead received;
Women the power of faith display'd,
With steadfast confidence believed,
Believed their children from the dead.

Verses 35–37

Others, as in a furnace tried,
With strength of passive grace endued,
Tortures and deaths, through faith, defied;
Through faith resisted unto blood.

Earth they beheld with generous scorn,
On all its proffer'd goods look'd down;
High on a fiery chariot borne,
They lost their life to keep their crown.

Secure a better life to find,
The path of varied death they trod,
Their souls triumphantly resign'd,
And died into the arms of God.

The prelude of contempt they found,
A spectacle to fiends and men;
Cruelly mock'd, and scourged, and bound,
Till death shut up the bloody scene.

Or stoned, they glorified their Lord;
Or joy'd, asunder sawn, to expire;
Or rush'd to meet the slaughtering sword;
Or triumph'd in the torturing fire.

Verses 37,38

Naked, or in rough goatskins clad,
In every place they long confess'd
The God, for whom o'er earth they stray'd,
Tormented, destitute, distress'd.

Of whom the world unworthy was,
Whom only God their Maker knew;
The world they punish'd with their loss,
The holy anchorites withdrew.

Lone, unfrequented wilds they trod,
O'er mountain-tops the wanderers ran,
With milder beasts in dens abode,
And shunn'd the haunts of savage man.

Verses 39,40

Famed for their faith, all these believed,
By justifying faith made whole:
Nor yet the promised grace received,
The CHRIST, the fulness in their soul.

A better gift He us provides,
On whom the Gospel-times are come;
And, lo the Holy Ghost abides
In us, and makes our hearts His home.

We now our elder brethren meet,
Their faith and happiness improve;
And soon with them shall shine complete
In CHRIST, and perfected in love.

Business

Altered from Herbert.

Art thou idle? Canst thou play?
Foolish soul, who sinn'd to-day!
He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets his loss:
What for shadows hast thou given?
Peace, and joy, and love, and heaven.

Art thou idle? Sits there now
Giddy mirth upon thy brow?
If thou hast no sighs and tears,
Well thou hadst no guilt or fears:
Tears for living mourners plead;
Nought avails the hopeless dead.

If thou still canst idle be,
Foolish soul, who died for thee?
Who forsook His throne on high,
Laid His every glory by,
Drank the dregs of wrath Divine?
Lord, was ever love like Thine!

Idle mirth, where art thou now?
Where the giddy, thoughtless brow?
Hast thou sinn'd? Lament and grieve:
Hath God died? Believe, and live:
Mirth, adieu, and laughter vain!
Laughter was not made for man.

Looking Unto Jesus⁷⁷

Regardless now of things below,
JESUS, to Thee my heart aspires,
Determined Thee alone to know,
Author and end of my desires:
Fill me with righteousness Divine;
To end, as to begin, is Thine.

What is a worthless worm to Thee?
What is in man Thy grace to move?
That still Thou seekest those who flee
The arms of Thy pursuing love?
That still Thy inmost bowels cry,
“Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why?”

Ah, show me, Lord, my depth of sin!
Ah, Lord, Thy depth of mercy show!
End, JESUS, end this war within:
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,
Till Thou Thy quickening influence give:
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.

There, there before the throne Thou art,
The Lamb e'er earth's foundations slain!
Take Thou, O, take this guilty heart;
Thy blood will wash out every stain:
No cross, no sufferings I decline;
Only let all my heart be Thine!

⁷⁷ I am indebted to the Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., for the suggestion that this hymn presents so many points of resemblance to No.13 in the Herrnhuth Collection, “Ein's Christen herz” that, though not called a translation, it must be considered almost certain that the writer had the German before him, and incorporated portions of it in his own composition.

The Same

God of Love, incline Thine ear!
Christ, my King, Haste and bring
Thy salvation near.

Thee my restless soul requires;
Restless till Thou fulfil
All its large desires.

Only Thou to me be given
Thou be mine, I resign
All in earth and heaven.

JESUS, come, my sickness cure;
Show Thine art, Cleanse a heart
Full of thoughts impure.

Painfully it now aspires
To be free, Full of Thee,
Full of hallow'd fires.

Lo, I tread on deaths and snares,
Sinking still Into ill,
Plunged in griefs and cares.

When, O, when wilt Thou appear?
O, draw nigh! Say, "'Tis I;"
And I will not fear.

Hasten, hasten the glad hour;
Come and be Unto me
Health, and love, and power.

CHRIST, my life, my inward heaven,
Through the whole Of my soul
Spread Thy little leaven.

Make me to the end endure;
Let me feel Love the seal:
Love shall make it sure.

Love, thine image Love, restore:
Let me love, Hence remove,
And be seen no more.

A Morning Hymn

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiance Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief,
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Another

Jesus, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After Thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O, when shall I wake up!

Thou, O my God, Thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

Of all Thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me Thine only Self to know,
In Thee to walk and live.

Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to Thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship Divine.

Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and Thee,
Never to be broke off again
Through all eternity.

Grant this, O Lord; for Thou hast died
That I might be forgiven;
Thou hast the righteousness supplied
For which I merit heaven.

An Evening Hymn

Jesus, the all-atoning Lamb,
Lover of lost mankind,
Salvation in whose only Name
A sinful world can find:

I ask Thy grace to make me clean;
I come to Thee, my God:
Open, O Lord, for this day's sin,
The fountain of Thy blood.

Hither my spotted soul be brought,
And every idle word,
And every work, and every thought
That hath not pleased my Lord:

Hither my actions righteous deem'd
By man, and counted good;
As filthy rags by God esteem'd,
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

No! my best actions cannot save,
But Thou must purge even them:
And (if in Thee I now believe)
My worst cannot condemn.

To Thee, then, O vouchsafe me power
For pardon still to flee,
And every day, and every hour
To wash myself in Thee.

To the Rev. Mr. Whitefield

Brother in Christ, and well-beloved,
Attend, and add thy prayer to mine,
As Aaron call'd, and inly moved,
To minister in things Divine!

Faithful, and often own'd of God,
Vessel of grace, by Jesus used;
Stir up the gift on thee bestow'd,
The gift through hallow'd hands transfused.

Fully thy heavenly mission prove,
And make thy own election sure;
Rooted in faith, and hope, and love,
Active to work, and firm to endure.

Scorn to contend with flesh and blood,
And trample on so mean a foe;
By stronger fiends in vain withstood,
Dauntless to nobler conquests go.

Go where the darkest tempest lowers;
Thy foes, triumphant wrestler, foil;
Thrones, principalities, and powers
Engage, o'ercome, and take the spoil.

The weapons of thy warfare take;
With truth and meekness arm'd, ride on;
Mighty through God, hell's kingdom shake,
Satan's strongholds, through God, pull down.

Humble each vain aspiring boast;
Intensely for God's glory burn;
Strongly declare the sinner lost;
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS o'erturn, o'erturn.

Tear the bright idol from his shrine,
Nor suffer him on earth to dwell,
To usurp the place of Blood Divine,
But chase him to his native hell.

Be all into subjection brought;
The pride of man let faith abase,
And captivate his every thought,
And force him to be saved by grace.

To the Same, Before His Voyage⁷⁸

Servant of God, the summons hear
Thy Master calls, arise, obey!
The tokens of His will appear,
His providence points out the way.

Lo! we commend thee to His grace:
In confidence go forth! be strong!
Thy meat His will, thy boast His praise,
His righteousness be all thy song.

Strong in the Lord's almighty power,
And arm'd in panoply Divine,
Firm mayst thou stand in danger's hour,
And prove the strength of Jesus thine.

Thy breastplate be His righteousness;
His sacred truth thy loins surround;
Shod be thy beauteous feet with peace;
Spring forth, and spread the Gospel sound.

Fight the good fight, and stand secure
In faith's impenetrable shield;
Hell's prince shall tremble at its power,
With all his fiery darts repell'd.

Prevent thy foes, nor wait their charge,
But call their lingering battle on;
But strongly grasp thy sevenfold targe,

78 The animating strains of this hymn and the two next are by no means in accordance with Charles Wesley's spiritual condition and mood of mind in December, 1737, when Mr. Whitefield first left England for America. They were more probably composed in preparation for his second voyage, which began in August, 1739. Nor can we imagine anything more suitable for the occasion; while in the hymns "To be Sung at Sea," and "In a Storm," the Christian and the poet appear to equal advantage. It may be doubted if the full assurance of faith was ever more finely expressed, or at the same time more rationally vindicated, than in the second and third of the three hymns which follow one another here.

And bear the world and Satan down.

The helmet of salvation take,
The Lord's, the Spirit's conquering sword;
Speak from the Word—in lightning speak;
Cry out, and thunder—from the Word.

Champion of God, thy Lord proclaim,
Jesus alone resolved to know;
Tread down thy foes in Jesu's name:
Go—conquering, and to conquer go.

Through racks and fires pursue thy way,
Be mindful of a dying God;
Finish thy course, and win the day:
Look up and seal the truth with blood.

A Hymn, to be Sung at Sea

Lord of the wide-extended main,
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls:

For Thee we leave our native shore,
(We whom Thy love delights to keep,)
In other worlds Thy works explore,
And see Thy wonders in the deep.

'Tis here Thy unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine,
We own Thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by Majesty Divine,
And lost in Thy immensity!

Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
Thy everlasting truth we prove,
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

Infinite God, Thy greatness spann'd
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of Thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise!

Thee to perfection who can tell?
Earth and her sons beneath Thee lie,
Lighter than dust within Thy scale,
And less than nothing in Thine eye.

Yet in Thy Son, Divinely great,
We claim Thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before Thy seat,
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

With Him we are gone up on high,
Since He is ours, and we are His;
With Him we reign above the sky,
Yet walk upon our subject seas.

We boast of our recovered powers,
Lords are we of the lands and floods;
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's!

In a Storm

Glory to Thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise;
Glory to Thee, the Sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies!

Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas Thy awful will perform:
From them we learn to own Thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.

What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They cannot damp Thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.

Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne,
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.

Roar on, ye waves! Our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest:
In vain to impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.

Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of His will:
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise;
But fall, when He shall say, "Be still!"

Zechariah 12:10

“They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced.”

From the German.⁷⁹

Extended on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood.
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God!

Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could Thy sacred body wound?
No guilt Thy spotless heart hath known;
No guile hath in Thy lips been found.

I, I alone have done the deed!
'Tis I Thy sacred flesh have torn:
My sins have caused Thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail and fix'd the thorn.

The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on Thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me, Thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, Thou a curse wast made.

In the devouring lion's teeth
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou spring'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

Too much to Thee I cannot give,

79 From Paul Gerhardt's "O welt! sieh hier dein Leben." Herrn. Coll., No.104. Knapp, E. L., p.237.

Too much I cannot do for Thee:
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief
Graven on my heart for ever be!

The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O, may I learn from Thee, my God;
And love with softest pity join'd
For those that trample on Thy blood.

Still let Thy tears, Thy groans, Thy sighs
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in Thy bosom rest.

The Means of Grace

Long have I seem'd to serve Thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and pray'd, and read Thy word,
And heard it preach'd, in vain.

Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near Thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

To please Thee thus (at last I see)
In vain I hoped and strove:
For what are outward things to Thee,
Unless they spring from love?

I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts,
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love Divine.

Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
JESU, to Thee my soul looks up,
'Tis Thou must make it new.

Thine is the work, and Thine alone—
But shall I idly stand?
Shall I the written Rule disown,
And slight my God's command?

Wildly shall I from Thine turn back,
A better path to find;
Thy holy ordinance forsake,
And cast Thy words behind?

Forbid it, gracious Lord, that I
Should ever learn Thee so!
No—let me with Thy word comply,
If I Thy love would know.

Suffice for me, that Thou, my Lord,
Hast bid me fast and pray:
Thy will be done, Thy name adored;
'Tis only mine to obey.

Thou bidd'st me search the Sacred Leaves,
And taste the hallow'd Bread:
The kind commands my soul receives,
And longs on Thee to feed.

Still for Thy lovingkindness, Lord,
I in Thy temple wait;
I look to find Thee in Thy word,
Or at Thy table meet.

Here, in Thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn Thy will:
Silent I stand before Thy face,
And hear Thee say, "Be still!"

"Be still—and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;

To feel the virtue of Thy blood,
And spread its praise below.

I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in Thee to live.

I work, and own the labour vain;
And thus from works I cease:
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

Fruitless, till Thou Thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove:
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.

I do the thing Thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er:
To Thee I then the whole resign:
I trust in means no more.

I trust in Him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
JESU! Thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from Thee.

Thy mercy pleads, Thy truth requires,
Thy promise calls Thee down!
Not for the sake of my desires—
But, O! regard Thine own!

I seek no motive out of Thee:
Thine own desires fulfil;
If now Thy bowels yearn on me,
On me perform Thy will.

Doom, if Thou canst, to endless pains,
And drive me from Thy face:
But if Thy stronger love constrains,
Let me be saved by grace.⁸⁰

80 See Wesley's Works, vol. 8, pp.405, 435, 436, for his answer to an objection taken to these words. But in the MS. corrections before me they are expunged; probably lest they should give rise to further misapprehension. If it was needful to remind a learned clergyman that they did "not suppose" that Christ could drive the sinner from His face, "but the reverse," and were "in reality one of the strongest forms of obtestation," others might more easily mistake their meaning.

Waiting for Christ

Unchangeable, almighty Lord,
The true, and merciful, and just,
Be mindful of Thy gracious word,
Wherein Thou causest me to trust.

My weary eyes look out in vain,
And long Thy saving health to see:
But known to Thee is all my pain:
When wilt Thou come, and comfort me!

Prisoner of hope, to Thee I turn,
Thee my strong hold, and only stay:
Harden'd in grief, I ever mourn:
Why do Thy chariot-wheels delay?

But shall Thy creature ask Thee why?
No; I retract the eager prayer:
Lord, as Thou wilt, and not as I;
I cannot choose; Thou canst not err.

To Thee, the only wise and true,
See then at last I all resign:
Make me in Christ a creature new,
The manner and the time be Thine.

Only preserve my soul from sin,
Nor let me faint for want of Thee:
I'll wait till Thou appear within,
And plant Thy heaven of love in me.

Before Reading the Scriptures

Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

While in Thy word we search for Thee,
(We search with trembling awe,
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.

Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear:
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

Before us make Thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
And die to all below.

Another

Teacher Divine, we ask Thy grace,
These sacred leaves to unfold:
Here, in the Gospel's clearest glass,
Let us Thy face behold.

Show us Thy Sire; for known to Thee
The Father's glories are:
The dread Paternal Majesty
Thou only canst declare.

Open the Scriptures; now reveal
All which for us Thou art:
Talk with us, Lord, and let us feel
The kindling in our heart.

In Thee we languish to be found;
To catch Thy words we bow;
We listen for the quickening sound:
Speak, Lord; we hear Thee now.

Another

Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thy influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by Thee,
Thy prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the truth, Thyself the Key,
Unseal the Sacred Book.

Expand Thy wings, prolific Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

God through Himself we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love Divine.

Before Preaching

Forth in Thy strength, O Lord, I go,
Thy Gospel to proclaim,
Thy only righteousness to show,
And glorify Thy name.

Ordain'd I am, and sent by Thee,
As by the Father Thou:
And, lo! Thou always art with me!
I plead the promise now.

O, give me now to speak Thy word
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with Thy Spirit, Lord,
And let it come with power.

Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make their Saviour room;
Now let them find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

Give them to hear the word as Thine,
And (while they thus receive)
Prove it the saving power Divine
To sinners that believe.

After Preaching

Glory, and praise, and love to Thee,
For this effectual door,
Jesu! who publishest by me
The Gospel to the poor.

Glory to Thy great Name alone,
That life and power imparts:
Now, Lord, Thy genuine Gospel own,
And graft it on their hearts.

Now let them feel the tidings true,
Grant to Thy word success;
Water it with Thy heavenly dew,
And give the wish'd increase.

Savour of life, O, let it prove,
And show their sins forgiven;
Work in them faith, which works by love,
And surely leads to heaven.

Hymn to God the Sanctifier

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire,
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Now to my soul Thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God inhabits there,
Thou, with the Father and the Son,
Eternal Light's coeval Beam.
Be Christ in me, and I in Him,
'Till perfect we are made in one.

When wilt Thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, self-will, and hell:
Less than the least of all Thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor:
All, all my vileness may I feel.

Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O, may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue:
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone!
In love create Thou all things new.

Let earth no more my heart divide
With Christ may I be crucified,
To Thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world, and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be Thou alone my one desire.

Be Thou my joy; be Thou my dread;

In battle cover Thou my head,
Nor earth nor hell so shall I fear:
So shall I turn my steady face
Want, pain defy, enjoy disgrace,
Glory in dissolution near.

My will be swallow'd up in Thee:
Light in Thy light still may I see,
Beholding Thee with open face;
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Still to my soul Thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God!

Written in Sickness

While sickness shakes the house of clay,
And, sapp'd by pain's continued course,
My nature hastens to decay,
And waits the fever's friendly force:

Whither should my glad soul aspire,
But heavenward to my Saviour's breast?
Wafted on wings of warm desire,
To gain her everlasting rest.

O, when shall I no longer call
This earthly tabernacle mine?
When shall the shatter'd mansion fall,
And rise rebuilt by hands Divine?

Burden'd beneath this fleshly load,
Earnestly here for ease I groan,
Athirst for Thee the living God,
And ever struggling to be gone.

Where Thou, and only Thou art loved,
Far from the world's insidious art,
Beyond the range of fiends removed,
And safe from my deceitful heart;

There let me rest, and sin no more:
Come quickly, Lord, and end the strife,
Hasten my last, my mortal hour,
Swallow me up in endless life.

Ah! let it not my Lord displease,
That eager thus for death I sue,
Toward the high prize impatient press,
And snatch the crown to conquest due.

Master, Thy greatness wants not me:
O, how should I Thy cause defend!
Captain, release, and set me free;
Here let my useless warfare end.

'Tis not the pain I seek to shun,
The destined cross, and purging fire;
Sin do I fear, and sin alone,
Thee, only Thee do I desire.

For Thee, within myself, for Thee
I groan, and for the adoption wait,
When death shall set my spirit free,
And make my liberty complete.

No longer, then, my Lord, defer,
From earth and sin to take me home:
Now let my eyes behold Thee near;
Come quickly, O my Saviour, come.

Upon Parting with his Friends

Part 1

Cease, foolish heart, thy fond complaints,
Nor heave with unavailing sighs;
Equal is God to all thy wants,
The hungry soul Himself supplies.
Gladly thy every wish resign;
Thou canst not want, if God is thine.

Stop this full current of thy tears,
Or pour for sin the ennobled flood:
Look up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
Or fear to lose a gracious God:
To Him, thy only rest, return;
In vain for Him thou canst not mourn.

Still vex'd and troubled is my heart?
Still wails my soul the penal loss?
Lingering I groan with all to part,
I groan to bear the grievous cross;
The grievous cross I fain would fly,
Or sink beneath its weight, and die.

Sad soothing thought! to lose my cares,
And silently resign my breath!
Cut off a length of wretched years,
And steal an unsuspected death;
Now to lay down my weary head,
And lift it—free among the dead!

When will the dear deliverance come?
Period of all my pain and strife!
O that my soul, which gasps for home,
Which struggles in the toils of life,
Ease and a resting-place could find,
And leave this world of woe behind!

O that the bitterness were past,

The pain of life's long lingering hour!
While snatch'd from passion's furious blast,
And saved from sorrow's baleful power,
I mock the storm, outride the wave,
And gain the harbour of the grave.

Bless'd, peaceful state where, lull'd to sleep,
The sufferer's woes shall all be o'er!
There plaintive grief no more shall weep,
Remembrance there shall vex no more;
Nor fond excess, nor pining care,
Nor loss, nor parting shall be there!

Part 2

O, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Righteous in all Thy ways art Thou!
I yield and tremble at Thy word,
Beneath Thy mighty hand I bow;
I own, while humbled in the dust,
I own the punishment is just.

Joy of my eyes the creature was;
Desired;—but, O! desired for Thee!
Why feel I then the embitter'd loss?
Late, in Thy judgment's light, I see
Whom now Thy stroke hath far removed,
I loved—alas! too dearly loved!

And can I see my comfort gone,
(My all of comfort here below,)
And not allow a parting groan,
And not permit my tears to flow?
Can I forbear to mourn and cry?
No—let me rather weep and die.

Dear, lovely, gracious souls, to me
Pleasant your friendliness has been;
So strange your love, from dross so free,
The Fountain in the stream was seen;
From heaven the pure affection flow'd,
And led, from whom it sprang, to God.

To Him through earth-born cares ye pass,
To Him your loosen'd souls aspire:
Glory to God's victorious grace!
O, could I catch the sacred fire,
Your shining steps from far pursue,
And love, and weep, and part like you!

Partners of all my griefs and joys,

Help me to cast on God my care,
To make His will my only choice,
Away the dear right eye to tear,
The wise decree with you to adore,
To trust, submit, and grieve no more.

O, let your prayers the Saviour move,
In love my spirit to renew!
O, could I taste the Saviour's love,
Gladly I then should part with you;
My all triumphantly resign,
And lodge you in the arms Divine.

Part 3

Why should a sinful man complain,
When mildly chasten'd for his good?
Start from the salutary pain,
And tremble at a Father's rod?
Why should I grieve His hand to' endure,
Or murmur to accept my cure?

Beneath the afflictive stroke I fall,
And struggle to give up my will;
Weeping I own 'tis mercy all;
Mercy pursues and holds me still,
Kindly refuses to depart,
And strongly vindicates my heart.

Humbly I now the rod revere,
And mercy in the judgment find;
'Tis God afflicts; I own Him near;
'Tis He, 'tis He severely kind,
Watches my soul with jealous care,
Disdainful of a rival there.

'Tis hence my ravish'd friends I mourn,
And grief weighs down my weary head;
Far from my bleeding bosom torn,
The dear, loved, dangerous joys are fled:
Hence my complaining never ends,—
O! I have lost my friends, my friends!

Long my reluctant folly held,
Nor gave them to my God's command;
Hardly at length constraint to yield;
For, O! the angel seized my hand,
Broke off my grasp, forbad my stay,
And forced my lingering soul away.

Yes; the divorce at last is made,

My soul is crush'd beneath the blow;
The judgment falls, so long delay'd,
And lays my stubborn spirit low;
My hope expires, my comfort ends:
O! I have lost my friends, my friends!

Part 4

How shall I lift my guilty eyes,
Or dare appear before Thy face,—
When, deaf to mercy's loudest cries,
I long have wearied out Thy grace,
Withstood Thy power, and cross'd Thy art,
Nor heard, "My son, give Me thy heart?"

How could I, Lord, hold out so long,
So long Thy striving Spirit grieve!
Forgive me the despiteful wrong:
Behold, my all for Thee I leave;
The whole, the whole I here restore,
And fondly keep back part no more.

Lo! I cut off the dear right hand,
Ashamed I should so late obey;
Pluck out my eye at Thy command,
And cast the bleeding orb away;
Lo, with my last reserve I part,
I give, I give Thee all my heart.

My heart, my will I here resign,
My life, my more than life for Thee:
Take back my friends, no longer mine;
Bless'd be the love that lent them me:
Bless'd be the kind, revoking word;
Thy will be done, Thy name adored!

Henceforth Thy only will I choose,
To Christ I die, to Christ I live;
Had I a thousand lives to lose,
Had I a thousand friends to give,
All, all I would to Thee restore,
And grieve that I could give no more.

Part 5

Jesus, in whom the weary find
Their late and permanent repose;
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
And let my soul on Thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wander'd to and fro,
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below;
Back to my God at last I fly,
For, O! the waters still are high.

Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for Thee I leave;
Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in Thy breast.

Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish, and keep my settled heart;
In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
From Thee no more may I depart,
Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Mourning

When, gracious Lord, ah, tell me when
Shall I into myself retire?
To Thee discover all my pain,
And show my troubled heart's desire?

I long to pour out all my soul,
Sorrow, and sin's just weight to feel;
To smart till Thou hast made me whole,
To mourn till Thou hast said, "Be still."

Sick of desire, for Thee I cry,
And, weary of forbearing, groan:
Horror and sin are ever nigh,
My comfort and my God are gone.

Trembling in dread suspense I stand
Sinking, and falling into sin,
Till Thou reach out Thy mighty hand,
And snatch me from this hell within.

Fain would I rise, and get me hence,
From every fond engagement free,—
Pleasure, and praise, and wealth, and sense,
And all that holds me back from Thee.

O that the mild and peaceful dove
Would lend his wings to aid my flight!
Soon would I then far off remove,
And hide me from this hateful light,—

Where none but the all-seeing eye
Could mark or interrupt my grief;
No human comforter be nigh,
To torture me with vain relief.

Far in some lonely, desert place,
For ever, ever would I sit,
Languish to see the Saviour's face,
And perish, weeping at His feet.

O, what is life without my God!
A burden more than I can bear:
I struggle to throw off the load,
Me from myself I strive to tear.

I ever gasp in Christ to live;
O that to me the grace were given!
Had I Thy heaven and earth to give,
I'd buy Thee with Thy earth and heaven.

Let me—I know not how to pray;
My anguish cannot be exprest:
Jesu, Thou seest what I would say;
O, let Thy bowels speak the rest!

Romans 7:24,25

Father of mercies, God of love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To sinful worms, whose arms embrace,
And strain to hold a struggling race!

With me still let Thy Spirit strive;
Have patience, till my heart I give;
Assist me to obey Thy call,
And give me power to pay Thee all.

If now my nature's weight I feel,
And groan to render up my will,
Not long the kind relentings stay,
The morning vapour fleets away.

A monster to myself I am,
Ashamed to feel no deeper shame
Pain'd, that my pain so soon is o'er,
And grieved that I can grieve no more.

O, who shall save the man of sin?
O, when shall end this war within?
How shall my captive soul break through?
Who shall attempt my rescue? Who?

A wretch from sin and death set free—
Answer, O, answer, Christ, for me,
The grace of an accepting God,
The virtue of a Saviour's blood.

Romans 7:24

“Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”

Thou Son of God, Thou Son of man,
Whose eyes are as a flame of fire,
With kind concern regard my pain,
And mark my labouring heart's desire!

Its inmost folds are known to Thee,
Its secret plague I need not tell;
Nor can I hide, nor can I flee
The sin I ever groan to feel.

My soul it easily besets;
About my bed, about my way,
My soul at every turn it meets,
And half persuades me to obey.

Nothing I am, and nothing have,
Nothing my helplessness can do;
But Thou art good, and strong to save,
And all that seek may find Thee true.

How shall I ask, and ask aright?
My lips refuse my heart to obey:
But all my wants are in Thy sight;
My wants, my fears, my sorrows pray.

I want Thy love, I fear Thy frown,
My own foul sin I grieve to see:
To escape its force, would now sink down,
And die, if death could set me free.

Yet, O, I cannot burst my chain,
Or fly the body of this death:
Immured in flesh I still remain,
And gasp a purer air to breathe.

I groan to break my prison-walls,
And quit the tenement of clay;
Nor yet the shatter'd mansion falls,
Nor yet my soul escapes away.

Ah, Lord! Wouldst Thou within me live,
No longer then should I complain,
Nor sighing wish, nor weeping grieve
For Christ my life, or death my gain.

From grief and sin I then should cease;
My loosen'd tongue should then declare
Comfort, and love, and joy, and peace,
Fill all the soul when Christ is there!

Psalm 143:6

“My soul gaspeth for Thee, as a thirsty land.”

Lord, how long, how long shall I
Lift my weary eyes in pain?
Seek, but never find Thee nigh;
Ask Thy love, but ask in vain?
Crush'd beneath my nature's load,
Darkly feeling after God!

O, disclose Thy lovely face,
Quicken all my drooping powers!
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Haste, my Lord, no longer stay;
Come, my Jesus, come away!

Well Thou know'st I cannot rest,
Till I fully rest in Thee,
Till I am of Thee possess'd,
Till from every sin set free,
All the life of faith I prove,
All the joy and heaven of love.

See my sad inconstant state;
Give me, Lord, this root within:
Trembling for Thy love I wait,
Still relapsing into sin;
Falling, till Thy love I feel,
Ever sinking into hell.

With me, O, continue, Lord!
Keep me, or from Thee I fly:
Strength and comfort from Thy Word
Imperceptibly supply;
Hold me till I apprehend,
Make me faithful to the end.

Longing After Christ

Jesu, the Strength of all that faint,
When wilt Thou hear my sad complaint?
Jesu, the weary wanderer's Rest,
When wilt Thou take me to Thy breast?

My spirit mourns, by Thee forgot,
And droops my heart, where Thou art not:
My soul is all an aching void,
And pines, and thirsts, and gasps for God.

The pain of absence still I prove,
Sick of desire, but not of love:
Weary of life, I ever groan,
I long to lay the burden down.

'Tis burden all, and pain, and strife
O, give me love, and take my life!
Jesu, my only want supply;
O, let me taste Thy love, and die!

Psalm 130

Out of the depths of self-despair
To Thee, O Lord, I cry:
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

Death's sentence in myself I feel;
Beneath Thy wrath I faint:
O, let Thine ear consider well
The voice of my complaint.

If Thou art rigorously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?

But, O! forgiveness is with Thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear Thy goodness see,
And never grieve Thee more.

I look to see His lovely face,
I wait to meet my Lord;
My longing soul expects His grace,
And rests upon His word.

My soul, while still to Him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray:
O that His mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the Gospel-day!

Ye faithful souls, confide in God;
Mercy with Him remains;
Plenteous redemption in His blood
To wash out all your stains.

His Israel Himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem:
The LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS is near,
And we are just in Him.

In Temptation

Sinking underneath my load,
Darkly feeling after Thee,
Let me ask, My God, my God,
Why hast Thou forsaken me?
Why, O, why am I forgot?
Lord, I seek, but find Thee not.

Still I ask, nor yet receive,
Knock at the unopen'd door;
Still I struggle to believe,
Hope, though urged to hope no more,
Bearing what I cannot bear,
Yielding, fighting with despair.

Hear in mercy my complaint,
Hear, and hasten to my aid;
Help, or utterly I faint,
Fails the spirit Thou hast made;
Save me, or my foe prevails
Save me, or Thy promise fails.

Struggling in the fowler's snare,
Lo! I ever look to Thee:
Tempted more than I can bear—
No, my soul, it cannot be;
True and faithful is the word,
Sure the coming of thy Lord.

Come, then, O my Saviour, come!
God of truth, no longer stay;
God of love, dispel the gloom,
Point me out the promised way,
Let me from the trial fly,
Sink into Thy arms, and die!

Waft me to that happy shore,

Port of ease, and end of care:
All thy storms shall there be o'er,
Sin shall never reach me there,
Surely of my God possess'd,
Safe in my Redeemer's breast!

Matthew 5:3,4,6

Jesu, if still the same Thou art,
If all Thy promises are sure,
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all Thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

Thou hast pronounced the mourner blest,
And, lo! for Thee I ever mourn:
I cannot,—no! I will not rest,
Till Thou my only Rest return;
Till Thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after Thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God!
See, the poor, fainting sinner see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with Thy righteousness.

Ah, Lord!—If Thou art in that sigh,
Then hear Thyself within me pray.
Hear in my heart Thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep, unutter'd groan,
And show that Thou and I are one.

Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom,
Light in Thy light I then shall see:
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
Glory Divine is risen on thee,
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er:
Look up; for thou shalt weep no more."

Lord, I believe the promise sure,

And trust Thou wilt not long delay;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon Thy word myself I stay;
Into Thy hands my all resign,
And wait till all Thou art is mine!

In Temptation

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide
O, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
Lo! on Thee I cast my care:
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and, behold, I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art:
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Matthew 1:21

“He shall save His people from their sins.”

Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with milder majesty,
I see Thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to Thee.

Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,
Nor constancy, nor strength I have:
But Thou, O Lord, art still the same,
And hast not lost Thy power to save.

Save me from pride, the plague expel;
Jesu, Thy humble self impart;
O, let Thy mind within me dwell;
O, give me lowliness of heart.

Enter Thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

Fury is not in Thee, my God:
O, why should it be found in Thine!
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with Thy blood,
And all Thy gentleness is mine.

Pour but Thy blood upon the flame,
Meek, and dispassionate, and mild,
The leopard sinks into a lamb,
And I become a little child.

Desiring Christ

Where shall I lay my weary head?
Where shall I hide me from my shame?
From all I feel, and all I dread,
And all I have, and all I am!
Swift to outstrip the stormy wind,
And leave this cursed self behind.

O the intolerable load
Of nature, waken'd to pursue
The footsteps of a distant God,
Till faith hath form'd the soul anew!
'Tis death, 'tis more than death to bear—
I cannot live, till God is here.

Give me Thy wings, celestial Dove,
And help me from myself to fly;
Then shall my soul far off remove,
The tempest's idle rage defy,
From sin, from sorrow, and from strife
Escaped, and hid in Christ, my Life.

Stranger on earth, I sojourn here:
Yet, O, on earth I cannot rest,
Till Thou, my hidden Life, appear,
And sweetly take me to Thy breast:
To Thee my wishes all aspire,
And sighs for Thee my whole desire.

Search and try out my panting heart:
Surely, my Lord, it pants for Thee,
Jealous lest earth should claim a part:
Thine, wholly Thine, I gasp to be.
Thou know'st 'tis all I live to prove
Thou know'st I only want Thy love.

“These Things were Written for our Instruction”

Jesu, if still Thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of Thy name.

If still Thou goest about, to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I Thy praise may show,
Be all Thy wonders show'd.

Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at Thy feet.

Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But if Thou wilt, a gracious word
Of Thine can make me clean.

Thou seest me deaf to Thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in prayer.

Silent, (alas Thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise;
But, O! when Thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing Thy praise.

Lame at the pool I still am found:
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

But Thou, they say, art passing by;
O, let me find Thee near:
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry!
Thou Son of David, hear!

Long have I waited in the way
For Thee the Heavenly Light:
Command me to be brought, and say,
“Sinner, receive thy sight.”

While dead in trespasses I lie,
The quick’ning Spirit give;
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I
May hear Thy voice, and live.

While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper’d soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O, let it make me whole.

While torn by hellish pride, I cry,
By legion-lust possess’d,
Son of the living God, draw nigh,
And speak me into rest.

Cast out Thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu’s name submit;
Clothe with Thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at Thy feet.

To JESU’S name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,

O, let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey.

Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's name.

I know in Thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man:
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

If Thou impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If Thou the Son shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

I cannot rest, till in Thy blood
I full redemption have;
But Thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul.
Lord, I believe and not in vain:
My faith shall make me whole.

I too with Thee shall walk in white;
With all Thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God

From the German.⁸¹

I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thence derive.
And by Thee move, and in Thee live!

What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move—
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

How can it be, Thou Heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown

Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost: nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught, beside
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Ah, Lord enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought!

81 Compare Zinzendorf's "Ach mein verwund'ner Fürste" in Knapp's Edition, p.125.

Unloose our stammering tongue, to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable!

First-born of many brethren Thou!
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To Thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die; Thine may we live.

The Resignation

And wilt Thou yet be found?
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

Jesu, Thine aid afford,
If still the same Thou art
To Thee I look, to Thee, my Lord
Lift up an helpless heart.

Thou seest my tortured breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel:

The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to Thee is known:
'Tis worse than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone.

My peevish passions chide,
Who only canst control,
Canst turn the stream of nature's tide,
And calm my troubled soul.

O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace:
I know Thou canst pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

Abate the purging fire,
And draw me to my good;
Allay the fever of desire,
By sprinkling me with blood.

I long to see Thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of Thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

When shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

Lord, at Thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for Thee.

To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?

To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my life resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O, take
And seal me ever Thine.

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle, and fix my wavering soul,
With all Thy weight of love.

My one desire is this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

My Life, my Portion Thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Rather than let it burn
For earth, O, quench its heat;
Then, when it would to earth return,
O, let it cease to beat.

Snatch me from ill to come;
When I from Thee would fly,
O, take my wandering spirit home,
And grant me then to die!

A Prayer Against the Power of Sin

O that Thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down!
Stretch out Thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for Thine own.

Descend, and let Thy lightning burn
The stubble of Thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And let the mountains flow.

Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will.
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible with men
Are possible to God.

Is anything too hard for Thee,
Almighty Lord of all,
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

Who, who shall in Thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of Thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save Thou art;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye,
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of Mercies, glorify
Thyself in Jesu's name.

Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my grief and care,
A medicine for my every wound.
All, all I want is there.

Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of Thy Name,
And JESUS prove to me.

Faith to be heal'd Thou know'st I have;
For Thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, Thou canst the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is Thine,
And everlasting love.

Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write Thy law within.

Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear Thy call,

My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy voice,
The blind his sight receive,
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
The heart of stone believe.

The Ethiop then shall change his skin,
The dead shall feel Thy power,
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more!

After a Relapse into Sin

Depth of mercy! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear;
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

I my Master have denied,
I afresh have crucified,
Oft profaned His hallow'd name,
Put Him to an open shame.

I have spilt His precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God,
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable,
I—and yet am not in hell.

Lo! I cumber still the ground!
Lo! an Advocate is found,
“Hasten not to cut him down,
Let this barren soul alone.”

Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood;
He disarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's bowels move,
Justice lingers into love.

Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, “How shall I give thee up?”
Lest the lifted thunder drop.

Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands!
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps! but loves me still!

Jesus! answer from above,
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon, and accept me now.

Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more!

Written in Stress of Temptation

I am the man who long have known
The fierceness of temptation's rage!
And still to God for help I groan:
When shall my groans His help engage?

Out of the deep on Christ I call,
In bitterness of spirit cry;
Broken upon that Stone I fall,
I fall,—the chief of sinners I.

Saviour of men, my sad complaint
Let me into Thy bosom pour;
Beneath my load of sin I faint,
And hell is ready to devour.

A devil to myself I am,
Yet cannot 'scape the flesh I tear;
Beast, fiend, and legion is my name,
My lot the blackness of despair.

Why then in this unequal strife,
To Tophet's utmost margin driven,
Still gasps my parting soul for life,
Nor quite gives up her claim to heaven?

Why hopes for help my drooping heart,
(Hopes against hope,) when none is nigh?
I cannot from my Lord depart,
But kiss the feet at which I die.

My Lord, (I still will call Thee mine,
Till sentenced to eternal pain,)
Thou wouldest not Thy cup decline,
The vengeance due to guilty man.

My sufferings all to Thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me:
Regard my griefs, regard Thine own:
Jesu! remember Calvary!

O, call to mind Thy earnest prayers,
Thine agony and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "my God! my God!"

For whom didst Thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd Thy body to the tree?
Did not Thy death my life procure?
O, let Thy bowels answer me!

Art Thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost Thou not all our sorrow know,
And claim a share in all our pain?

Canst Thou forget Thy days of flesh?
Canst Thou my miseries not feel?
Thy tender heart—it bleeds afresh
It bleeds!—and Thou art Jesus still!

I feel, I feel Thee now the same,
Kindled Thy kind relentings are;
These meltings from Thy bowels came,
Thy Spirit groan'd this inward prayer.

Thy prayer is heard, Thy will is done!
Light in Thy light at length I see;
Thou wilt preserve my soul Thine own,
And show forth all Thy power in me.

My peace returns, my fears retire,
I find Thee lifting up my head;

Trembling I now to heaven aspire,
And hear the voice that wakes the dead.

Have I not heard, have I not known,
That Thou, the Everlasting Lord,
Whom earth and heaven their Maker own,
Art always faithful to Thy word?

Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the faintest spark of grace,
Till through the soul Thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

With labour faint Thou wilt not fail,
Or wearied give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth Thy judgment dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

The day of small and feeble things
I know Thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in His wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

My heart Thou wilt anew create,
The fulness of Thy Spirit give:
In steadfast hope for this I wait,
And confident in Christ believe.

Micah 6:6, &c.

Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before Thy face?
How in Thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?

Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams His favour buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood!
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

Shall I my darling Isaac give,—
Whate'er is dearest in my eyes?
Wilt Thou my soul and flesh receive
A holy, living sacrifice?

Whoe'er to Thee themselves approve,
Must take the path Thy Word hath show'd,
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

But though my life henceforth be Thine,
Future for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to Thee the whole resign,
I only give Thee back Thine own.

My hand performs, my heart aspires,
But Thou my works hast wrought in me;
I render Thee Thine own desires,
I breathe what first were breathed from Thee.

What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am:
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

Guilty I stand before Thy face;
I feel on me Thy wrath abide:
'Tis just the sentence should take place:
'Tis just—but, O Thy Son hath died!

Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree,
Beneath our curse He bow'd His head,
'Tis finish'd! He hath died for me!

For me I now believe He died!
He made my every crime His own,
Fully for me He satisfied:
Father, well-pleas'd behold Thy Son!

See where before the throne He stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer,
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with Him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesu, Thou canst not pray in vain.

Part 2

Redemption Found

From the German.⁸²

Now I have found the ground, wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain:
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Father, Thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

O Love, Thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in Thee:
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains in me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest:
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast!
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,

82 Abridged from "Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden" by Johann Andreas Rothe. (1688–1758.) Herrn. Coll., No. 255. Knapp's E. L., p.639.

Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay:
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

From the Same⁸³

Holy Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be.

Jesu, see my panting breast!
See, I pant in Thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean!
Cleanse me now from every sin.

Fix, O, fix my wavering mind;
To Thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up our souls in love.

Dust and ashes, though we be
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

Who in heart on Thee believes,
He the atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds Thy face,
Triumphs in Thy pardoning grace.

See, ye sinners, see, the flame
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

Jesu, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee:
When Thy quickening power we prove,

83 Compare "Du heiliges kind," p.950 in the Herrnhuth Collection, which is believed to be the original; though some are disposed to find it in a hymn of Zinzendorf. The authoress is Anna Dober. (1713–1739.)

All our heart dissolves in love.

Boundless wisdom, power Divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine!
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

Christ Our Wisdom

1 Corinthians 1:30.

Made unto me, O Lord, my God,
Wisdom Divine Thou art:
Thy light, which first my darkness show'd,
Still searches out my heart.

Thy Spirit, breathing in the word,
Gave me myself to see,
Fallen, till by Thy grace restored,
And lost, till found in Thee.

Jesus, of all my hopes the ground,
Through Thee Thy name I know,
The only name where health is found,
Whence life and blessings flow.

'Tis now by faith's enlighten'd eye,
I see Thy strange design;
See the God-man come down to die,
That God may all be mine!

Thou art the truth: I now receive
Thy unction from above;
Divinely taught, in Thee believe,
And learn the lore of love.

Still with Thy grace anoint my eyes,
Throughout my darkness shine;
O, make me to salvation wise,—
My All, be ever mine!

Christ Our Righteousness

1 Corinthians 1:30.

Jesu, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were Thine:
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made Him mine.

Spotless and just in Thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
And antedate my heaven.

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever in Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, (but not my feet alone,)
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope shall in fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Christ Our Sanctification

1 Corinthians 1:30.

Jesu! my Life, Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to Thy death.

Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with Thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

More of Thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.

Reign in me, Lord, Thy foes control,
Who would not own Thy sway;
Diffuse Thy image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode;
O, make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

My inward holiness Thou art,
For faith hath made Thee mine:
With all Thy fulness fill my heart,
Till all I am is Thine!

Christ Our Redemption

1 Corinthians 1:30.

Thee, O my great Deliverer, Thee
My Ransom, I adore:
Thy death from hell hath set me free.
And I am damn'd no more.

In Thee I sure redemption have,
The pardon of my sin;
Thy blood I find mighty to save;
Thy blood hath made me clean.

I feel the power of Jesu's name,
It breaks the captive's chain;
And men oppose, and fiends exclaim,
And sin subsists in vain.

Redeem'd from sin, its guilt and power
My soul in faith defies:
But, O! I wait the welcome hour
When this frail body dies.

Come Thou, my dear Redeemer, come,
Let me my life resign;
O, take Thy ransom'd servant home,
And make me wholly Thine.

Fully redeem'd, I fain would rise
In soul and body free,
And mount to meet Thee in the skies,
And ever reign with Thee.

“It is Very Meet, Right, and our Bounden Duty, That we Should at All Times, and in All Places, Give Thanks Unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God.”

Meet and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King;
Meet in every time and place.
Right to show forth all Thy praise.

Sing we now in duty bound,
Echo the triumphant sound,
Publish it through earth abroad,
Praise the everlasting God.

Praises here to Thee we give,
Here our open thanks receive,
Holy Father, Sovereign Lord,
Always, everywhere adored.

Sons of Belial, hear the cry,
Loud as ye our God defy:
You can glory in your shame;
Shall not we our God proclaim?

You can brave the eternal laws,
Zealous in your master's cause:
Jesu shall Thy servants be
Less resolved and bold for Thee?

No, though men and fiends exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's name;
Jesus will we ever bless,
Thee before Thy foes confess.

Silent have we been too long,
Awed by earth's rebellious throng;
Should we still to sing deny,

Lord, the very stones would cry
Hallelujah!

[The seven short Hymns to the Trinity which follow this poem in the first edition were transferred by the Author to another publication, and will be reprinted there.]

Hymn for the Kingswood Colliers

Glory to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,
Call'd us to stand before His face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons.

The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious Gospel day,
In Jesu's lovely face display'd.

Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared Thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates Thy own,
And claim'd the outcasts as Thy right.

Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought;
Thy Word, Thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to Thee is given
For this the hosts above rejoice:
We raise the happiness of heaven.

For this, no longer sons of night,
To Thee our thanks and hearts we give
To Thee who call'd us into light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live.

Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues,
We all Thy words behind us cast,
And loudly sang the drunkard's songs.

But, O the power of grace Divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

To be Sung While at Work

Give we to the Lord above
Blessing, honour, praise, and love;
To the God that loosed our tongue
Sing we an unwonted song.

He to us hath come unsought,
Us hath out of darkness brought;
Darkness such as devils feel,
Issuing from the pit of hell.

Had He not in mercy spared,
Hell had been our sure reward;
There we had received our hire,
Fuel of eternal fire.

But we now extol His name,
Pluck'd as firebrands from the flame,
Proofs of His unbounded grace,
Monuments of endless praise.

We are now in Jesus found;
With His praise let earth resound,
Tell it out through all her caves,
JESU'S name the sinner saves.

With His blood He us hath bought;
His we are, who once were not;
Far, as hell from heaven, removed,
He hath call'd us His beloved.

Sing we then with one accord
Praises to our loving Lord;
Who the stone to flesh converts,
Let us give Him all our hearts.

Harder were they than the rock,
Till they felt His mercy's stroke;
Gushing streams did then arise
From the fountains of our eyes.

Never let them cease to flow,
Since we now our Jesus know;
Let us, till we meet above,
Sing, and pray, and weep, and love.

Isaiah 35

Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to Thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that Thou art true.

Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green array'd;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Glad some hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.

Lo! abundantly they bloom,
Lebanon is hither come,
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

See these barren souls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,—
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness.

We behold (the objects we)
Christ, the incarnate Deity,
Christ in whom Thy glories shine,
Excellence of strength Divine.

Ye that tremble at His frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down;
Christ who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.

Ye of fearful hearts, be strong,
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not, lest His truth should fail,
Jesus is unchangeable.

God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
He shall come, and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found Thee true.

Blind we were, but now we see,
Deaf—we hearken now to Thee,
Dumb—for Thee our tongues employ,
Lame—and, lo! we leap for joy!

Faint we were, and parch'd with drought;
Water at Thy word gush'd out;
Streams of grace our thirst refresh,
Starting from the wilderness.

Still we gasp Thy grace to know
Here for ever let it flow,
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

Where the ancient dragon lay,
Open for Thyself a way;
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of paradise.

Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,
Till he feels the cleansing blood.

There the simple cannot stray;
Babes, though blind, may find their way,—

Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart.

Far from fear, from danger far,
No devouring beast is there
There the humble walk secure,
God hath made their footsteps sure.

Jesu, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be cast with them;
Far from earth our souls remove,
Ransom'd by Thy dying love.

Leave us not below to mourn;
Fain we would to Thee return,
Crown'd with righteousness arise
Far above these nether skies.

Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of Thy endless reign.

Death, the latest foe, destroy;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy,
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endless day.

For a Minister

Ah, my dear Master! can it be
That I should lose by serving Thee?
In seeking souls should lose my own,
And others save, myself undone?

Yet am I lost, (shouldst Thou depart,)
Betray'd by this deceitful heart;
Destroy'd, if Thou my labour bless,
And ruin'd by my own success.

Hide me! If Thou refuse to hide,
I fall a sacrifice to pride:
I cannot shun the fowler's snare,
The fiery test I cannot bear.

Helpless to Thee for aid I cry,
Unable to resist or fly:
I must not, Lord, the task decline,
For all I have and am is Thine.

And well Thou know'st I did not seek,
Uncall'd of God, for God to speak:
The dreadful charge I sought to flee;
"Send whom Thou wilt, but send not me."

Long did my coward flesh delay,
And still I tremble to obey;
"Thy will be done," I faintly cry,
"But rather—suffer me to die."

Ah! rescue me from earth and sin,
Fightings without, and fears within;
More, more than hell myself I dread
Ah! cover my defenceless head!

Surely Thou wilt. Thou canst not send,
And not my helpless soul defend;
Call me to stand in danger's hour,
And not support me with Thy power.

Lord, I believe the promise true,
"Behold, I always am with you:"
Always if Thou with me remain,
Hell, earth, and sin shall rage in vain.

Give me Thine all-sufficient grace:—
Then hurl your fiery darts of praise;
Jesus and me ye ne'er shall part,
For God is greater than my heart.

At Setting Out to Preach the Gospel

Angel of God, whate'er betide,
Thy summons I obey;
Jesus, I take Thee for my Guide,
And walk in Thee my Way.

Secure from danger and from dread,
Nor earth nor hell shall move,
Since over me Thy hand hath spread
The banner of Thy love.

To leave my Captain I disdain,
Behind I will not stay,
Though shame, and loss, and bonds, and pain,
And death obstruct the way.

Me to Thy suffering Self conform,
And arm me with Thy power;
Then burst the cloud, descend the storm,
And come the fiery hour!

Then shall I bear Thy utmost will,
When first the strength is given:—
Come, foolish world, my body kill,
And drive my soul to heaven!

Acts 4:24, &c

Almighty, universal Lord,
Maker of heaven and earth art Thou;
All things sprang forth to obey Thy word.
Thy powerful word upholds them now.

Why then with unavailing rage
Did heathens with Thy people join,
And impotently fierce engage
To execute their vain design?

Indignant kings stood up to oppose
The Lord, and His Messiah's reign;
And earth's confederate rulers rose
Against their God in council vain.

Surely against Thy holy Son
(Son of Thy love, and sent by Thee,
One with the Anointing Spirit, One
With Thy co-equal Majesty)

Herod and Pilate both combined
Thy sovereign purpose to fulfil;
Gentiles and Jews unconscious join'd
To accomplish Thy eternal will.

And now their idle fury view,
And now behold their threatenings, Lord;
Behold Thy faithful servants too,
And strengthen us to speak Thy word.

Embolden by Thine outstretch'd arm,
Fill us with confidence Divine,
With heavenly zeal our bosoms warm,
That all may own the work is Thine;

May see the tokens of Thy hand,
Its sovereign grace, its healing power,
No more their happiness withstand,
And fight against their God no more.

Now let their opposition cease,
Now let them catch the quickening flame.
And, forced to yield, the signs increase,
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.

To be Sung in a Tumult

Earth, rejoice; the Lord is King!
Sons of men, His praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven,
Every knee to Him shall bow:—
Satan, hear, and tremble now!

Roaring lion, own His power:
Us thou never canst devour;
Pluck'd we are out of thy teeth,
Saved by Christ from hell and death.

Though thou bruise in us His heel,
Sorer vengeance shalt thou feel:
Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
Christ in us shall bruise thy head.

Though the floods lift up their voice.
Calm we hear thy children's noise;
Horribly they rage in vain;
God is mightier than man.

Jesus greater we proclaim,
Him in us, than thee in them:
Thee their god He overpowers;
Thou art theirs, and Christ is ours.

Strong in Christ, we thee defy,
Dare thee all thy force to try;
Work in them, the slaves of sin,
Stir up all thy hell within;

All Thy hosts to battle bring:
Shouts in us a stronger King,
Lifts our hearts and voices high:—
Hark, the morning stars reply!

Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine,
All in Jesu's praise agree,
Carrying on His victory.

Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them;
God with us, we cannot fear:—
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

Lo! to faith's enlighten'd sight
All the mountain flames with light!
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

Our Messiah is come down,
Points us to the victor's crown,
Bids us take our seats above,
More than conquerors in His love.

Yes; the future work is done,
Christ the Saviour reigns alone,
Forces Satan to submit,
Bruises him beneath our feet.

We the evil angels doom,
Antedate the joys to come,
See the dear Redeemer's face,
Saved, already saved by grace!

“Little Children, Love One Another”

Giver of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease;
O, quench them with Thy blood!

Rebuke the seas, the tempest chide,
Our stubborn wills control,
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm our troubled soul.

Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love the old Adam bind,
And melt him into joy.

Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

O, let Thy love our hearts constrain!
Jesus the Crucified,
What hast Thou done our hearts to gain!
Languish'd, and groan'd, and died!

Who would not now pursue the way
Where Jesu's footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity Divine?

Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonise the soul.

Thee let us feel benignly near.
With all Thy quickening powers;
The sounding of Thy bowels hear,
And answer Thee with ours.

O, let us find the ancient way
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
“See how these Christians love!”

For the Anniversary of One's Conversion

Glory to God, and praise, and love
Be ever, ever given,
By saints below, and saints above,
The church in earth and heaven.

On this glad day the glorious Sun
Of Righteousness arose:
On my benighted soul He shone,
And fill'd it with repose.

Sudden expired the legal strife;
'Twas then I ceased to grieve;
My second, real, living life
I then began to live.

Then with my heart I first believed,
Believed with faith Divine;
Power with the Holy Ghost received
To call the Saviour mine.

I felt my Lord's atoning blood
Close to my soul applied;
Me, me He loved—the Son of God
For me, for me He died!

I found, and own'd His promise true,
Ascertain'd of my part;
My pardon pass'd in heaven I knew,
When written on my heart.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be saved through faith alone;
Be justified by grace!

See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

Harlots, and publicans, and thieves
In holy triumph join;

Saved is the sinner that believes
From crimes as great as mine.

Murderers, and all ye hellish crew,
Ye sons of lust and pride,
Believe the Saviour died for you;
For me the Saviour died.

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

With me, your chief, you then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

To be Sung at Meals

Come, let us lengthen out the feast,
To thankfulness improve;
God in His gifts delight to taste,
And pay them back in love.

His Providence supplies our needs,
And life and strength imparts;
His open hand our bodies feeds,
And fills with joy our hearts.

But will He not our souls sustain,
And nourish with His grace?
Yes; for Thou wilt not say in vain,
“My people, seek My face.”

See, then, we take Thee at Thy word,
With confidence draw nigh;
We claim, and of Thy Spirit, Lord,
Expect a fresh supply.

The sinner, when he comes to Thee,
His fond pursuits gives o'er;
From nature's sickly cravings free,
He pines for earth no more.

Lord, we believe; and taste Thee good,
Thee all-sufficient own,
And hunger after heavenly food,
And thirst for God alone.

Before a Journey

Forth at Thy call, O Lord, I go,
Thy counsel to fulfil:
'Tis all my business here below,
Father, to do Thy will.

To do Thy will, while here I make
My short, unfix'd abode,
An everlasting home I seek,
A city built by God.

O, when shall I my Canaan gain,
The land of promised ease,
And leave this world of sin and pain,
This howling wilderness!

Come to my help, come quickly, Lord,
For whom alone I sigh;
O, let me hear the gracious word,
And get me up, and die!

Another

Angels, attend, ('tis God commands,
And make me now your care;
Hover around, and in your hands
My soul securely bear.

With outstretch'd wings my temples shade;
To you the charge is given:
Are ye not all sent forth to aid
The anointed heirs of heaven?

Servants of God, both yours and mine,
Your fellow-servant guard:
Sweet is the task, if He enjoin,
His service your reward.

Then let us join our God to bless,
Our Master's praise to sing,
The Lord of Hosts, the Prince of Peace,
Our Father and our King.

At Him my mounting spirit aims,
My kindling thoughts aspire:
(Assist, ye ministerial flames,
And raise my raptures higher!)

Upward on wings of love I fly
Where all His glories blaze;
Like you, behold with eagle's eye
My heavenly Father's face.

On a Journey

Saviour, who ready art to hear,
(Readier than I to pray,)
Answer my scarcely utter'd prayer,
And meet me on the way.

Talk with me, Lord: Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let it feel
The kindling of Thy love:

With Thee conversing, I forget⁸⁴
All time, and toil, and care:
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face—
'Tis all I wish to seek,
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

84 Compare "Paradise Lost," b.4, l.639 "With Thee conversing, I forget all time."

After a Journey

Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O, bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

Still hide me in Thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread,
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And guard my naked head.

To Thee for refuge may I run
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

O that I never, never more
Might from Thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving Thee my heart.

Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release:
I ask not life; but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

At Lying Down

How do Thy mercies close me round!
For ever be Thy name adored!
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay His head.

But, lo! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Nay, He Himself becomes my Guard,
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love!

While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.

Wherefore in confidence I close
My eyes, for Thine are open still;
My spirit, lull'd in calm repose,
Waits for the counsels of Thy will.

After Thy likeness let me rise,
If here Thou will'st my longer stay;
Or close in mortal sleep my eyes,
To open them in endless day.

Still let me run, or end my race;
I cannot choose, I all resign;
Contract or lengthen out my days;
Come life, come death; for Christ is mine.

Groaning for the Spirit of Adoption

Father, if Thou my Father art,
Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son,
Breathe Him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known:
Make me Thy conscious child, that I
May, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

I want the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of an healthful mind;
Of power to conquer inbred sin,
Of love to Thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear!
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter:
He comes! And righteousness Divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ is mine!

O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And make my soul His loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
Attest that I am born again!
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Or all Thy former gifts are vain.
I cannot rest in sin forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

Where the Indubitable Seal

That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of Love Divine:
O, shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

[The Hymn that follows in the 1st edition, together with another on the same subject, headed [1 John 2:1,2](#), were transferred by the author to the “Hymns on God’s Everlasting Love,” and will be reprinted there.]

Universal Redemption

Father, whose hand on all bestows
Sufficiency of saving grace;
Whose universal love o'erflows
The whole of Adam's fallen race;

Within no narrow bounds confined,
The vast, unfathomable sea
Swells, and embraces all mankind;—
For, O my God, it reach'd to me!

If I could hear Thy quickening call,
Then all may seek, and find Thee too;
Surely Thou loving art to all,
And I stand forth to prove it true.

Was there a man Thou doom'st to die,
How justly then might I despair!
For who so vile a wretch as I?
For who so bold his God to dare?

Was there a single soul decreed
Thy unrelenting hate to know,
Then I were he—and well might dread
The horrors of eternal woe.

But, O, in vain the tempter tries
To shake the Rock that ne'er shall move;
My steadfast soul His power defies,
Secure in this, that God is love.

Whoe'er admits; my soul disowns
The image of a torturing God,
Well-pleased with human shrieks and groans,
A fiend, a Molock gorged with blood!

Good God! that any child of Thine
So horribly should think of Thee!
Lo! all my hopes I here resign,
If all may not find grace with me.

If fury can in Thee have place,
Empty it on my helpless head;
Cut off, exclude me from Thy grace,
Unless for all the Saviour bled.

If all may not Thy mercy claim,
On me the vengeful bolt let fall;
Take back my interest in the Lamb,
Unless the Victim died for all.⁸⁵

⁸⁵ Nothing can more strongly mark the strength of the poet's convictions; but his words were from the first considered by many as liable to just exception, and probably will be always so regarded by a portion of his readers. Allowance should, however, be made for the peculiarly difficult and painful circumstances under which he wrote. See the note prefixed to the "Hymns on God's Everlasting Love."

Another⁸⁶

Hear, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Father of all mankind,
Spirit of truth, eternal Word,
In mystic union join'd!

Hear, and inspire my stammering tongue,
Exalt my abject thought,
Speak from my mouth a sacred song,
Who spak'st the world from nought.

Thy darling attribute I praise,
Which all alike may prove,—
The glory of Thy boundless grace,
Thy universal love.

Mercy I sing, transporting sound,
The joy of earth and heaven!
Mercy, by every sinner found,
Who takes what God hath given.

Mercy for all Thy hands have made,
Immense, and unconfined,
Throughout Thy every work display'd,
Embracing all mankind.

Thine eye survey'd the fallen race,
When sunk in sin they lay;
Their misery call'd for all Thy grace,
But justice stopp'd the way.

Mercy the fatal bar removed;
Thy only Son it gave,
To save a world so dearly loved,

86 Originally published at the end of the Sermon entitled "Free Grace," preached at Bristol; and inserted also in the "Arminian Magazine," vol. 1, p.135.

A sinful world to save.

For every man He tasted death,
He suffered once for all;
He calls as many souls as breathe,
And all may hear the call.

A power to choose, a will to obey,
Freely His grace restores;
We all may find the living way.
And call the Saviour ours.

Whom His eternal mind foreknew,
That they the power would use,
Ascribe to God the glory due,
And not His grace refuse;

Them, only them His will decreed,
Them did He choose alone,
Ordain' d in Jesu's steps to tread,
And to be like His Son.

Them, the elect, consenting few,
Who yield to proffer'd love,
Justified here, He forms anew,
And glorifies above.

For as in Adam all have died,
So all in Christ may live,
May (for the world is justified)
His righteousness receive.

Whoe'er to God for pardon fly,
In Christ may be forgiven:
He speaks to all, "Why will ye die,
And not accept My heaven?"

No! in the death of him that dies
(God by His life hath sworn)
He is not pleased; but ever cries,
“Turn, O ye sinners, turn.”

He would that all His truths should own,
His Gospel all embrace,
Be justified by faith alone,
And freely saved by grace.

And shall I, Lord, confine Thy love,
As not to others free?
And may not every sinner prove
The grace that found out me?

Doubtless through one eternal now
Thou ever art the same;
The universal Saviour Thou,
And Jesus is Thy name.

Ho! every one that thirsteth, come!
Choose life; obey the Word;
Open your hearts to make Him room,
And banquet with your Lord.

When God invites, shall man repel?
Shall man the exception make?
“Come, freely come, whoever will,
And living water take.”

Thou bidd'st; and wouldst Thou bid us choose,
When purposed not to save?
Command us all a power to use
Thy mercy never gave?

Thou canst not mock the sons of men;
Invite us to draw nigh,

Offer Thy grace to all, and then
Thy grace to most deny!

Horror to think that God is hate!
Fury in God can dwell!
God could an helpless world create,
To thrust them into hell!

Doom them an endless death to die,
From which they could not flee:—
No, Lord! Thine inmost bowels cry
Against the dire decree!

Believe who will that human pain
Pleasing to God can prove:
Let Molock feast him with the slain;
Our God, we know, is love.

Lord, if indeed, without a bound,
Infinite Love Thou art,
The HORRIBLE DECREE confound,
Enlarge Thy people's heart!

Ah! who is as Thy servants blind,
So to misjudge their God!
Scatter the darkness of their mind,
And shed Thy love abroad.

Give them conceptions worthy Thee,
Give them, in Jesu's face,
Thy merciful design to see,
Thy all-redeeming grace.

Stir up Thy strength, and help us, Lord;
The preachers multiply;
Send forth Thy light, and give the word,
And let the shadows fly.

O! if Thy Spirit send forth me,
The meanest of the throng,
I'll sing Thy grace divinely free,
And teach mankind the song.

Grace will I sing, through Jesu's name,
On all mankind bestow'd;
The everlasting truth proclaim,
And seal that truth with blood.

Come then, Thou all-embracing Love,
Our frozen bosom warm;
Dilating fire, within us move,
With truth and meekness arm.

Let us triumphantly ride on,
And more than conquerors prove;
With meekness bear the opposers down,
And bind with cords of love.

Shine in their hearts, Father of Light;
Jesu, Thy beams impart;
Spirit of Truth, our minds unite,
And keep us one in heart.

Then, only then our eyes shall see
Thy promised kingdom come;
And every heart, by grace set free,
Shall make the Saviour room.

Thee every tongue shall then confess,
And every knee shall bow:
Come quickly, Lord we wait Thy grace,
We long to meet Thee now.

Hymn to Christ the Prophet

Prophet, on earth bestow'd,
A Teacher sent from God,
Thee we welcome from above;
Sent the Father to reveal,
Sent to manifest His love,
Sent to teach His perfect will.

Thee all the seers of old
Prefigured and foretold:
Moses Thee the Prophet show'd,
Meek and lowly as Thou art,
Abraham, the friend of God,
David, after His own heart.

The lesser stars that shone,
Till Thy great course begun,
With imparted lustre bright,
Render'd back their borrow'd ray,
Pointing to Thy perfect light,
Ushering in Thy glorious day.

Light of the world below,
Thee all mankind may know;
Thou, the universal Friend,
Into every soul hast shone:
O that all would comprehend,
All adore the rising Sun!

Thy cheering beams we bless,
Bright Sun of Righteousness;
Life and immortality
Thou alone to light hast brought,
Bid the new creation be,
Call'd the world of grace from nought.

Image of God Most High

Display' d to mortal eye,
Thee the patriarchs beheld,
Thee the Angel they adored,
Oft in diverse ways reveal'd
Christ the everlasting Lord.

Thy Godhead we revere,
Wonderful Counsellor!
Thou the Father's Wisdom art;
Great Apostle, Thee we praise;
Chose Thy people to convert,
Jacob's fallen tribes to raise.

The Gentiles too may see
Their covenant in Thee;
Opener of their blinded eyes,
Thee the gracious Father gave:
Rise on all, in glory rise,
Save a world Thou cam'st to save.

For this the heavenly Dove
Descended from above;
He, immeasurably shed,
Christ the Prophet mark'd and seal'd;
Pour'd upon Thy sacred head,
Thee the Anointing Spirit fill'd.

Ah, give us, Lord, to know
Thy office here below:
Preach deliverance to the poor;
Sent for this, O Christ, Thou art:
Jesu, all our sickness cure;
Bind Thou up the broken heart.

Publish the joyful year
Of God's acceptance near;
Preach glad tidings to the meek,

Liberty to spirits bound;
General, free redemption speak;
Spread through earth the Gospel-sound.

Humbly, behold, we sit,
And listen at Thy feet;
Never will we hence remove;
Lo! to Thee our souls we bow:
Tell us of the Father's love;
Speak; for, Lord, we hear Thee now.

Master, to us reveal
His acceptable will:
Ever for Thy law we wait;
Write it in our inward parts,
Our dark minds illuminate,
Grave Thy kindness on our hearts.

Thine be the choicest store
Of blessings evermore!
Thee we hear, on Thee we gaze,
Fairer than the sons of men:
Who can see that lovely face,
Who can hear those words in vain?

Spirit they are, and life,
They end the sinner's strife:
God they show benign and mild;
Glory be to God on high!
Now we know Him reconciled,
Now we, "Abba, Father," cry!

Thou art the Truth, the Way:
O, teach us how to pray!
Worship spiritual and true
Still instruct us how to give;
Let us pay the service due,

Let us to God's glory live.

Holy and true, the key
Of David rests on Thee.
Come, Messiah, all things tell,
Make us to salvation wise,
Shut the gates of death and hell,
Open, open paradise.

Servant of God, confess
His truth and faithfulness;
God, the gracious God proclaim,
Publish Him through earth abroad;
Let the Gentiles know Thy name,
Let us all be taught of God.

Witness, within us place
The Spirit of His grace;
Teach us inwardly, and guide
By an unction from above;
Let it in our hearts abide,
Source of light, and life, and love.

Pronounce our happy doom,
And show us things to come:
All the depths of love display,
All the mystery unfold;
Speak us seal'd to Thy great day,
In the Book of Life enroll'd.

Shepherd, securely keep
Thy little flock of sheep;
Call'd and gather'd into one,
Feed us, in green pastures feed,
Make us quietly lie down,
By the streams of comfort lead.

Thou, even Thou art He
Whom pain and sorrow flee:
Comforter of all that mourn,
Let us by Thy guidance come,
Crown'd with endless joy return
To our everlasting home.

The Backslider's Confession

**“Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy
to be called thy son.”**

When I was a little child,
O, what sweetness did I prove?
Then on me my Father smiled,
Clasp'd me in the arms of love;
Bore me all my infant days,
Gently by His Spirit led,
Dandled me upon His knees,
Made me on His promise feed.

But, alas! I soon rebell'd,
Would not cast on Him my care;
Swell'd with pride, with passion swell'd,
I could neither fall nor err.
I was strong and able grown,
I could for myself provide,
I had wisdom of my own:
Let the weaker seek a guide.

When to Him I would not look,
Grieved and hardly forced away,
Me my Guide at length forsook,
Me my Father left to stray.
Angrily He hid His face:
Careless of His smile or frown,
I pursued my evil ways,
Frowardly in sin went on.

Back recall' d, I know not how,
Father, I my folly mourn:
If Thou art my Father now,
Now assist me to return.
Freely my backslidings heal,
Once again become my Guide;

Save me from my wayward will,
Empty of myself and pride.

Thou who all my ways hast seen,
Since I would from Thee depart,
Suffer me no more to lean
To my own deceitful heart.
O, repair my grievous loss,
Comfort to my soul restore:
Once a little child I was:
Lift me up to fall no more.

Give me back my innocence,
Give me back my filial fears,
Humble, loving confidence,
Praying sighs, and speaking tears.
Weak and helpless may I be,
To Thy only will resign'd,
Ever hanging upon Thee,
Simple, ignorant, and blind.

Abba, Father! Hear my cry,
Look upon Thy weeping child:
Weeping at Thy feet I lie;
Kiss me, and be reconciled:⁸⁷
Take me up into Thine arms,
Let me hang upon Thy breast,
Hide me there secure from harms,
Lull my sorrowing soul to rest.

⁸⁷ Wesley has marked this verse for omission, doubtless because of its familiar tone, which he deemed inconsistent with the reverence due to the Most High God, even from His children and friends. His views on this subject are fully expressed, and with admirable clearness and force, in his Sermon on "Knowing Christ after the Flesh." Works, 3rd ed., vol. 7, p.294.

At the Approach of Temptation

God of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
O, help me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

On Thee my helpless soul is cast,
And looks again Thy grace to prove:
I call to mind the wonders past,
The countless wonders of Thy love.

Thou, Lord, my spirit oft hast stay'd,
Hast snatch'd me from the gaping tomb,
A monument of mercy made,
And rescued me from wrath to come.

Oft hath the sea confess'd Thy power,
And gave me back to Thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand.

Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head:
Sudden I found Thee near to save;
The fever own'd Thy touch, and fled.

But, O the mightier work of grace,
That still the life of faith I live,
That still I pant to sing Thy praise,
That still my all I gasp to give!

Pluck'd from the roaring lion's teeth,
Caught up from the eternal fire,
Snatch'd from the gates of hell, I breathe,
And, lo to heaven I still aspire!

Whither, O, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within Thy arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.

I see the fiery trial near;
But Thou, my God, art still the same:
Hell, earth, and sin I scorn to fear,
Divinely arm'd with Jesu's Name.

I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But Thou art greater than my heart.

I have no might to oppose the foe,
But everlasting strength is Thine.
Show me the way that I should go,
Show me the path I should decline.

Which shall I leave, and which pursue?
Thou only my Adviser be;
My God, I know not what to do;
But, O! mine eyes are fix'd on Thee!

Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

Enlarge my heart to make Thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:

The crooked then shall straight become.
The darkness shall be lost in day!

In a Temptation

Where, my soul, is now thy boast?
Where the sense of sin forgiven?
Destitute, tormented, lost,
Down the stream of nature driven,
Crush'd by sin's redoubled load;
Where, my soul, is now thy God?

Far from me my God is gone,
All my joys with Him are fled,
Every comfort is withdrawn,
Peace is lost, and hope is dead;
Sin, and only sin I feel,
Pride and lust, self-will and hell.

Did I then my soul deceive?
Rashly claim a part in Thee?
Did I, Lord, in vain believe,
Falsely hope Thou diedst for me?
Must I back my hopes restore,
Trust Thou diedst for me no more?

No—I never will resign
What of Thee by faith I know;
Never cease to call Thee mine,
Never will I let Thee go:
Be it I my soul deceive,
Yet I will, I will believe.

Though I groan beneath Thy frown,
Hence I will not, cannot fly;
Though Thy justice cast me down,
At thy mercy-seat I lie;
Let me here my sentence meet,
Let me perish at Thy feet!

Job 22:8,9,10

Forward I now in duties go,
But, O my Saviour is not there!
Heavy He makes me drive, and slow,
Without the chariot-wheels of prayer.

I look to former times, and strain
The footsteps of my God to trace;
Backward I go (but still in vain)
To find the tokens of His grace.

Surrounded by His power I stand,
His work on other souls I see,
He deals His gifts on either hand,
But still He hides Himself from me.

Groaning I languish at His stay,
But He regards my every groan;
Dark and disconsolate my way,
But still my way to Him is known.

When fully He my faith hath tried,
Like gold I in the fire shall shine,
Come forth when seven times purified,
And strongly bear the stamp Divine.

After a Relapse into Sin

My God, my God, on Thee I call,
Thee only would I know;
One drop of blood on me let fall,
And wash me white as snow.

Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in Thee.

But art Thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine Thou art!
Whisper within, Thou Love Divine,
And cheer my doubting heart.

Tell me again, my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live:
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

Father, forgive Thy froward child;
I ask in Jesu's name;
I languish to be reconciled,—
And reconciled I am.

Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

O, why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I Thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against Thy love?

I forced Thee first to disappear,
I turn'd Thy face aside.
Ah! Lord, if Thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

But, O! how soon Thy wrath is o'er
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of Thy grace.

O, could I lose myself in Thee!
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

My humbled soul, when Thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet Thy purer eyes?

I loathe myself, when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if Thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

Against Hope, Believing in Hope

My God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have be lost in Thine,
And all renew'd I am.

I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
I will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.

When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

Jesu, Thy all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.

O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Sorrow and sin shall then expire;
While, enter'd into rest,
I only live my God to admire,
My God for ever blest.

No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for His glory burn,
And always see His face.

My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Can now no longer move;
Jesus is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Matthew 5:4

“Blessed are they that mourn.”

Gracious soul, to whom are given
Holy hungerings after heaven,
Restless breathings, earnest moans,
Deep, unutterable groans,
Agonies of strong desire,
Love's suppress'd, unconscious fire;

Turn again to God thy Rest,
Jesus hath pronounced thee blest:
Humbly to thy Jesus turn,
Comforter of all that mourn:
Happy mourner, hear, and see,
Claim the promise made to thee.

Lift to Him thy weeping eye,
Heaven behind the cloud descry:
If with Christ thou suffer here,
When His glory shall appear,
Christ His suffering son shall own;
Thine the cross, and thine the crown.

Just through Him, behold thy way
Shining to the perfect day:
Dying thus to all beneath,
Fashion'd to Thy Saviour's death,
Him the Resurrection prove,
Raised to all the life of love.

What if here awhile thou grieve,
God shall endless comfort give:
Sorrow may a night endure,
Joy returns as daylight sure:
Praise shall then thy life employ:
Sow in tears, and reap in joy.

Doth thy Lord prolong His stay?
Mercy wills the kind delay:
Hides He still His lovely face?
Lo! He waits to show His grace:
Seems He absent from Thy heart?
'Tis, that He may ne'er depart.

Gently will He lead the weak,
Bruised reeds He ne'er will break;
Touch'd with sympathizing care,
Thee He in His arms shall bear,
Bless with late but lasting peace,
Fill with all His righteousness.

Couldst Thou the Redeemer see,
How His bowels yearn on thee!
How He marks with pitying eye,
Hears His new-born children cry,
Bears what every member bears,
Groans their groans, and weeps their tears!

Couldst thou know, as thou art known,
Jesus would appear thy own:
Most abandon'd though it seem,
Darkly safe thy soul with Him;
Farthest when from God removed,
Nearest then, and most beloved.

Feebly then thy hands lift up,
Hope, amidst despairing hope:
Stand beneath thy load of grief,
Stagger not through unbelief:
Make thy own election sure,
Faithful to the end endure.

Meekly then persist to mourn;
Soon He will, He must return:

Call on Him; He hears thy cry;
Soon He will, He must draw nigh:
This the hope, which nought can move,
God is Truth, and God is Love!

The Just Shall Live by Faith

Come hither, all who serve the Lord,
Who fear and tremble at His word,
Hear me His lovingkindness tell;
Hear what He for my soul hath done,
And look to prove it in your own;
Expect His promised love to feel.

Come hither, all ye slaves of sin,
Ye beasts without, and fiends within,
Glad tidings unto all I show;
Jesus's grace for all is free;
Jesus's grace hath found out me,
And now He offers it to you.

Dead in the midst of life I was;
Unconscious of my Eden's loss,
Long did I in the graves remain,
A fallen spirit, dark, and void,
Unknowing, and unknown of God,
I felt not, for I hugg'd, my chain.

He call'd: I answer'd to His call,
Confess'd my state, and mourn'd my fall,
And strove, and groan'd to be renew'd:
With gradual horror then I saw
The nature of the fiery law,
But knew not then a Saviour's blood.

For ten long, legal years I lay
An helpless, though reluctant, prey
To pride, and lust, and earth, and hell:
Oft to repentance vain renew'd,
Self-confident for hours I stood,
And fell, and grieved, and rose, and fell.

I fasted, read, and work'd, and pray'd,

Call'd holy friendship to my aid,
And constant to the altar drew;
'Tis there, I cried, He must be found!
By vows, and new engagements bound,
All His commands I now shall do.

Soon as the trying hour return'd,
I sunk before the foes I scorn'd,
My firm resolves did all expire:
Why hath the law of sin prevail'd?
Why have the bonds of duty fail'd?
Alas! the tow hath touch'd the fire.

Hardly at last I all gave o'er,
I sought to free myself no more,
Too weak to burst the fowler's snare;
Baffled by twice ten thousand foils.
I ceased to struggle in the toils,
And yielded to a just despair.

'Twas then my soul beheld from far
The glimmering of an orient Star,
That pierced and cheer'd my nature's night:
Sweetly it dawn'd, and promised day;
Sorrow and sin it chased away,
And open'd into glorious light.

With other eyes I now could see
The Father reconciled to me;
Jesus the Just had satisfied:
Jesus had made my sufferings His,
Jesus was now my righteousness;
Jesus for me had lived and died.

From hence the Christian race I ran,
From hence the fight of faith began:
O, 'tis a good, but painful fight!

When heaviness o'erwhelms the soul,
When clouds and darkness round me roll,
And hide the Saviour from my sight.

Convinced my work was but begun,
How did I strive, and grieve, and groan,
Half yielded, yet refused to yield!
Tempted to give my Saviour up,
Deny my Lord, abjure my hope,
And basely cast away my shield.

My enemies and friends were join'd,
God's children with the world's combined
To shake my confidence in God:
Strongly they urged me to disclaim
My weaker title to the Lamb,
My interest in the atoning blood.

So frail, impure, and weak, could I
Presume for me He deign'd to die,
For me so cold, so void of love!
Jesu! they bid me Thee resign;
They would not have me call Thee mine,
Till the whole power of faith I prove.

What have I known since Thee I knew!
What trials hast Thou brought me through!
Hardly I yet can credit give:
Surely, my soul, 'tis all a dream
Saved as by fire (if saved) I seem,
If still the life of grace I live!

What have I felt, while torn within,
Full of the energy of sin,
Horror to think, and death to tell!
The Prince of Darkness ruled his hour,
Suffer'd to show forth all His power,

And shake me o'er the mouth of hell.

But, O! his tyranny is o'er!—
How shall my rescued soul adore
Thy strange, Thy unexampled grace!
A brand pluck'd from the fire I am;—
O Saviour, help me to proclaim,
Help me to show forth all Thy praise.

Fain would I spread through earth abroad
The goodness of my loving God,
And teach the world Thy grace to prove.
Unutterably good Thou art!
Read, Jesu, read my panting heart;
Thou seest it pants to break with love.

I only live to find Thee there:
The mansion for Thyself prepare,
In love anew my heart create:
The mighty change I long to feel:
For this my vehement soul stands still,
Restless—resign'd—for this I wait.

I know, my struggling nought avails,
My strength and foolish wisdom fails,
Vain is my toil, and vain my rest:
Only before Thy feet I lay,
The Potter Thou, and I the clay,
Thy will be done, Thy will is best.

I need not urge my eager plea,
The blood of sprinkling speaks for me,
Jesus for me vouchsafes to appear;
For me before the throne He stands,
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
And shows that I am graven there!

Suffice it, Lord, I now believe:
To Thee my ransom'd soul I give;
Hide it, till all life's storms be o'er:
O, keep it safe against that day!
Thou ever liv'st for me to pray:
Thy prayer be heard, I ask no more.

Isaiah 45:22

“Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth!”

Sinners, your Saviour see!
O, look ye unto Me!
Lift your eyes, ye fallen race!
I, the gracious God and true,
I am full of truth and grace,
Full of truth and grace for you!

Look, and be saved from sin!
Believe, and be ye clean!
Guilty, labouring souls draw nigh;
See the fountain open'd wide;
To the wounds of Jesus fly,
Bathe ye in My bleeding side.

Ah, dear, redeeming Lord,
We take Thee at Thy word.
Lo! to Thee we ever look,
Freely saved by grace alone:
Thou our sins and curse hast took;
Thou for all didst once atone.

We now the writing see
Nail'd to Thy cross with Thee!
With Thy mangled body torn,
Blotted out by blood Divine;
Far away the bond is borne;
Thou art ours, and we are Thine.

On Thee we fix our eyes,
And wait for fresh supplies;
Justified, we ask for more,
Give the abiding Spirit, give;
Lord, Thine image here restore,
Fully in Thy members live.

Author of Faith, appear!
Be Thou its Finisher.
Upward still for This we gaze,
Till we feel the stamp Divine,
Thee behold with open face,
Bright in all Thy glory shine.

Leave not Thy work undone,
But ever love Thine own.
Let us all Thy goodness prove,
Let us to the end believe;
Show Thy everlasting love;
Save us, to the utmost save.

O that our life might be
One looking up to Thee!
Ever hastening to the day
When our eyes shall see Thee near!
Come, Redeemer, come away!
Glorious in Thy saints appear.

Jesu, the heavens bow,
We long to meet Thee now!
Now in majesty come down;
Pity Thine elect, and come;
Hear in us Thy Spirit groan,
Take the weary exiles home.

Now let Thy face be seen,
Without a veil between:
Come and change our faith to sight,
Swallow up mortality;
Plunge us in a sea of light:
Christ, be all in all to me!

Praise for Redemption

From the German.⁸⁸

High praise to Thee, all-gracious God!
Unceasing praise to Thee we pay;
Naked and wallowing in our blood,
Unpitied, loathed of all we lay.
Thou saw'st, and from the eternal throne
Gav'st us Thy dear, Thy only Son.

Through Thy rich grace, in Jesu's blood
Blessing, redemption, life we find.
Our souls wash'd in this cleansing flood,
No stain of guilt remains behind.
Who can Thy mercy's stores express?
Unfathomable, numberless!

Now Christ in us doth live, and we,
Father, through Him with Thee are one:
The banner of His love we see,
And fearless grasp the starry crown.
Unutterable peace we feel
In Him, and joys unspeakable.

Now hast Thou given us, through Thy Son,
The power of living faith to see;
Unconquerable faith, alone
That gains o'er all the victory;
Faith which nor earth nor hell can move,
Unblamable in perfect love.

Fully Thy quickening Spirit impart,
Thou who hast all our sins forgiven;
O, form the Saviour in my heart;

88 Compare "Sey hochgelobt barmherz'ger Gott," by L. A. Cotter. (1661-1735.) *Herrn. Coll.*, No. 25. Knapp, E. L., p.118.

Seal of Thy love, and Pledge of heaven.
For ever be His name impress'd
Both on my hand and on my breast.

Thine is whate'er we are: Thy grace
In Christ created us anew,
To sing Thy never-ceasing praise,
Thy unexhausted love to show;
And, arm'd with Thy great Spirit's aid,
Blameless in all Thy paths to tread.

Yea, Father, ours through Him Thou art,
For so is Thy eternal will!
O, live, move, reign within my heart,
My soul with all Thy fulness fill:
My heart, my all I yield to Thee:
Jesus be all in all to me!

On the Admission of Any Person into the Society

Brother in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and His servants dear,
Enter, and show Thyself approved;
Enter, and find that God is here!

'Scaped from the world, redeem'd from sin,
By fiends pursued, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of Thy Lord.

Welcome from earth!—Lo! the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give;
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesu's name receive!

Say, is thy heart resolved as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,
Partaker of the joys above.

Jesu, attend! Thyself reveal!
Are we not met in Thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

Truly our fellowship below
With Thee, and with Thy Father is;
In Thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

In part we only know Thee here,
But wait Thy coming from above:—
And I shall then behold Thee near,
And I shall all be lost in love!

Seraphic Love

Altered from Mr. Norris.⁸⁹

Away, vain world! my heart resign;
For I can be no longer thine:
A nobler, a diviner Guest
Has took possession of my breast.
He has, and must engross it all;
And yet the room is still too small.
In vain you tempt my heart to rove;
A fairer Object claims my love.

At last (alas, how late!) I've seen
One lovelier than the sons of men:
The fairest of ten thousand He,
Proportion all, and harmony.
All mortal beauty's but a ray
Of His bright ever-shining day:
All before Thee must disappear,
Thou only Good, Thou only Fair.

To Thee my longing soul aspires
With holy breathings, warm desires:
To Thee my panting heart does move!
O, pierce, fill, melt it with Thy love!
How do Thy glorious streams of light,
Even through this veil, refresh my sight!
When shall my prison'd soul be free,
And find light, life, love, heaven in Thee!

⁸⁹ See his "Miscellanies," ed. 1717, p.17. Both this and the following poem found a place in "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns," 1738.

The Aspiration

From the same.⁹⁰

How long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie?
Where through the avenues of sense
My soul has dim intelligence;
Where but faint gleams salute my sight,
Like moonshine in a cloudy night.
When shall I leave this dusky sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! And yet my sense
Perceives even here Thy influence.
Even here the magnet's power I feel,
And tremble like the attracted steel.
And though to beauties less divine
Sometimes my erring heart decline,
Yet soon (so strong the sympathy)
It turns, and points again to Thee.

I long to see this Excellence,
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from this her earthy cage:
Wouldst thou, great Love, once set her free,
How would she haste to unite with Thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

90 See "Miscellanies," p.91.

Solomon's Song, ch. 5:15, &c

Altered from Sandys.⁹¹

Who's this, who like the morning shows,
When she her paths with roses strews;
More fair than the replenish'd moon,
More radiant than the sun at noon?
Not armies with their ensigns spread,
So threaten with amazing dread!

His looks like cedars planted on
The brows of lofty Lebanon:
His tongue the ear with music feeds,
And He in every part exceeds:
Among ten thousand He appears
The chief, and Beauty's ensign bears.

I, my Beloved, am only Thine:
And Thou by just exchange art mine.
Come let us tread the pleasant fields;
Taste we what fruit the country yields
There, where no frosts our spring destroy.
Shalt Thou alone my love enjoy.

Be I, O Thou my better part,
A seal impressed upon Thy heart:
Should falling clouds with floods conspire,
Their waters could not quench love's fire;
Nor all in nature's treasury
The freedom of affection buy.

O Thou that in Thy chosen liv'st,
And life-infusing counsel giv'st
To those that in Thy songs rejoice,
To me address Thy cheerful voice.

91 Compare Sandys's "Paraphrase," 1676, pp.38-43.

May I Thy finger's signet prove;
For death is not more strong than love.

Come, my Beloved, O come away!
Love is impatient of delay:
Run like a youthful hart or roe,
On hills where precious spices grow.
Love is impatient of delay:
Come, my Beloved, O come away!

Written After Walking Over Smithfield

Hail, holy martyrs, glorious names,
Who nobly here for Jesus stood,
Rejoiced, and clapp'd your hands in flames,
And dared to seal the truth with blood!

Strong in the Lord, divinely strong,
Tortures and death ye here defied;
Demons and men, a gazing throng,
Ye braved, and more than conquering died!

Finished your course, and fought your fight,
Hence did your mounting souls aspire
Starting from flesh, they took their flight,
Borne upward on a car of fire.

Where earth and hell no more molest,
Ye now have join'd the heavenly host,
Enter'd into your Father's rest,
And found the life which here ye lost.

Father, if now Thy breath revives
In us the pure, primeval flame,
Thy power, which animates our lives,
Can make us in our deaths the same;

Can out of weakness make us strong,
Arming as in the ancient days,
Loosing the stammering infant's tongue,
And perfecting in babes Thy praise.

Steadfast we then shall stand, and sure
Thy everlasting truth to prove,
In faith's plerophory⁹² secure,
In all the omnipotence of love.

92 i.e. full assurance.

Come, holy, holy, holy Lord,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, come!
Be mindful of Thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul Thy home.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
In us Thy glorious Self reveal,
Let us Thy sevenfold gifts partake,
Let us Thy mighty working feel.

Near us, assisting Jesu, stand,
Give us the opening heaven to see,
Thee to behold at God's right hand,
And yield our parting souls to Thee.

My Father, O my Father, hear,
And send the fiery chariot down;
Let Israel's flaming steeds appear,
And whirl us to the starry crown.

We, we would die for Jesus too!
Through tortures, fires, and seas of blood,
All, all triumphantly break through,
And plunge into the depths of God!

The Believer's Triumph

From the German.⁹³

Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The deadly writing now I see
Nail'd with Thy body to the tree:
Torn with the nails that pierced Thy hands,
The old covenant no longer stands.

Though, sign'd and written with my blood,
As hell's foundations sure it stood,
Thine hath wash'd out the crimson stains,
And white as snow my soul remains.

Satan, thy due reward survey;
The Lord of Life why didst thou slay?
To tear the prey out of thy teeth;
To spoil the realms of hell and death.

The holy, the unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died, for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe the precious blood
Which at the mercy-seat of God

93 Compare "Christi blut und Gerechtigkeit," by Count Zinzendorf. Knapp, E. L., p.605.

For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean-shore,
For all Thou hast the ransom given,
Purchased for all peace, life, and heaven.

Lord, I believe the price is paid,
For every soul the atonement made;
And every soul Thy grace may prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Carnal, and sold to sin, no more
I am; hell's tyranny is o'er:
The immortal seed remains within,
And, born of God, I cannot sin.

Yet nought whereof to boast I have;
All, all Thy mercy freely gave;
No works, no righteousness are mine;
All is Thy work, and only Thine.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

Naked from Satan did I flee,
To Thee, my Lord, and put on Thee:
And thus adorn'd, I wait the word,
"He comes: arise, and meet thy Lord."

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its constant hue;
Thy blood preserves it ever new.

When Thou shalt call in that great day
For my account, thus will I say:
“Thanks to my gracious Lord, if aught
Of good I did, glad I it wrought:

“And while I felt Thy blood within
Cleansing my soul from every sin,
Purging each fierce and foul desire;
I joy'd in the refining fire.

“If pride, desire, wrath stirr'd anew,
Swift to my sure resort I flew:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
Hell heard: instant my soul was free.”

Then shall heaven's hosts with loud acclaim
Give praise and glory to the Lamb,
Who bore our sins, and by His blood
Hath made us kings and priests to God.

O ye, who joy to feed His sheep,
Ever in your remembrance keep,
Empty they are, and void of God,
Till brought to the atoning blood.

Jesu, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Ah, give me now, all-gracious Lord,
With power to speak Thy quickening word;

That all who to Thy wounds will flee
May find eternal life in Thee.

Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove:
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

O, let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness!

The Love-Feast

Part 1

Come, and let us sweetly join
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all with one accord
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days,
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the Feast of Love.

Strive we, in affection strive:
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.
We, like them, may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same,
One in every age and place,
Full for all of truth and grace.
We, for Christ, our Master, stand.
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesu's witnesses.

Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with Him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We His quickening Spirit breathe.
Christ is now gone up on high;
(Thither all our wishes fly;)
Sits at God's right hand above,
There with Him we reign in love!

Part 2

Come, Thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;
Humbly stoop to earth again,
Come, and visit abject man.
Jesu, dear, expected Guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast;
For Thyself our hearts prepare,
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

Jesu, we the promise claim,
We are met in Thy great name:
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here;
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace,
Thou Thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love.

Let the fruits of grace abound,
Let in us Thy bowels sound;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance, and gentleness:
Plant in us Thy humble mind;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O, call us each by name
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon Thy breast;
Love be there our endless feast.

Part 3

Let us join, ('tis God commands,
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up.
God His blessing shall dispense,
God shall crown His ordinance,
Meet in His appointed ways,
Nourish us with social grace.

Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully His gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life.
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown;
God it is who justifies,
Only faith the grace applies,—
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers hell, and death, and sin,
Hallows whom it first made whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

Let us for this faith contend,
Sure salvation is its end;
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won:
Only let us persevere
Till we see our Lord appear,
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith which works by love.

Part 4

Partners of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives His praise,
Walk in Him we have received,
Show we not in vain believed.

While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite,
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship of Jesu's love;
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O, make us meet for Thee.
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin,
Write Thy law of love within.

Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to Thee:
Love, Thy image love, impart,
Stamp it on our face and heart;
Only love to us be given,
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Part 5

1 Peter 1:3, &c.

Father, hail, by all adored,
Father of our bleeding Lord!
God of mercy, Thee we praise,
Saved by Thy abundant grace:
To a lively hope begot,
Into second being brought,
Quicken'd by, and with, our Head,
Raised in Jesus from the dead.

Raised to inherit glorious joys,
Happiness that never cloys,
Happiness without allay,
Joys that never fade away;
Manna such as angels eat,
Pure delights for spirits fit,
All to us through Jesus given,
All for us reserved in heaven.

There we shall in glory shine,
Kept on earth by power Divine;
Power Divine through faith received:
We the promise have believed;
Confident that Christ shall come,
Make the faithful souls His home,
Here in part Himself reveal,
Stamp us with the Spirit's seal.

This we now rejoice to know,
Sorrowful howe'er we go,
Exercised, if need require,
Purged in the refining fire:
Faith the trial shall abide,
Shine, as gold, when fully tried,
Glory, honour, praise receive,

Which the Righteous Judge shall give.

Him we love, as yet unseen;
(Flesh is interposed between;)
Only faith's interior eye
Darkly can its Lord descry:
Gladden'd by the partial sight,
Swells our soul with vast delight,
Glorious and unspeakable;—
Heaven begun on earth we feel.

Here the sinner that believes
Everlasting life receives;
Here angelic bliss we find,
Bliss the same with theirs in kind,—
Only differing in degree:
Lengthen'd out it soon shall be;
All our heaven we then shall prove,
All the eternity of love.

The Communion of Saints

Part 1

Father, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer,
Hear, and our petitions seal;
Let us now the answer feel.
Mystically one with Thee,
Transcript of the Trinity,
Thee let all our nature own
One in Three, and Three in One.

If we now begin to be
Partners with Thy saints and Thee;
If we have our sins forgiven,
Fellow-citizens of heaven;
Still the fellowship increase,
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine.

Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim;
One the pure baptismal flame;
One the faith, and common Lord;
One the Father lives, adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God Incomprehensible.

One with God, the Source of bliss.
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let Thy emanations flow;
Rise eternal in our heart:
Thou our only Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

Bold we ask through Christ the Son;
Thou, O Christ, art all our own;
Our exalted flesh we see
To the Godhead join'd in Thee:
Glorious now Thy heaven we share,
Thou art here, and we are there;
We participate of Thine,
Human nature of Divine.

Live we now in Christ our Head,
Quickened by Thy life, and fed;
Christ, from whom the Spirit flows,
Into Thee Thy body grows;
While we feel the vital blood,
While the circulating flood,
Christ, through every member rolls,
Soul of all believing souls.

Daily growth the members find,
Fitly each with other join'd;
Closely all compacted rise;
Every joint its strength supplies,
Life to every part conveys,
Till the whole receive increase,
All complete the body prove,
Perfectly built up in love.

Part 2

Christ, the true, the heavenly Vine,
If Thy grace hath made us Thine,
Branches of a poison'd root,
Fallen Adam's evil fruit;
If we now transplanted are,
If we of Thy nature share,
Hear us, Lord, and let us be
Fully grafted into Thee.

Still may we continue thus,
We in Thee, and Thou in us;
Let us fresh supplies receive,
From Thee, in Thee ever live,
Share the fatness of the root,
Blossom, bud, and bring forth fruit,
With immortal vigour rise,
Towering till we reach the skies.

Christ, to all believers known,
Living, precious Corner-stone,—
Christ, by mortals disallow'd,
Chosen and esteem'd of God,—
Lively stones, we come to Thee;
Built together let us be;
Saved by grace through faith alone:
Faith it is that makes us one.

Other ground can no man lay,
Jesus takes our sins away!
Jesus the Foundation is:
This shall stand, and only this:
Fitly framed in Him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy Him who fills the skies.

Husband of Thy church below,
Christ, if Thee our Lord we know,
Unto Thee, betrothed in love,
Always faithful let us prove;
Never rob Thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part:
Only Thou possess the whole;
Take our body, spirit, soul.

Steadfast let us cleave to Thee;
Love the mystic union be;
Union to the world unknown!
Join'd to God, in spirit one.
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home,
For His heaven the bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

Part 3

John 17:20, &c.

Christ, our Head, gone up on high.
Be Thou in Thy Spirit nigh;
Advocate with God, give ear
To Thine own effectual prayer:
Hear the sounds Thou once didst breathe
In Thy days of flesh beneath;
Now, O Jesu, let them be
Strongly echoed back to Thee.

We, O Christ, have Thee received;
We the Gospel-word believed:
Justly then we claim a share
In Thine everlasting prayer.
One the Father is with Thee;
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One as Thou and He are one.

If Thy love to us hath given
All the glory of His heaven,
(From eternity Thine own,
Glory here in grace begun,)
Let us now the gift receive,
By the vital union live,
Join'd to God, and perfect be,
Mystically one in Thee.

Let it hence to all be known,
Thou art with Thy Father one;
One with Him in us be show'd,
Very God of very God;
Sent our spirits to unite,
Sent to make us sons of light,
Sent that we His grace may prove,

All the riches of His love.

Thee He loved e'er time begun,
Thee the Co-eternal Son;
He hath to Thy merit given
Us, the adopted heirs of heaven.
Thou hast will'd that we should rise,
See Thy glory in the skies,
See Thee by all heaven adored,
Be for ever with our Lord.

Thou the Father seest alone,
Thou to us hast made Him known:
Sent from Him we know Thou art,
We have found Thee in our heart:
Thou the Father hast declared:
He is here our great reward;
Ours His Nature and His Name;—
Thou art ours with Him the same.

Still, O Lord, (for Thine we are,)
Still to us His Name declare;
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive:
Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine to all eternity.

Part 4

Christ, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who Thy Nature share,
Who Thy mystic body are:
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of Thine;
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thee, who fittest all in all.

Closer knit to Thee our Head,
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live:
Jesu! we Thy members are,
Cherish us with kindest care;
Of Thy flesh and of Thy bone,
Love, for ever love Thine own.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
Diverse gifts to each divide:
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;
Never from our office move,
Needful to the others prove;
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God.

Sweetly now we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy,
Kindly for each other care:
Every member feels its share:
Wounded by the grief of one,
All the suffering members groan;
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in Thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void:
Names, and sects, and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

Part 5

Hebrews 12:22,23,24.

King of Saints, to whom are given
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Reconciled through Thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one:
Heirs of glory, sons of grace,
Lo! to Thee our hopes we raise,
Raise and fix our hopes on Thee,
Full of immortality!

Absent in our flesh from home,
We are to Mount Sion come;
Heaven is our soul's abode,
City of the living God;
Enter'd there, our seats we claim
In the New Jerusalem,
Join the countless angel-choir,
Greet the first-born sons of fire.

We our elder brethren meet,
We are made with them to sit;
Sweetest fellowship we prove
With the general church above;—
Saints, who now their names behold
In the Book of Life enroll'd;
Spirits of the righteous, made
Perfect now in Christ their Head.

We with them to God are come,
God who speaks the general doom:
Jesus Christ, who stands between
Angry Heaven, and guilty men,
Undertakes to buy our peace,
Gives the covenant of grace;
Ratifies, and makes it good,

Signs and seals it in His blood.

Life His healing blood imparts,
Sprinkled on our peaceful hearts:
Abel's blood for vengeance cried,
Jesu's speaks us justified;
Speaks, and calls for better things,
Makes us prophets, priests, and kings;
Asks that we with Him may reign:
Earth and heaven say, Amen!

Part 6

Come, ye kindred souls above,
Man provokes you unto love;
Saints and angels, hear the call,
Praise the common Lord of all:
Him let earth and heaven proclaim,
Earth and heaven record His name;
Let us both in this agree,
Both His one great family.

Hosts of heaven, begin the song,
Praise Him with a tuneful tongue:
(Sounds like yours we cannot raise,
We can only lisp His praise:)
Us repenting sinners see,
Jesus died to set us free;
Sing ye over us forgiven;
Shout for joy, ye hosts of heaven.

Be it unto angels known,
By the church, what God hath done:
Depths of love and wisdom see
In a dying Deity!
Gaze, ye first-born seraphs, gaze!
Never can ye sound His grace:
Lost in wonder, look no more;
Fall, and silently adore.

Ministerial spirits, know,
Execute your charge below.
You our Father hath prepared,
Fenced us with a flaming guard:
Bid you all our ways attend,
Safe convoy us to the end,
On your wings our souls remove,
Waft us to the realms of love.

Happy souls, whose course is run,
Who the fight of faith have won,
Parted by an earlier death,
Think ye of your friends beneath.
Have ye your own flesh forgot,
By a common ransom bought?
Can death's interposing tide
Spirits one in Christ divide?

No: for us you ever wait,
Till we make your bliss complete,
Till your fellow-servants come,
Till your brethren hasten home:
You in paradise remain,
For your testimony slain,
Nobly who for Jesus stood,
Bold to seal the truth with blood.

Ever now your speaking cries
From beneath the altar rise,
Loudly call for vengeance due:
"Come, Thou holy God, and true!
Lord, how long dost Thou delay?
Come to judgment, come away!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
Come away, to judgment come!"

Wait, ye righteous spirits, wait,
Soon arrives your perfect state;
Robed in white a season rest,
Blest, if not completely blest.
When the number is fulfill'd,
When the witnesses are kill'd,
When we all from earth are driven,
Then with us ye mount to heaven.

Jesu, hear, and bow the skies;
Hark! we all unite our cries:

“Take us to our heavenly home;
Quickly let Thy kingdom come!”
“Jesu, come,” the Spirit cries;
“Jesu, come,” the bride replies;
One triumphant church above,
Join us all in perfect love.

Isaiah 44

O that Thou wouldst the heavens rend!
O that Thou wouldst this hour come down!
Descend, Almighty God, descend,
And strongly vindicate Thine own!

Now let the heathens fear Thy Name;
Now let the world Thy Nature know;
Dart into all the melting flame
Of love, and make the mountains flow.

O, let Thine indignation burn,
The lightning of Thy judgments glare,
The aspiring confidence o'erturn
Of all that still Thine anger dare.

From heaven reveal Thy vengeful ire,
Thy fury let the nations prove,
Confess Thee a consuming fire,
And tremble, till they feel Thy love.

Thy power was to our fathers known,
A mighty God, and terrible;
In majesty Thou camest down,
The mountains at Thy presence fell.

The wonders Thou for them hast wrought
Thy boundless power and love proclaim,
Far above all they ask'd or thought:
And now we wait to know Thy Name.

We wait; for since the world began
To men it ne'er by men was show'd:
Thou only canst Thyself explain;
God only sounds the depths of God.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
By heart conceived it cannot be,
The bliss Thou hast for him prepared
Who waits in humble faith for Thee.

Thou meetest him that dares rejoice
In hope of Thy salvation near;
Who wants, while he obeys Thy voice,
The perfect love that casts out fear;

In works of righteousness employ'd,
Who Thee remembers in Thy ways,—
The ordinances of his God,
The sacred channels of Thy grace.

But, lo! Thy anger kindled is,
And justly might for ever burn;
We have forsook the path of peace:
How shall our wandering souls return?

In Thine appointed ways we wait,
The ways Thy wisdom hath enjoin'd;
Thy saving grace we here shall meet,
If every one that seeks shall find.

Nor can we thus Thy wrath appease;
We and our works are all unclean,
As filthy rags our righteousness,
Our good is ill, our virtue sin.

Like wither'd leaves we fade away;
We all deserve Thy wrath to feel;
Swift as the wind, our sins convey
And sweep our guilty souls to hell.

Not one will call upon Thy name,
Stir himself up Thy grace to see,

The LORD his righteousness to claim,
And boldly to take hold on Thee.

For, O! Thy face is turn'd aside,
Since we refused to obey Thy will;
Thou hast consumed us for our pride,
Thy heavy hand consumes us still.

But art Thou not our Father now?
Our Father now Thou surely art:
Humbly beneath Thy frown we bow,
We seek Thee with a trembling heart.

The Potter Thou, and we the clay;
Behold us at Thy footstool laid;
In anger cast us not away,
The creatures whom Thy hands have made.

O, let Thine anger rage no more,
Remember not iniquity;
See, LORD, and all our sins pass o'er,
Thy own peculiar people see.

Jerusalem in ruins lies,
A wilderness Thy cities are;
A den of thieves Thy temple is,
No longer now the house of prayer.

Where humbly low our fathers bow'd,
And Thee with joyful lips adored,
Idolaters profanely crowd,
And take the altar for its LORD.

The sacred means Thyself ordain'd,
Others reject with impious haste;
By these blasphemed, by those profaned,
Our pleasant things are all laid waste.

And wilt Thou not this havoc see,
For which we ever, ever mourn?
Still shall we cry in vain to Thee?
Return, our gracious LORD, return!

Hold not Thy peace at Sion's woe;
O, cast not out Thy people's prayer;
Regard Thy suffering church below,
And spare, the weeping remnant spare.

Thy fallen tabernacle raise,
Thy chastisement at last remove,
That all mankind may sing Thy praise,
Thou God of Truth, Thou God of Love.

Hebrews 4:9

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”

Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where doubt, and pain, and fear expire,
Cast out by perfect love:

A rest of lasting joy and peace,
Where all is calm within:
'Tis then from our own works we cease,
From pride, self-will, and sin.

Our life is hid with Christ in God;
The agony is o'er,
We wrestle not with flesh and blood,
We strive with sin no more.

Our spirit is right, our heart is clean,
Our nature is renew'd;
We cannot now, we cannot sin,
For we are born of God.⁹⁴

From every evil motion freed,
(The Son hath made us free,)
On all the powers of hell we tread,
In glorious liberty.

Redeem'd, we walk on holy ground,

⁹⁴ Wesley found, under the pressure of controversy, (Works, vol. 10, p.397,) if not sooner, that these expressions were indefensible; and marked verses 4 and 5 to be omitted in future editions.

On God we cast our care;
No lion in that way is found,
No ravenous beast is there!

Safe in the way of life, above
Death, earth, and hell we rise;
We find, when perfected in love,
Our long-sought paradise.

Within that Eden we retire,
We rest in Jesu's name:
It guards us, as a wall of fire,
And as a sword of flame.

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of Thy love.

I groan from pride to be set free,
From wrath to be released:
Take me, O, take me into Thee,
My everlasting Rest.

I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
And have Thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
I want, and Thee alone.

Thy Name to me, Thy Nature grant;
This, only this be given:
Nothing besides my God I want,

Nothing in earth or heaven.

Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from Thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

The bliss Thou hast for me prepared
No longer be delay'd;
Come, my exceeding Great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me Thine abode;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
Let all I am be God!

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