

## MS Shent<sup>1</sup>

MS Shent is a bound volume, comprised of 196 sheets (4.75 x 7.5 inches in size), on which appear 186 manuscript hymns or parts of hymns. “R. R. Shent” is written on the outside cover. On the inside of the back cover appears the autograph “Christopher Pickard” and the date 1781. It seems likely that this volume was entrusted by Charles Wesley at some point to William Shent in Leeds. Shent and his wife Mary were drawn into the Methodist revival in 1742. By 1745 Shent was traveling with Charles Wesley on occasions and serving as a lay preacher. In the late 1770s Shent’s business failed and he succumbed to heavy drinking, leading to his expulsion from the society. John Wesley helped to restore him in 1779 and provided him employment at the Book Room in London. Shent died in 1787. It appears that somewhere in the midst of these latter transitions this volume of manuscript hymns was entrusted to Christopher Pickard, a Methodist class leader in Leeds. It eventually found its way into the Methodist Archives.

The hymns included in MS Shent date from the 1740s. Wesley published most of them during this period, with the largest portion appearing in the two-volume *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1749)—places of publication are indicated in blue font in the Table of Contents. There is extensive overlap with other manuscript collections. While a few of Wesley’s published hymns are found only here in manuscript, all of the items which remained unpublished during Wesley’s life are found in at least one other manuscript collection. The serial order of items in MS Shent resembles the order in *HSP* (1749) more closely than any other manuscript collection, suggesting that it served as a more immediate predecessor for that publication.

We have replicated the numbering of the original text in the transcription below, but several aspects of this require clarification. First, readers of the original manuscript should note that page numbers are given at bottom of page; the numbers appearing at top of page are for individual hymns. Second, numbers are placed only on the front (recto) of each page. In the early pages the verso typically does not contain poetry.<sup>2</sup> However, use of the verso becomes increasingly common later in the volume. We do not reproduce blank pages below; if the verso (or “b”) is missing for a page number, that means it has no verse on it. Third, there are remnants of a few pages torn or cut out (some with poetry on them) that were apparently missing before the existing numbering was assigned, since the numbering ignores their absence.<sup>3</sup> There are also remnants of two pages that were removed after the numbering was added (122, 180). Fourth, and perhaps most significant, it appears that the collection was either originally looseleaf or it fell apart and was rebound, as some parts of poems are shuffled. For example, the verse on 138a–139b should precede that on 74a–75b; likewise the verse on 124b is continued on 134a. See also the various shifts noted in the hymns on Isaiah at the beginning of the volume.

MS Shent is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/554 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 1). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: October 18, 2010.

<sup>2</sup>On the verso of pages 1–19 Wesley has written the names of all of the books in the OT and NT. In the case of the gospels he includes excerpts from several scattered verses. This may be an early outline for the project that found eventual expression in *Scripture Hymns* (1762).

<sup>3</sup>Specifically, evidence of a single excised page remains between pp. 4–5, 15–16, 65–66, 126–27, and 129–30; the remnants of two excised pages occur between pp. 30–31.

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**The Sixth Chapter of Isaiah.**<sup>4</sup>

1. I saw the Lord in Light array'd,  
And seated on a lofty Throne,  
Th' INVISIBLE on Earth display'd,  
The Father's Coeternal Son.
2. The Seraphim, a glittering Train,  
Around his bright Pavilion stood,  
Nor could the Glorious Light sustain,  
While all the Temple flam'd with GOD.
3. Six Wings each Heavenly Herald wore,  
With twain he veil'd his dazzled Sight,  
With twain his Feet he shadow'd or'e,  
With twain he steer'd his even Flight.
4. One Angel to Another cried,  
"Thrice holy is the Lord we own,  
"His Name on Earth is glorified,  
"And all things speak the great Three-[One.]
5. "The Earth is of his Glory full;  
"Man in Himself his GOD may see,  
"In his own Body Spirit Soul  
"May trace the Tri-une Deity.<sup>[5]</sup>
6. He spake; and all the Temple shook,  
It's Doors return'd the Jarring Sign,  
The trembling House was fill'd with Smoak,  
And groan'd beneath the Guest Divine.
7. Ah woe is me! aghast I said,  
What shall I do, or whither run?  
Burthen'd with Guilt, of GOD afraid,  
By Sin eternally undone!

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<sup>4</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 5–9; and MS Clarke, 5–10. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:233–38.

8. A Man I am of Lips unclean,  
With Men of Lips unclean I dwell,  
And I the Lord of Hosts have seen,  
The King of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell.
9. I cannot see his Face, and live;  
The Vision must my Death forthshew—  
A Seraph turn'd, and heard me grieve,  
And swift to my Relief he flew.
10. Angel of Gospel-peace he came,  
And signified his Lord's Design,  
He bore the mighty Jesus' Name,  
Type of The Messenger Divine.
11. Upon my Mouth he gently laid  
A Coal that from the Altar glow'd,  
Lo! this hath touch'd thy Lips, he said,  
And Thou art reconcil'd to GOD.
12. His Offering did thy Guilt remove,  
The Lamb who<sup>5</sup> on that Altar lay;  
A Spark of Jesus' flaming Love  
Hath purg'd thy World of Sin away.
13. Soon as I found my Heart set free,  
I heard that All *might* be forgiven;  
The Council of the Trinity  
The Sovereign Lord of Earth and Heaven.
14. I heard Him ask Whom shall I send  
Our Royal Message to proclaim,  
Our Grace and Truth, which never end—  
Lo! here, thy Messenger I am!
15. Send me, my answering Spirit cried,  
Thy Herald to the ransom'd Race:  
Go then, the Voice Divine replied,  
And preach my free unbounded Grace.

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., “that.”

16. Go forth, and speak my Word to All,  
To Every Creature under Heaven;  
They *may* obey the Gospel-Call,  
And freely be by Grace forgiven.
17. They *may*, but *will* not All believe:  
Yet go my Truth and Love to clear;  
I know, they will not all receive  
The Grace that brings Salvation near.
18. They me, I did not Them pass by,  
My Grace for every Soul is free,  
I would not have One Sinner die:  
How dare they charge their Death on me!
19. Go tell the Reprobates their Doom,  
Because they *will* not me receive.  
Ye will not to your Saviour come,  
And therefore ye shall never live.
20. His Grace, doth once to All appear,  
Thro' which ye All may pardon'd be,  
But having Ears ye will not hear,  
But having Eyes ye will not see.
21. Ye hear, and will not understand,  
And capable of GOD in vain,  
Rebel against his mild Command,  
And will not let your Saviour reign.
22. Ye will not, what ye see, perceive,  
Ye will not with your Idols part,  
Your Bosom-Sins ye will not leave,  
Or tear them from your harden'd Heart.
23. Ye fear to use the Grace ye have,  
Ye dare not with your GOD comply,  
Ye will not suffer him to save,  
But Salvable resolve to die.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup>A page has been torn from the notebook (not reflected in page numbering), which likely contained stanzas 24–30 that appear in MS Cheshunt, MS Clarke, and *MSP* (1744), 3:237–38.



**Part of Isaiah 9<sup>th</sup>, v[erse] 2, &c.<sup>7</sup>**

1. The People that in Nature's Night  
Walk'd down the broad destructive Way,  
Have seen a great, and glorious Light,  
The Morning of a Gospel-Day.
2. Who lov'd in Death's sad Shade to dwell,  
In Trespasses and Sins abode,  
That gloomy Neighbourhood of Hell;  
On Them hath shin'd the Light of GOD.
3. Thou, Lord, hast made thy Mercies known,  
Hast added to the Chosen Race,  
Enlarg'd, and multiplied Thine own,  
And fill'd their Hearts with Joy and Praise.<sup>8</sup>
4. They joy in their Redeemer's Sight  
As Harvesters to crown their Toils,  
As Warriors from the well-fought Fight  
Return'd to part their glorious Spoils.
5. For Thou the Staff of Sin hast broke,  
The dire Oppressor's Iron Rod,  
Th' Egyptian, and Assyrian Yoke,  
And freed them from their Guilty Load.
6. Thou as in Midian's dreadful Day  
Hast sav'd them from their Tyrant-Lord;  
And all *Our* Sins Thou soon shalt slay  
With Gideon's and the Spirit's Sword.
7. No common Fight, tho' fierce, and loud  
With all the horrid Pomp of War,  
Tumult, and Garments roll'd in Blood;  
Can with the Fight of Faith compare.
8. The Spi'rit of Burning Love shall come,  
Our Sins shall then the Fewel be,  
Thy Love shall all our Sins consume,  
And get itself the Victory.

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<sup>7</sup>Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:238–41.

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "Peace."

9. For lo! to Us a Royal Heir  
Is born, to Us a Son is given!  
His Shoulder shall the Burthen bear,  
The Government of Earth and Heaven.
10. The WONDERFUL his Name shall be,  
His new unutterable Name,  
The COUNSELLOR, whose powerful Plea  
Acquits us of all Guilt and Blame.
11. The great supream Almighty GOD  
With his Eternal Father One,  
The Prince of Peace, whose pretious Blood  
Doth once for All Mankind atone.
12. It seals the Universal Peace:  
His Peace and Power to All extend,  
His Power shall evermore increase,  
And never shall his Mercies end.
13. His Mercies flow to all Mankind,  
His Arms of Love would All embrace,  
And every Soul of Man may find  
The Power of his All-pardning Grace.
14. Whoe'er receive His Power t' obey,  
To Them He comes, and reigns alone,  
Mildly maintains his righteous Sway,  
And stablishes his peaceful Throne.
15. He will the stedfast Mind impart,  
The Power that never shall remove,  
And fix in every sinless Heart  
His Throne of Everlasting Love.
16. The Zeal of our Almighty Lord  
His great Redeeming Work shall do,  
Perform his Sanctifying Word,  
And every waiting Soul renew;
17. Bring in the Kingdom of his Peace,  
Fill all our Souls with Joy Unknown,  
And stablish us in Righteousness,  
And perfect all his Saints in One.

**Part of the Tenth Chapter  
of Isaiah, v[erse] 24, &c.<sup>9</sup>**

1. Thus saith the Lord, th' Almighty Lord,  
To Those that wait the Joyful Hour,  
Abide, my People, in my Word,  
Nor tremble at th' Assyrian's Power.
2. Th' Oppressive Foe that dwells within  
Shall smite thee with an Iron Rod,  
Lift up his Staff of Inbred Sin,  
And force thy Soul to groan for GOD.
3. Like as in Egypt's evil Day,  
When Pharaoh would not let thee go,  
The Fiend shall hold thee fast, and say  
"There's no Perfection here below."<sup>[9]</sup>
4. Yet will I all my Word fulfil,  
I will as in a Moment's Space  
The Doom of Sin, and Satan seal,  
And all their last Remains erase.
5. My Love shall all your Foes controul,  
Destroy their Being with their Power,  
The poor, backsliding fearful Soul  
Shall fear, and fall, and sin no more.
6. The Anger shall not always last,  
Ye soon shall gain the perfect Peace,  
The Judgment then is all or'epast,  
And Wrath, and Sin forever cease.
7. The Sin mine Anger shall destroy;  
The Sinner, whom my Mercies spare,  
Shall sing the Song of endless Joy,  
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

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<sup>9</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 16–18; and MS Clarke, 18–20. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:241–43.

8. Sinners, for full Redemption hope,  
Believe, ye Prisoners of the Lord,  
A Scourge He shall for Sin stir<sup>10</sup> up,  
And slay him with his two-edg'd Sword.
9. The Lord of Hosts his Rod shall raise,  
His Rod that smote th' Egyptian Sea,  
Revive the Work of antient Days,  
And set his captive People free.
10. The Inbred Sin in that great Day  
The Load shall from thy Soul depart,  
The Yoke shall all be borne away,  
The Sinner shall be pure in Heart.
11. Sin shall no more in Thee have place,  
Freed by the Unction from above,  
The Unction of thy Saviour's Grace,  
The Unction of his Perfect Love.

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<sup>10</sup>Ori., "raise."

**The Eleventh Chapter of Isaiah.<sup>11</sup>**

1. Glory to GOD, and Peace on Earth!  
A Branch shall spring from Jesse's Line,  
Of Human, yet of Heavenly Birth,  
And fill'd with all the Spi'rit Divine.
2. The Spi'rit of Wisdom from above  
Shall dwell within his peaceful Breast,  
On Him the Spi'rit of Power, and Love,  
And Counsel shall forever rest.
3. The Spi'rit of godly filial Fear,  
On Him for all Mankind shall stay,  
And make his Senses quick and clear,  
And guide him in the perfect Way.
4. Shall make him apt to teach and reign,  
His Heavenly Mission to fulfil,  
Judgment and Justice to maintain,  
And execute his Father's Will.
5. Not by the Hearing of the Ear  
He judges, or by Reason's Light;  
The Guilty He can never clear,  
For all his Ways are just and right.
6. Yet will He plead the Sinner's Cause,  
The Poor and Self-condemn'd release,  
Freed by the Sufferings of His Cross,  
And sav'd by His own Righteousness.
7. Their Sins He shall to Death condemn,  
(They here shall find their Final Doom)  
Their Sins He shall destroy, not Them,  
And by his Burning Spi'rit consume.

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<sup>11</sup>Stanzas 1–22 appear also in MS Cheshunt, 18–21; and MS Clarke, 20–23. They were published in *MSP* (1744), 3:243–47.

8. That Wicked One He shall reprove,  
Throughout the Earth his Power display,  
Cast out their Sin by perfect Love,  
And speak, and all it's Relicks slay.
9. Truth is the Girdle of his Reins,  
The Sanctifying Word is sure,  
They shall be sav'd from Sin's Remains,  
And pure as GOD Himself is pure.
10. O what a Change will soon ensue,  
What sweet Tranquillity, and Peace!  
His People shall be Creatures New,  
And Discord shall forever cease.
11. They all shall speak and think the same,  
Their Tempers and their Hearts be One;  
The Wolf shall stable with the Lamb,  
The Leopard with the Kid lie down.
12. The Lion with the Calf shall dwell,  
The fiercest Spirits shall grow mild,  
Gentle, and meek, and tractable,  
And loving as a little Child.
13. The Lion like the Oxe shall graze,  
The Cow and Bear together feed:  
The Serpent's Enmity shall cease,  
And Universal Love succeed.
14. The Sucking Child shall safely then  
Within the Dragon's Covert stay,  
Or put its Hand upon his Den,  
And with the harmless Adder play.
15. My People shall in Dwellings sure  
And quiet Resting-places dwell,  
Dwell in my Holy Hill, secure  
From all the Powers of Earth and Hell.

16. Hidden their Life with GOD above,  
The dire Destroyer's Hour is or'e,<sup>12</sup>  
Secure they are in perfect Love,  
And Sin shall never touch them more.
17. Sin shall no more in Them have place,  
Their Earth in Righteousness renew'd  
Is fill'd with every Heavenly Grace,  
Immeasurably fill'd with GOD.
18. That vast unfathomable Sea,  
Shall swallow' up all of Adam's Line,  
And every Soul of Man shall be  
Forever lost in Love Divine.
19. A Branch shall in that Gospel-Day  
Out of the Root of Jesse rise,  
Stand as an Ensign, and display  
The Cross in all the Gentiles Eyes.
20. Thither the Gentile World shall flow,  
And hide them in their Saviour's Breast,  
Rejoice his Pard'ning Love to know,  
And Holiness his Glorious Rest.
21. Then shall the Lord his Power display,  
His antient People to retrieve,  
Gather the hopeless Castaway,  
And bid the House of Israel live.
22. Jehovah shall lay to his Hand,  
Bring back his Sheep to exile driven,  
Scatter'd so long or'e every Land,  
Or'e every Nation under Heaven.
23. [Incomplete]

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<sup>12</sup>Ori., "past."

- 25.<sup>13</sup> Our Lord, for whom we long did wait,  
Shall purge our every guilty Stain,  
Restore to our Orig'nal State,  
Nor let one Spot of Sin remain.
26. For in this Holy Mount shall rest  
The great Jehovah's Sovereign Hand,  
The Power Divine, in Christ exprest;  
Who can the Power Divine withstand?
27. Jesus, to whom All Power is given,  
Shall all his Strength for Us employ,  
Who cast th' Accuser out of Heaven  
Shall Him with all his Works destroy.
28. Moab shall first be trodden down,  
The Child of Hell, the Serpent's Seed,  
Sin, shall the Arm of Jesus own,  
And We<sup>14</sup> on all its Strength shall tread.
29. Our Sins as Dunghill-Straw shall be,  
Compell'd by Jesus to submit;  
Satan with all his Powers shall flee,  
And then be bruis'd beneath our Feet.
30. The Saviour shall spread forth his Hands,  
To take the weary Sinners in,  
T' or'eturn whate'er his Course withstands,  
And pull down the Strong-holds of Sin.
31. He shall the Pride of Man abase,  
Humble each vain aspiring Boast,  
Confound the Captives of his Grace,  
And lay their Honour in the Dust.
32. The Walls of Sin shall be laid low,  
The lofty Citadel or'ethrown,  
We all shall then His Fulness know  
Forever perfected in One.

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<sup>13</sup>Stanzas 25–32, which appear to be part of Isaiah 11 here, are actually out of order and are the concluding portion of the hymn on Isaiah 25, where they are placed in *MSP* (1744), 3:259–61.

<sup>14</sup>Ori., “And ~~At~~ We” changed to “And We.”



**The Fourteenth Chapter of Isaiah.**  
(from the Printed one)<sup>15</sup>

**The Five and twentieth Chapter  
of Isaiah.**<sup>16</sup>

1. O Lord, Thou art my Lord, my GOD,  
Throughout the World I will proclaim  
And spread thy wondrous Works abroad,  
And magnify thy Glorious Name.
2. Great are thy Miracles of Grace,  
Thee always faithful to thy Word,  
Almighty, and All-wise I praise,  
The true, the everlasting Lord.
3. Thou hast made manifest thy Power,  
Thou hast thy great Salvation shewn,  
And shook the Heav'en-invading Tower,  
And cast the mighty Babel down.
4. The City of Confusion now  
A nameless Heap of Ruins lies,  
Sin never more shall lift it's Brow,  
It never more shall threat the Skies.
5. The Strong shall therefore fear thy Name,  
And tremble at thy glorious Might,  
Their Weakness own, and bear their Shame,  
And seek Salvation in Thy Right.
6. For Thou in his Distress hast been  
The needy Sinner's Strength and Aid,  
A Refuge from the Storm of Sin,  
A calm Retreat, a cooling Shade.
7. When all the Rays of Vengeance beat,  
And fiercely smote his naked Head,

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<sup>15</sup>That is, the *Fourteenth Chapter of Isaiah* (London: Strahan, 1742). This was also published as Part I of a longer hymn in *MSP* (1744), 3:247–52.

<sup>16</sup>Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:255–59. The published version includes as well the 8 stanzas that appear above on page 12a as part of the hymn on Isaiah 11. The full hymn appears also in MS Cheshunt, 23–27; and MS Clarke, 25–29.

Thy Merits cool'd the scorching Heat,  
And all thy Father's Wrath allay'd.

8. When Satan drove the furious Blast,  
And urg'd the Law, and Death, and Hell,  
Thou hid'st<sup>17</sup> him, till the Storm was past,  
And gav'st him in thy Wounds to dwell.
9. Nigh to thy Wounds whoever draw,  
In Thee shall sure Deliverance find,  
A Shelter from the Fiery Law,  
A Covert from the Stormy Wind.
10. Burthen'd with Guilt and Misery,  
Lost in a dry and barren Place,  
The Soul that feebly gasps to Thee  
Shall feel thy sweet refreshing Grace.
11. Thy Grace, when Conscience cries aloud,  
Shall bid it's guilty Clamours cease,  
Shall as the Shadow of a Cloud  
Come down, and all the Soul is Peace.
12. Satan shall be at last brought low,  
Despoil'd of all his dreadful Power,  
Jesus shall slay the Inbred Foe,  
And Sin shall never vex us more.
13. The Lord shall in this Mountain spread  
A Table for the World his Guest,  
Accept Mankind in Christ their Head,  
And bid them to the Gospel-Feast.
14. A Feast prepar'd for All Mankind,  
A Feast of Marrow, and Fat things,  
Of Wines from earthy Dregs refin'd,  
Ambrosia for the King of Kings.
15. A Feast where Milk and Honey flow,  
A Feast of never-failing Meat,  
Dainties surpassing all below,  
And Manna such as Angels eat.

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<sup>17</sup>Ori., "bid'st."

16. A Feast of Holy Joy, and Love,  
Of pure Delight, and perfect Peace,  
Begun on Earth it ends above,  
Consummated in Heavenly Bliss.
17. The World shall all his Call obey,  
Tho' now they lie in deepest Night,  
They soon shall see the Gospel-Day,  
Emerging into Glorious Light.
18. That Covering or'e the People cast,  
That Vail or'e all the Nations spread  
The Lord Himself shall rent at last,  
And quite destroy in Christ their Head.
19. The Lord his Glory shall display,  
The Veil of Unbelief remove,  
And take it all in Christ away,  
And manifest his Perfect Love.
20. Jesus again their Life shall be,  
Shall recompense their Eden's Loss,  
Swallow up Death in Victory,  
The bleeding Vict'ry of his Cross.
21. That Living Death, that Sin which parts  
Their Souls from GOD He shall destroy,  
Dry up their Tears, and cheer their Hearts,  
And turn their Sorrow into Joy.
22. He shall by his Renewing Grace  
Blot out the All-infecting Sin,  
(That dire Reproach of Human Race)  
And make a World of Sinners clean.
23. The Son shall make them free indeed,  
The Earth in Righteousness renew,  
And what his Mouth in Truth hath said,  
His own Almighty Arm shall do.
24. This is our GOD (they then shall say  
Who trust to be thro' Christ made clean)  
This is our GOD; we see His Day,  
And He shall save us from All Sin.

**The Twenty-Sixth Chapter  
of Isaiah.<sup>18</sup>**

**Part I.**

1. The Day, the Gospel-Day draws near,  
When Sinners shall their Voices raise,  
Sing the New Song with Heart sincere,  
Triumphant in the Land of Praise.
2. Glory to GOD, they all shall cry,  
Who is so great a GOD as Ours!  
We have a City strong and high,  
Salvation is for Walls and Towers.
3. Salvation to our Souls brought in,  
Salvation from our guilty Stains,  
Salvation from the Power of Sin,  
Salvation from its last Remains.
4. Secure from Danger as from Dread  
We never shall be put to shame  
Who hither have for Refuge fled;  
For Jesus is our City's Name.
5. Open the Gates, and open wide,  
Let every faithful Soul go in;  
Open for all the Justified,  
Who keep the Truth that frees from Sin.
6. Who hold the Truth in Righteousness,  
And hear their Lord's Commands, and do,  
Into the City-Gates shall press,  
And all in Christ be Creatures New.
7. They who the Will Divine have done,  
The Promise shall thro' Grace receive,  
And gain their Calling's glorious Crown,  
And free from Sin in Jesus live.

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<sup>18</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 27–35; and MS Clarke 29–38. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:3–11.

8. Yes, Lord, thy Word forever stands,  
And shall from Age to Age endure,  
To Us who own thy mild Commands,  
To Working Faith the Word is sure.
9. Who Thee remembers in Thy Ways,  
And follows after Holiness,  
Because on Thee his Mind he stays  
Him Thou wilt keep in perfect Peace.
10. Who trust to be redeem'd from Sin,  
And all thy holy Will to prove,  
Thy<sup>19</sup> open Arms shall take him in,  
And root, and stablish him in Love.
11. Trust in the Lord, ye Sons of Men,  
The Lord Almighty to redeem,  
Your Faith in Him shall not be vain,  
He saves whoever trust in Him.
12. His Saving Power no Limits knows;  
In Strength and Goodness infinite  
Satan and Sin his Arm or'ethrows,  
And bruises them beneath our Feet.
13. He brings them down who dwell on high,  
Humbles each vain aspiring Boast,  
Bulwarks and Towers that threat the Sky  
He fells, and levels with the Dust.
14. He lays the lofty City low,  
Or'eturns, and brings it to the Ground,  
His Hands destroy the Inbred Foe,  
And all the Strength of Sin confound.
15. That haughty Babylon within  
Shall to Believing Souls submit,  
They shall not always strive with Sin,  
But tread it down beneath their Feet.

---

<sup>19</sup>Ori., "The."

16. Satan's Strong-holds or'ethrown shall be,  
The Poor shall on their Ruins tread,  
Lead captive their Captivity,  
From all their Sins forever freed.
17. This is the Triumph of the Just,  
Whoe'er on Thee their Spirit stay,  
Shall find the GOD in whom they trust;  
PERFECTION is their Shining Way.
18. Most holy, pure, and perfect Thou  
Just of Thyself, and Good Alone  
Dost all thy Children's Paths allow  
When cleans'd, and Sanctified in One.

## Part II.

1. Awaken'd by thy Threatnings, Lord,  
We long have seen our lost Estate,  
And still we hang upon thy Word,  
And still for full Redemption wait.
2. Tis all our Soul's Desire, to know  
Thy Loveliness, and to proclaim,  
To perfect Holiness below,  
And shew forth All thy glorious Name.
3. Thee with my Spi'rit have I desir'd,  
And mourn'd throughout the long-live Night,  
To Thee my early Soul aspir'd;  
And still I want thy blisful Sight.
4. Still do I languish for thy Grace,<sup>20</sup>  
And groan in Pain to be renew'd,  
And all within me seeks thy Face,  
And All I Am cries out for GOD.

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<sup>20</sup>Ori., "Stay."

5. Thy awful Judgments first awoke,  
And fill'd with Terrors from above,  
We sunk beneath thine Anger's Stroke,  
And trembled, till we felt thy Love.
6. Sinners shall hear thy threatning Rod,  
Break off their Sins, and stand in awe,  
For when thy Judgments are abroad,  
The guilty World will learn thy Law.
7. But neither Threats nor Smiles can move  
The Wretch self-harden'd self-destroy'd;  
Who slights thy Wrath will spurn thy Love,  
And make thy tender Mercies void.
8. He in the Land of Uprightness  
Rejects the Grace he *might* receive,  
He *will* not learn the Way of Peace,  
He will not come to Thee, and live.
9. He will not taste thy Pardning Grace,  
Thy bleeding Love he will not see,  
Behold his GOD in Jesus' Face,  
Or own the Suffering Deity.
10. Lord, when thine Hand is lifted up,  
They will not see, nor understand;  
But they shall soon be forc'd to stoop,  
And feel thy Sin-avenging Hand.
11. Who now their Hellish Malice shew,  
And in thy People Thee defy,  
Malign thy little Flock below,  
And touch the Apple of thine Eye;
12. Confounded for their envious Hate  
They soon shall prove thine utmost Ire,  
And tremble, and confess too late  
Our GOD is a Consuming Fire.

13. Judgment for Those who slight thy Grace;  
But Peace Thou wilt for Us ordain,  
Thou hast inclin'd us to embrace  
Thyself, and bid our Fruit remain.
14. O Lord our GOD (when all-renew'd  
And perfected in Love, we say)  
We were by other Lords subdued,  
And basely yielded<sup>21</sup> to their Sway.
15. Long did our Lusts and Passions reign,  
And rul'd us with an iron Rod;  
But lo! we now their Yoke disdain,  
And yield us Servants to our GOD.
16. Redeem'd from All Iniquity  
Thine All-victorious Grace we own;  
Worship, and Power ascribe to Thee,  
And live, and die to Thee alone.
17. Thro' Thee thy Goodness we proclaim,  
We glory in thy Gracious Power,  
And boast us of thine only Name,  
And speak, and think of Sin no more.
18. Our old usurping Sins are dead,  
Thou hast the lawless Tyrants slain,  
Buried, no more to lift their Head;  
No, never shall they rise again.
19. No Spark of Sin is left alive,  
No least Remains, or smallest Seed;  
That they might never more revive,  
The Son hath made us free indeed.
20. Thou all their Mem'ory hast eras'd,  
Their Being utterly destroy'd,  
Their Name eternally defac'd,  
And fill'd our sinless Souls with GOD.

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<sup>21</sup>Ori., "yielding."



**Part III.**

1. GOD of all Power, and Truth, and Grace,  
Thou hast increas'd the Holy Seed,  
Thou hast increas'd the Chosen Race,  
The Souls from Sin forever freed.
2. Thou in thy Saints art glorified,  
Thou hast in Them thine Image shewn;  
Shepherdless Souls they wandred wide  
Till call'd, and perfected in One.
3. All we like Sheep have gone astray,  
To Earth's remotest Bounds remov'd,  
Till Jesus shew'd Himself The Way,  
And kindly chasten'd whom He lov'd.
4. To Thee we in our Trouble turn'd,  
Constrain'd thy Chastisements to bear,  
We then our Sin and Folly mourn'd,  
And pour'd out all our Soul in Prayer.
5. As Women, when their Time draws nigh,  
Cry out in sore Distress and Pain,  
So have we travail'd in Thine Eye,  
And struggled to be born again.
6. In Anguish, Agony, and Grief,  
For Years our lab'ring Souls have been,  
Nor could we bring Ourselves Relief,  
Nor could we save Ourselves from Sin.
7. Our Toil, and Strife avail'd us not,  
Abortive prov'd our Hope, and vain,  
For We have no Deliverance wrought,  
For yet we were not born again.

8. The World did not before us fall,  
We wanted still the Victory,  
The mighty Faith that conquers All,  
And makes the Soul forever free.
9. But They who sunk in Self-despair  
Death's Sentence in themselves receive  
The quickning Voice Divine shall hear  
And dead with Christ with Christ shall live.
10. The Spi'rit that rais'd Him from the Dead,  
My mortal Body shall inspire,  
Shall raise us all with Christ our Head,  
And hallow, and baptise with Fire.
11. Awake, and sing ye Souls that dwell  
Indignant in the Shade of Death,  
Our Lord, who burst the Gates of Hell,  
Shall bear you from the Gulph beneath.
12. As Herbs reviv'd by vernal Dew  
Spring from the Earth, and flourish fair,  
Ye all shall rise with Verdure new,  
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.
13. The Hour shall come, the Gospel-Hour,  
When All that wait His Power shall prove,  
His resurrection's Glorious Power,  
And live the Life of Faith and Love.
14. They from the Death of Sin shall rise,  
Preventing here the General Doom  
When Christ the Lord shall bow the Skies,  
And all Mankind to Judgment come.
15. The Earth shall then cast out it's Dead,  
While all who perish'd Unforgiven,  
Horribly lift their guilty Head,  
And rise to be shut out from Heaven.

[continued on page 22a]

[this hymn inserted on the opposing page, in a different hand]

**“Then the moon shall be ...”—Isa. 24. 23.<sup>22</sup>**

1. Come eternal King surrounded  
With the hosts thy hands have made  
Let the Sun and moon confounded  
At thy bright appearing fade  
Sink before thee  
Darkned into midnight shade.
2. In his capitol descending  
Look we for the Son of man  
Sure of raptures never ending  
When we meet our Lord again  
Come Jehovah  
Present with thine ancients reign.
3. Vessels of thy free election  
When thine elders reign with thee  
Children of the resurrection  
When the saints thy glory see  
Then remember  
Then appoint a throne for me.
4. Haste ye ministerial Spirits  
Thither bear us on your wings  
Where our friends thare Crouds<sup>23</sup> inherits  
Where our old companion Sings  
Bows to Jesus  
King of all the heavenly kings.
5. Jesus now assume thy power  
Alpha and Omega be  
Now let every knee adore the[e]  
Every eye thy kingdom see  
With thine antients  
Reign thro' all eternity.

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<sup>22</sup>This hymn was inserted sometime after the initial draft of the surrounding hymns, in a hand other than that of Charles Wesley, apparently to enlarge the series on Isaiah. Stanzas 1–3 were published in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 1:320 (OT, #998); stanzas 4–5 appear as stanzas 6–7 of a hymn for Mary Naylor in *Funeral Hymns* (1759), 61. Stanza 5 above actually appears at the bottom of p. 22a, but was moved here to reduce confusion.

<sup>23</sup>I.e., “their Crowns.”

16. Come, little Flock (my People now,  
My Israel, if thy Heart be clean)  
Enter into thy Chamber Thou,  
Exclude the World, the Hell of Sin.
17. Betake thee to the secret Place,  
Safe in my Tabernacle rest,  
O hide thee for a little Space,  
Be shelter'd in thy Saviour's Breast.
18. Rest, till the Storm is all or'epast,  
For lo! the Lord from Heaven shall come,  
Judgment to execute at last,  
And seal the guilty Sinner's Doom.
19. The Sea shall then its Dead restore,  
The Earth shall then disclose her Blood,  
Shelter their Carkasses no more,  
Or skreen them from an Angry GOD.
20. Drag'd from their Graves they then shall call,  
On Rocks their quickned Dust t' entomb,  
And bid the burning Mountains fall  
To hide them from the Hell to come.
21. The Wrath IS come, the Curse takes place,  
The Slaves of Sin receive their Hire,  
And punish'd from my Glorious Face  
They sink into Eternal Fire.

**Part of Isaiah 27, v[erse] 1, &c.**

**[Part I.]<sup>24</sup>**

1. The Lord of Hosts, th' Almighty Lord  
Shall punish in that vengeful Day,  
Shall with his Spirit's two-edg'd Sword  
The piercing crooked Serpent slay.
2. Leviathan, that Subtle Fiend,  
That Soul-insinuating Foe,  
Jesus shall make his Malice end,  
And root out all our Sins below.
3. Jesus shall make us free indeed,  
Redeem from All Iniquity,  
And crush the hellish Serpent's Head,  
And slay the Dragon in the Sea.
4. The Sea is calm'd, the Troubled Soul  
In which he did his pastime take,  
The Sinner now<sup>25</sup> by Faith made whole,  
Can never more<sup>26</sup> his GOD forsake.
5. Sing to the Church in that glad Day,  
(The Church is join'd to Those above,  
When all their Sins are wash'd away,  
And they are perfected in Love:
6. Partakers of the Life Divine,  
When Grace the full Salvation brings)  
Sing ye A Vinyard of Red Wine,  
A Vinyard for the King of Kings.
7. I keep it, I th' Almighty Lord  
My Spirit every Moment pour,  
Descends the Water and the Word,  
The gracious never-ceasing Shower.

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<sup>24</sup>Stanzas 1–15 appear also in MS Cheshunt, 35–37; and MS Clarke, 38–40. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:11–13.

<sup>25</sup>Ori., “is.”

<sup>26</sup>Ori., “~~Never can~~” changed to “Can never more.”

8. I water it with Heavenly Dew,  
Satan and Sin I chase away,  
I water it, and keep it too,  
I watch my Vinyard Night and Day.
9. Fury is not in me; to All,  
To All my Mercies freely move:  
Who would resist my Gracious Call,  
Or spurn the Bowels of my Love?
10. Who against me would madly dare,  
To set the Thorns and Briers in fight?  
Thro' all I would my Passage tear,  
And trample on their feeble Might.
11. The Soul that will not taste my Love  
Shall perish by my righteous Ire,  
My vengeful Indignation prove,  
And feel me a Consuming Fire.
12. Or<sup>27</sup> rather let him freely take  
A Power from Me to turn and live,  
Peace with his GOD he then shall make,  
And Christ into his Heart receive.
13. My Son from All who come to Him  
Shall every Spot of Sin remove,  
From All Iniquity redeem,  
And root, and stablish them in Love.
14. Grafted in Him they all shall share  
The Life, and Fatness of the Root,  
And every holy Temper bear,  
And fill the World with Golden Fruit.
15. The Trees of Righteousness shall rise,  
Watred each Moment from above,  
And bear the Fruits of Paradice,  
The Glorious Fruits of Perfect Love.

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<sup>27</sup>“Or” has “But” written in the margin as an alternative.

- 16.<sup>28</sup> Ye all my Glory shall declare,  
The Chosen People of your GOD,  
Mine Image and Inscription bear  
When wash'd from all your Sins in Blood.
17. A Royal Race of Priests Divine,  
Ye all shall minister my Grace,  
In Prayers and Free-will-offerings join,  
And Sacrificial Songs of Praise.
18. To You the Gentile World shall flow,  
Their Glory and their Wealth resign,  
Lords are ye now of All below,  
For All is yours, when Ye are Mine.
19. With Me is full Redemption found,  
Ye more than Justified shall be,  
Much more than Sin shall Grace abound,  
My People shall be all like Me;
20. Shall glory in my Saving Name:  
I will remove the Foul Disgrace,  
And swallow up their guilty Shame,  
And all their Sins with Blood efface.
21. Their Glory shall their Shame exceed,  
When sav'd from all Indwelling Sin,  
Doubly redeem'd, and free indeed,  
Their Conscience, and their Heart is clean.
22. They now of Double Grace possest,  
Shall all their Souls in Thanks employ,  
Receiv'd into my Perfect Rest,  
And crown'd with Everlasting Joy.

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<sup>28</sup>Stanzas 16–22, which appear here within Part I of the hymn on Isaiah 27, are actually the same numbered stanzas of Part I of the hymn on Isaiah 61 (which begins on 38a below), where they are restored in *HSP* (1749), 1:27.

**Part II.**<sup>29</sup>

1. For I the righteous Lord and true  
Can only Righteousness approve,  
My People all are Creatures New,  
And I in Them my Image love.
2. I hate the Souls that preach a Lie,  
And reprobate the ransom'd Race,  
My Justice and my Truth deny  
To aggrandize my *Special* Grace.
3. That rob poor Sinners of their GOD,  
Sinners on whom I ever call,  
Deny their Interest in my Blood,  
My Blood which I have shed for All.
4. That rob me of my Gracious Power,  
Which *would* their Bosom-Sin remove,  
And hug it to their latest Hour,  
In Honour of my pardning Love.
5. To humble them they *must* comply  
*Inbeing* Sin must still remain;  
They *humbly* give their GOD the Lie  
My Word, my solemn Oath are vain.<sup>30</sup>
6. But will I not confirm my Word,  
The Purpose of my Soul fulfil?  
The Servant shall be As his Lord,  
For who can cross my Sovereign Will?
7. I Will that they should Holy be,  
Myself will lead them by the Hand,  
Into the Truth, the Liberty,  
The Glorious Rest, the Promis'd Land.

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<sup>29</sup>Stanzas 1, 2, 4, 6, & 7, which appear here as part of the hymn on Isaiah 27, are actually part of the hymn on Isaiah 61, as they were placed in *HSP* (1749), 1:28.

<sup>30</sup>Ori., "~~disdain~~" changed to "are vain."



- 8.<sup>31</sup> Wherefore to Thee the Lord hath said  
    (Opprest and drunk with Wrath Divine)  
The Lord thy GOD, who deigns to plead  
    His People's desp'rate Cause, and Thine.
9. Lo! I thy Soul have freely lov'd,  
    I have display'd my Mercy's Power,  
The Cup out of thy Hands remov'd,  
    And Thou shalt never taste it more.
10. Mine Indignation's dreadful Cup  
    The Portion of thy Foes shall be,  
They, they shall all the Dregs drink up:  
    The Cup of Blessing is for Thee;
11. Thee, Sion, Thee: So long compel'd  
    To stoop at the Oppressor's Frown,  
Enslav'd by Man, and forc'd to yield,  
    When Sin, or Satan cried Bow down.
12. Poor Vassal! to rebel afraid,  
    Thy Baseness bow'd to every Lust,  
As Clay Thou hast thy Body laid,  
    And mix'd thy Spirit with the Dust.
13. But I, the righteous Lord, on All  
    That tread thee down will vengence take,  
My Fury on thy Sin shall fall,  
    Mine Arm an End of Sin shall make.
14. It's Being with it's Power destroy,  
    The Inward Stumbling-block remove,  
And fill thee with unfading Joy,  
    And crown thee with Eternal Love.

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<sup>31</sup>Stanzas 8–14, which appear here to be part of the hymn on Isaiah 27, were published as the same numbered stanzas in Part IV of a hymn on Isaiah 51 in *HSP* (1749), 1:24–25.

**The Forty-Fourth Chapter  
of Isaiah.<sup>32</sup>**

**[Part I.]**

1. Yet now, my chosen Servant hear,  
The Lord hath to his Israel said,  
Who form'd thee from the Womb is near,  
To help and save the Souls He made.
2. Jacob, receive the Word Divine,  
Bid all thy Fears and Doubts depart,  
Jesurun,<sup>33</sup> I have call'd thee mine,  
My Servant, and my Son thou art.
3. On every Soul that thirst for Grace  
I will the Living Water shower,  
I will on all thy gasping Race  
The Fulness of my Spirit pour.
4. The Grace shall on thy Sons descend,  
Thro' all succeeding Ages flow,  
And all who on my Truth depend  
Th' Indwelling Comforter shall know.
5. The holy Seed shall soon spring up,  
(Watred each Moment from above)  
In tender Awe, and blooming Hope,  
And flow'ry Joy, and ripen'd Love.
6. Fast by the Streams of Paradice,  
With never-fading Verdure fair,  
The Trees of Righteousness shall rise,  
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.
7. In different States the ransom'd Race  
Their still-increasing Faith shall shew,  
The Babes shall rise from Pard'ning Grace,  
And into Youths and Fathers grow.
8. The least shall say The Lord's I am  
He bought with Blood this Soul of mine;

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<sup>32</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:13–17.

<sup>33</sup>I.e., “Jeshurun.”

Another shall the Blessing claim,  
While wrestling with the Man Divine.

9. Prevalent now with GOD and Man,  
Sinners shall all my Grace assert,  
Jacob shall the New Name obtain,  
And Israel be, when pure in Heart.
10. Thus saith the Lord of Earth and Heaven,  
The King of Israel and his GOD,  
Who hath for All a Ransom given,  
And bought a guilty World with Blood.
11. I am from all Eternity,  
To all Eternity I am,  
There is none other GOD but me,  
Jehovah is my Glorious Name.
12. The Rise and End, the First and Last,  
The Alpha and Omega I;  
Who could like Me ordain the Past,  
Or who the things to come descry?
13. Where is the wise foreknowing Man  
Who hath to me my Model shew'd,  
Prescrib'd the great Eternal Plan,  
Or boldly taught th' Omniscient GOD?
14. Stand forth the self-instructed Seers  
(Who ransack Times dark burthen'd Womb)  
Foretell th' Events of distant Years,  
And shew Mankind the things to come.
15. Foolish is all their Strife and vain  
T' invade the Property Divine;  
Tis Mine the Work undone t' explain  
To call the Future Now is Mine.
16. Fear not, my own peculiar Race,  
I have to Thee my Counsel shew'd,

The Word of sure Prophetic Grace,  
And told thee all the Mind of GOD.

17. Ye are my Witnesses, to You  
My Name and Nature is made known,  
Ye only can your Seal set to,  
That I am GOD, and GOD alone.

**Part II.**

1. Thou, only Thou my Servant art,  
I call'd thee by my Grace alone,  
I fashion'd, and prepar'd<sup>34</sup> thy Heart,  
And now I claim thee for my own.
2. Who to my Righteousness submit,  
Shall all my great Salvation see,  
The Poor I never will forget,  
Or cast him out who comes to me.
3. Thy Sins which like a wide-spread Cloud  
Darken'd the Face of Angry Heaven,  
Lo! I have blotted out with Blood:  
Thy Sins are all thro' Grace forgiven.
4. I, the bright Sun of Righteousness  
Have chas'd the Darkness all away,  
Return to me, who bought thy Peace,  
Rejoice to see my Gospel-Day.
5. Ye Heavens rejoice In Jesus his Grace,  
Let Earth make a Noise, And eccho his Praise!  
Our All-loving Saviour Hath pacified GOD,  
And paid for his Favour The Price of His Blood.
6. Ye Mountains and Vales In Praises abound,  
Ye Hills and ye Dales Continue the Sound,  
Break forth into Singing Ye Trees of the Wood,  
For Jesus his bringing Lost Sinners to GOD.

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<sup>34</sup>Ori., "I prep fashion'd."

7. Atonement He made For Every One,  
The Debt He hath paid, The Work He hath done,  
Shout all the Creation, Below and above,  
Ascribing Salvation To Jesus his Love.
8. His Mercy hath brought Salvation to All,  
Who take it unbought He frees them from Thrall,  
Throughout the Believer His Glory displays,  
And perfect forever The Vessels of Grace.
9. O Israel, hear, thy GOD hath said  
The Voice of thy Creator own,  
I am the Lord, who all things made,  
And still stretch out the Heavens alone.
10. I hung the Earth on empty Space,  
And still in equal Poize sustain;  
I make and mar, pull down and raise,  
And Lord of my Creation reign.
11. I the weak Sons of Men or'erule,  
Their Tokens and their Schemes or'ethrow,  
Baffle their Strength, their Wisdom fool,  
On all their blasted Projects blow.
12. I the Diviner's Skill confound,  
From Sinners I their Purpose hide,  
Level their Babels with<sup>35</sup> the Ground,  
And torture, and distract their Pride.
13. I stop the Wise, and drive them back  
Cross and defeat their surest Aim,  
Their Knowledge Foolishness I make,  
And turn their Glory into Shame.
14. But I my Servant's Word fulfill,  
My Messengers Divine I own;  
Who shew the Counsel of my Will,  
Their Word shall stand, and Theirs alone.

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<sup>35</sup>Ori., “טו.”

15. I speak th' Irrevocable Word,  
Which never Unaccomplish'd dies,  
Jerusalem shall be restor'd,  
Thy Ruins from the Dust shall rise.
16. I bid th' unfathom'd Deep be dry,  
I bid the Streams their Course forsake,  
My Will to Kings I signify,  
And Cyrus for my Servant take.
17. He shall perform my Word of Grace,  
Whate'er my Love benign hath will'd,  
My Shepherd He shall Salem raise,  
And all her des'late Wasts rebuild.
18. He, He shall bid the Temple rise,  
Type of my Cyrus from above,  
Who builds the Church to touch the Skies  
In Symmetry of Perfect Love.

**The Fifty-first Chapter  
of Isaiah.<sup>36</sup>**

**Part I.**

1. Hearken to me, who seek the Lamb,  
Who follow after Righteousness;  
Look to the Rock from whence ye came,  
The Father of the Faithful Race:
2. Behold, and in His Footsteps tread:  
I call'd him by my Grace alone,  
And bless'd, and multiplied his Seed,  
Believers in the Promis'd Son.
3. Children of faithful Abraham These,  
Who dare expect Salvation *here*,  
The Lord shall give them Gospel-peace,  
And all his hopeless Mourners cheer:
4. Shall soon his fallen Sion raise,  
Her waste, and des'late Places build,  
Pour out the Spirit of his Grace,  
And make her Wilds a fruitful Field.
5. The barren Souls shall be restor'd,  
The Desert all-renew'd shall rise,  
Bloom as the Garden of the Lord,  
A fair terrestrial Paradise.
6. Gladness and Joy shall there be found,  
Thanksgiving, and the Voice of Praise,  
The Voice of Melody shall sound,  
And every Heart be fill'd with Grace.
7. Hearken to me, my Chosen Race,  
My own peculiar People hear,  
Whoe'er the Gospel-Word embrace  
Look to be pure and perfect *here*.

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<sup>36</sup>Appears also in MS Clarke, 177–85. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:18–25.

8. A Law shall soon from me proceed,  
A Living Life-infusing Word,  
The Truth that makes you free indeed,  
Th' Eternal Spirit of your Lord.
9. My Mercy will I cause to rest,  
Where All may see their Sins forgiven,  
May rise no more by Guilt opprest,  
And bless the Light that leads to Heaven.
10. My Righteousness shall soon appear;  
Already is the Grace gone forth,  
The Grace that brings Salvation near,  
And offers All my Pard'ning Worth.
11. Mine Arms shall judge the World below,  
The Isles on me shall humbly wait,  
And long, thro' me restor'd, to know  
The Glories of their First Estate.
12. Not on an Arm of Flesh, but mine  
Their steady Confidence shall be,  
Pardon, and Peace, and Power Divine,  
All, all they shall expect from me.
13. Lift up your Eyes, the Heavens survey,  
And look upon the Earth below,  
The Heavens like Smoak shall pass away,  
The Earth its Final Period know.
14. Vanishes hence whate'er is seen,  
The Breath of Life shall all expire,  
The Earth, and all that dwell therein  
Shall perish in That Fatal Fire.
15. My Righteousness shall stand Alone,  
My Saving Grace shall never move,  
The Basis cannot be or'ethrown,  
The Truth of my Eternal Love.



16. Hearken to me, ye Souls who know  
The Righteousness which Faith imparts,  
And lovingly Obedient shew  
The Law engraven on your Hearts.
17. Fear not the Taunts of shortliv'd Man,  
His feeble Calumnies despise,  
Impotent all his Rage, and vain,  
The Threatner, while he threatens, dies.
18. Perishing as the Garb they wear  
Your Enemies shall fade away,  
Their Breath shall vanish into Air,  
The Worm shall on their Carkass prey.
19. GOD only is Unchangeable,  
My Righteousness remaineth sure,  
My great Salvation cannot fail,  
But shall from Age to Age endure.

**Part II.**<sup>37</sup>

1. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!  
Thine own immortal Strength put on,  
With Terror cloath'd the Nations shake,  
And cast thy Foes in Fury down.
2. As in the Antient Days appear,  
The Sacred Annals speak thy Fame,  
Be now Omnipotently near  
Thro' endless Ages still the same.
3. Thy Tenfold Vengeance knew to quell,  
And humble haughty Rahab's Pride,  
Groan'd her pale Sons thy Stroke to feel,  
The first-born Victims groan'd, and died.
4. The wounded Dragon rag'd in vain,  
While bold thine utmost Plague to brave  
Madly he dar'd the parted Main,  
And sunk beneath th' O'rewhelming Wave.

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<sup>37</sup>Part II also published in *HSP* (1739), 222–23.

5. He sunk; while Israel's Chosen Race  
Triumphant urge their wondrous Way;  
Divinely led, the Fav'rites pass  
Th' Unwatry Deep, and emptied Sea.
6. At distance heap'd on either Hand,  
Yielding a strange unbeaten Road,  
In Chrystal Walls the Waters stand,  
And own the Arm of Israel's GOD.
7. That Arm, which is not shortned now,  
Which wants not now the Power to save;  
Still present with thy People thou  
Bear'st them thro' Life's disparted Wave.
8. By Earth and Hell pursued in vain  
To Thee the ransom'd Seed shall come,  
Shouting their Heavenly Sion gain,  
And pass thro' Death triumphant home.
9. The Pain of Life shall there be or'e,  
The Anguish, and distracting Care,  
There Sighing Grief shall weep no more  
And Sin shall never enter there.
10. Where pure Essential Joy is found,  
The Lord's Redeem'd their Heads shall raise,  
With Everlasting Gladness crown'd,  
And fill'd with Love, and lost in Praise.

### **Part III.**

1. I, even I am He that chear  
My People in Distress and Pain;  
How weak thy Heart, O Man, to fear  
Thy feeble Fellow-Reptile Man!
2. Withering as Grass he fades, and dies,  
Yet hast Thou been of Man afraid,  
Thoughtless of GOD, who Earth and Skies  
Hath built, and keeps the Works He made.

3. Th' Oppressor's Rage Thou every Day  
Hast fear'd, and trembled at his Power,  
As Man like GOD thy Soul could slay,  
As Hell were ready to devour.
4. But where is all his furious Boast,  
His idle Wrath, and Threatning vain?  
'Spite of the World, and Satan's Host,  
Thou dost, Thou ever Shalt remain.
5. The Captive Exile pines for Ease,  
And trembles lest his Bread should fail,  
Groans in the Pit for his Release,  
Least Death consign his Soul to Hell.
6. But I, the Lord, thy Saviour am,<sup>38</sup>  
Divider of the roaring Sea,  
The Lord of Hosts is still my Name;  
Mine Arm is now stretch'd out for Thee.
7. My Son I have for Sinners given:  
Help upon Thee, my Son, I place;  
Go, plant the new-made Earth and Heaven,  
And bring me back the Ransom'd Race.
8. Thee have I shadow'd with my Hand,  
In Thee Divine and Human join'd,  
My Messenger of Peace ordain'd,  
My Gift of Life to All Mankind.
9. Thee more peculiarly I give,  
To Souls who for Redemption groan,  
Say to the Dying Sinner live,  
To Sion say Thou art mine own!

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<sup>38</sup>Ori., "I."

**Part IV.**

1. Awake, Jerusalem, awake,  
Thou that hast drunk the Trembling Cup,  
The Slumber from thy Spirits shake,  
Beneath thy mighty Woes stand up.
2. Thou that hast drunk the deadly Wine  
Of Pain, Astonishment, and Fear,  
The last sad Dregs of Wrath Divine;  
Awake, and see thy Saviour near.
3. Of all her Sons whom she brought forth,  
Of all her Sons whom Sion bred,  
Not One can help her by His Worth,  
Not One can his weak Mother lead.
4. Not One attempts with pious Care  
To guide her in the Paths of Peace:  
Ah! who shall Sion's Burthen bear,  
Ah! who shall bid thy Sufferings cease!
5. Famine, and Sword have laid thee waste;  
Sin the Destroying Angel's Sword  
Throughout thy des'late Land hath past,  
Join'd with a Famine of the Word.
6. By whom shall I thy Sorrows chear?  
As a Wild Bull thy Sons lie bound,  
And strugling in the Hunter's Snare,  
And bellowing thro' their Spirit's Wound.
7. Fainting in all the Streets they lie,  
Or'ewhelm'd beneath their guilty Load,  
Rebuk'd by Him they dar'd defy,  
Full of the Fury of thy GOD.<sup>39</sup>

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<sup>39</sup>Ori., "Lord."

- 8.<sup>40</sup> Patience its perfect Work shall have,  
They shall be all entire and whole,  
I will to all Perfection save,  
And fill their Body, Spirit, Soul.
9. Thus will I make the Cove'nant sure,  
From them it never shall depart,  
Who feel, while pure as GOD is pure,  
My Love, my Nature in their Heart.
10. Their Seed by Characters Divine  
Shall be among the Gentiles known,  
And in a Land of Darkness shine,  
When all are perfected in One.
11. Whoe'er behold their Heavenly Grace,  
Their Glory shining from within,  
Shall own them the Peculiar Race  
Whom GOD hath blest from all their Sin.
12. My Soul doth magnify the Lord,  
(Then every Chosen One shall cry)  
Wash'd by the Water and the Word,  
I triumph in the Lord most high.
13. My GOD hath sav'd me from All Sin,  
His Everlasting Righteousness  
Into my new-born Soul brought in,  
And fill'd with heavenly Joy and Peace.
14. The Righteousness of Saints I wear,  
Which He the King of Saints hath wrought,  
Salvation from all Guilt, and Fear,  
From Pride, and Every Evil Thought.

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<sup>40</sup>Stanzas 8–14, which appear here as part of a hymn on Isaiah 51, were published as stanzas 6–12 of Part II of the hymn on Isaiah 61 in *HSP* (1749), 1:28–29. The appropriate stanzas for Isaiah 51 are found above on page 27a.

- 15.<sup>41</sup> Jesus my Garments hath put on,  
Hath cloath'd me in the milk-white Vest,  
And sanctified thro' Faith alone,  
And in his glorious Image drest.
16. He now mine inmost Soul hath turn'd,  
And bid me in His Nature shine,  
With every perfect Gift adorn'd,  
And all my Graces are Divine.
17. With Faith, and every Grace beside  
He hath endow'd me from above,  
My Lamb hath deck'd me like a Bride,  
And my Best Jewel is His Love.
18. For as the Plants in Gardens grow,  
Or cultur'd Lands their Product yield,  
The Lord his Righteousness shall shew,  
The Treasure of the Gospel-Field.
19. Surely th' Incorruptible Seed  
Shall in our Earthly Hearts take root,  
Spring up in Works, its Branches spread,  
And Holiness its golden Fruit.
20. The Lord our GOD shall give th' Encrease,  
Shall Matter for his Glory find,  
And lo! the Perfect Righteousness  
Springs forth to gladden All Mankind.

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<sup>41</sup>Stanzas 15–20, which appear here as part of the hymn on Isaiah 51, were published as stanzas 13–18 of Part II of the hymn on Isaiah 61 in *HSP* (1749), 1:29–30.

**The Sixty-first Chapter of Isaiah.**<sup>42</sup>

**Part I.**

1. The Spirit of the Lord my GOD  
(Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love)  
My Father hath on me bestow'd,  
And sent me from his Throne above.
2. Prophet, and Priest, and King of Peace,  
Anointed to declare His Will,  
To minister his Pardning Grace,  
And govern every Soul I heal.
3. To Sinners bruis'd, and meek, and poor,  
Good Tidings of great Joy t' impart,  
Sinners Incurable to cure,  
And bind up every Broken Heart.
4. The Royal Edict to proclaim,  
Redemption for the Captives found,  
Mercy for All in Jesus' Name,  
And Liberty to Spirits bound.
5. Sinners obey the Heavenly Call,  
Your Prison-doors stand open wide,  
Go forth, for I have ransom'd All,  
For every Soul of Man have died.
6. The Lord hath sent his Only Son,  
To preach his Acceptable Year,  
To make the Joyful Tidings known  
Of Vengeance, and Deliverance near.
7. T' avenge them of their Tyrant-Foe,  
From Sin, and Satan's Power to turn,  
The Gift of Righteousness bestow,  
And kindly comfort all that mourn.

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<sup>42</sup>The complete hymn is published in *HSP* (1749), 1:25–30.

8. To help their grov'eling Unbelief,  
Beauty for Ashes to confer,  
The Oil of Joy for abject Grief,  
Confident Joy for sad Despair.
9. Tis Mine the drooping Soul to raise,  
To rescue All by Sin opprest,  
To cloath them in the Robes of Praise,  
And give their weary Spirits Rest;
10. To make them Trees of Righteousness,  
The Planting of the Lord below;  
Planted in Honour of his Grace  
They here shall to Perfection grow.
11. They all shall spread the Gospel-Hope  
Soon as my Righteousness they have,  
Shall raise the guilty Sinner up,  
And sav'd themselves their Brethren save.
12. Workers with GOD, they now shall rear  
The Church that long in Ruins lay,  
Her desolate Estate repair,  
Her antient Piety's Decay.
13. With Zeal, and heavenly Wisdom fill'd  
The faithful Labou'ers shall work on,  
Build the old Wasts, the Cities build,  
The Souls by Satan broken down.
14. Strangers shall serve at your Command,  
Beneath your sacred Burthens bow,  
Labour for you, and till your Land,  
And gladly hold the Gospel-Plough.
15. The Alien's Sons your Vine shall dress,  
And feed your little Flock and keep,  
Themselves your little Flock increase,  
And play among your Lambs and Sheep.



**The Sixty-second Chapter  
of Isaiah.<sup>43</sup>**

1. For Sion's sake I will not cease  
In Agony of Prayer to cry,  
No never will I hold my Peace  
Till GOD proclaim Salvation nigh.
2. Worthy in her great Saviour's Worth  
Till Sion doth illustrious shine,  
And as a burning Lamp goes forth  
The Blaze of Righteousness Divine.
3. Thy Righteousness the World shall see,  
The Gentiles on thy Beauty gaze,  
And all the Kings of Earth agree  
In wondring at thy glorious Grace.
4. Thy glorious Grace what Tongue can tell?  
The Lord shall a New Name impart,  
Th' Unutterable Name reveal,  
And write it on his People's Heart.
5. Sion, for Thee thy GOD shall care,  
And claim thee as his just Reward,  
Thee for his Crown of Glory wear,  
The Royal Diadem of thy Lord.
6. Outcast of GOD and Man no more,  
No more forsaken and forlorn,  
Thy desolate Estate is or'e,  
For GOD shall comfort all that mourn.
7. The widow'd Church shall married be,  
And soon a nume'rous Offspring bear:  
Thy every Son shall comfort Thee,  
And cherish with an Husband's Care.

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<sup>43</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 168–71. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:30–34.

- 16.<sup>44</sup> Satan, the World, and Sin too long  
Have robb'd the Children of their Bread,  
Poor lab'ring Souls they suffer'd Wrong,  
Nor saw their Legal Toil succeed.
17. They sow'd the Ground, and did not reap,  
Planted, and did not drink the Wine:  
But I will comfort All that weep,  
And fill the Poor with Food Divine.
18. No more shall strange Desires consume  
Their holy, pure, and constant Joy,  
The Waster Pride no more shall come,  
Their Gifts and Graces to destroy.
19. Surely the Faithful Seed at last  
The Labour of their Hands shall eat  
Shall praise the Lord, and more than taste  
The Heavenly Everlasting Meat.
20. They all shall sit beneath the Vine,  
In calm inviolable Peace,  
And drink within my Courts the Wine,  
My Courts of Perfect Holiness.
21. Go thro' the Gates ('tis GOD commands,  
Workers with GOD the Charge obey)  
Remove whate'er his Work withstands,  
Prepare, prepare his People's Way.
22. Their even Course let nothing stop,  
Cast up the Way, the Stones remove,  
The High and Holy Way cast up,  
The Gospel-Way of Perfect Love.
23. Lift up for all Mankind to see  
The Standard of their Dying GOD,  
And point them to the shameful Tree,  
The Cross all-stain'd with hallow'd Blood.

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<sup>44</sup>Stanzas 8–15 were misbound as page 43a below.

24. The Lord hath glorified his Grace,  
Throughout the Earth proclaim'd his Son,  
Say ye to all the sinful Race,  
He died for all your Sins t' atone.
25. Sion, thy Suffering GOD behold,  
Thy Saviour and Salvation too,  
He comes, He comes so long foretold,  
Cloath'd in a Vest of bloody Hue!
26. Himself prepares his People's Hearts,  
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals,  
A Mystic Death, and Life imparts,  
Empties the Full, the Emptied<sup>45</sup> fills.
27. He fills whom first He hath prepar'd,  
With Him the perfect Grace is given,  
Himself is here their great Reward,  
Their future and their present Heav'n.
28. They now the Holy People nam'd,  
Their glorious Title shall express,  
From All Iniquity redeem'd,  
Fill'd with the Lord their Righteousness.
29. A Chosen, Sav'd, Peculiar Race,  
Sion, with all thy Sons Thou art,  
Elect thro' Sanctifying Grace,  
Perfect in Love, and pure in Heart.
30. A People glorious all within,  
Now, only now, and not before  
Born from above Thou Canst not sin,  
And GOD can never leave thee more.

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<sup>45</sup>Ori., "Empty."

- 8.<sup>46</sup> Thy duteous Sons to Thee shall cleave,  
The barren Woman that keeps house,  
Nor ever more the Bosom leave  
Of their dear Mother and their Spouse.
9. The Lord Himself thy Husband is,  
He bought, and claims Thee for his own,  
Thy GOD delights to call thee His,  
Flesh of his Flesh, Bone of his Bone.
10. The Joy that swells a Bridegroom's Breast,  
When glorying o're his long-sought Bride,  
Shall swell thy GOD, of Thee possest,  
Of Thee, for whom he liv'd and died.
11. Prophets to Thee thy Lord hath rais'd,  
O holy City of our GOD,  
Hath on thy Walls his Watchmen plac'd,  
And with a Trumpet-Voice endued.
12. They cry, and never hold their peace,  
His Promise Day and Night they plead,  
Till GOD from all thy Sins release,  
And make thee like thy Glorious Head.
13. Call on Him now, ye Watchmen call,  
Cry ye Remembrancers Divine,  
Give Him no Rest who died for All,  
Till All in his pure Worship join:
14. Till GOD *appear*, the faithful GOD,  
And make Jerusalem a Praise,  
And spread thro' all the Earth abroad,  
And stablish her with perfect Grace.
15. The Lord by his Right-hand hath sworn,  
The Arm of his Almighty Power,  
No more shalt Thou to Sin return,  
Thy En'emy shall no more devour.

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<sup>46</sup>These stanzas were misbound, belonging between pages 41a and 42a above.

**Hymns of Intercession.**

**I.<sup>1</sup>**

1. Head of thy Church, whose Spirit fills,  
And flows thro' every Faithful Soul,  
Unites in mystic Love, and seals  
Them One, and simplifies the whole;
2. Less than the least of Saints I join  
My Littleness of Faith to Theirs,  
O King of All, thine Ear incline,  
Accept our much-availing Prayers.
3. Come Lord, the Glorious Spirit cries,  
And Souls beneath the Altar groan,  
Come, Lord, the Bride on Earth replies  
And perfect all our Souls in One.
4. Pour out the Promis'd Gift on All,  
Answer the Universal COME,  
The Fulness of the Gentiles call,  
And take thine Antient People home.
5. To Thee let all the Nations flow,  
Let all obey the Gospel-Word,  
Let all their Bleeding Saviour know,  
Fill'd with the Glory of the Lord.
6. O for thy Truth and Mercy sake  
The Purchase of thy Passion claim,  
Thine Heritage the Gentiles take,  
And cause the World to know thy Name.
7. Thee, Lord, let every Tongue confess,  
Let every Knee to Jesus bow,  
O All-redeeming Prince of Peace,  
We long to see thy Kingdom now.

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<sup>1</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 54–55. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:87–88.

8. Hasten that Kingdom of thy Grace,  
And take us to our Heavenly Home,  
And let us Now behold thy Face:  
Come, glorious GOD, to Judgment come!

II.<sup>2</sup>

1. O Thou our Husband, Brother, Friend,  
Behold a Cloud of Incense rise,  
The Prayers of Saints to Heaven ascend,  
Grateful, unceasing Sacrifice.
2. Regard our Prayers for Sion's Peace,  
Shed in our Hearts thy Love abroad,  
Thy Gifts abundantly increase,  
Enlarge, and fill us all with GOD.
3. Before thy Sheep, great Shepherd, go,  
And guide into thy perfect Will,  
Cause us thy hallow'd Name to know,  
The Work of Faith with Power fulfil.
4. Help us to make our Calling sure,  
O let us all be Saints indeed,  
And pure as GOD Himself is pure,  
Conform'd in all things to our Head.
5. Take the dear Purchase of thy Blood,  
Thy Blood shall wash us white as Snow,  
Present us sanctified to GOD,  
And perfected in Love below.
6. That Blood which cleanses from All Sin,  
That efficacious Blood apply,  
And wash, and make us thoroughly clean,  
And change, and wholly sanctify.
7. From All Iniquity redeem,  
Cleanse by the Water and the Word,

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<sup>2</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 55–56. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:88–89.

And free from every Touch of Blame,  
And make the Servants as their Lord.

8. Wash out the deep Original Stain,  
And make us glorious all within,  
No Wrinkle on our Souls remain,  
No smallest Spot of Inbred Sin.
9. Then when the perfect Life of Love  
The Bride and all her Children live,  
Come down, and take us from above,  
And to thy Heaven of Heavens receive.

### III.

1. O most compassionate &c.

See printed Copy in Rules for the Society.<sup>3</sup>

### IV.<sup>4</sup>

1. Author of Faith, we seek thy Face  
For All who feel thy Work begun,  
Confirm, and stablish them in Grace,  
And bring thy feeblest Children on.
2. Thou seest their Wants, Thou knowst their Names,  
Be mindful of thy youngest Care,  
Be tender of thy newborn Lambs,  
And gently in thy Bosom bear.
3. The Lion roaring for his Prey,  
With ravening Wolves on every side,  
Watch over them to tear and slay  
If found one Moment from their Guide.
4. Satan his thousand Arts essays,  
His Agents all their Powers employ  
To blast the blooming Work of Grace,  
The Heavenly Offspring to destroy.

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<sup>3</sup>I.e., "Prayer for Those Who are Convinced of Sin," appended to *Nature, Design, and General Rules...* (Newcastle: Gooding, 1743), 10–11; also published in *HSP* (1749), 2:89–91.

<sup>4</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 64–65. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:92–93.

5. Baffle the crooked Serpent's Skill,  
And turn his sharpest Dart aside,  
Hide from their Eyes the Devilish Ill,  
O save them from the Plague of Pride.
6. The Dreaming Visionary Fiend  
Unmask, and drag to open Light,  
And let his wild Illusions end,  
And chase him to eternal Night.
7. In Safety lead thy Little Flock  
From Hell, the World, and Sin secure,  
And set their Feet upon the Rock,  
And make in Thee their Goings sure.
8. From Idol-loves and vain Desires  
O GOD, thy Little Children keep,  
And fill their Hearts with holy Fires,  
And lull them in thy Arms to sleep.
9. There let them lie secure, and take  
Their Rest, and never thence remove,  
Till in thy Likeness they awake,  
The glorious Likeness of thy Love.



[Untitled.]<sup>5</sup>

1. Gentle Jesu, lovely Lamb,  
Thine, and only Thine I am;  
Take my Body, Spirit, Soul,  
Only Thou possess the whole.
2. Thou my One Thing Needful be,  
Let me ever cleave to Thee  
Let me chuse the Better Part,  
Let me give Thee all my Heart.
3. Fairer than the Sons of Men,  
Do not let me turn again,  
Leave the Fountain-Head of Bliss,  
Stoop to Creature-Happiness.
4. Whom have I on Earth below?  
Thee, and only Thee I know:  
Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?  
Thou art All in All to me.
5. All my Treasure is above  
All my Riches is thy Love:  
Who the Worth of Love can tell  
Infinite, unsearchable!
6. Thou, O Love, my Portion art,  
Lord, Thou knowst my simple Heart,  
Other Comforts I despise,  
Love be all my Paradise.
7. Nothing else can I require,  
Love fills up my whole Desire:  
All thy other Gifts remove,  
Still Thou giv' st me All in Love.

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<sup>5</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 2–3. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:216–17.

**“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”—[Luke 23:34].<sup>6</sup>**

1. Father, forgive the sinful Race  
Who in my Blood their Hands imbrue,  
O let my Blood their Sins efface;  
Alas, they know not what they do!
2. Hear the meek Lamb for Sinners plead,  
For Those who nail'd him to the Tree:  
He suffers in his Murtherers stead,  
He prays for all Mankind, and me.
3. Our Sins have nail'd Him to the Wood,  
Our Sins the Prince of Life have slain,  
Have spilt his Heart's last Drop of Blood,  
Nor can He bleed, or pray in vain.
4. We *are* from all our Sins releas'd,  
We trust in That expiring Groan,  
In Him the Father is well-pleas'd,  
He always hears his Fav'rite Son.
5. “Forgive them” gasps his parting Breath,  
And all the World is now forgiven,  
GOD heard Him interceed beneath,  
And seal'd the dying Prayer in Heaven.
6. Forgive them, still the Saviour cries,  
Sprinkling the Nations with his Blood,  
The Blood of Sprinkling fills the Skies,  
And speaks Believers up to GOD.

**“Woman behold thy Son—Behold thy Mother.”  
—[John 19:26–27].<sup>7</sup>**

1. While hanging on the shameful Cross  
His scatter'd Flock the Saviour sees,

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<sup>6</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 38–39; and MS Thirty, 159. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:95.

<sup>7</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond 39–40; and MS Thirty, 188–89. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:95–96.

Their Wants his dying Thoughts engross,  
He marks and pities their Distress:

2. In all their Griefs and Sorrows shares,  
Nor ev'n in Death forgets His own,  
But kindly for his Orphans cares,  
Woman, He saith, behold thy Son.
3. To Us the New Command He gives,  
O may we all obedient prove,  
And take the Legacy He leaves,  
His richest Legacy of Love.
4. Us Each to Other He commends,  
And bids us in one Spirit join,  
Unites, and makes us more than Friends,  
Or Kinsmen, in a Bond Divine.
5. Then let us Each to Other give  
The Honour to a Parent due,  
And All with tenderest Love receive,  
A Love which Nature never knew.
6. Give, Jesu, give th' Uniting Grace,  
The Bond of Charity Divine,  
And let us all Mankind embrace,  
And love them with a Love like Thine.

**“To day shalt Thou be with me in Paradise.”**  
—[Luke 23:43].<sup>8</sup>

1. O joyful Sound of Pard'ning Grace,  
All hail Thou Bleeding Deity!  
Who would not wish that Felon's Place,  
Who would not gladly die with Thee!
2. Thy Voice the dying Sinner cheers,  
And saves him at his latest Hour,  
To dissipate our guilty Fears,  
And shew forth all thy Saving Power.

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<sup>8</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 40–41; and MS Thirty, 189–90. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:96–97.

3. O who can of thy Grace despair  
That sees the Thief on yonder Tree?  
If He could find Forgiveness there,  
Surely Forgiveness is for me.
4. Remember me, O Lord my GOD,  
Thou art into thy Kingdom come,  
Sprinkle my Conscience with thy Blood,  
And take my gasping Spirit home.
5. Death, everlasting Death I own  
The just Reward of mine Offence,  
But Thou hast nought of Evil done,  
Thou art all Love, all Innocence.
6. For Thine own sake pronounce the Word,  
Tell me in Answer to my Cries,  
To day Thou shalt be with thy Lord,  
And find in me thy Paradise.

**“I thirst.”—[John 19:28].<sup>9</sup>**

1. Expiring in the Sinner’s stead,  
I thirst the Friend of Sinners cries,  
And feebly lifts his languid Head,  
And breaths his Wishes to the Skies.
2. Not for the Vinegar they gave,  
For Life, or Liberty, or Ease,  
He thirsted all the World to save,  
He only thirsted after This.
3. He thirsted for this Soul of mine,  
That I might his Salvation see,  
That I might in his Image shine;  
Dear, wounded Lamb, He long’d for me!
4. Willing that All his Truth should know,  
And feel the Virtue of his Blood,

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<sup>9</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 41–42; and MS Thirty, 190–91. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:276–77. Stanzas 1–5, 7 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12:94.

He thirsted to redeem his Foe,  
And reconcile a World to GOD.

5. And shall not We the same require,  
And languish to be sav'd from Sin?  
Yes, Lord, 'tis all our Heart's Desire;  
O wash, and make us pure within.

6. We thirst to drink thy healing Blood,  
To wash us in the cleansing Tide,  
We only long for Thee our GOD,  
Our Jesus, and Thee Crucified.

7. Be satisfied: We long for Thee,  
We add our strong Desires to Thine,  
See then, thy Soul's hard Travail see,  
And die, to make us all Divine.

**“My GOD, my GOD, why hast Thou forsaken  
me?”—[Matt. 27:46].<sup>10</sup>**

1. Hear Earth and Heaven with Wonder hear,  
That deepest Note of Grief unknown!  
What means the strange mysterious Prayer?  
Can GOD desert his only Son?

2. Who heard him speaking from the Skies,  
“I always am well-pleas'd in Thee,”  
My GOD, my GOD, the Fav'rite cries,  
O why hast Thou forsaken me?

3. Hast Thou forgot, Thou Man of Grief,  
For whom Thou dost the Death sustain?  
Thy sore Distress is our Relief,  
Thy Loss is our eternal Gain.

4. Hast Thou forgot the Kind Design  
Which made Thee lay aside thy Crown,

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<sup>10</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 42–44; and MS Thirty, 191–93. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 12:97–98.

That strange Excess of Love Divine  
Which brought th' Incarnate Godhead down?

5. For whom dost Thou endure that Cross?  
For whom dost Thou consent to bleed?  
Hast Thou not undertook our Cause?  
Dost Thou not suffer in our Stead?
6. 'Tis not for Sin which Thou hast done  
Thy Angry Father hides his Face,  
But on Thy Innocence is shewn  
The Vengeance due to Adam's Race.
7. Man, guilty Man by GOD abhor'd  
Deserves his utmost Wrath to know,  
Driv'n from the Presence of the Lord  
To Regions of Eternal Woe.
8. But Thou our Sins and Curse hast took,  
That we may blest and holy be,  
Thou by thy Father wast forsook  
That He might ne'er abandon me.<sup>11</sup>
9. Deserted at thy greatest Need,  
Thou knowst to pity what I feel;  
My GOD, my GOD, thy Face is hid,  
I wander on in Darkness still.
10. Gross Darkness, such as may be felt,  
Egyptian Night my Soul or'espreads,  
My Heart within like Wax doth melt,  
And on thy Cross my Nature bleeds.
11. I taste thy bitter Cup, and share  
Thine Agonies, and Grief unknown,  
Till Thou th' Accomplishment declare,  
And tell my Inmost Soul TIS DONE!

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<sup>11</sup>*Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:233 (NT, #386) provides a variant of stanzas 6 and 8 conjoined.

**“It is Finished!”—[John 19:30].<sup>12</sup>**

1. Tis finish'd! the Messiah dies,  
Cut off for Sins, but not His own!  
Accomplish'd is the Sacrifice,  
The great Redeeming Work is done.
2. 'Tis *finish'd!* All the Debt is paid,  
Justice Divine is satisfied,  
The grand and full Atonement's made,  
GOD for a Guilty World hath died.
3. The Veil is rent, in Christ alone  
The living Way to Heaven is seen,  
The Middle-Wall is broken down,  
And All Mankind may enter in.
4. The Types and Figures are fulfil'd;  
Exacted is the Legal Pain;  
The pretious Promises are seal'd;  
The Spotless Lamb of GOD is slain.
5. Finish'd the First Transgression is,  
And purg'd the Guilt of Actual Sin,  
And Everlasting Righteousness  
Is now to all the World brought in.
6. The Reign of Sin and Death is o're,  
And All may live from Sin set free;  
Satan hath lost his Mortal Power,  
'Tis swallow'd up in Victory.
7. 'Tis *finish'd!* all *my* Guilt and Pain,  
I want no Sacrifice beside;  
For *me*, for *me*, the Lamb is slain;  
'Tis *finish'd!* I am Justified.
8. Sav'd from the Legal Curse I am,  
My Saviour hangs on yonder Tree;  
See there the dear expiring Lamb!  
Tis finish'd! He expires for me.

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<sup>12</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 44–45; and MS Thirty, 193–95. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:277–79. It also appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12:99–100, lacking stanzas 5 and 7. Compare this longer hymn to the shorter variant in *Scripture Hymns* (1762), 2:234 (NT, #387).

9. Accepted in the Well-belov'd,  
And cloath'd in Righteousness Divine  
I see the Bar to Heaven remov'd,  
And all thy Merits, Lord, are Mine.
10. Death, Hell, and Sin are now subdued,  
All Grace is now to Sinners given,  
And lo! I plead th' Atoning Blood,  
And in Thy Right demand Thy Heaven.

**“Into thy Hands I commend my Spirit.”**  
—[Luke 23:46].<sup>13</sup>

1. The Holy Jesus rests in Hope,  
And calm in Death on GOD relies,  
His parting Spirit He gives up,  
Into his Father's Hands, and dies.
2. Meek patient Lamb, for Us He gives  
The Life which none could take away,  
He lays it down, and GOD receives  
His Soul into Eternal Day.
3. O might I thus my Warfare end,  
Meekly to GOD my Soul resign,  
Into my Father's Hands commend;  
O Jesus, let thy Death be mine!
4. I long with Thee to bow my Head,  
Offer'd upon thy Sacrifice,  
With Thee to sink among the dead,  
And in thy Life triumphant rise.
5. Father of Jesus Christ my Lord,  
Conform me to thy Suffering Son,  
And let my Spirit be restor'd,  
And let me breathe my latest Groan.
6. Now, let me Now give up the Ghost,  
Now let my Nature's Life be or'e,  
Now let me all in Christ be lost,  
And die with Christ to die no more.

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<sup>13</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 45–46; and MS Thirty, 195–96. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:204. Stanzas 1–4 appeared in *Poetical Works*, 12: 99.



**“By the Mystery of thy holy Incarnation &c.”  
Litan[y].<sup>14</sup>**

1. Jesu, shew us thy Salvation,  
    In thy Strength we strive with Thee:  
By thy Mystic Incarnation,  
    By thy pure Nativity  
Save us Thou, our New Creator,  
    Into all our Souls impart  
Thy Divine unsinning Nature,  
    Form Thyself within our Heart.
  
2. By thy first Bloodshedding heal us,  
    Cut us off from every Sin;  
By thy Circumcision seal us,  
    Write thy Law of Love within;  
Let thy Spirit circumcise us:  
    Kindle in our Hearts a Flame,  
By thy Baptism baptise us  
    Into all thy glorious Name.
  
3. By thy Fasting and Temptation  
    Mortify our vain Desires,  
Take away what Sense, or Passion,  
    Appetite, or Flesh requires:  
Arm us with thy Self-denial,  
    Every tempted Soul defend,  
Save us in the Fiery Trial,  
    Make us faithful to the End.
  
4. By thy sorer Sufferings save us,  
    Save us when conform'd to Thee,  
By thy Miseries relieve us,  
    By thy painful Agony;

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<sup>14</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 141–44. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 10–12.

When beneath thy Frown we languish,  
When we feel thine Anger's Weight,  
Save us by thine unknown Anguish,  
Save us by thy Bloody Sweat.

5. By that highest Point of Passion,  
By thy Suffering on the Tree  
Save us from the Indignation  
Due to all Mankind and me:  
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying  
Gasping out<sup>15</sup> thy latest Breath,  
Save us by thy<sup>16</sup> Death's Applying  
Save us from Eternal Death.
6. From the World of Care release us,  
By thy decent Burial save,  
Crucified with Thee, O<sup>17</sup> Jesus,  
Hide us in thy quiet Grave.  
By thy Power divinely glorious,  
By thy Resurrection's Power  
Raise us up o'er Sin Victorious,  
Raise us up to fall no more.
7. By the Pomp of thy Ascending  
Live we here to Heaven restor'd,  
Live in Pleasures never ending,  
Share the Portion of our Lord;  
Let us have our Conversation  
With the blessed Spirits above,  
Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,  
Perfectly renew'd in Love.

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<sup>15</sup>Ori., "~~Save us by~~" changed to "Gasping out."

<sup>16</sup>Ori., "~~By thy precious~~" changed to "Save us by thy."

<sup>17</sup>Ori., "~~and dead with~~" changed to "with Thee, O."

8. Glorious Head, triumphant Saviour,  
High enthron'd above all Height,  
We have now thro' Thee found Favour,  
Righteous in thy Father's Sight;  
Hears He not thy Prayer unceasing?  
Can He turn away thy Face?  
Send us down the purchas'd Blessing,  
Fulness of the Gospel-Grace.
  
9. By the Coming of thy Spirit  
As a mighty rushing Wind,  
Save us into All thy Merit,  
Into all thy sinless Mind;  
Let the Perfect Gift be given,  
Let thy Will in us be seen,  
Done in Earth, as 'tis in Heaven:  
Lord, thy Spirit cries Amen!

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

1. Jesus the Conqueror reigns,  
In glorious Strength array'd,  
His Kingdom over All maintains,  
And bids the Earth be glad:  
Ye Sons of Men rejoice  
In Jesus' mighty Love,  
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice  
To Him who rules above.
2. Extol his Kingly Power,  
Kiss the exalted Son,  
Who died, and lives to die no more,  
High on his Father's Throne;  
Our Advocate with GOD  
He undertakes our Cause,  
And spreads thro' all the Earth abroad  
The Victory of his Cross.
3. That Bloody Banner see,  
And in your Captain's Sight  
Fight the good Fight of Faith with me,  
My Fellow-soldiers fight.  
In mighty Phalanx join'd  
Undaunted all proceed,  
Arm'd with th' Unconquerable Mind  
That was in Christ your Head.
4. Urge on your rapid Course  
Ye Blood-besprinkled Bands,  
The Heavenly Kingdom suffers Force,  
Tis seiz'd by Violent Hands;  
See there the Starry Crown  
That glitters thro' the Skies,

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<sup>18</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 90–95. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:232–35.

Satan, the World, and Sin tread down,  
And take the Glorious Prize.

5. Thro' much Distress and Pain,  
Thro' many a Conflict here,  
Thro' Blood ye must the Entrance gain,  
Yet O! disdain to fear:  
Courage, your Captain cries  
Who all your Toil foreknew,  
Toil ye shall have, Yet all despise  
I have or'ecome for You.
6. The World cannot withstand  
Its antient Conqueror,  
The World must sink beneath that Hand  
Which arms us for the War:  
This is the Victory,  
Before our Faith they fall,  
Jesus hath died for you and me,  
Believe, and conquer all.
7. Satan shall be repel'd,  
The World's Imperious God  
Shall fly before our Sacred Shield,  
Our Trust in Jesus' Blood:  
Jesus hath cleft his Crown,  
Of old from Glory driven,  
And cast the bold Aspirer down,  
As Lightning out of Heaven.
8. Him and his Powers below  
He bound and captive led,  
Our Rising Lord in open Shew  
His Hellish Spoils display'd;  
Or'e all th' Infernal Host  
He more than Conqueror was,

And drag'd them at his Wheels, the Boast,  
And Triumph of his Cross.

9. 'Twas there our Peace He bought,  
Though nail'd to yonder Tree  
His Hands have our Salvation wrought,  
And got the Victory:  
He felt the Mortal Dart,  
The Horror-breathing King  
Shot all our Sin into His Heart,  
And Death hath lost his Sting.
10. Death is all swallow'd down,  
Our Sins are wash'd away,  
The Guilt, the Guilt of Sin is gone,  
The Power can never stay.  
Our Worst, our Inbred Foe  
By Jesus is subdued,  
Our Mountain-Sins melt down, and flow  
And sink into his Blood.
11. We now shall more than win  
The Fight thro' Jesus Name,  
Conquerors o're Hell, and Earth, and Sin  
In the Victorious Lamb;  
The Lamb a Lion is,  
And all his Foes shall slay,  
And fly upon the Spoil, and seize,  
And take his lawful Prey.
12. The Spirit of his Power  
Into our Souls shall come,  
And all our Foes<sup>19</sup> destroy, devour,  
And all our Sins consume:  
The jealous Lord of Hosts  
Shall full Dominion have,

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<sup>19</sup>Ori., "Sims."

Shall All who in His Merits trust  
Ev'n to the utmost save.

13. Then let us all proceed,  
In Jesus' Conquest share,  
Boldly march up with Christ our Head  
That Thunderbolt of War;  
Jesus hath all broke thro',  
Hell, Earth, and Sin, and Death,  
And we shall more than conquer too,  
Who Jesus' Spirit breathe.
14. Thro' Faith in our dear Lord  
We surely shall obtain  
The Promise of a full Reward,  
And here with Jesus reign;  
We without Sin shall live  
Before we hence remove,  
Our Heavenly Calling's Prize receive,  
The Crown of perfect Love.
15. Our Souls like GOD rais'd up  
Shall live no more to die,  
Our Flesh dissolv'd shall rest in Hope  
Of Immortality:  
Jesus shall soon appear,  
With Royal Glory crown'd,  
Our Dust the Trump of GOD shall hear,  
And kindle at the Sound.
16. Quicken'd by Power Divine  
We all shall see and know  
The Son of Man's triumphant Sign,  
The Cross we bore below,  
Caught up we all shall rise,  
Our Master's Glory share,  
And take our Seats above the Skies  
And reign forever there.

[Untitled.]<sup>20</sup>

1. Jesu, great Shepherd of the Sheep,  
To Thee for Help we fly,  
Thy Little Flock in Safety keep,  
For O! the Wolf is nigh.
2. He comes of hellish Malice full  
To scatter, tear, and slay,  
He seizes every stragling Soul  
As his own lawful Prey.
3. Us into thy Protection take,  
And gather with thine Arm,  
Unless the Fold we first forsake  
The Wolf can never harm.
4. We laugh to scorn his cruel Power  
While at our Shepherd's Side;  
The Sheep he never can devour  
Unless he first divide.
5. O do not suffer him to part  
The Souls that here agree,  
But make us of One Mind and Heart,  
And keep us One in Thee.
6. Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die,  
And each a Starry Crown receive,  
And reign above the Sky.
7. Keep us till then in perfect Peace,  
And call us Each to prove  
An endless Age of Heavenly Bliss,  
An endless Age of Love.

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<sup>20</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 116–17. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:230.



**“Will ye also go away? Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.”**  
—John 6. 67, &c.<sup>21</sup>

1. Jesu, whither shall I go,  
Thee my Saviour if I leave?  
Only Thou canst ease my Woe,  
Only Thou canst Pardon give;  
None beside can save from Sin,  
None beside can make me clean.
2. If I foolishly depart  
From the Ark of thy dear Breast,  
Where shall my unsettled Heart  
Find a Ground whereon to rest?  
Whither, or to whom shall I  
From Myself for Succour fly?
3. Shall I back to Egypt go,  
To my Vomit turn again,  
To my Flesh Corruption sow,  
Live anew in Pleasures vain?  
No, with Sin I cannot dwell,  
Sin is worse than Death and Hell.
4. Shall I then my Toil renew,  
Catch an honourable Name,  
Praise which comes from Man pursue,  
Idolize, and pant for Fame?  
Who on Fame bestows his Care,  
Grasps a Shadow, feeds on Air.
5. Shall I go to Courts and Kings?  
Courts and Kings are Vanity,

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<sup>21</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749): 1:207–209.

Beggarly and wretched things  
Can they yield Support to me,  
Crush'd by their own Grandeur's Weight,  
Poorly miserably Great!

6. Learning should I strive to gain,  
    Fairest Fruit on Earth that grows,  
Ineffectual were my Pain,  
    Happiest He who Nothing knows;  
Who in Quest of vain Relief  
Adds to Knowledge, adds to Grief.
7. If my GOD I cast behind,  
    GOD the Source of perfect Bliss,  
Vain are all my Hopes to find  
    True substantial Happiness;  
Search the whole Creation round,  
Can it out of GOD be found?
8. No; my GOD, if from the Way,  
    From the Truth if I remove,  
Must I not forever stray,  
    On in Error's Mazes rove,  
Rove from Peace to troublous Strife,  
Rove to Death from Endless Life!
9. Who would go from Health to Pain,  
    Turn from Grace to Wickedness,<sup>22</sup>  
Freedom quit to hug a Chain;  
    Grieve his Friend his Foe to please?  
Who his Saviour-GOD to shun  
Would to his Destroyer run?
10. Saviour, I with guilty Shame  
    Own that I alas am He!

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<sup>22</sup>Ori., "~~to Sin from Righteousness~~" changed to "from Grace to Wickedness."

Weak, and wavering still I am,  
Ready still to fly from Thee:  
Stop me by thy Look, and say  
Will you also go away?

11. You, whom I have brought to GOD,  
Will you turn from GOD again?  
You, for whom I spilt my Blood,  
Will you let it flow in vain?  
You, who felt it once applied,  
Can ye leave my bleeding Side?
12. No, my Lamb, my Saviour, no,  
(Every Soul with me reply)  
From thy Wounds we will not go,  
Will not from our Master fly,  
Thine is the Life-giving Word,  
Thou art our Eternal Lord.
13. Speak, and by thy Word detain  
Every Soul inclin'd to stray,  
Speak, and let thy Love constrain  
Every Fugitive to stay;  
That we may no more depart,  
Speak Thyself into our Heart.

XV.<sup>23</sup>

1. Jesus, let thy pitying Eye  
    Call back a wandring Sheep,  
    False to Thee like Peter I  
    Would fain like Peter weep,  
    Let me be by Grace restor'd,  
On me be all Long-suffering shewn;  
    Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
    And break my Heart of Stone.
2. Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,<sup>24</sup>  
    Repentance to impart,  
    Give me thro' thy dying Love  
    The humble contrite Heart:  
    Give what I have long implor'd,  
A Portion of thy Grief Unknown;  
    Turn, and look [upon] me, Lord,  
    And break my Heart of Stone.
3. In restoring Love again,  
    O Jesus, visit me,  
    Give me back that pleasing Pain,  
    That blessed Misery:  
    Now thy tendering Grace afford,  
And make me thine Afflicted One:  
    Turn, and look &c.
4. Harder than the Flinty Rock  
    My stubborn Heart remains,  
    Till I feel thy Mercy's Stroke,  
    I only bite my Chains;  
    Sinning on, though self-abhor'd,  
As Devils in their Chains I groan:  
    Turn, and look &c.

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<sup>23</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 10–13. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:121–23. Actually appears to be titled XIV, as #14 of Hymns for one fallen from grace (as in *HSP*). However, the “I” is marked out as if changed to “XV.”

<sup>24</sup>Ori., “~~on high~~” changed to “above.”

5. For thine own Compassion's sake  
The Gracious Wonder shew,  
Cast my Sins behind thy Back,  
And wash me white as Snow;  
If thy Bowels now are stir'd,  
If now I *would* myself bemoan,  
Turn, and look &c.
6. See me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die,  
Life, and Happiness, and Love  
Drop from thy gracious Eye;  
Speak the Reconciling Word  
And let thy Mercy melt me down;  
Turn, and look &c.
7. Look, as when thine Eye pursued  
The First Apostate Man  
Saw him weltring in his Blood,  
And bad him rise again;  
Speak me by thy Grace restor'd,  
Redeem me by thy Grace alone:  
Turn, and look &c.
8. Look, as when thy Pity saw  
Thine Own in a Strange Land,  
Forc'd t' obey the Tyrant's Law,  
And feel his heavy Hand:  
Speak the All-redeeming Word,  
And out of Egypt call thy Son;  
Turn, and look &c.
9. Look, as when thy Weeping Eye  
The Bloody City view'd,  
Those, who ston'd, and doom'd to die  
The Prophets, and their GOD:

I deserve their Just Reward,  
But This my Gracious Day I own:  
Turn, and look &c.

10. Look, as when thy Love beheld  
The Harlot in Distress,  
Dried her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,  
And bad her go in Peace:  
Foul like Her, and Self-abhor'd,  
I at thy Feet for Mercy groan:  
Turn, and look &c.
11. Look, as when condemn'd for Them  
Thou didst thy Followers see,  
"Daughters of Jerusalem  
Weep for yourselves, not Me!"  
Am I by my GOD deplor'd,  
And shall I not Myself bemoan?  
Turn, and look &c.
12. Look, as when thy Closing Eye  
Beheld, and bad us live,  
Father (at the Point to die  
My Saviour gasp'd) Forgive!  
Surely with that Dying Word  
He turns, and looks, and cries Tis done!  
O my bleeding, loving Lord  
He breaks my Heart of Stone!

**“Men OUGHT always to pray, and not to faint.”**  
—Luk[e] 18. 1.<sup>25</sup>

1.       Come, ye Followers of the Lord,  
          In Jesus Service join,  
          Jesus gives the Sacred Word  
          The Ordinance Divine;  
          Let us his Command obey,  
          And ask, and have whate'er we want,  
          Pray we, every Moment pray,  
          And never never faint.
  
2.       Place no longer let us give  
          To the old Tempter's Will,  
          Never more our Duty leave,  
          While Satan cries *Be still!*  
          Stand we in the Antient Way,  
          And here with GOD ourselves acquaint,  
          Pray we, every Moment pray,  
          And never never faint.
  
3.       Be it Weariness and Pain  
          To slothful Flesh and Blood,  
          Yet we *will* the Cross sustain,  
          And bless the welcome Load,  
          All our Grief to GOD display,  
          And humbly pour out our Complaint;  
          Pray we, every Moment pray,  
          And never never faint.
  
4.       Let us patiently endure,  
          And still our Wants declare;  
          All the Promises are sure  
          To Persevering Prayer:

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<sup>25</sup>Published in *Short View of the Difference Between the Moravian Brethren and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley* (London: Strahan, 1745), 20–21; and *HSP* (1749), 2:38–39.

Till we see the Perfect Day,  
And Each awakes a sinless Saint,  
Pray we, every Moment pray,  
And never never faint.

5. Pray we on, when all-renew'd,  
And perfected in Love,  
Till we see the Saviour-GOD  
Descending from above,  
All his heavenly Charms survey,<sup>26</sup>  
Beyond what Angel-Minds can paint,  
Pray we, every Moment pray,  
And never never faint.

6. Pray we, in the Realms of Light  
Till we behold his Face,  
Faith shall there be lost in Sight,  
And Prayer in endless Praise,  
Blest thro' one Eternal Day,  
Possess of All that GOD can grant,  
There we cannot, need not pray,  
For Heaven is All we want.

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<sup>26</sup>Ori., "display."



**IV.**

**Watch in all things.<sup>27</sup>**

1. Ah, what a Wretch am I!  
I cannot watch one Hour:  
The roaring Lion still is nigh,  
And ready to devour;  
A constant Watch he keeps,  
He eyes me Night and Day,  
And never slumbers, never sleeps,  
Least he should lose his Prey.
  
2. The World are always nigh,  
And for my halting wait,  
The Philistines in ambush lie,  
On me to wreck their Hate,  
They watch my every Turn,  
They mark where'er I go,  
Their Malice not to sleep hath sworn,  
Till it hath kill'd their Foe.
  
3. The Delilah within  
Ready each moment stands  
To give me up fast bound by Sin  
Into their cruel Hands:  
I slight my Saviour's Aid,  
Take my Destroyer's Part,  
And still am falling self-betray'd,  
By my own faithless Heart.
  
4. How weak my Heart and blind,  
That I can think of Ease,  
Can Comfort for a Moment find  
In such a State as This,  
Can fold my Arms to sleep,  
Nor Pain, nor Horror feel,

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<sup>27</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 156–58. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:119–21.

While sinking swift into the Deep,  
And dropping into Hell.

5. Gracious Redeemer, shake  
This Slumber from my Soul,  
Say to me Now, Awake; awake,  
And Christ shall make thee whole:  
Lay to thy mighty Hand,  
Alarm me in this Hour,  
And make me fully understand  
The Thunder of thy Power.
6. Give me on Thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
Least I into Temptation fall,  
And cast my Shield away:  
For each Assault prepar'd  
And ready may I be,  
Forever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to Thee.
7. O do Thou always warn  
My Soul of Evil near,  
When to the Right or Left I turn,  
Thy Whisper let me hear  
“Come back, this is the Way,”<sup>28</sup>  
“Come back, and walk herein!”  
O may I hearken, and obey,  
And shun the Paths of Sin.
8. I would from every Sin  
As from a Serpent fly,  
Abhor to touch the Thing Unclean,  
And rather chuse to die:  
I would, I would my last  
This very Moment breathe,

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<sup>28</sup>Ori., “~~and walk herein~~” changed to “this is the Way.”

Would die, that I may never taste  
Of Sin, and Second Death.

9.       Thou seest my Feebleness,  
          Jesu, be Thou my Power,  
My Help, and Refuge in Distress,  
          My Fortress, and my Tower;  
          Cause me to trust in Thee,  
          Be Thou my sure Abode,  
My Horn, and Rock, and Buckler be,  
          My Saviour, and my GOD.
10.       Myself I cannot save,  
          Myself I cannot keep,  
But Strength in Thee I surely have,  
          Thine Eyelids never sleep;  
          My Soul to Thee alone  
          Now therefore I commend,  
Thou, Jesus, having lov'd Thine own,  
          Shalt love me to the End.

**XVI.**<sup>29</sup>

1.       How happy are They  
          Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their Treasure above,  
          Tongue cannot express  
          The sweet Comfort and Peace  
Of a Soul in its earliest Love.
  
2.       That Comfort was Mine,  
          When the Favour Divine  
I first found in the Blood of the Lamb;  
          When my Heart it believ'd,  
          What a Joy I receiv'd,  
What an Heaven in Jesus his Name!
  
3.       'Twas an Heaven below  
          My Saviour to know;  
The Angels could do Nothing more  
          Than fall at his Feet,  
          And his Praises repeat,  
And the Saviour of Sinners adore.
  
4.       Jesus all the Day long  
          Was my Joy and my Song  
O that All his Salvation might see!  
          He hath lov'd me, I cried,  
          He hath suffer'd and died,  
To redeem such a Rebel as me.
  
5.       On the Wings of his Love  
          I was carried above  
All Sin, and Temptation, and Pain:  
          I could not believe  
          That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.
  
6.       I rode on the Sky  
          (Freely Justified I!)  
Nor envied Elijah his Seat;

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<sup>29</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 6–10. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:123–25.

My Soul mounted higher  
In a Chariot of Fire,  
And the Moon, it was under my Feet.

7. O the rapturous Height  
Of that holy Delight,  
Which I felt in the Lifegiving Blood!  
Of my Saviour possest  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if fill'd with the Fulness of GOD.
8. Ah, where am I now!  
When was it, or how  
That I fell from my Heaven of Grace!  
I am brought into Thrall,  
I am stript of my All,  
I am banish'd from Jesus his Face.
9. Hardly yet do I know  
How I let my Lord go,  
Or insensibly started aside,  
When the Tempter came in  
With his own subtle Sin,  
And infected my Spirit with Pride.
10. But I felt it too soon,  
That my Saviour was gone,  
Swiftly vanishing out of my Sight;  
My Triumph and Boast  
On a sudden were lost,  
And my Day it was turn'd into Night.
11. Only Pride could destroy  
That innocent Joy,  
And make my Redeemer depart:  
But whate'er was the Cause,  
I lament the sad Loss,  
For the Veil is come over my Heart.

**Desiring to love.**<sup>30</sup>  
**I.**<sup>31</sup>

1. What shall I do my GOD to love,  
My GOD, who lov'd, and died for me?  
Obdurate Heart, will Nothing move,  
Will Nothing melt or soften Thee!
2. Jesus, Thou lovely bleeding Lamb,  
To Thee I pour out my Complaint,  
I cannot hide from Thee my Shame;  
I own, and blush to own my Want.
3. I want an Heart to love my GOD:  
I cannot bear this Heart of Stone;  
Soften it, Saviour, with thy Blood,  
And melt the nether-milstone down.
4. Thou knowst (but must I<sup>32</sup> tell Thee so,  
A Wretch condemn'd and self-abhor'd,  
Accurst, and worthy endless Woe!)  
Thou know'st I do not love Thee, Lord.
5. This is my Shame, my Curse, my Hell,  
I do not love the bleeding Lamb,  
The Lamb, who lov'd my Soul so well:  
This is my Hell, my Curse, my Shame.
6. The Stone<sup>33</sup> cries out I do not love,  
And breaks my Heart its Want to own;  
The Mountain now begins to move,  
And half relents my Heart of Stone.
7. The Word hath pass'd thy gracious Lips,  
I feel, I feel the Waters flow,  
The Rock is cleft, the Marble weeps,  
And lo! I mourn thy Love to know.

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<sup>30</sup>Ori., "~~Complaining of Want of Love~~" changed to "Desiring to love."

<sup>31</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 197. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 54–55.

<sup>32</sup>Ori., "I must" changed to "must I."

<sup>33</sup>Ori., "Stones."

8. For Thee, not without Hope, I mourn,  
I know, I feel thy Love to me,<sup>34</sup>  
Thy Love my flinty Heart shall turn,  
And get itself the Victory.
9. Thou lov'dst, before the World began,  
This poor unloving Soul of mine,  
Jesus came down, my GOD was Man,  
That I might all become Divine.
10. My Anchor This which cannot move,  
The Servant as his Lord shall be,  
And I shall live my GOD to love,  
And die for Him who died for me.

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<sup>34</sup>Ori., "know."

II.<sup>35</sup>

1. Still, Lord, I languish for thy Grace,  
Unveil the Beauties of thy Face,  
The Middle-Wall remove,  
Appear, and banish my Complaint,  
Come, and supply mine only Want,  
Fill all my Soul with Love.
2. Accurst without thy Love I am,  
I bear my Punishment, and Shame;  
And droop my guilty Head,  
Unchang'd, unhallow'd, unrestor'd,  
I do not love my bleeding Lord;  
No other Hell I need.
3. O conquer this rebellious Will,  
(Willing Thou art, and ready still,  
Thy Help is always nigh)  
The Stony from my Heart remove,  
And give me, Lord, O give me Love,  
Or at thy Feet I die.
4. Whither, ah! whither should I go?  
Nothing is worth a Thought below;  
Yet while on Earth I stay,  
O let me here my Station keep,  
And wash thy Feet with Tears, and weep,  
And weep my Life away.
5. To Thee I lift my weeping<sup>36</sup> Eye,  
Why am I thus? O tell<sup>37</sup> me why  
Cannot I love my GOD?

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<sup>35</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 8–9. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:52–53.

<sup>36</sup>Ori., “streaming.”

<sup>37</sup>Ori., “then.”



The Hindrance must be all in me,  
It cannot in my Saviour be,  
Witness that Streaming Blood!

6. It cost thy Blood my Heart to win,  
To buy me from the Power of Sin,  
And make me love again;  
Come then, dear Lord, thy Right assert,  
Take to Thyself my ransom'd Heart,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

[Untitled.]<sup>38</sup>

1. Hark, how the Watchmen cry!  
Attend the Trumpet's Sound,  
Stand to your Arms, the Foe is nigh,  
The Powers of Hell surround:  
Who bow to Christ's Command  
Your Arms and Hearts prepare,  
The Day of Battle is at hand,  
Go forth to Glorious War.
  
2. See on the Mountain-Top  
The Ensign of your GOD,  
In Jesus' Name I lift it up,  
All-stain'd with Hallow'd Blood:  
His Standard-bearer I  
To all the Nations call,  
Let All to Jesus' Cross draw nigh,  
He bore the Cross for All.
  
3. Ye who his Call obey,  
Behold the Banner spread  
To cover in the Evil Day  
His faithful Soldier's Head:  
Be strong in Jesus' Might,  
The Panoply Divine  
Put on, beneath This Standard fight,  
And conquer in This Sign.
  
4. Go up with Christ, your Head,  
Your Captain's Footsteps see,  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain Victory:

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<sup>38</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 28–21. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:128–31.

All Power to Him [is given],<sup>39</sup>  
He ever reigns the same,  
Salvation, Happiness, and Heaven  
Are all in Jesus' Name.

5. Ye now have took the Field,  
And fearlesly march on,  
Fight the good Fight, hold fast your Shield,  
Till Satan is cast down,  
Cast down he soon shall be,  
He shall, he shall submit,  
Compel'd with all his Host to flee  
Or bruise'd beneath your Feet.

6. Only have Faith in GOD,  
In Faith your Foes assail,  
Not wrestling against Flesh and Blood  
But all the Powers of Hell:  
From Thrones of Glory driven,  
By flaming Vengeance hurl'd,  
They throng the Air, and darken Heaven,  
And rule the Lower World.

7. Angels your March oppose  
Who still in Strength excel,  
Your secret, sworn, eternal Foes,  
Countless, invisible;  
With Rage that never ends  
Their hellish Arts they try,  
Legions of dire malicious Fiends,  
And Spirits enthron'd on high.

8. On Earth th' Usurpers reign  
Exert their baleful Power,  
Or'e the poor fallen Sons of Men  
They tyrannize their Hour.

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<sup>39</sup>Wesley inadvertently left off the final two words, which appear in both MS Thirty and *HSP* (1749).

But shall Believers fear?  
But shall Believers fly?  
Behold the Bloody Cross appear,  
And all their Powers defy.

9. Jesus, tremendous Name  
Puts all our Foes to flight!  
Jesus the meek the Angry Lamb  
A Lion is in Fight:  
By all Hell's Host withstood,  
We all Hell's Host or'ethrow,  
And conquering them thro' Jesus' Blood,  
We still to conquer go.
10. Our Captain leads us on,  
He beckons from the Skies,  
He reaches out a Starry Crown,  
And bids us take the Prize;  
"Be faithful unto Death,  
"Partake my Victory,  
"And Thou shalt wear this Glorious Wreath,  
"And Thou shalt reign with me.<sup>[v]</sup>
11. Tis thus the Righteous Lord  
To every Soldier saith,  
Eternal Life is the Reward  
Of all-victorious Faith:  
Who conquer in His Might  
The Victor's Meed receive,  
And claim a Kingdom in His Right  
Which GOD is bound to give.
12. But let us all abide  
Throughout the glorious War,

Till every Soul is sanctified,  
And more than Conqueror,  
Till every perfect one  
To Heavenly Joys remove  
And sit with Jesus on his Throne  
Of everlasting Love.

**On his Birth-day.<sup>40</sup>**

1.       GOD of my Life, to Thee  
          My chearful Soul I raise,  
          Thy Goodness bad me be,  
          And still prolongs my Days:  
I see my Natal Hour return,  
And bless the Day that I was born.
  
2.       A Clod of Living Earth  
          I glorify thy Name  
          From whom alone my Birth  
          And all my Blessings came;  
Creating and Preserving Grace  
Let all that is within me praise.
  
3.       My Soul, and all it's Powers  
          Thine wholly Thine shall be,  
          All, all my happy Hours  
          I consecrate to Thee,  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am  
Shall magnify my Maker's Name.
  
4.       Long as I live beneath  
          To Thee O let me live,  
          To Thee my every Breath  
          In Thanks and Blessings give;  
Me to thine Image now restore,  
And I shall praise Thee evermore.
  
5.       Thy former Gift is vain,  
          Unless Thou lift me up,  
          Begetting me again  
          Unto a lively Hope;  
O let me know that Second Birth,  
And live the Life of Heaven on Earth.

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<sup>40</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 36–37. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:211–12.

6. I wait thy Will to do  
As Angels do in Heaven,<sup>41</sup>  
In Christ a Creature New  
Eternally forgiven  
I wait thy perfect Will to prove,  
When sanctified by sinless Love.
7. O might I soon attain  
My<sup>42</sup> holy Calling's Prize,  
And grow, when born again,  
And to thy Stature rise  
From Strength to Strength, from Grace to Grace,  
Till meet to see thy Glorious Face.
8. Then when the Work is done,  
The Work of Faith with Power,  
Call home thy favour'd Son  
At Death's triumphant Hour,  
Like Moses to Thyself convey,  
And kiss my raptur'd Soul away.

---

<sup>41</sup>Ori., "above" changed to "in Heaven."

<sup>42</sup>Ori., "To my."

**At Meeting of Friends.**<sup>43</sup>

1.       And are we yet alive,  
          And see Each Other's Face?  
Glory and Thanks to Jesus give  
          For his Almighty Grace:  
          Preserv'd by Power Divine  
          To full Salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' Praise we join,  
          And in his Sight appear.
  
2.       What Troubles have we seen,  
          What mighty Conflicts past,  
Fightings without, and Fears within  
          Since we assembled last:  
          Yet out of all the Lord  
          Hath brought us by his Love,  
And still He doth his Help afford,  
          And hide our Life above.
  
3.       Then let us make our boast  
          Of his Redeeming Power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
          Till we can sin no more:  
          Let us take up the Cross  
          Till we the Crown obtain,  
And gladly reckon all things Loss,  
          So we may Jesus gain.
  
4.       Jesus, to Thee we bow,  
          And for thy Coming wait:  
Give us for Good some Token now  
          In our imperfect State;  
          Apply the Hallowing Word,  
          Tell Each who looks for Thee,

---

<sup>43</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 227–28. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:321–22.



Thou shalt be perfect as thy Lord,  
Thou shalt be all like me!

**At the Meeting of Friends.**<sup>44</sup>

1. Jesus, we look to Thee,  
Thy promis'd Presence claim  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be  
Assembled in thy Name:  
Thy Name Salvation is  
(Which now we come to prove)  
Thy Name is Life, and Joy, and Peace,  
And everlasting Love.
2. Not in the Name of Pride  
Or Selfishness we meet,  
From Nature's Paths we turn aside  
And worldly Thoughts forget.  
We meet the Grace to take  
Which Thou hast freely given,  
We meet on Earth for thy dear sake  
That we may meet in Heaven.
3. Present we know Thou art,  
But O Thyself reveal;  
Now, Lord, let every bounding Heart  
The mighty Comfort feel:  
O might thy quickning Voice  
The Death of Sin remove,  
And bid our inmost Souls rejoice  
In Hope of perfect Love.
4. Thou wilt to us make known  
Thy Nature and thy Name,  
Us who our Utmost Saviour own  
From every Touch of Blame,  
From every Word and Deed  
From every Thought unclean,  
Our Jesus, till our Souls are freed  
From all Remains of Sin.

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<sup>44</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 207–208. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:322–23.

**Another**  
**[At the Meeting of Friends].<sup>45</sup>**

1. All Praise to our Redeeming Lord,  
Who joins us by his Grace,  
And bids us Each to Each restor'd  
Together seek his Face.
2. He bids us build each other up;  
And gather'd into One  
To our high Callings glorious Hope  
We hand in hand go on.
3. The Gift which He on One bestows  
We all delight to prove,  
The Grace thro' every Vessel flows  
In purest Streams of Love.
4. Ev'n now we speak, and think the same,  
And cordially agree,  
Concentred all thro' Jesus Name  
In perfect Harmony.
5. We all partake the Joy of One,  
The Common Peace we feel,  
A Peace to Sensual Minds unknown,  
A Joy unspeakable.
6. And if our Fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What Height of Rapture shall we know,  
When round his Throne we meet!

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<sup>45</sup>Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 43.

**Another**  
**[At the Meeting of Friends].<sup>46</sup>**

1. All Thanks to the Lamb Who gives us to meet!  
His Love we proclaim, His Praises repeat:  
We own Him our Jesus Continually near,  
To pardon and bless us, And perfect us *here*.
2. In Him we have Peace, In Him we have Power,  
Preserv'd by his Grace Throughout the Dark Hour,  
In all our Temptation He keeps us to prove  
His utmost Salvation, His Fulness of Love.
3. Thro' Pride and Desire Unhurt we have gone,  
Thro' Water and Fire With us He went on;  
The World and the Devil By Him we or'ecame,  
Our Jesus from Evil, Forever the same.
4. When we would have spurn'd His Mercy and Grace,  
To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face,  
He hindred our Flying, (His Goodness to shew)  
And stopt us by crying Will ye also go?
5. O what shall we do Our Saviour to love,  
To make us anew Come, Lord, from above,  
The Fruit of thy Passion Thy Holiness give,  
Give Us the Salvation Of All that believe.
6. Come, Jesus, and loose The Stammerer's Tongue,  
And teach even Us The Spiritual Song,  
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy Grace,  
And Glory, and Blessing, And Honour and Praise.
7. Pronounce the glad Word, And bid us be free:  
Ah hast Thou not Lord A Blessing for me?  
The Peace Thou hast given This Moment impart,  
And open thy Heaven, O Love, in my Heart.

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<sup>46</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:323–24.

**Another**  
**[At the Meeting of Friends].<sup>47</sup>**

1. See, Jesu, thy Disciples see,  
The promis'd Blessing give,  
Met in thy Name we look to Thee  
Expecting to receive.
2. Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,  
Who in thy Name are join'd,  
We wait according to thy Word,  
Thee in the midst to find.
3. With us Thou art assembled here,  
But O Thyself reveal,  
Son of the Living GOD appear,  
Let us thy Presence feel.
4. Breathe on us, Lord, in this our Day,  
And these dry Bones shall live,  
Speak Peace into our Hearts, and say  
The Holy Ghost receive.
5. Whom now we seek O might we meet!  
Jesus the Crucified,  
Shew us thy bleeding Hands and Feet,  
Thou who for us hast died.
6. Cause us thy Record to receive,  
Speak, and the Tokens shew  
"O be not faithless, but believe  
<sup>["In me who died for You."</sup>
7. Lord, I believe, for me, ev'n me  
Thy Wounds were open'd wide,  
I see the Prints, I more than see  
Thy Feet, thy Hands, thy Side.
8. I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,  
I feel the sprinkled Blood,

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<sup>47</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 71–72. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:324–25.

Let Every Soul with me cry out  
Thou art *my* Lord, *my* GOD!

**Another**  
**[At the Meeting of Friends].<sup>48</sup>**

1. Come, Lord, with<sup>49</sup> thy Disciples sit  
Assembled in thy Name,  
And let us kiss thy bleeding Feet,  
And let us love the Lamb.
2. Is this the Time, say, Jesu, say,  
Wilt Thou, O Lord, restore  
The Kingdom to our Souls to day,  
And bid us sin no more?
3. Now wilt Thou make an End of Sin  
The Kingdom of thy Peace,  
The Joy unspeakable bring in,  
Th' perfect Righteousness!
4. We wait, till Thou the Gift impart,  
The Unction from above:  
Come quickly, Lord, in every Heart  
Set up thy Throne of Love.
5. Or, (for it is not Ours to know  
The Times by GOD assign'd)  
Give us, till Thou Thyself bestow,  
An humble patient Mind.
6. Thee let us praise with one accord,  
And in thy Temple stay,  
Wait for the Coming of our Lord,  
And without ceasing pray:
7. Still at Jerusalem abide  
In Prospect of thy Peace,

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<sup>48</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 72–73. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:325–26.

<sup>49</sup>Ori., “why.”

Till Thou shalt in our Hearts reside,  
And Sin forever cease.

8. Give, when Thou wilt, the Blessing give,  
The Kingdom from above,  
But let us all at last receive  
The Power of Perfect Love.

**Invitation to our Absent Friends.**<sup>50</sup>

1. Ye Followers of the Bleeding Lamb,  
Before your Lord appear,  
On you we call in Jesus' Name,  
Be all in Spirit here.
2. Jesus with us assembled is,  
Him in the midst we feel,  
Come share with us the glorious Bliss,  
The Joy unspeakable.
3. Come all the Members far and near,  
Whoe'er to Christ are join'd,  
Jesus our Common Head is here,  
Ye cannot stay behind.
4. The Body with the Head is nigh:  
Let every faithful Soul,  
Let every Joint its Strength supply  
To edify the whole.
5. Tis done: thro' Faith our Hands we join,  
In Jesus' Love we meet,  
And cloath'd with Righteousness Divine  
The Body is compleat.

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<sup>50</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 38–39; and MS Clarke, 40–42. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:326–27.

6. Then let us all at once aspire,  
Our common Saviour praise,  
And higher raise our Hearts, and higher  
In Honour of his Grace.
7. His Grace which hath Salvation brought  
And rais'd us from our Fall,  
His Grace which came to us unsought,  
And comes unsought to All.
8. GOD of all Grace, thy Saving Name  
We thankfully confess;  
Let all the World adore the Lamb,  
The General Blessing bless.
9. Ye that in Strength Divine excel,  
Ye first-born Church above,  
Adore the Depth unsearchable  
Of All-redeeming Love.
10. Till we like You behold his Face,  
Angels, on You we call,  
Forever, and forever praise  
The Lamb that died for All.

**Another**

**[Invitation to our Absent Friends].<sup>51</sup>**

1. Ye Followers of the Lamb,  
Who own the Common Lord,  
And trust in Jesus' Name  
And hang upon his Word,  
In Jesus' Sight with us appear,  
Be present all in Spirit here.
2. Let us together wait  
For the descending Power  
Which to our First Estate  
Shall all our Souls restore,

---

<sup>51</sup>A complete manuscript version of this hymn appears in MS Thirty, 205–207. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:328–29.



Nor ever from the Promise move,  
Till all are perfected in Love.

3. Let us the Word hold fast  
Which we of Him have heard;  
We shall obtain at last  
A great and full Reward,  
The Comforter shall surely come,  
And make us his Eternal Home.
4. The Father of our Lord  
Shall send the Promis'd Grace,  
Let us with one accord  
Continue in one Place,  
Nor from Jerusalem depart,  
But keep the Issues of our Heart.
5. In sure and stedfast Hope,  
In View of perfect Peace,  
Let us to Christ look up  
Till all our Troubles cease,  
The Lord our Hope shall soon return,  
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn.
6. In Jesus we believe,  
And wait the Truth to prove,  
We shall, we shall receive  
The Blessing from above,  
Fulness of Love, and Peace, and Power,  
And live in Christ, and sin no more.
7. We all the Truth shall know,  
Who in his Word abide,  
Be freed from Sin below,  
And wholly sanctified;<sup>52</sup>

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<sup>52</sup>This hymn breaks off in mid stanza, omitting four additional stanzas found in the published version. At least one page seems to be missing from this collection (not reflected in page numbering), in addition to the insertion out of place of the next three hymns (which are part of a set beginning on 138a).

- 7.<sup>53</sup> Hear, ye Brethren of the Lord,  
Such He you vouchsafes to call,  
O believe the Gospel-Word,  
Christ hath died and rose for All,  
Turn ye from your Sins to GOD,  
Haste to Gallilee and see  
Him who bought *thee* with his Blood,  
Him who rose to live in *Thee*.

[Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection.]

IV.<sup>54</sup>

1. Jesus the Rising Lord of All  
His Love to Man commends,  
Poor Worms He blushes not to call  
His Brethren and his Friends.
2. Who basely all forsook their Lord  
In his Distress and fled  
To These He sends the joyful Word  
When risen from the Dead.
3. Go tell the vile Deserters!—No:  
My dearest Brethren tell,  
Their Advocate to Heaven I go,  
To rescue Them from Hell.
4. Lo, to my Father I ascend  
Your Father now is He,  
My GOD, and yours, whoe'er depend  
For endless Life on me.
5. Henceforth I ever live above  
For you to interceed,  
The Merit of my Dying Love  
For all Mankind to plead.
6. Sinners, I rose again to shew  
Your Sins are all forgiven,  
And mount above the Skies, that you  
May follow me to Heaven.

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<sup>53</sup>This is the concluding stanza of a hymn found on 139a–139b below (where publication details can be found). The set of six hymns on the resurrection was split up when the volume was (re)bound.

<sup>54</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 183–84; and MS Clarke, 191. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 6.

V.<sup>55</sup>

1. Object of all our Knowledge here,  
Our One Desire, and Theme below,  
Jesus the Crucified draw near,  
And with thy sad Disciples go:  
Our Thoughts and Words to Thee are known,  
We commune of Thyself alone.
2. How can it be, our Reason cries,  
That GOD should leave his Throne above?  
Is it for Man th' Immortal dies!  
For Man, who tramples on his Love!  
For Man, who nail'd Him to the Tree!  
O Love! O GOD! He dies for me!
3. Why then, if Thou for me hast died,  
Dost Thou not yet Thyself impart?  
We hop'd to feel thy Blood applied,  
To find Thee risen in our Heart,  
Redeem'd from All Iniquity,  
Sav'd, to the utmost sav'd thro' Thee.
4. Have we not then believ'd in vain  
By Christ unsanctified, unfreed?  
In Us He is not ris'n again,  
We *know* not but He still is dead,  
No Life, no Righteousness we have,  
Our Hopes seem buried in his Grave.
5. Ah Lord, if Thou indeed art Ours,  
If Thou for Us hast burst the Tomb,  
Visit us in thy quickning Powers,  
Come to thy mournful Followers come,  
Thyself to thy weak Members join,  
And fill us with the Life Divine.
6. Thee the great Prophet sent from GOD,  
Mighty in Deed and Word we own;  
Thou hast on Some the Grace bestow'd,  
Thy Rising in their Hearts made known;  
They publish Thee to Life restor'd,  
Attesting They have seen the Lord.

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<sup>55</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 184–87; and MS Clarke, 192–94. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 7–8.

7. Alas for Us, whose Eyes are held!  
Why cannot We Our Saviour see?  
With us Thou art, yet still conceal'd:  
O might we hear One Word from Thee!  
Speak, and our Unbelief reprove,  
Our Baseness to mistrust thy Love.
8. Fools as we are, and slow of Heart,  
So backward to believe the Word!  
The Prophets Only Aim Thou art:  
They sang the Sufferings of their Lord,  
Thy Life for Ours a Ransom given,  
Thy Rising to ensure Our Heaven.
9. Ought not our Lord the Death to die,  
And then the glorious Life to live?  
To stoop; and then go up on high?  
The Pain, and then the Joy receive?  
His Blood, the Purchase-price lay down,  
And bear the Cross, and claim the Crown?
10. Ought not the Members all to pass  
The Way their Head had pass'd before?  
Thro' Sufferings perfected He was,  
The Garment dipt in Blood He wore,  
That we with Him might die, and rise,  
And bear his Nature to the Skies.

**VI.**<sup>56</sup>

1. Come then, Thou Prophet of the Lord,  
Thou great Interpreter Divine,  
Explain thine own Transmitted Word,  
To teach, and to inspire, is Thine:  
Thou only canst Thyself reveal,  
Open the Book, and loose the Seal.
2. Whate'er the antient Prophets spoke  
Concerning Thee, O Christ, make known,  
Sole Subject of the Sacred Book,  
Thou fillest all, and Thou alone;

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<sup>56</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 187–88; and MS Clarke, 194–95. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 9–10.

Yet there our Lord we cannot see,  
Unless thy Spirit lends the Key.

3. Now, Jesu, now the Veil remove,  
The Folly of our darken'd Heart,  
Unfold<sup>57</sup> the Wonders of thy Love,  
The Knowledge of Thyself impart,  
Our Ear, our inmost Soul we bow,  
Speak, Lord; thy Servants hearken now.
4. Make not as Thou woud'st farther go,  
Our Friend, and Counsellour, and Guide,  
But stay the Path of Life to shew,  
Still with our Soul vouchsafe t' abide,  
Constrain'd by thy own Mercy stay,  
Nor leave us at our Close of Day.
5. Come in, with thy Disciples sit,  
Nor suffer us to ask in vain,  
Nourish us, Lord, with Living Meat,  
Our Soul with Heavenly Bread sustain;  
Break to us now the Mystic Bread,  
And bid us on thy Body feed.
6. Honour the Means Ordain'd by Thee,  
The great Unbloody Sacrifice,  
The deep tremendous Mystery;  
Thyself in our inlighten'd Eyes  
Now in the Broken Bread make known,  
And shew us Thou art all our own.

---

<sup>57</sup>Ori., "Behold."

- 8.<sup>58</sup> Surely we Now your Souls embrace,  
With you we Now appear  
Present before the Throne of Grace,  
And you, and Christ is here.
9. Mercy and Peace your Portion be  
To carnal Minds unknown,  
The Hidden Manna, and the Tree  
Of Life, and the White Stone.
10. The Blessings all on you be shed  
Which GOD in Christ imparts,  
We pray the Spirit of our Head  
Into your faithful Hearts.
11. Let all who for the Promise wait  
The Holy Ghost receive,  
And rais'd to your unsinning State  
With GOD in Eden live.
12. Live, till the Lord in Glory come,  
And wait his Heaven to share:  
He now is fitting up our Home—  
Go on: we'll meet you there!

**At Parting of Friends.**<sup>59</sup>

1. GOD of all Consolation, take  
The Glory of thy Grace,  
Thy Gifts to Thee we render back  
In ceaseless Songs of Praise.
2. Not unto us, but Thee, O Lord,  
Glory to Thee be given  
For every gracious Thought and Word  
That brought us nearer Heaven.

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<sup>58</sup>As noted on 73b, at least one page is missing, which would have contained the first seven stanzas of this hymn published in *HSP* (1749), 2:331–33.

<sup>59</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 68–70. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 68–70.

3. Further'd in Faith, or Joy, or Love  
The Praise to Thee we give,  
Thy Gifts descending from above  
We only can receive.
4. The Gift, the Grace, the Work is Thine,  
If Ours the Ministry,  
We bow, and bless the Hand Divine  
All, all descends from Thee.
5. Thro' Thee we now together came  
In Singleness of Heart,  
We met, O Jesus, in thy Name,  
And in thy Name we part.
6. We part in Body not in Mind,  
Our Minds continue One,  
And Each to Each in Jesus join'd  
We hand in hand go on.
7. Subsists as in us all one Soul,  
No Power can make us twain,  
And Mountains rise, and Oceans roll  
To sever us in vain.
8. Present we still in Spirit are,  
And intimately nigh,  
While on the Wings of Faith and Prayer,  
We each to other fly.
9. With Jesus Christ together We  
In Heavenly Places sit,  
Cloath'd with the Sun, we smile to see  
The Moon beneath our Feet.
10. Our Life is hid with Christ in GOD,  
Our Life shall soon appear,  
And spread his Glory all abroad  
In all his Members here.

11. The Heavenly Treasure now we have  
In a mean House of Clay,  
Which He shall to the utmost save  
And guard against That Day.
12. Our Souls are in his mighty Hand  
And He will keep them still,  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With Him on Sion's Hill.
13. Him Eye to Eye we there shall see  
Our Face like His shall shine:  
O what a Glorious Company,  
When Saints and Angels join!
14. O what a joyful Meeting there!  
In Robes of White array'd,  
Palms in our Hands we all shall bear,  
And Crowns upon our Head.
15. [Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our Passage through,  
Bear in our faithful Mind the End,  
And keep the Prize in view.]
16. [Then let us hasten to the Day  
When all shall be brought Home:  
Come, O Redeemer, come away!  
O Jesus, quickly come!]<sup>60</sup>
17. [unfinished]

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<sup>60</sup>Wesley gives stanza numbers for stanzas 15–17, but no written text. The text in brackets here for stanzas 15–16 is what Wesley published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 68–70. The text shown in stanza 16 appears as stanza 15 in MS Thirty and is found at the bottom of the page in MS Shent in shorthand.



**In Temptation.**

**I.**<sup>61</sup>

1. How oft shall I beseech Thee, Lord,  
How long in Anguish pray  
Be mindful of thy Promise-Word,  
And take my Sin away.
2. The Thorn which in my Flesh I feel,  
O bid it hence depart,  
This inbred Messenger of Hell  
Command it from my Heart.
3. These cruel Buffetings of Sin  
I can no longer bear,  
I sink beneath this War within,  
And perish in Despair.
4. O save me, save me from this Hour,  
The dying Sinner save,  
Nor let the greedy Pit devour,  
Nor let me see the Grave.
5. The Grave of Hell stands open wide  
To swallow up its Prey;  
Jesu, preserve my Soul, and hide,  
Throughout the Fiery Day.
6. O send me from thy holy Place  
The Help laid up on Thee,  
Assure me that thy Saving Grace  
Sufficient is for me.
7. Sufficient to restrain from Sin,  
While fierce Temptations last,  
To save me from the Storm within,  
Till all the Storm is past.
8. Is not thy Power divinely shewn  
In Man's Infirmary?  
Make all thy great Salvation known,  
Perfect thy Strength in me.

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<sup>61</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 151–53. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:183–85.

9. A weaker Worm did never yet  
Thy promis'd Aid implore,  
O hide me from the Storm and Heat,  
Till Sin subsists no more.
10. Safe in the Lion's Den I lie,  
If Thou their Rage restrain,  
I pass thro' Floods, if Thou art nigh,  
And in the Flames remain.
11. Unhurt I bear the Fiery Test,  
And in the Furnace shine,  
That upon me the Power may rest,  
The Power of Love Divine.
12. Surely I shall as Gold come forth,  
When Thou my Faith hast tried,  
Transform'd into my Saviour's Worth,  
And seventimes purified.
13. A Sinner now condemn'd and lost  
My Misery I confess,  
I own it all, yet gladly boast  
Of my own Helplessness.
14. The GOD who doth from Sin restrain  
Shall soon his Arm display,  
His Presence shall with me remain,  
The Glorious Shechinah.
15. Jesus shall pitch his Tent in me,  
And never more remove,  
And I shall as my Master be,  
Renew'd in sinless Love.
16. Sure as I now his Cross sustain,  
I soon his Crown shall wear,  
The Glory of my Lord obtain,  
And reign forever there.

II.<sup>62</sup>

1. O GOD, thy Faithfulness I plead,  
My present Help in Time of Need,  
My great Deliverer Thou,  
Haste to mine Aid, thine Ear incline,  
And rescue this poor Soul of mine,  
I claim the Promise Now.
2. Thou wilt not leave me in the Snare,  
Tempted above what I can bear,  
With no Salvation nigh:  
I *may* escape; Thou sayst I *may*;  
I need not fall the Tempter's Prey,  
I need not sin and die.
3. For thy own Truth and Mercy sake,  
Thou wilt with the Temptation make  
A Way t' escape the Sin:  
Thou wilt in Danger's latest Hour  
Shew forth the Greatness of thy Power,  
And bring thy Succours in.
4. Where is the Way? Ah, shew me where,  
That I the Mercy may declare  
The Power that sets me free:  
How can I my Destruction shun?  
How can I from my Nature run?  
Answer, O GOD for me.
5. One only Way the erring Mind  
Of Man, short-sighted Man, could find  
From Inbred Sin to fly;  
Stronger than Love (I fondly thought)

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<sup>62</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 153–54. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:185–87.

Death, only Death must cut the Knot  
Which Love could not untie.

6. But Thou, my Lord, art rich in Grace,  
Thy Love can find a thousand Ways  
To foolish Man unknown,  
My Soul upon thy Love I cast,  
I rest me, till the Storm is past,  
Upon thy Love alone.
7. Thy faithful, wise, and mighty Love  
Shall every Obstacle remove,  
And make an open Way,  
Thy Love shall burst the Shades of Death,  
And bear me from the Gulph beneath  
To everlasting Day.
8. Lord, I believe Thee true and good,  
My only Trust is in thy Blood,  
I hear it speak for me;  
And if my Soul is in thy Hands,  
And if thy Word forever stands,  
I shall not<sup>63</sup> fall from Thee.

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<sup>63</sup>Ori., “cannot” changed to “shall not.”

III.<sup>64</sup>

1. To whom but Thee, thou bleeding Lamb,  
Should I for Help apply?  
Still in the Toils of Death I am,  
And Sin is always nigh.
2. But Thou, my Lord, art nigher still  
Throughout the Fiery Hour,  
To rescue me from my own Will  
Till I Can sin no more.
3. O were thy Sufferings on the Tree  
Into my Soul brought in!  
O that thy Death might work in me  
A perfect Death to Sin!
4. Me to Thy suffering Self conform,  
The Mortal Power impart,  
Pity a poor weak lab'ring Worm,  
And wash my guilty Heart.
5. Thou knowst on Works, and Means, and Me[n,]  
No longer I rely,  
I never never can be clean  
Till Thou thy Blood apply.
6. My only Trust is in thy Blood  
Which purges Every Stain:  
Bring in, dear Lord, the purer Flood,  
Nor let my Faith be vain.
7. Faith in thy Blood, Thou seest, I have,  
For Thou the Grace hast given,  
Thy Blood from all my Sin shall save,  
And speak me up to Heaven.

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<sup>64</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 145–46. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:187–89.

8. Thy Blood shall quench this Fire of Hell  
Which now I feel within,  
Thy Blood my sinsick Soul shall heal,  
And wash out all my Sin.
9. In Hope believing against Hope  
Till then I look to Thee;  
I see Thee, Saviour, lifted up  
For all Mankind, and me.
10. Determin'd Nothing else to know  
But Jesus Crucified  
I cannot from my Jesus go  
Or leave thy Wounded Side.
11. Thou wilt not let me hence depart  
Till all thy Death I prove,  
Redeem'd from Sin, and pure in Heart,  
And perfected in Love.
12. The Anchor of my stedfast Hope  
Within the Veil I cast,  
Thy dying Love shall hold me up  
Till all the Storms are past.
13. Only because Thou di'dst for me,  
I trust on This alone,  
And look in Life and Death to be  
With Thee forever One.

**III.**

**Desiring to Watch and Pray.<sup>65</sup>**

1. O that I could but pray!  
How gladly should I bear  
The Burthen of this Evil Day  
With the Support of Prayer!  
Happy, could I but tell  
To GOD my inward Woe,  
My Depth of Wickedness<sup>66</sup> reveal,  
My Height of Trouble shew.
2. Alas, He knows it all,  
My whole of Sin and Grief;  
Yet O, for Help I cannot call,  
I cannot ask Relief:  
Mountains on Mountains rise,  
And quite block up the Way;  
O that I could but lift my Eyes,  
O that I could but pray!
3. I struggle still, and fain  
I would throw off my Load,  
Stir myself up, and strive again  
To apprehend my GOD:  
Farther He doth from me,  
And farther still depart,  
In vain I bow my feeble Knee,  
But not my stubborn Heart.
4. My Heart alas is dead,  
Or unconcern'd it sleeps,  
Or starts of its own Wish afraid,  
And contradicts my Lips;

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<sup>65</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 93–96; MS Clarke, 108–111; and MS Occasional Hymns, 64–67.  
Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:31–33.

<sup>66</sup>Ori., “**S**pirit.”

Or with Suggestions fraught  
Too horrible to bear,  
Breaks off the Suit, to scape the Thought  
Of blasphemous Despair.

5. Ah, whither, or to whom  
Shall I for Succour fly?  
My Saviour bids the Weary come,  
Yet do I not draw nigh:  
I would (but all in vain)  
To Him my Wants display:  
My Heart abhors the fruitless Pain,  
I cannot, Cannot pray.
6. But shall I then depart,  
And cast away my Hope,  
Yield to a wretched faithless Heart,  
And give my Saviour up?  
No, no! that killing Thought  
Is worse than all I feel;  
Still let me seek, tho' clean forgot,  
And want my Saviour still.
7. Dead as I am to GOD,  
I will not Him forgoe,  
But patiently take up my Load,  
And suffer all my Woe:  
Forever will I lie,  
Before his Mercy-seat,  
Tho' not allow'd with Mary I  
To wash, and kiss his Feet.
8. In quiet calm Distress  
Will I my Cross sustain,



Content to sigh for Happiness,  
And strive to pray, in vain  
Unless He from his Throne  
The speechless Mourner hear,  
The deep unutterable Groan,  
The loudly-silent Tear.

9. He hears, He hears it Now!  
The Anguish not-exprest,  
The Struggle of my Soul to bow  
And fall upon his Breast!  
Silence a Voice hath found,  
A Cry is in the Void,  
Thro' Earth and Heaven my Woes resound,  
And pierce the Ears of GOD.

10. Believing against Hope,  
I *will* expect his Grace,  
Thro' all the Clouds of Sin look up,  
And wait to see his Face:  
Forgotten tho' I seem,  
He knows what I *would* say;  
The Darkness is not dark to Him,  
The Night is clear as Day.

11. I dare no longer doubt  
His Readiness to save;  
Will Jesus therefore cast me out  
Because no Good I have?  
To Sinners truly poor  
Will GOD Himself deny?  
He Cannot cast me out—no more  
Than He again can die!

[Untitled.]<sup>67</sup>

1. Jesu, my Truth, my Way,  
My sure, unerring Light,  
On Thee my feeble Soul I stay,  
Which Thou wilt lead aright;  
My Wisdom, and my Guide,  
My Counsellour Thou art,  
O never let me leave thy Side,  
Or from thy Paths depart.
2. I<sup>68</sup> lift mine Eye to Thee  
My lovely bleeding Lamb,  
That I may still inlighten'd be,  
And never put to shame:  
I never will remove  
Out of thy Hands my Cause,  
But rest in thy Redeeming Love,  
And hang upon thy Cross.
3. To Thee, when Sin draws nigh,  
O let me still confess  
(While trembling to thy Wounds I fly)  
My utter Helplessness:  
“Save, Lord: I cannot bear  
[“This sore Temptation’s Storm,  
[“Save, or I perish in Despair,  
[“O save a dying Worm.”]
4. Still let thy Spirit, Lord,  
Soon as the Foe comes in,  
His instantaneous Help afford,  
And stem the Tide of Sin,  
Lift up the Standard-Tree  
'Gainst my or'epowring Foe,  
And shew, me Thou hast died for me,  
And all my Sins or'ethrow.

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<sup>67</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 173–75. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:217–19. This hymn actually appears inverted, with stanzas 1–4 on page 83b and stanzas 5–7 on 83a; but is reversed here for ease of reading.

<sup>68</sup>Ori., “Θ.”

5.       Teach me the Happy Art  
          In all things to depend  
On Thee, who never wilt depart,  
          But love me to the End.  
          Still stir me up to strive  
          With Thee in Strength Divine,  
And every Moment, Lord, revive  
          This fainting Soul of mine.<sup>69</sup>
  
6.       Persist to save my Soul  
          Throughout the Fiery Hour,  
Till I am every whit made whole,  
          And shew forth all thy Power;  
          Thro' Fire and Water bring  
          Into the wealthy Place,  
And teach me the New Song to sing  
          When perfected in Grace.
  
7.       O make me all like Thee  
          Before I hence remove,  
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,  
          And build me up in Love;  
          Let me thy Witness live  
          When Sin is All destroy'd,  
And then my Spotless Soul receive  
          And take me home to GOD.

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<sup>69</sup>Ori., "Thine."

**IV.**  
**Abba Father!**<sup>70</sup>

1. Lord, I know not how to pray,  
Help mine Infirmary,  
Tell me, Father, what to say,  
And I will speak to Thee:  
Wretched, poor, and helpless I  
Would fain be taken to thy Breast;  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my Soul to rest.
2. E'er I utter my Complaint  
My Wants to Thee are known,  
Need I tell Thee that I want  
The Spirit of thy Son?  
Still alas, for This I sigh  
Forlorn, forsaken, and distrest:  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my Soul to rest.
3. Once I knew Thee reconcil'd,  
And saw thy Smiling Face,  
Loving as a little Child,  
I lisp'd my Father's Praise:  
Now I cannot find Thee nigh,  
By Clouds of Sin and Grief opprest:  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my Soul to rest.
4. Ever hoping against Hope,  
I struggle to believe:  
Till thy Mercy lift me up,  
Contentedly I grieve;

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<sup>70</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 67–69. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:174–76.

Weeping at thy Feet I lie  
That I have so my GOD displeas'd:  
Abba Father, hear me cry,<sup>71</sup>  
And lull my Soul to rest.

5. Tho' Thou seem to cast me out,  
And leave me still to mourn,  
Yet Thou wilt (I dare not doubt)  
Thou wilt at last return:  
Thou canst not Thyself deny,  
Of Thee I shall be repossesst:  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my Soul to rest.
6. To chastise me for my Pride  
Thou hast withdrawn thy Face;  
When my Will is crucified,  
I shall regain thy Grace,  
Pain shall at thy Presence fly,  
Again I shall in Thee be blest:  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my Soul to rest.
7. Let me from this Moment give  
My fond Complainings or'e,  
Unto Thee the Matter leave,  
And teach my GOD no more;  
When, and As Thou wilt comply,  
But grant, O grant me my Request:  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my Soul to rest.
8. Perfect what Thou hast begun,  
And love me to the End,

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<sup>71</sup>Ori., "my Cry."

Send, because I am thy Son,  
To me thy Spirit send:  
On the Promise I rely,  
Thy Manner, and thy Time is best:  
Abba Father, hear me cry,  
And lull my Soul to rest.

**The Fiery Trial.**<sup>72</sup>

1. Sing we to our GOD above  
Sav'd by his unwearied Love,  
Kept throughout the Fiery Hour  
Let us shew forth all his Power.
2. Join with me the Heavenly Quires,  
Praise Him, praise Him in the Fires,  
There He walks with you and me;  
See Him, in the Furnace see!
3. Lo! th' Incarnate GOD appears!  
Know Him by the Form He wears,  
Wears for Us, and not in vain,  
Son of GOD, and Son of Man.
4. Tempted Souls, your Lord descry,  
Still in your Temptation nigh,  
Sin is nigh, but Christ is nigher,  
Bids us walk unhurt in Fire.
5. Jesus doth with us remain:  
Satan, heat thy Forge again  
Seven times hotter than before;  
Jesus<sup>73</sup> stays, till all is o're.
6. He doth by his Presence arm,  
Sin and Satan cannot harm;  
Flames their burning Power forget,  
Quench'd by Jesus bleeding Feet.
7. Jesus holds us by the Hand,  
Cover'd by his Power we stand,  
Stand, and walk, and run, and fly,  
Sin, the World, and Hell defy.

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<sup>72</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 15–16; as well as a longer version in MS Clarke, 69–70; and MS Cheshunt, 62–64. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:246–47.

<sup>73</sup>Ori., “Satan.”

8. [unfinished]

9. [unfinished]

10. [unfinished]

11. [unfinished]

12. [unfinished]

13. [unfinished]



**VI.**  
**Save, Lord, or I perish!**<sup>74</sup>

1.       Jesu help! Thou Sinner's Friend,  
          On Thee for Help I call,  
          Send me speedy Succour, send,  
          Or into Hell I fall;  
          Now, ev'n now thine Aid afford,  
In Pity to a Sinner's Cries,  
          Save me, or I perish, Lord,  
          My Soul forever dies.
  
2.       See me in my last Distress,  
          And run to rescue me,  
          Speak to all my Passions Peace,  
          O calm the troubled Sea;  
          All my Sin's Abyss is stir'd,  
And high as Heaven the Billows rise;  
          Save me, or I perish, Lord,  
          My Soul forever dies.
  
3.       Yes, without thy Help I must  
          Be swallow'd up in Sin,  
          Lost I am, undone, and lost  
          I have my Hell within,  
          Self-condemn'd and self-abhor'd,  
I sink in dying Agonies;  
          Save me, or I perish, Lord,  
          My Soul forever dies.
  
4.       Dies a never-dying Death,  
          If Thou Thy Help delay,  
          Yawns the Fiery Gulph beneath,  
          And Hell expects its Prey,

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<sup>74</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 50–52. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:178–80.

Tophet is my just Reward,  
And always meets my blasted Eyes;  
Save me, or I perish, Lord,  
My Soul forever dies.

5. Jesu, save me thro' thy Name,  
No other Hope I have,  
Damn'd, forever damn'd I am,  
If Thou refuse to save,  
But my Trust is in thy Word,  
On that alone my Soul relies;  
Save me, or I perish, Lord,  
My Soul forever dies.
6. Helper of the helpless Thou  
The friendless Sinner's Friend,  
Lord, on Thee I surely now,  
On Thee alone depend,  
Wilt Thou suffer me to die  
Abandon'd in my last Distress?  
Jesus answer to my Cry,  
And bid me go in Peace.
7. Wilt Thou bid a Sinner seek  
Thy lovely Face in vain?  
Speak, the Word of Comfort speak,  
And look me out of Pain:  
Bring thy great Salvation nigh,  
My Soul from Inbred Sin release,  
Jesu, answer to my Cry,  
And bid me go in Peace.
8. Blest forever be the Name  
Of my Redeeming Lord!  
Lifted up once more I am,  
I hear the Pardning Word;  
He could not Himself deny,  
He gives my burthen'd Conscience Ease,  
Jesus answers to my Cry,  
And bids me go in Peace.

VII.<sup>75</sup>

1. Jesu, go not far from me,  
For Sin is hard at hand,  
I have none to help but Thee,  
Enable me to stand,  
Hear out of the Deep my Cry,  
And help me now as heretofore,  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.
2. GOD of my Salvation hear,  
In this my Time of Need,  
See the Day of Battle near,  
And skreen my naked Head,  
Send me Succour from on high,  
And hide me till the Storm is or'e;  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.
3. Thou hast oft my Refuge been,  
And Thou art still the same,  
Snatch me from the Jaws of Sin,  
O quench the violent Flame,  
Bring thy great Salvation nigh,  
Stir up thine Interposing Power,  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall, to rise no more.
4. Help for Thee, Thou mighty One,  
For all Mankind is laid,  
Let it now on me be shewn,  
Be Thou my present Aid,  
O come quickly, and stand by  
My Soul throughout the Trying Hour;

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<sup>75</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 129–30. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:180–81. Title ori., “VII. For Preserving Grace.”

Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.

5. Help me now, but let me still,  
My Want of Help confess,  
Hang upon Thy Arm, and feel  
My utter Helplesness,  
Only This be all my Cry,  
Till Thou my ruin'd Soul restore;  
Save me, save me, or I die,  
I fall to rise no more.

[Untitled.]<sup>76</sup>

1. Come, Thou Omniscient Son of Man,  
Display thy Sifting Power,  
Come with the winnowing Spirit's Fan,  
And throughly purge thy Floor.
2. The Chaff of Sin, th' Accursed Thing  
Far from our Souls be driven;  
The Wheat into thy Garner bring,  
And lay us up for Heaven.
3. Now let us by thy Word be tried,  
Search out our Reins and Heart,  
Spirit and Soul, O Lord, divide,  
And Joints and Marrow part.
4. Look thro' us with thine Eyes of Flame,  
The Clouds and Darkness chase,  
And shew me what by Sin I am,  
And what I am by Grace.
5. We would not of Ourselves conceive  
Above what Thou hast done,  
But still to Thee the Matter leave,  
Till Thou shalt make it known.
6. We would not, Lord, Ourselves conceal,  
But walk in Open Day,  
We pray Thee, all our Sin<sup>77</sup> reveal,  
And purge it all away.
7. Whate'er offends thy Glorious Eyes  
Far from our Hearts remove,

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<sup>76</sup>Appears also in MS Clarke, 213–14. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:173–74.

<sup>77</sup>Ori., “Sims.”

As Dust before the Whirlwind flies  
Disperse it by thy Love.

8. Then let us all thy Fulness know  
From every Sin set free,  
Sav'd, to the utmost sav'd *below*  
And perfectly like Thee.

VIII.<sup>78</sup>

1. Help, O help, my great Creator,  
Love the Soul Thyself hast made,  
Burthen'd with a sinful Nature  
Let me still on Thee be stay'd:  
What I have to Thee commended,  
Saviour, wilt Thou not secure,  
Till the Fiery Trial's ended,  
Till I as my GOD am pure!
2. Hear my earnest Supplication,  
Keep me in this evil Day,  
With me in my strong Temptation  
O my kind Protector, stay:  
I have no One to deliver,  
No One to defend I have,  
Ruin'd and undone forever,  
If my Lord refuse to save.
3. But it is thy gracious Pleasure  
To redeem me from All Sin;  
Only let me wait thy Leizure,  
Till Thou bring thy Kingdom in,  
Pray, and serve Thee without ceasing  
Till the perfect Grace I prove,  
Blest with all the Gospel-Blessing,  
Fill'd with all the Life of Love.
4. Hear in this Accepted Hour,  
Speak, and bid the Sun stand still,  
Give me now the constant Power  
Over my own carnal Will;  
Stronger wax thy Love and stronger,  
Let my Bosom-Sin give place,  
Let the Elder serve the Younger,  
Nature yield to Sovereign Grace.

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<sup>78</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 213–14. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:181–82. Title ori., “VIII. In Temptation.”

**IX.**<sup>79</sup>

1. Jesus, GOD of my Salvation,  
Send the Promis'd Help I claim,  
Bring me thro' my sore Temptation,  
Manifest thy Saving Name:  
Art Thou not the same forever?  
Do not I on Thee depend?  
O continue to deliver,  
Save me, save me to the End.
  
2. From thy feeble helpless Creature  
Never, never, Lord, depart,  
Shew Thyself than Satan greater,  
Greater than my Evil Heart:  
If the Fiend must vex me longer,  
Buffet still my trembling Soul,  
Jesu, shew Thyself the Stronger,  
Keep me, till Thou makst me whole.
  
3. Let me, while my Faith is trying,  
Rest in thy Atoning Blood,  
Always bear about the Dying  
Of my dear Redeeming GOD;  
Till I all thy Life inherit,  
Let me in thy Wounds abide,  
Shelter there my weary Spirit,  
Save me, who for me hast died.

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<sup>79</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 214–15. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:182–83.



X.<sup>80</sup>

1. Jesus, to Thee I would look up,  
Tost in a Storm of Passion,  
Thou art the Anchor of my Hope,  
Thou art my strong Salvation:  
Pity, and save a Soul distrest  
Till I the Port recover;  
O that I in thy Wounds might rest  
Till all the Storm is over!
  
2. Great is the Storm that works within,  
Jesus his Grace is greater;  
Thou art above the Power of Sin,  
Thou art the GOD of Nature:  
Speak, and at thy supream Command  
Trouble, and Sin shall leave me,  
Stir up thy Strength, stretch out thy Hand,  
Say, It is I, and save me.
  
3. Give me this Hour thy Help to find,  
Shew me the great Salvation,  
So will I cry to all Mankind  
In loving Admiration,  
O what a Man, a GOD is This!  
Nature is still'd before Him,  
Lo! at His Word the Winds and Seas  
Suddenly calm'd adore Him!

**“The Flesh lusteth against the Spirit, *but* the Spirit against the Flesh (and these are contrary the one to the other) that**

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<sup>80</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 215–16; and MS Richmond, 49. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:253; and *Representative Verse*, 180.

**ye may not do the things which ye would.”**  
—Gal. 5. 17.<sup>81</sup>

1. While Pride and Self remain within,  
While Aught of the Old Adam lives,  
The Fleshly Principle of Sin  
Against the Spirit lusts and strives,  
We groan our evil Heart to feel,  
Children in Christ, and carnal still.
2. But GOD is to his Promise just,  
And arms us with Sufficient Grace,  
The Spirit exerts a stronger Lust,  
We need not once to Sin give place,  
We do not yield to Flesh and Blood,  
Or do the things which Nature would.
3. Who in the Spirit walk and live  
Their fleshly Lusts shall not fulfil;  
O GOD thy Saying we receive,  
And wait to prove thy perfect Will,  
To Sin we will no longer bow,  
It shall not have dominion Now.
4. It shall not always vex us here,  
But lose its Being with its Reign;  
Thou, Lord, shalt in our Flesh appear,  
And Sin shall then no more remain;  
The Devil's Works destroy'd shall be,  
And all our Souls be fill'd with Thee.

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<sup>81</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 210–11. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:154–55.

**XIX.**<sup>82</sup>

1. Weary of Wandring from my GOD,  
    And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the Rod,  
    For Him, not without Hope, I mourn,  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the Throne of Love.
2. O Jesu, full of Pardning Grace,  
    More full of Grace than I of Sin,  
Yet once again I seek thy Face,  
    Open thine Arms, and take me in,  
And freely my Backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless Sinner still.
3. Thou knowst the Way to bring me back,  
    My fallen Spirit to restore;  
O for thy Truth and Mercy sake  
    Forgive, and bid me sin no more,  
The Ruins of my Soul repair,  
And make my Heart an House of Prayer.
4. The Stone to Flesh again convert,  
    The Veil of Sin once more remove,<sup>83</sup>  
Drop thy warm Blood upon my Heart,  
    And melt it with thy Dying Love,  
This Rebel-Heart by Love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.

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<sup>82</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 62–63. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:158–59. Title ori., “~~VIII.~~”

<sup>83</sup>Ori., “~~And kindle my Relentings now~~” changed to “The Veil of Sin once more remove.”

5. Give to mine Eyes refreshing Tears,  
And kindle my Relentings Now,  
Fill all my Soul with filial Fears,  
To thy sweet Yoke my Spirit bow,  
Bend by thy Grace, O bend, or break  
The Iron Sinew in my Neck.
  
6. Ah! give me, Lord, the tender Heart,  
That trembles at th' Approach of Sin,  
A godly Fear of Sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within,  
That I may dread thy Gracious Power,  
And never dare offend Thee more.

[Untitled.]<sup>84</sup>

1. Light of Life, Seraphick Fire,  
Love Divine, Thyself impart,  
Every fainting Soul inspire,  
Shine in every drooping Heart,  
Every mournful Sinner chear,  
Scatter all our guilty Gloom,  
Son of GOD, appear, appear,  
To thine Human Temple come.
  
2. Come in this accepted Hour,  
Bring thy Heavenly Kingdom in,  
Fill us with the Glorious Power  
Rooting out the Seeds of Sin:  
Nothing more can we require,  
We *will* covet nothing less:  
Thou art all our Heart's Desire,  
All our Joy, and all our Peace.
  
3. Whom but Thee have we in Heaven,  
Whom have we on Earth but Thee?  
Only Thou to us be given,  
All besides is Vanity;  
Grant us Love, we ask no more,  
Every other Gift remove,  
Pleasure, Fame, and Wealth, and Power,  
Still we all enjoy in Love.

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<sup>84</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 134. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:168.

[Untitled.]<sup>85</sup>

1. Love Divine, all Loves excelling,  
Joy of Heaven, to Earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,  
All thy faithful Mercies crown;  
Jesu, Thou art all Compassion,  
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art,  
Visit us with thy Salvation,  
Enter every trembling Heart.
  
2. Breathe, O breathe thy Loving Spirit  
Into every troubled Breast,  
Let us All in Thee inherit,  
Let us find that Second Rest:  
Take away our Power of Sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of Faith as its Beginning,  
Set our Hearts at Liberty.
  
3. Come Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy Life receive,  
Suddenly return, and never  
Never more thy Temples leave:  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as thy Hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy Perfect Love.
  
4. Finish then thy New Creation,  
Pure, and sinless let us be,  
Let us see thy great Salvation,  
Perfectly restor'd in Thee,

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<sup>85</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 135–36. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 11–12.

Chang'd from Glory into Glory,  
Till in Heaven we take our Place,  
Till we cast our Crowns before Thee  
Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

V.  
**The Tempest.**<sup>86</sup>

1. And are our Joys so quickly fled!  
We who were fill'd with Living Bread,  
    With calm Delight and Peace,  
Constrain'd into the Ship we go,  
And now the boistrous Violence know  
    Of stormy Winds and Seas.
2. To shipwreck our weak Faith and Hope,  
Satan hath stir'd a Tempest up,  
    Prince of the lower Air  
The World he actuates and guides,  
He in that troubled Ocean rides,<sup>87</sup>  
    And reigns despotic there.
3. The World, obedient to their God,  
Rage horribly, and storm aloud,  
    The Waves around us roll;  
But fiercer still the Storm within,  
While Floods of Wickedness and Sin  
    Or'whelm the Tempted Soul.
4. Ev'n now the Waves of Passion rise,  
And work, and swell, and touch the Skies,  
    Or bear us down to Hell,  
Tost in a long tempestuous Night,  
While not one Gleam of chearful Light,  
    Or Ray of Joy we feel.
5. But lo! in our Distress we see  
The Saviour walking on the Sea!  
    Ev'n now He passes by,  
He silences our clam'rous Fear,  
And mildly says Be of good chear,  
    Be not afraid; 'Tis I!

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<sup>86</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:171–74.

<sup>87</sup>Ori., “Sea presides” changed to “Ocean rides.”



6. 'Tis I, who bought you with my Blood,  
'Tis I, who bring you wash'd to GOD,  
'Tis I, the Sinner's Friend,  
'Tis I, in whom ye Pardon have,  
Who speak in Truth, mighty to save,  
And love you to the End.
7. Ah! Lord, if it be Thou indeed,  
So near us in our Time of Need,  
So good, so strong to save,  
Speak the kind Word of Power to me,  
Bid me Believe, and come to Thee  
Swift-walking on the Wave.
8. He bids me Come! His Voice I know,  
And boldly on the Water go  
To Him my GOD and Lord,  
I walk on Life's tempestuous Sea,  
For He who lov'd, and died for me  
Hath spoke the powerful Word.
9. Secure on liquid Waves I tread,  
Nor all the Storms of Passion heed,  
While to my Lord I look,  
Or'e every fierce Temptation bound,  
The Billows yield a Solid Ground  
The Wave is firm as Rock.
10. But if from Him I turn mine Eye,  
And see the raging Floods run high,  
And feel my Fears within,  
My Foes so strong, my Flesh so frail,  
Reason, and Unbelief prevail,  
And sink me into Sin!

11. Sinking on Him for Help I call,  
Save, Lord, or<sup>88</sup> into Hell I fall,  
O snatch me from my Doom,  
Stretch out thy Hand, and ask me why,  
Why dost Thou doubt, or fear, when I  
Thy Lord have bid thee come.
  
12. Lord, I my Unbelief confess,  
My little Spark of Faith increase,  
And I shall doubt no more,  
But fix on Thee my steady Eye,  
And on thine Outstretch'd Arm rely,  
Till all the Storm is o're.
  
13. Jesu, in Us Thyself reveal,  
The Winds are hush'd, the Sea is still,  
If in the Ship Thou art,  
O manifest thy Power Divine,  
Enter this sinking<sup>89</sup> Church of thine,  
And dwell in every Heart.
  
14. Come in, come in Thou Prince of Peace,  
And all the Storms of Sin shall cease,  
And fall no more to rise,  
We then, if Thou with us remain,  
Our Port shall in a Moment gain,  
And anchor in the Skies.

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<sup>88</sup>Ori., “on.”

<sup>89</sup>Ori., “shipwreck'd.”

**The Beatitudes.**  
**Matt. 5. 3–12.**<sup>90</sup>

Who believes the Tidings? Who  
Witnesses that GOD is true?  
Sees his Sins and Follies more  
Than the Sands upon the Shore;  
Sees his Works with Evil fraught,  
All his Life a constant Blot;  
Sees his Heart of Virtue void,  
Alien from the Life of GOD;  
Tasts in every tainted Breath  
Pride, and Self, and Sin, and Death! [10]

Who, ah, who deserves to feel  
Never-ending Pains in Hell?  
Conscious owns the just Desert  
Of his Life, and of his Heart?  
Trembling views his long-sought Hire,  
Vengeance of Eternal Fire?  
Who hath fruitless Toil bestow'd  
To appease the Wrath of GOD?  
Vain is all thy Toil and Care,  
Vain all Nature's Treasures are, [20]  
More to buy One Soul it cost,  
More to save a Spirit lost.

What then wilt thou, Canst thou do?  
Canst thou form Thyself anew?  
Canst thou cleanse a filthy Heart,  
Life to the dead Soul impart?  
Canst Thou thy lost<sup>91</sup> Powers restore,  
Rise, go forth, and sin no more?

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<sup>90</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 155–60. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:35–40.

<sup>91</sup>Ori., “~~dear~~.”

Never, never can it be,  
GOD alone can set Thee free! [30]  
GOD alone the Work hath done,  
Fought the Fight, the Battle won:  
GOD alone the Price hath paid,  
All thy Sins on Him were laid.  
Happy Soul, from Guilt set free,  
Jesus died for Thee, for Thee!  
Jesus does for Thee atone,  
Points Thee to th' Eternal Crown,  
Speaks to Thee the Kingdom given,  
Kingdom of an Inward Heaven, [40]  
Glorious Joy,<sup>92</sup> unutter'd Peace,  
All-victorious Righteousness.

Why then do thy Fears return?  
Yet again why dost thou mourn?  
Whence the Clouds that round thee roll?  
Whence the Doubts that tear thy Soul?  
Why are all thy Comforts fled?  
"Sin revives, and I am dead."  
Dead alas thou art within,  
Still remains the Inbred Sin, [50]  
Dead within thou surely art,  
Still unclean remains thy Heart;  
Pride and Self are still behind,  
Still the earthly Carnal Mind,  
The untam'd rebellious Will,  
Foe to Good, enslav'd to Ill;  
Still the Nature unrenew'd,  
Alien from the Life of GOD.

Mourn a while for GOD thy Rest,  
GOD will soon pronounce Thee blest, [60]

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<sup>92</sup>Ori., "Joy Glorious Joy."

Soon the Comforter will come,  
Fix in Thee his constant Home,  
With thy Heart his Witness bear  
Strong, and permanent, and clear:  
All thy Griefs shall then be gone,  
Doubt, and Fear no more be known,  
Holy Love thy Heart possess,  
Silent Joy, and stedfast Peace,  
Peace that never can decay,  
Joy that none can take away. [70]

Happy Soul as Silver tried,  
Silver seven times purified,  
Love hath broke the Rock of Stone,  
All thy Hardness melted down,  
Wrath, and Pride, and Hatred cease,  
All thy Heart is Gentleness.  
Let the Waves around thee rise,  
Let the Tempest threat the Skies,  
Calm thou ever art within,  
All unruffled all serene, [80]  
Thy sure Anchor cannot fail,  
Entred now within the Veil,  
Glad this Earth thou canst resign,  
The New Heavens and Earth are Thine.

Why then heave again thy Sighs,  
Heir of all in Earth and Skies?  
Still thou feel'st the Root within,  
Bitter Root of Inbred Sin;  
Nature still in Thee hath Part,  
Unrenew'd is still thy Heart, [90]  
Still thy Heart is unrenew'd,  
Alien from the Life of GOD:

Hence with secret earnest Moans,  
Deep unutterable Groans,  
Day and Night thy ceaseless Cries  
To the Mercy-Seat arise;  
“Come, Thou holy GOD and true!  
“Come, and my whole Heart renew,  
“Take me now, possess me whole,  
“Form the Saviour in my Soul, [100]  
“In my Heart thy Name reveal,  
“Stamp me with thy Spirit’s Seal,  
“Change my Nature into Thine,  
“In me thy whole Image shine;  
“Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,  
“Fill me with thy Fulness now.<sup>[13]</sup>  
Happy Soul, thy Suit is won,  
As thou wilt it shall be done.

Happy Soul, who now renew’d,  
GOD in Thee, and Thou in GOD, [110]  
Only feel’st within thee move  
Tenderness, Compassion, Love,  
Love immense, and unconfin’d,  
Love to All of Humankind,  
Love, which willeth All should live,  
Love, which All to All would give,  
Love, that over all prevails,  
Love, that never, never fails:  
Stand secure, for Thou shalt prove  
All th’ Eternity of Love. [120]

Happy Soul, from Self and Sin  
Clean, ev’n as thy Lord is clean,  
GOD hath made thy Footsteps sure,  
Purified as He is pure.

GOD Thou dost in all things see,  
GOD is All in All to Thee,  
Heaven above, and Earth abroad  
All to Thee is full of GOD.

Happy Soul, whose Active Love  
Emulates the Blest above, [130]  
In thy every Action seen,  
Sparkling from the Soul within:  
Thou to every Sufferer nigh,  
Hearest, not in vain, the Cry  
Of the Widow in Distress,  
Of the Poor and Fatherless!  
Rayment Thou to all that need,  
To the Hungry deal'st thy Bread,  
To the Sick thou giv'st Relief,  
Sooth'st the hapless Prisoner's Grief, [140]  
The weak Hands thou liftest up,  
Bid'st the helpless Mourners hope,  
Giv'st to Those in Darkness Light,  
Guid'st the weary Wanderer right,  
Break'st the roaring Lion's Teeth,  
Sav'st the Sinner's Soul from Death;  
Happy Thou, for GOD doth own  
Thee, his<sup>93</sup> well-beloved Son.

Let the Sons of Belial rage,  
Let all Hell its Powers engage, [150]  
Brand with Infamy thy Name,  
Put thee to an open Shame;  
Let Earth's Comforts be withdrawn,  
Parents, Kindred; Friends be gone;

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<sup>93</sup>Ori., "Thee, for his."

Naked didst Thou hither come?  
Naked let them send thee home:  
Happy, O thrice happy Thou,  
Seal'd unto Redemption now!  
Let thy Soul with Transport swell  
Glorious and Unspeakable;  
All in Earth Thou well hast given,  
GOD is thy Reward in Heaven.

[160]



**Proverbs 3. 13 &c.**<sup>94</sup>

1. Happy the Man, who finds the Grace  
The Blessing of GOD's chosen Race,  
The Wisdom coming from above,  
The Faith that sweetly works by Love.
2. Happy beyond description He  
Who knows *the Saviour died for me*,  
The Gift unspeakable obtains,  
And Heavenly Understanding gains.
3. Wisdom Divine! who tells the Price  
Of Wisdom's costly Merchandise!  
Wisdom to Silver we prefer,  
And Gold is Dross, compar'd to Her.
4. Better she is than richest Mines,  
All earthly Treasures she outshines,  
Her Value above Rubies is,  
And pretious Pearls are vile to This.
5. Whate'er thy Heart can wish is poor  
To Wisdom's all-sufficient Store;  
Pleasure, and Fame, and Health, and Friends  
She all Created Good transcends.
6. Her Hands are fill'd with Length of Days,  
True Riches, and Immortal Praise,  
Riches of Christ on All bestow'd,  
And Honour that descends from GOD.
7. To purest Joys she All invites,  
Chast, holy, spiritual Delights:

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<sup>94</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 163–64. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 25–26.

Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness,  
And all her flow'ry Paths are Peace.

8. He finds, who Wisdom apprehends,  
A Life begun that never ends;  
The Tree of Life Divine she is,  
Fixt in the midst of Paradise.
9. Happy the Man who Wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy who his Guest retains,  
He owns, and shall forever own  
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are One.

**Waiting for Redemption.**<sup>95</sup>

**I.**

1. Out of the Iron Furnace, Lord,  
To Thee for Help I cry,  
I listen to thy warning Word,  
And would from Egypt fly.
2. Long have I bow'd to Sin's Command,  
But now I would be free,  
'Scape from the dire Oppressor's Land,  
And live, O GOD, to Thee.
3. Hast Thou not surely seen my Grief?  
Hast Thou not heard me groan?  
O hasten then to my Relief,  
In pitying Love come down.
4. From Pharaoh, and th' Egyptian's Power<sup>96</sup>  
Redeem a Wretched Slave;  
Thou canst redeem me in this Hour,  
Thou wilt the Sinner save.
5. Now, Lord, relieve my Misery,  
Stretch out thy mighty Hand,  
Drown all my Sins in the Red-Sea,  
And bring me safe to Land.
6. Strength in the Lord my Righteousness,  
And Pardon I receive,  
And holy Joy, and quiet<sup>97</sup> Peace  
The Moment I believe.

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<sup>95</sup>Appears also in MS Clarke, 209. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:43–44. Title ori., “~~For One under~~  
the Power of Sin.”

<sup>96</sup>Ori., “Yoke.”

<sup>97</sup>Ori., “perfect.”

**Before Preaching  
to the Colliers in Leicestershire.<sup>98</sup>**

1. Jesu, Thou All-redeeming Lord,  
Thy Blessing<sup>99</sup> we implore,  
Open the Door to preach thy Word,  
The great effectual Door.
2. Gather the Outcasts in, and save  
From Sin and Satan's Power,  
And let them now Acceptance have,  
And know their Gracious Hour.
3. O that to these poor Gentiles now  
The Door were open'd wide,  
O that their stiffneck'd Souls might bow  
To Jesus Crucified!
4. Lover of Souls, Thou know'st to prize  
What Thou hast bought so dear,  
Come then, and in thy People's Eyes  
With all thy Wounds appear.
5. Appear, as when of old confest  
The Suffering Son of GOD,  
And let them see Thee in thy Vest  
But newly dipt in Blood.
6. The Stony from their Hearts remove,  
Thou who for All hast died,  
Shew them the Tokens of thy Love,  
Thy Feet, thy Hands, thy Side.
7. Thy Feet were nail'd to yonder Tree  
To trample down their Sin,  
Thy Hands they all stretch'd out may see  
To take thy Murtherers in.

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<sup>98</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 9–10; and MS Clarke 10–11. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:316–19.

<sup>99</sup>Ori., “~~Mercy~~.”

8. Thy Side an Open Fountain is  
Where All may freely go,  
And drink the living Streams of Bliss,  
And wash them white as Snow.
9. Ready Thou art the Blood t' apply,  
And prove the Record true;  
And all thy Wounds to Sinners cry  
I suffer'd This for You.
10. Swearers, and Whoremongers, and Thieves,  
Before your Saviour fall,  
Receive the Man who All receives  
And paid the Debt for All.
11. Lovers of Pleasure more than GOD,  
For you He suffer'd Pain:  
Railers, for you He spilt his Blood;  
And shall He bleed in vain?
12. Misers, his Life for<sup>100</sup> you He paid,  
Your basest Crime He bore;  
Drunkards, your Sins on Him were laid,  
That ye might Sin no more.
13. Ye Liars, and Blasphemers too,  
Who speak the Phrase of Hell,  
Ye Murtherers all, He died for you,  
He lov'd your Souls so well.
14. Ye Monsters of unnatural Vice  
Too horrible to name,  
To ransom you He paid the Price,  
To pluck you from the Flame.
15. Vilest of all th' Apostate Race  
Who dare your GOD<sup>101</sup> deny,  
Arians, your GOD did in your Place,  
In yours, ye Deists, die.
16. Haters of GOD your Madness mourn,<sup>102</sup>  
And GOD will yet forgive

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<sup>100</sup>Ori., "Misers, his Life his for."

<sup>101</sup>Ori., "Lord."

<sup>102</sup>Ori., "own."

To Jesus, Friend of Sinners, turn,  
Who died that ye might live.

17. The GOD of Love to Earth He came,  
That you might come to Heaven,  
Believe, believe in Jesus' Name,  
And all your Sin's forgiven.
18. Believe that Jesus died for Thee,  
And sure as He hath died,  
Thy Debt is paid, thy Soul is free,  
And Thou art Justified.

**These things were written for our  
Ensample.<sup>103</sup>**

1. Jesu, thy Word forever lives,  
A new Accomplishment receives  
    In Sinners lost like me;  
Thy Word doth all my Soul express,  
In every Picture of Distress  
    I read my Misery.
2. Written for me the Gospel-page,  
The Word of GOD from Age to Age  
    Stedfast remains, and sure:  
Thou shew'st my Wants; but help them too,  
Thy Miracles of Healing shew,  
    And let me read my Cure.
3. Thy Servant, Lord, in Torment is,  
The Palsy Sin is my Disease,  
    My Better Half is dead:  
O cause me thy Free Grace to feel,  
And by thy Love my Numbness heal,  
    Thy quickning Spirit shed.
4. I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou  
To such an abject Worm shou'dst bow,  
    Or enter my poor Soul,  
But only speak the Gracious Word,  
And I shall be at once restor'd,  
    And perfectly made whole.

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<sup>103</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 20–21. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:94–96.

- 5.<sup>104</sup> A<sup>105</sup> Begging Bartimeus I,  
Naked, and blind for Mercy cry,  
    If Mercy is for me,  
Jesu, thou Son of David hear,  
Stand still, and call, and draw me near,  
    And bid the Sinner see.
6. A Leper at thy Feet I fall,  
And still for Mercy Mercy call,  
    Till I am purg'd from Sin;  
With Pity see my desp'rate Case,  
And O! put forth thy Hand of Grace,  
    And touch my Nature clean.
7. Borne by the Prayer of Faith I lie,  
And long to meet thy pitying Eye,  
    And feebly gasp to Heaven;  
O make in me thy Power appear,  
And answer, Son, be of good cheer,  
    Thy Sins are all forgiven.
8. O Son of Man, thy Power make known,  
That all with me may gladly own  
    Thou canst on Earth forgive,  
Bid me take up my Bed, and go,  
Cause me to walk<sup>106</sup> with Thee below,  
    And then to Heaven receive.

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<sup>104</sup>Ori., “3”; changed to “4”, then changed to “5.”

<sup>105</sup>Ori., “The.”

<sup>106</sup>Ori., “live.”



**The Bloody Issue cured.**<sup>107</sup>

1. How shall a Sinner come to GOD?  
A Fountain of polluted Blood  
For years my Plague hath been,  
From Adam the Infection came,  
My Nature is with His the same,  
The same with His my Sin.
2. In me the stubborn Evil reigns,  
The Poison spreads throughout my Veins,  
A loathsom sore Disease  
Makes all my Soul, and Life unclean,  
My every Word, Work, Thought is Sin,  
And despe'rate Wickedness.
3. Long have I liv'd in Grief and Pain,  
And suffer'd many things in vain,  
And all Physicians tried;  
Nor Men nor Means my Soul can heal,  
The Plague is still incurable,  
The Fountain is undried.
4. No Help can I from These receive,  
Nor Men nor Means can e'er relieve,  
Or give my Spirit Ease;  
Still worse and worse my Case I find;  
Here then I cast them all behind,  
From all my Works I cease.
5. I use, but *trust* in Means no more,  
Give my Self-saving Labours or'e,  
Th' unequal Task forbear;

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<sup>107</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 164–68. Published as “The Bloody Issue,” in *Extract of [John] Wesley's Journal*, [No. 4] (London: Strahan, 1744), 118–20; and under title above in *HSP* (1749), 1:168–71.

My Strength is spent, my Strife is past,  
Hardly I give up all at last,  
And yield to Self-despair.

6. I find brought in a Better Hope,  
Succour there is for me laid up,  
For every helpless Soul;  
Salvation is in Jesus' Name,  
Could I but touch his Garment's Hem,  
Ev'n I should be made whole.
7. His Body doth the Cure dispense,  
His Garment is the Ordinance  
In which He deigns t' appear;  
The Word, the Prayer, the Broken Bread,  
Virtue from Him doth here proceed,  
And I shall find Him here.
8. I follow'd with the thoughtless Throng,  
And press'd, and crowded Him too long,  
And weigh'd Him down with Sin;  
But Him I did not hope to *touch*,  
I never us'd the Means *as such*,  
Or look'd to be made clean.
9. The Spirit of an healthful Mind  
I waited not in Them to find,  
The Bread that comes from Heaven;  
Beyond my Form I did not go,  
The Power of Godliness to know,  
And feel my Sins forgiven.

10. But now I seek to touch my Lord,  
To hear his Whisper in the Word,  
To feel his Spirit blow;  
To catch the Love of which I read,  
To taste Him in the Mystic Bread,  
And all his Sweetness know.
11. 'Tis here, in Hope my GOD to find,  
With humble Awe I come behind,  
And wait his Grace to prove,  
Before his Face I dare not stand,  
But Faith puts forth a Trembling Hand  
To apprehend his Love.
12. Surely his Healing Power is nigh,  
I touch Him Now by Faith! ev'n I,  
My Lord, lay hold on Thee:  
Thy Power is present now to heal,  
I feel, thro' all my Soul I feel  
That Jesus died for me.
13. Issues from Thee a purer Flood,  
The poison'd Fountain of my Blood  
Is in a Moment dried;  
The sovereign Antidote takes place,  
And I am freely sav'd by Grace,  
And I am Justified.
14. I glory in Redemption found:  
Jesus, my Lord, and GOD, look round,  
The Conscious Sinner see;

'Tis I have touch'd thy Cloaths, and own  
The Miracle thy Grace hath done,  
On such a Worm as me.

15. Behold me prostrate at thy Feet,  
And hear me thankfully repeat  
The Mercies of my GOD;  
I felt from Thee the Medicine flow,  
I tell Thee all the Truth, and shew  
The Virtue of thy Blood.
16. With lowly reverential Fear  
I testify, that Thou art near  
To All who seek thy Love,  
Saviour of All I Thee proclaim,  
The World may know thy Healing Name,  
And all its Wonders prove.
17. Speak then once more, and tell my Soul,  
Sinner, thy Faith hath made Thee whole,  
Thy Plague of Sin is or'e;  
Be perfected in Holiness,  
Depart in Everlasting Peace,  
Depart, and sin no more.

**For the Nativity of our Lord.**<sup>108</sup>

1. All-wise, all-good, Almighty Lord,  
Jesus, by highest Heave'n ador'd,  
E'er Time its Course began,  
How did thy Glorious Mercy stoop  
To take the Fallen Nature up,  
When Thou Thyself wast Man!
2. Th' Eternal GOD from Heaven came down,  
The King of Glory dropp'd his Crown,  
And veil'd his Majesty,  
Emptied of all but Love He came:  
Jesus, I call Thee by the Name  
Thy Pity bore for me.
3. O holy Child, still let thy Birth  
Bring Peace to us poor Worms of Earth,  
And Praise to GOD on high:  
Come Thou, who didst my Flesh assume,  
Come to the abject Sinner, come,  
And in a Manger lie.
4. Didst Thou not in thy Person join  
The Human Nature and Divine,  
That GOD and Man might be  
Henceforth inseparably One?  
Haste then, and make thy Nature known  
Incarnated in Me.
5. In my weak sinful Flesh appear,  
O GOD, be manifested here,  
Peace, Righteousness, and Joy  
Thy Kingdom, Lord, set up within

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<sup>108</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 42–43. Published in *Nativity Hymns* (1745), 19–20.

My faithful Heart, and all my Sin,  
The Devil's Works, destroy.

6. I long thy Coming to confess  
The mystic Power of Godliness,  
The Life Divine to prove,  
The Fulness of Thy Life to know,  
Redeem'd from All my Sins below,  
And perfected in Love.
7. O Christ, my Hope, make known in me  
The great, the glorious Mystery,  
The hidden Life impart,  
Come, Thou Desire of Nations, come;  
Form'd in a spotless Virgin's Womb,  
A pure believing Heart.
8. Come quickly, dearest Lord, that I  
May own, tho' Antichrist deny  
Thy Incarnation's Power,  
May cry, a Witness to my Lord,  
"Come in my Flesh is Christ the Word,  
"And I Can sin no more!"<sup>[b]</sup>

**Hymn For New-Years-Day.**<sup>109</sup>

1.       The Lord of Earth and Sky  
          The GOD of Ages praise,  
          Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
          Antient of endless Days,  
Who lengthens out our Trial here,  
And spares us yet Another Year.
  
2.       Barren and wither'd Trees  
          We cumbred long the Ground,  
          No Fruit of Holiness  
          On our dead Souls was<sup>110</sup> found,  
Yet doth He us in Mercy spare  
Another, and another Year.
  
3.       When Justice bar'd the Sword  
          To cut the Figtree down,  
          The Pity of our Lord  
          Cried Let it still alone!  
The Father mild inclines his Ear,  
And spares us yet Another Year.
  
4.       Jesus, thy speaking Blood  
          From GOD obtain'd the Grace,  
          Who therefore hath bestow'd  
          On Us a longer Space,  
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,  
And lo, we see Another Year!
  
5.       Then dig about our Root,  
          Break up our fallow Ground,  
          And let our gracious Fruit  
          To thy great Praise abound,  
O let us all thy Praise declare,  
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

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<sup>109</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 53. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:250–51; and *New Year's Hymns* (1749), 10–11.

<sup>110</sup>Ori., “were.”

**For One convinced of Unbelief.**

**I.<sup>111</sup>**

1. Thou Hidden GOD for whom I groan,  
Till Thou Thyself declare,  
GOD Inaccessible, Unknown,  
Regard a Sinner's Prayer.
2. A Sinner weltring in his Blood  
Unpurg'd and Unforgiven,  
Far distant from the Living GOD,  
As far as Hell from Heaven.
3. An unregen'erate Child of Man  
On Thee for Faith I call;  
Pity thy Fallen Creature's Pain,  
And raise me from my Fall.
4. The Darkness which thro' Thee I *feel*,  
Thou only canst remove,  
Thine own eternal Power reveal,  
Thy Deity of Love.
5. Thou hast in Unbelief shut up,  
That Grace may let me go;  
In Hope believing against Hope  
I wait the Truth to know.
6. Thou wilt in me reveal thy Name,  
Thou wilt thy Light afford:  
Bound and opprest, yet Thine I am,  
The Prisoner of the Lord.
7. I would not to thy Foe submit,  
But hate<sup>112</sup> the Tyrant's Chain;  
Send forth thy Prisoner from the Pit,  
Nor let me cry in vain:
8. Shew me the Blood that bought my Peace,  
The Cove'nant-Blood apply,  
And all my Grievs at once shall cease,  
And all my Sins shall die.

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<sup>111</sup>Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 37–38.

<sup>112</sup>Ori., "But I hate."



9. Now, Lord, if Thou art Power, descend,  
The Mountain-Sin remove,  
My Unbelief, and Troubles end,  
If Thou art Truth and Love.
  
10. Speak, Jesu! speak into my Heart  
What Thou for me hast done,  
One Grain of Living Faith impart,  
And GOD is All my own!

II.<sup>113</sup>

1. And have I measur'd half my Days,  
And half my Journey run,  
Nor tasted the Redeemer's Grace,  
Nor yet my Work begun?
2. The Morning of my Life is past,  
The Noon almost is or'e,  
The Night of Death approaches fast,  
When I can work no more.
3. O what a Length of wretched Years  
Have I liv'd out in vain!  
How Fruitless all<sup>114</sup> my Toils and Tears!  
I am not born again.
4. Evil and sad my Days have been,  
And all a painful Void,  
For still I am not sav'd from Sin;  
For still I know not GOD.
5. Darkness He makes his Secret Place,  
Thick Clouds surround his Throne:  
Nor can I yet<sup>115</sup> behold his Face,  
Or find The GOD UNKNOWN.
6. A GOD that hides Himself He is  
Far off from Mortal Sight,  
An Inaccessible Abyss  
Of Uncreated Light.
7. Far off He is, yet always near,  
He fills both Earth and Heaven,  
But doth not to my Soul appear,  
My Soul from Eden driven.
8. Or'e Earth a banish'd Man I rove,  
But cannot feel Him nigh;  
Where is the Pardning GOD of Love,  
Who stoop'd for me to die!

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<sup>113</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:40–42.

<sup>114</sup>Ori., “Fruitless ~~were~~ all” changed to “How Fruitless all.”

<sup>115</sup>Ori., “~~here~~.”

9. I sought Him in the Secret Cell,  
With unavailing Care,  
Long did I in the Desert dwell,  
Nor could I find Him there.
10. Still Every Means in vain I try,  
I seek Him far and near,  
Where'er I come, constrain'd to cry  
My Saviour is not here.
11. GOD is in this, in every Place:  
Yet O! how dark and void  
To me! tis one great Wilderness  
This Earth without my GOD!
12. Empty of Him, who all things fills,  
Till He his Light impart!  
Till He his Glorious Self reveals,  
The Veil is on my Heart.
13. O Thou who seest and knowst my Grief,  
Thyself unseen unknown,  
Pity my helpless Unbelief,  
And take away the Stone.
14. Regard me with a gracious Eye,  
The long-sought Blessing give,  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold thy Face, and live.
15. A darker Soul did never yet  
Thy promis'd Help implore:  
O that I now my Lord might meet,  
And never lose Him more.
16. Now, Jesus, now the Father's Love  
Shed in my Heart abroad,  
The Middle-Wall of Sin remove,  
And let me into GOD.

III.<sup>116</sup>

1. Father of Jesus Christ the Just  
My Friend and Advocate with Thee,  
Pity a Soul, who fain would trust  
In Him who lov'd, and died for me;  
But only Thou canst make Him known,  
And in my Heart reveal thy Son.
2. If drawn by Thy alluring Grace  
My Want of living Faith I feel,  
Shew me in Christ thy smiling Face;  
What Flesh and Blood can ne'er reveal,  
Thy coeternal Son display,  
And call my Darkness into Day.
3. The Gift unspeakable impart,  
Command the Light of Faith to shine,  
To shine in my dark drooping Heart,  
And fill me with the Life Divine:  
Now bid the New Creation Be,  
O GOD, let there be Faith in me.
4. Thee without Faith I cannot please:  
Faith without Thee I cannot have:  
But Thou hast sent the Prince of Peace,  
To seek my wandring Soul and save:  
O Father, glorify thy Son,  
And save me for His sake alone.
5. Save me thro' Faith in Jesus' Blood,  
That Blood which He for All did shed,  
For me, for me Thou knowst it flow'd,  
For me, for me Thou hearst it plead,  
Assure me now my Soul is Thine,  
And all Thou art in Christ is mine.

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<sup>116</sup>Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 18–19. Title ori., “III. ~~A Prayer for Faith.~~”

IV.<sup>117</sup>

1. Author of Faith, to Thee I cry,  
To Thee who woudst not have me die,  
    But know the Truth and live:  
Open mine Eyes to see thy Face,  
Work in my Heart the Saving Grace,  
    The Life Eternal give.
2. Shut up in Unbelief I groan,  
And blindly serve a GOD Unknown  
    Till Thou the Veil remove,  
The Gift unspeakable impart,  
And write thy Name upon my Heart,  
    And manifest thy Love.
3. I know the Work is only Thine,  
The Gift of Faith is all Divine;  
    But if on Thee we call,  
Thou wou'dst the Benefit bestow,  
And give us Hearts to feel and know  
    That Thou hast died for All.
4. Thou bid'st us knock, and enter in,  
Come unto Thee, and rest from Sin,  
    The Blessing seek and find:  
Thou bidst us ask thy Grace and have,  
Thou canst, Thou woudst<sup>118</sup> this moment save  
    Both me and All Mankind.
5. Be it according to thy Word,  
Now let me find my Pardning Lord,  
    Let what I ask be given;  
The Bar of Unbelief remove,  
Open the Door of Faith and Love  
    And take me into Heaven.

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<sup>117</sup>Published in *Short View of the Difference Between the Moravian Brethren and the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley* (London: Strahan, 1745), 17; and *HSP* (1749), 1:42–43. Title ori., “IV. Another.”

<sup>118</sup>Ori., “wilt.”

V.<sup>119</sup>

1. Spirit of Faith, come down,  
Reveal the Things of GOD,  
And make to us the Saviour known,  
And witness with the Blood:  
'Tis Thine the Blood t' apply,  
And give us Eyes to see  
Who did for Every Sinner die  
Hath tasted Death for *me*.
2. No Man can truly say  
That Jesus is The Lord,  
Unless Thou take the Veil away,  
And breathe the Living Word:  
Then only then we feel  
Our Interest in thy Blood,  
And cry with Joy unspeakable  
Thou art my Lord my GOD.
3. I know my Saviour lives,  
He lives who died for me;  
My inmost Soul His Voice receives  
Who hangs on yonder Tree:  
Set forth before my Eyes  
Ev'n Now I see him bleed,  
And hear his Mortal Groans and Cries  
While suffering in my Stead.
4. O that the World might know  
My dear Atoning Lamb!<sup>120</sup>  
Spirit of Faith descend, and shew  
The Virtue of his Name;  
The Grace which All may find,  
The Saving Power impart,  
And testify to All Mankind,  
And speak in Every Heart.

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<sup>119</sup>Published in *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746), 30–31. Title ori., “V. ~~Another~~.”

<sup>120</sup>Ori., “~~Lord~~.”

5. Inspire the Living Faith,  
(Which whosoe'er receives  
The Witness in himself he hath,  
And consciously believes)  
The Faith that conquers all,  
That doth the Mountain move,  
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
And perfects them in Love.

[Untitled.]<sup>121</sup>

1. Come, Lord, from above,  
The Mountains remove,  
Overturn all that hinders the Course of thy Love.
2. My Bosom inspire,  
Enkindle the Fire,  
And wrap my whole Soul in the Flames of Desire.
3. I languish and pine  
For the Comfort Divine;  
O when shall I say “My Beloved is Mine!
4. “I have chose the Good Part,  
“My Portion Thou art,  
“O Love, I have found Thee, O GOD, in my Heart!<sup>[b]</sup>
5. For This my Heart sighs,  
Nothing else can suffice:  
How, Lord, shall I purchase the Pearl of great Price?
6. It cannot be bought:  
And Thou knowst, I have Nought,  
Not an Action, a Word, or a truly good Thought.
7. But I hear a Voice say,  
Receive it you may  
Without Money, whoever have Nothing to pay.
8. The Blessing is free:  
So Lord, let it be,  
I yield that thy Love should be given to me.
9. I freely receive  
What Thou freely dost give,  
And consent in thy Love in thy Eden to live.
10. The Gift I embrace,  
The Giver I praise,  
And ascribe my Salvation to Jesus’ Grace.

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<sup>121</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 141–42; and MS Clarke, 160–61. Published (with additional stanza) in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 6–7.



11.       It comes from above,  
          The Foretaste I prove,  
          And I soon shall receive All thy Fulness of Love.

[Untitled.]<sup>122</sup>

1. Being of Beings, GOD of Love,  
High-seated on thy dazzling Throne,  
Pity, and draw me from above,  
Raise, and bring home thy Banish'd Son.
2. I am not as from Thee I came,  
Out of my Second Chaos call,  
Fallen alas from Thee I am!  
O GOD, redeem me from my Fall.
3. Laid in the lowest Deep of Sin,  
Enslav'd to vain and base Desires,  
*Sensibly* dead, and dark within,  
Fit Fewel for Infernal Fires;
4. An Outcast from thy blisful Face,  
Broke off from GOD, and scatter'd wide,  
Most Fallen of that Fallen Race  
For which thine only Son hath died.
5. Father of Mercies, hear my Cry,  
This, only This is all my Plea,  
Jesus the Just hath bow'd the Sky,  
Thy Son hath died, hath died for me.
6. Jesus hath undertook my Cause,  
Finish'd the great Redeeming Plan,  
Humbled to Death my Saviour was,  
And stoop'd to raise his Creature Man.
7. By Love, meer pitying Love inclin'd  
He caught my Nature in its Fall,

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<sup>122</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 139–40; and MS Clarke, 158–59. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:150–51.

A Common Head of all Mankind  
Assum'd the Flesh, and Guilt of All.

8. Father, Thou know'st He bought my Peace,  
My Life, and Health, and Liberty,  
My present, and eternal Bliss;  
He purchas'd All Thou Art for me.
9. Assur'd thy Fulness to receive,  
With earnest calm Desire I wait,  
For all Thou hast in Christ to give,  
The Glories of my First Estate.
10. I trust Thy Image to regain,  
Whate'er Thou hast to Sinners given,  
All, all I shall in Christ obtain,  
Pardon, and Paradiſe, and Heaven.

[Untitled.]<sup>123</sup>

1. Happy Soul, that safe from Harms  
Rests within his Shepherd's Arms,  
Who his Quiet shall molest,  
Who shall violate his Rest?
2. Jesus doth his Spirit bear,  
Jesus takes his every Care,  
He who found the wandring Sheep  
Jesus still delights to keep.
3. Dogs and Wolves in vain appear,  
Roaring Lions still are near,  
Ravening Wolves unmov'd he sees  
Howling in the Wilderness.
4. Calm he eyes them from above,  
Safe in his Protector's Love,  
There he rests, and undismay'd  
Drops his Arms, and hangs his Head.
5. O that I might so believe,  
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave,  
On his only Love rely,  
Smile at the Destroyer nigh!
6. Free from Sin and servile Fear,  
Have my Jesus ever near,  
All his Care rejoice<sup>124</sup> to prove  
All his Paradice of Love.

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<sup>123</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 65–66; and MS Clarke, 72–73. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:151–52.

<sup>124</sup>Ori., “delight.”

7. Jesu, seek thy wandring Sheep,  
Bring me back, and lead, and keep,  
Take on Thee my every Care,  
Bear me on thy Bosom bear.
  
8. Let me know my Shepherd's Voice  
More and more in Thee rejoice,  
More and more of Thee receive,  
Ever in thy Spirit live:
  
9. Live, till all thy Life I know,  
Perfect in my Lord below,  
Gladly then from Earth remove,  
Gather'd to the Fold above.
  
10. O that I at last may stand  
With the Sheep at thy Right-hand,  
Take the Crown so freely given,  
Enter in by Thee to Heaven!

**Before<sup>125</sup> Preaching to the Tinnors  
in Cornwall.<sup>126</sup>**

1. Shepherd of Souls with pitying Eye  
The Thousands of our Israel see,  
To Thee in their Behalf we cry<sup>127</sup>  
Ourselves but newly found by Thee.
2. See where o're desert Wastes they err,  
And neither Food nor Feeder have,  
Nor Fold, nor Place of Refuge near,  
For no Man cares their Souls to save.
3. Wild as the untaught Indian Brood  
The Christian Savages remain,  
Strangers and Enemies to GOD,  
They make Thee spend thy Blood in vain.
4. Thy People, Lord, are sold for Nought,  
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh,  
They perish whom Thyself hast bought,  
Their Souls for Lack of Knowledge die.
5. The Pit its Mouth hath open'd wide  
To swallow up its careless Prey,  
Why should they die, when Thou hast died,  
Hast died to bear their Sins away?
6. Why should the Foe thy Purchase seize?  
Remember, Lord, thy dying Groans;  
The Meed<sup>128</sup> of all thy Sufferings These,  
O claim them for thy Ransom'd ones.
7. Extend to These thy pardning Grace,  
To These be thy Salvation shew'd,  
O add them to thy Chosen Race,  
O sprinkle all their Hearts with Blood.

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<sup>125</sup>Ori., "After."

<sup>126</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 212–13. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 41–42.

<sup>127</sup>Ori., "fy."

<sup>128</sup>Ori., "Meed." However, Charles surely has the notion of recompense (meed) in mind, rather than that of a soothing drink (mead).

8. Still let the Publicans draw near,  
Open the Door of Faith and Heaven,  
And grant them Hearts thy Word to hear,  
And whisper All their Sins forgiven.

**Written at the Land's End.**<sup>129</sup>

1. Come, Divine Emanuel, come,  
Take possession of thy Home,  
Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,  
Stretch throughout the happy Land.
2. Carry on thy Victory,  
Spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea,  
Reconvert the ransom'd Race,  
Save us, save us, Lord, by Grace.
3. Take the Purchase of thy Blood,  
Bring us to a Pardning GOD,  
Give us Eyes to see our Day,  
Hearts the Glorious Truth t' obey;
4. Ears to hear the Gospel-Sound  
Grace doth more than Sin abound,  
GOD appeas'd, and Man forgiven,  
Peace on Earth, and Joy in Heaven.
5. O that every Soul might be  
Suddenly subdued to Thee!  
O that All in Thee might know  
Everlasting Life below!
6. Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,  
Stretch throughout the happy Land,  
Take possession of thy Home,<sup>130</sup>  
Come, Divine Emanuel, come!

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<sup>129</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:329. Charles records the occasion of this hymn in his *MS Journal* (30 July 1742).

<sup>130</sup>Ori., "~~Possess of thine~~ Take possession of thy Home."

[Untitled.]<sup>131</sup>

1. O Lamb of GOD, to Thee  
In deep Distress I flee,  
Thou didst purge my guilty Stain,  
Didst for All Atonement make,  
Take away my Sin and Pain,  
Save me for thy Mercy 'sake.
2. Thy Mercy is my Prop,  
And bears my Weakness up,  
Full of Evil as I am,  
Fuller Thou of Pard'ning Grace,  
Jesus is thy Healing Name,  
Saviour of the Sinful Race.
3. For thine own Sake I pray,  
Take all my Sins away,  
Other Refuge have I none;  
None do I desire beside;  
Thou hast died for All t' atone,  
Thou for me, for me hast died.
4. Hast died that I might live,  
Might all thy Life receive;  
Hasten, Lord, my Heart prepare,  
Bring thy Death and Sufferings in,  
Tear away, my Idols tear,  
Save me, save me from my Sin.
5. O bid it all depart,  
This Unbelief of Heart,  
All my Mountain-Sins remove,  
Wrath, Concupiscence, and Pride,

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<sup>131</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 135–36; and MS Clarke, 154–55. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 33–34.



Cast them out by perfect Love,  
Save me who for me hast died.

6.           This, this is all my Plea,  
              Thy Blood was shed for me,  
Shed, to wash my Conscience clean,  
              Shed, to purify my Heart,  
Shed, to purge me from All Sin,  
              Shed to make me As Thou art.
  
7.           O that the Cleansing Tide  
              Were now, ev'n now applied!  
Plunge me in the Crimson Flood,  
              Drown my Sins in the Red Sea,  
Bring me now, ev'n now to GOD,  
              Swallow up my Soul in Thee.

[Untitled.]<sup>132</sup>

1. Still, O Lamb, to Thee I pray,  
I, the vile Backslider I,  
Take, O take my Sins away,  
Haste thy balmy Blood t' apply,  
Bid the Power of Sin depart,  
Drop thy Blood upon my Heart.
2. Weary, weary, and opprest  
Shall I come to Thee in vain?  
Wilt Thou, Lord, deny me Rest,  
Canst Thou leave me to my Pain,  
Crush'd by my own Misery,  
Perishing for Want of Thee?
3. Lord, I cannot let Thee go,  
Till Thou give me back my Peace;  
Wilt Thou not the Grace bestow?  
Wilt Thou not my Sins dismiss?  
From the Guilt and Power set free,  
Justify the Damn'd in me!
4. If Thou all Compassion art,  
If to me thy Bowels move,  
Trouble, and make soft my Heart,  
Melt it by thy Pardning Love,  
Now from all my Sins release,  
Loose, and bid me go in Peace.

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<sup>132</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 136–37; and MS Clarke, 155–56. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:133–34.

**[Untitled.]**<sup>133</sup>

1.           Out of the Deep I cry,  
              Just at the Point to die,  
Hastning to Infernal Pain,  
              Jesus, Lord, I cry to Thee,  
Help a feeble Child of Man,  
              Shew forth all thy Power in me.
  
2.           On Thee I ever call,  
              Saviour and Friend of All;  
Well Thou know'st my desperate Case,  
              Thou my Curse of Sin remove,  
Save me by thy richest Grace,  
              Save me by thy pardning Love.
  
3.           How shall a Sinner find  
              The Saviour of Mankind?  
Canst Thou not-accept my Prayer,  
              Not-bestow the Grace I claim?  
Where are thy old Mercies? Where  
              All the Powers of Jesus' Name?
  
4.           What shall I say to move  
              The Bowels of thy Love?  
Are they not already stir'd?  
              Have I in thy Death no Part?  
Ask thy own Compassions, Lord,  
              Ask the Yearnings of thy Heart.
  
5.           I will not let Thee go,  
              Till I thy Mercy know:  
Let me hear the welcome Sound;  
              Speak, if still Thou canst forgive,  
Speak, and let the Lost be found,  
              Speak, and let the Dying live.

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<sup>133</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 216–17. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 39–40.

6. Thy Love is all my Plea,  
Thy Passion speaks for me:  
By thy Pangs and Bloody Sweat,  
By thy Depth of Grief unknown,  
Save me sinking at thy Feet,  
Save, O save thy Ransom'd One.
7. What hast Thou done for me?  
Remember Calvary?  
By thy mortal Groans, and Sighs,  
By thy pretious Death I pray,  
Hear a Soul's expiring Cries,  
Take, O take my Sins away.
8. [unfinished]

[I.]<sup>134</sup>

1. All ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh:  
To you is it Nothing that Jesus should die?
2. Your Ransom and Peace,  
Your Surety He is,  
Come see if there ever was Sorrow like His.
3. For what you have done  
His Blood must atone:  
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
4. The Lord in the Day  
Of his Anger did lay  
Your Sins on the Lamb; and He bore them away.
5. He answer'd for All  
O come at his Call,  
And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall.
6. But lift up your Eyes  
At Jesus's Cries,  
Impassive He suffers, Immortal He dies.
7. He dies to atone  
For Sins not his own;  
Your Debt He hath paid, and your Work He hath done.
8. Ye All may receive  
The Peace He did leave;  
He made Intercession My Father forgive!
9. For You, and for me  
He pray'd on the Tree,  
The Prayer is accepted, the Sinner is free.

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<sup>134</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 116–18; and MS Clarke, 134–35. Published in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 8–10; and *HSP* (1749), 1:87–88.

10. The Sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the Pardon GOD cannot deny.
11. My Pardon I claim,  
For a Sinner I am,  
A Sinner believing in Jesus's Name.
12. He purchas'd the Grace  
Which now I embrace:  
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my Place.
13. His Death is my Plea,  
My Advocate see,  
And hear the Blood speak that hath answer'd for me.
14. Acquitted I was,  
When He bled on the Cross,  
And by losing His Life He hath carried *my* Cause.

II.<sup>135</sup>

1. O All-loving Lamb,  
A Sinner I am,  
And come as a Sinner, thy Mercy to claim.
2. With Joy I embrace  
The Pardon and Grace  
Thy Passion hath purchas'd for All the Lost Race.
3. For Sinners like me  
Thy Mercy is free:  
O who would not love such a Saviour as Thee?
4. Yet long I withstood,  
And fled from my GOD,  
But Mercy pursued with the Cry of thy Blood.
5. It challeng'd it's Stray,  
And forc'd me to stay,  
And wash'd all my Sins in a Moment away.

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<sup>135</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 115–16; and MS Clarke, 132–33. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 62–63.

6. I felt it applied,  
And joyfully cried  
Me, me Thou hast lov'd, and for me Thou hast died!
7. How mighty Thou art,  
O Love, to convert,  
And humble, and conquer so stubborn an Heart.
8. The Love of God-Man  
Alone could constrain  
So sturdy a Rebel to love Thee again.
9. But surely at last  
Thy Goodness I taste;  
My Soul on thy Goodness delighted I cast.
10. Thy Goodness I praise,  
I sing of thy Grace,  
And joyfully live out my few happy Days.
11. And when thy dear Love  
From Earth shall remove,  
O then I shall sing like the Angels above.
12. Yet there when I am,  
My Work is the same,  
To ascribe my Salvation to GOD, and the Lamb.
13. Salvation to GOD  
Will I publish abroad,  
And make Heaven ring with the Cry of thy Blood.
14. The Lamb that was slain  
Lo! He liveth again,  
And I with my Jesus eternally reign.

**III.**<sup>136</sup>

1. My GOD, I am Thine,  
What a Comfort Divine  
What a Blessing to know that my Jesus is Mine.
2. In Thee, my dear Lamb,  
Thrice happy I am;  
My Heart it doth dance to the Sound of thy Name.

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<sup>136</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 118–19; and MS Clarke, 136. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:219–20.

3. True Pleasures abound  
In the rapturous Sound;  
And whoever hath found it hath Paradice found.
4. My Jesus to know,  
And feel his Blood flow,  
'Tis Life Everlasting, 'tis Heaven below.
5. Yet onward I haste  
To the Heavenly Feast;  
That, that is the Fulness; but This is the Taste.
6. And This I shall prove,  
Till with Joy I remove  
To the Heaven of Heavens of Jesus's Love.

**IV.**<sup>137</sup>

1. O Jesus, my Rest,  
How unspeakably blest  
Is the Sinner that comes to be hid in thy Breast!
2. I come at thy Call,  
At thy Feet do I fall,<sup>138</sup>  
And believe, and confess Thee my GOD, and my All.
3. Thou art Mary's Good Part,  
The Thing Needful Thou art,  
The Desire of my Eyes, and the Joy of my Heart.
4. My Comfort and Stay,  
My Life, and my Way,  
My Crown of Rejoicing in that happy Day.
5. Health, Pardon, and Peace  
In Thee I possess;  
I *can* have Nothing more, I *will* have Nothing less.
6. I stand in thy Might,  
I walk in thy Light,  
And all Heaven I claim in thy God-giving Right.

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<sup>137</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 119; and MS Clarke, 136–37. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:220.

<sup>138</sup>Ori., “call.”



[page torn from volume]

**After Preaching (in a Church).<sup>1</sup>**

1. Jesu, accept the grateful Song,  
My Wisdom, and my Might,  
Tis Thou hast loos'd the stammering Tongue,  
And taught my Hands to fight.
2. Thou, Jesus, Thou my Mouth hast been;  
The Weapons of thy War  
Mighty thro' Thee I pull down Sin,  
And all thy Truth declare.
3. Not without Thee, my Lord, I am  
Come up unto this Place,  
Thy Spirit bad me preach thy Name  
And trumpet forth thy Praise.
4. Thy Spirit gave me Utterance now,  
My Soul with Strength endued,  
Hardned to Adamant my Brow,  
And arm'd my Heart with GOD.
5. Thy powerful Hand in all I see,  
Thy wondrous Workings own,  
Glory, and Strength, and Praise to Thee  
Ascribe, and Thee alone.
6. Gladly I own the Promise true  
To all whom Thou dost send,  
"Behold I always am with You,  
"Your Saviour to the End."<sup>2</sup>
7. Amen, amen, my GOD and Lord,<sup>2</sup>  
If Thou art with me still,  
I still shall speak the Gospel-Word  
My Ministry fulfil.
8. Thee I shall constantly proclaim,  
Though Earth and Hell oppose,

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<sup>1</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 100–103. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:305–308.

<sup>2</sup>Ori., "Lord and GOD," but Wesley numbered above the words to show the reversed order shown above.

Bold to confess thy glorious Name  
Before a World of Foes.

9. Jesus the Name, high over all  
In Hell, or Earth, or Sky,  
Angels and Men before it fall,  
And Devils fear and fly.
10. Jesus the Name to Sinners dear,  
The Name to Sinners given,  
It scatters all their guilty Fear,  
And turns their Hell to Heaven.
11. Balm into wounded Spirits it pours  
And heals the sinsick Mind,  
It Hearing to the Deaf restores,  
And Eye-sight to the Blind.
12. Jesus the Prisoner's Fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's Head,  
Power into strengthless Souls it speaks,  
And Life into the Dead.
13. O that the World might taste and see  
The Riches of His Grace!  
The Arms of Love which compass me,  
Would all Mankind embrace.
14. O that my Jesus' Heavenly Charms  
Might every Bosom move!  
Fly Sinners, fly into those Arms  
Of everlasting Love.
15. The Lover of your Souls is near,  
Him I to you commend,  
Joyful the Bridegroom's Voice to hear,  
Who calls a Worm his Friend.

16. He hath the Bride, and He alone,  
Almighty to redeem,  
I only make his Mercies known,  
I send you all to Him.
17. Sinners, behold the Lamb of GOD,  
On Him your spirits stay,  
He bears the Universal Load,  
He takes your Sins away.
18. His only Righteousness I shew,  
His Saving Grace proclaim,  
Tis all my Business here below  
To cry Behold the Lamb!
19. For This a suffering Life I live,  
And reckon all things Loss,  
For Him my Strength my All I give,  
And glory in his Cross.
20. I spend myself, that you may know  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
That Christ in you may live and grow  
I joyfully decrease.
21. Gladly I hasten to decay,  
My Life I freely spend,  
And languish for the welcome Day  
When all my Toil shall end.
22. Happy, if with my latest Breath  
I might but gasp his Name,  
Preach Him to All, and cry in Death  
Behold, behold the Lamb!

**Another**  
**[After Preaching (in a Church)].<sup>3</sup>**

1. Jesu, my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Saviour and my King,  
Triumphantly thy Name I bless,  
Thy Conquering Name I sing.
2. Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy Name,  
Thou hast maintain'd thy Cause,  
And I enjoy the glorious Shame,  
The Scandal of thy Cross.
3. Thou gavest me to speak thy Word  
In the appointed Hour,  
I have proclaim'd my Dying Lord,  
And felt thy Spirit's Power.
4. Superior to thy Foes I stood,  
Above their Smile or Frown,  
On all the Strangers to thy Blood  
With pitying Love look'd down.
5. O let me have thy Presence still,  
Set as a Flint my Face,  
To shew the Counsel of thy Will  
Which saves a World by Grace.
6. O let me never blush to own  
The glorious Gospel-Word,  
Which saves a World thro' Faith alone,  
Faith in a Bleeding Lord.
7. This is the Saving Power of GOD,  
Whoe'er this Word receive,  
Feel all th' Effects of Jesus' Blood,  
And sensibly believe.
8. Sav'd from the Guilt and Power of Sin  
By Instantaneous Grace,  
They trust to have thy Life brought in,  
And always see thy Face.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 104–106. Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 22–24.

<sup>4</sup>The remaining ten stanzas of this hymn can be found on pp. 134a–134b.

**[Untitled.]**<sup>5</sup>

1. All Glory and Praise To Jesus our Lord,  
We witness his Grace, And Life-giving Word;  
Poor Justified Sinners His Goodness we prove,  
The weakest Believers In Jesus his Love.
2. His Love we proclaim, And publish abroad,  
The Blood of the Lamb Hath brought us to GOD:  
He purchas'd our Pardon, Who died in our stead,  
The uttermost Farthing Our Surety hath paid.
3. He died from All Sin Our Souls to redeem,  
And we shall be clean, And sinless thro' Him,  
The End of his Passion Accomplish'd shall be,  
And all his Salvation We shortly shall see.
4. Then let us go on Till Jesus appear,  
And give us the Crown Of Righteousness here;  
Till justified fully His Promise we prove,  
All-happy, and Holy, And perfect in Love.

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<sup>5</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:180.

**[Untitled.]<sup>6</sup>**

1. Ye Servants of GOD, Who trust in his Son,  
And feel that his Blood For All did atone,  
Your Songs of Thanksgiving Delightfully raise,  
And praise Him by Living To Jesus his Praise.
  
2. Believe on his Name, Till inwardly clean  
Ye live without Blame, Ye live without Sin,  
Go on to Perfection, Thro' Jesus his Power,  
Make sure your Election, And Sin is no more.

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<sup>6</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:180–81.

**“The Love of Christ constraineth us.”**  
—[2 Cor. 5:14].<sup>7</sup>

1. O what an evil faithless Heart  
Have I, so ready to depart  
From Thee, the living GOD!  
Not all thy Threats, and Judgments move,  
Till master'd by thy stronger Love  
It will not hear thy Rod.
2. The sorest Plague Thou hast to send  
Not Sin itself my Soul can bend,  
Or bring my Spirit down;  
Sin makes me Prouder than before,  
And blinds, and hardens more and more,  
Till all my Heart is Stone.
3. My Stony Heart thy Wrath defies,  
And dares against thy Judgments rise,  
Self-hardned from thy Fear:  
What canst Thou with thy Rebel do?  
Try me by Love, and in my View  
With all thy Wounds appear.
4. Ah, who that Piteous Sight can bear!  
Behold the Lamb hangs bleeding there!  
There, there! on yonder Tree!  
Pierc'd are his Feet, his Hands, his Side!  
My Lamb, my Love is crucified!  
O GOD! He dies for *me*!
5. For me He meekly bows his Head,  
He suffers in the Sinner's stead,  
My Ruin to retrieve:

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<sup>7</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 61–67. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:198–99.



He spreads his arms to take me in,  
He sheds his blood to purge my sin;  
He dies that I may live.

6. O LOVE, by Thee constrain'd at last  
I yield, I yield: my Tears flow fast,  
Fast as thy Streaming Blood!  
Breaks at the Sight my Heart of Stone,  
I faint to hear that Dying Groan  
*Why, O my GOD, my GOD—!*
7. O GOD, I can hold out no more,  
My Heart resents thy softning Power,  
My Heart is melting Wax;  
I feel, that Thou art Love indeed,  
Thou wilt not break the bruised Reed,  
Or quench the smoaking Flax.
8. Thou wilt not slight the feeblest Grace,  
This Spark of Love thy Breath shall raise,  
And kindle to a Flame;  
And I, who taste how Good Thou art,  
Shall shortly love with all my Heart  
My lovely bleeding Lamb.

**Waiting for Redemption.<sup>8</sup>**

1. Jesu, my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,  
Indulge me in this one Request,  
    Thou know'st what I would say;  
My every Want to Thee is known,  
Thou hear'st th' unutterable Groan,  
    Thou hear'st thy Spirit pray.
  
2. Give me The Thing Thou long'st to give,  
The Thing for which Thou here didst live  
    A Life of<sup>9</sup> Grief and Pain;  
Give me the dearly-purchas'd Good,  
Bought with thy Heart's last Drop of Blood,  
    Nor live, and die in vain.
  
3. Give me what GOD to Thee did give,  
The Grace Thou didst for me receive,  
    When all thy Pangs were o're;  
Send down thy Spirit from above,  
Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love,  
    And let me sin no more.
  
4. I ask nor Joy, nor Life, nor Ease,  
No nor thy Heavenly Happiness,  
    But Purity within;  
On Others, Lord, those Gifts bestow,  
But let me cease from Sin below,  
    But let me cease from Sin.

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<sup>8</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 61–62; and MS Clarke, 68–69. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:152–53.

<sup>9</sup>Ori., “or.”

5. Hasten to grant my Sole Request,  
Take me into That Second Rest  
That Glorious Liberty,  
And let me then my Soul resign,  
Receiv'd into the Arms Divine,  
Forever lost in Thee.

V.<sup>10</sup>

1. O Jesu, let me kiss thy Name!  
All Sin alas! Thou knowst I am,  
    But Thou all Pity art;  
Turn unto Flesh this Heart of Stone,  
Such Power belongs to Thee alone,  
    Turn into Flesh my Heart.
2. A poor unloving Wretch to Thee  
For Help against Myself I flee;  
    Thou only canst remove  
The Hindrances out of thy Way,  
And soften my unyielding Clay,  
    And mould it into Love.
3. O let thy Spirit shed abroad  
The Love, the perfect Love of GOD  
    In this cold Heart of Mine!  
O might He now descend, and rest,  
And dwell forever in my Breast,  
    And make me all Divine!
4. What shall I do my Suit to gain?  
O Lamb of GOD, for Sinners slain,  
    I plead what Thou hast done:  
Didst Thou not die the Death for me?  
Jesu, remember Calvary,  
    And break this Heart of Stone.
5. Take the dear Purchase of thy Blood,

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<sup>10</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 180–81. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:57–58.

My Friend, and Advocate with GOD,  
My Ransom and my Peace,  
Surety, who all my Debt hast paid,  
For all my Sins atonement made,  
The Lord my Righteousness.

6. Why didst Thou leave thy Throne above,  
But that the Secret of thy Love  
Might to my Soul be known?  
Hast Thou not giv'n Thyself for me,  
That I might only live to Thee,  
Might die to Thee alone?
7. Be it according to thy Will,  
In me thy Mystic Love reveal,  
And All in Earth and Heaven  
Shall own that I their Love outvie:  
There's none can love so much as I,  
None hath so much forgiven.

VI.<sup>11</sup>

1. O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my willing Heart  
    All taken up by Thee?  
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove  
The Greatness of Redeeming Love,  
    The Love of Christ to me.
2. Stronger his Love than Death or Hell;  
Its Riches are unsearchable;  
    The first-born Sons of Light  
Desire in vain its Depth to see,  
They cannot reach the Mystery,  
    The Length, and Breadth, and Height.
3. GOD only knows the Love of GOD;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
    In this poor stony Heart!  
For Love I sigh, for Love I pine:  
This only Portion, Lord, be mine,  
    Give *me* the Better Part.
4. O that I could forever sit,  
With<sup>12</sup> Mary, at the Master's Feet!  
    Be This my happy Choice,  
My only Care, Delight, and Bliss,  
My Joy, my Heaven on Earth be This  
    To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

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<sup>11</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 6–7. Published in *Festival Hymns* (1746), 47–49; and *HSP* (1749), 1:58–59.

<sup>12</sup>Ori., “~~Like~~.”

5. O that with humbled Peter I  
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply  
    My Faithfulness to prove,  
Thou know'st (for All to Thee is known)  
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,  
    Thou know'st that Thee I love.
  
6. O that I could with favour'd John  
Recline my weary Head upon  
    The dear Redeemer's Breast!  
From Care, and Sin, and Sorrow free  
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
    My Everlasting Rest.
  
7. Thy only Love do I require,<sup>13</sup>  
Nothing in Earth beneath desire,  
    Nothing in Heaven above,  
Let Heaven, and Earth, and all things go,  
Give me Thy only Love to know,  
    Give me Thy only Love.

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<sup>13</sup>Ori., "Thy only Love I do I require."

VII.<sup>14</sup>

1. O Thou, who hast redeem'd of old,  
And bid'st me of thy Strength take hold,  
    And be at Peace with Thee,  
Help me thy Benefits to own,  
And hear me tell what Thou hast done,  
    Dear dying Lamb, for me.
2. Out of Myself for Help I go,  
Thy only Love resolv'd to know,  
    Thy Love my Plea I make:  
Give me thy Love: 'tis all I claim:  
Give for the Honour of thy Name,  
    Give for thy Mercy's sake.
3. Canst Thou deny thy Love to me?  
Say Thou Incarnate Deity,  
    Thou Man of Sorrows, say:  
Thy Glory why didst Thou inshrine  
In such a Clod of Earth as Mine,  
    And wrap Thee in my Clay?
4. Antient of Days, why didst Thou come,  
And stoop to a poor Virgin's Womb,  
    Contracted to a Span?  
Flesh of our Flesh why wast Thou made,  
And humbly in a Manger laid,  
    The new-born Son of Man?
5. Why didst Thou in this Vale of Tears  
For more than Thirty mournful Years  
    A Life of Sufferings lead?  
Why did thine Eyes with Tears o' reflow?  
Why would'st Thou chuse to want below  
    A Place to lay thy Head?

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<sup>14</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 17–19. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:59–61.



6. Love, only Love thy Heart inclin'd,  
And brought Thee, Saviour of Mankind,  
Down from thy Throne above:  
Love made my GOD a Man of Grief,  
Distress'd Thee sore for my Relief:  
O Mystery of Love!
7. To fill my Soul it emptied Thee,  
It made Thee poor, that I might be  
Enrich'd with every Grace:  
Love made Thee to thy Father cry,  
And hid his Face from Thee, that I  
Might always see his Face.
8. Quite from the Manger to the Cross  
Thy Life One Scene of Sufferings was,  
And all sustain'd for me:  
O strange Excess of Love Divine!  
Jesus, was ever Love like Thine!  
Answer me from That Tree!
9. If Thou cou'dst stoop for me to die,  
Surely thou wou'dst that I, ev'n I  
Thy Death's Effect should prove;<sup>15</sup>  
Then help me for thy Mercy 'sake  
To weep, believe, and pay Thee back  
Thy dear expiring<sup>16</sup> Love.
10. Because Thou lov'dst, and di'dst for me,  
Cause me, my<sup>17</sup> Jesus, to love Thee,  
And gladly to resign  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;  
My Life be all with Thine the Same,  
And all thy Death be Mine.

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

<sup>16</sup>Ori., "thy dying" changed to "expiring."

<sup>17</sup>Ori., "Θ."

III.<sup>18</sup>

- [1.] Dear, lovely Lamb, who on the Tree  
Shed'st thy last Drop of Blood for me,  
My Sufferings to remove,  
Low in the Dust I lie, and mourn,  
That I can make Thee no Return  
For all thy Waste of Love.
2. 'Tis all thy loving Heart's Desire  
That I thy Fulness should require,  
And with my Mis'ery part;  
Thy Spirit strives to set me free,  
The Father's Wisdom speaks in Thee  
"My Son, give me thy Heart."<sup>19</sup>
3. What is it, Lord, that keeps me back?  
What is it which for thy dear sake  
I would not Now forgoe?  
Pleasure, or Wealth, or Life, or Fame?  
Thou knowst, no more my Wishes aim  
At Happiness below.
4. I dread the Human Face Divine,  
I want no other Love than Thine,  
All-lovely as Thou art:  
I view thy Creatures with Disdain:  
Tear them away! let Jesus reign  
Sole Monarch of my Heart.
5. I would not, Lord, my Soul deceive,  
Willing I seem, my All to leave,<sup>19</sup>  
So I might purchase Thee:  
What is it then that holds me still?  
My own, my own, and not the Will  
Of Him who died for me.

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<sup>18</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 10–12. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:53–55.

<sup>19</sup>"Give" is written in the margin, most likely as an alternative to "leave."

6. It must be so: in me alone  
It stands; some Cursed Thing unknown  
Compels my Lord to stay;  
I will not suffer Him to save,  
Some Mystery of Sin I have  
That bars the Saviour's Way.
7. Shame on my Soul! the dire Disgrace  
Covers with guilty Shame my Face,  
And presses down my Soul;  
Hardly compell'd, I now confess,  
I love, and cherish my Disease,  
And will not be made whole.
8. The Saviour-GOD of Love I clear,  
Who justifies is always near,  
And waits his Grace to shew,  
But I, the stubborn Rebel I  
Far from his Arms of Mercy fly,  
And will not Jesus know.
9. Here then beneath my Curse I stoop,  
I give my false Pretensions up,  
Death's Sentence I receive,  
Guilty before my GOD I am,  
I justify the Angry Lamb,  
He would have had me live.
10. I would not live, and therefore go,  
Self-plung'd in Gulphs of endless Woe,  
I go to Second Death;  
And let me now to Tophet fall,  
Unless the GOD, who died for All,  
Still spreads his Arms beneath.

IV.<sup>20</sup>

1. O Saviour, cast a pitying Eye,  
A Sinner at thy Feet I lie,  
    And will not hence depart,  
Till Thou regard my ceaseless Moan;  
O speak, and take away the Stone,  
    The Unbelieving Heart.
2. Till Thou the Mountain-load remove,  
I groan beneath my Want of Love;  
    O hear my bitter Cry:  
Without thy Love I cannot live,  
Give, Jesu, Friend of Sinners, give  
    Me Love, or else I die.
3. Dost Thou not all my Sufferings know,  
Dost Thou not see mine Eyes o'reflow,  
    My lab'ring Bosom move?  
Why do I all this Burthen bear?  
Need I to Thee the Cause declare?  
    Thou know'st I Cannot love.
4. This is my Sin and Misery,  
I always find thy Love to me,  
    Seal'd by thy pretious Blood,  
And yet I make Thee no Return,  
I only for my Baseness mourn,  
    I cannot love my GOD.
5. The World admire my Mystic Grief,  
And torture me with vain Relief,  
    And cruel Kindness shew,

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<sup>20</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 85–87. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:55–56.

They bid me give my Wailings o're,  
And weep, and vex myself no more  
For One they never knew.

6. My Father's Children feel my Care,  
With kind Concern my Cross they bear,  
And in my Sorrows join;  
The suffering Members sympathize,  
And grieve my Grievs, and sigh my Sighs,  
And mix their Tears with mine.
7. But all in vain for me they grieve,  
Their Sufferings cannot Mine relieve,  
Or mitigate my Pain:  
No Answer to their Prayers they see,  
And prevalent with GOD, for me  
They seem to pray in vain.
8. Thou then, O GOD, Thine Hand lay to,  
And let me all the Means look thro',  
And trust to Thee alone,  
To Thee alone for all things trust,  
And say, (let me be sav'd or lost,)  
Thine only Will be done.

**“Come unto me—Learn of me” &c.  
—Matt. 11. [28–30].<sup>21</sup>**

1.   Lovely Lamb, I come to Thee,  
      Thou hast oft invited me;  
      Surely now I would be blest,  
      Give me now the Promis'd Rest.
  
2.   All my Business and Concern  
      Is of Thee my Lamb to learn:  
      Shew me, thy first Lesson shew,  
      Now alas! I Nothing know.
  
3.   Gentle Thou, and meek in Heart,  
      All Humility Thou art,  
      Full of Wrath, and Pride I am,  
      How unlike my lowly Lamb!
  
4.   But Thou canst my Soul transform,  
      Humble an aspiring Worm,  
      My unbroken Spirit break,  
      Make the angry Leopard meek.
  
5.   Thou art greater than my Heart,  
      Thou canst make me As Thou art,  
      Bend the Proud, and tame the Wild,  
      Change me to a Little Child.
  
6.   Turn me, Lord, and turn me Now,  
      To thy Yoke my Spirit bow,  
      Grant me Now the Pearl to find  
      Of a meek and quiet Mind.
  
7.   Calm, O calm my troubled Breast,  
      Let me gain that Second Rest,

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<sup>21</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 54–55; and MS Clarke, 61–62. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:161–62.

From my Works forever cease,  
Perfected in Holiness.

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

- 9.<sup>22</sup> The Pure in Heart thy Face shall see  
Before they hence remove,  
Redeem'd from All Iniquity,  
And perfected in Love.
10. This is the great Salvation, This  
The Prize at which we aim,  
The End of Faith, the Hidden Bliss,  
The New Mysterious Name.
11. The Name inscrib'd in the White Stone,  
The Unbeginning Word,  
The Mystery so long unknown,  
The Secret of the Lord.
12. The Living Bread sent down from Heaven,  
The Saints and Angels Food,  
Th' Immortal Seed, the Little Leaven,  
The Effluence of GOD.
13. The Tree of Life, that blooms, and grows  
I' th' midst of Paradise,  
The pure and living Stream that flows  
Back to its native Skies.
14. The Spirit's Law, the Covenant's Seal,  
Th' Eternal Righteousness,  
The glorious Joy unspeakable,  
Th' unutterable Peace.
15. The Treasure in the Gospel-Field,  
The Wisdom from above,  
Hid from the Wise, to Babes reveal'd,  
The pretious Pearl of Love.
16. The mystic Power of Godliness,  
The End of Death and Sin,  
The Antepast of Heavenly Bliss,  
The Kingdom fixt within.

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<sup>22</sup>The first 8 stanzas of this hymn, and publication information, can be found on p. 124b.



17. The Morning-star, that glittering bright,  
Shines to the perfect Day,  
The Sun of Righteousness, The Light,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way.
18. The Image of the Living GOD,  
His Nature, and his Mind,  
Himself He hath on All bestow'd,  
And All in Christ we find.

**After Preaching to the  
Staffordshire Colliers.<sup>23</sup>**

1. Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,  
Triumphant with my Lord, and me,  
Look on the Fields, and see them white,  
Already white to Harvest see.
2. Mov'd by the Spirit's softest Wind  
The Sinners to their Saviour turn,  
Their Hearts are all as one inclin'd,  
Their Hearts are bow'd as waving Corn.
3. The Reaper too receives his Hire,  
Fill'd with unutterable Peace,  
But farther still his Hopes aspire  
And labour for Eternal Bliss.
4. Till GOD the full Delight reveals,  
And all the mighty Joy is given,  
The Earnest in his Heart he feels,  
A glorious Antepast of Heaven.
5. The ripest Fruit he gathers there,  
The Fulness of his vast Reward,  
Ordain'd the Sower's Joy to share,  
And reign triumphant with his Lord.

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<sup>23</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 48–49; MS Clarke, 54–55; and MS Thirty, 208–209. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:308–310.

6. Herein the faithful Word is shewn,  
Its just Accomplishment we see,  
Another reaps what One hath sown;  
The Proverb is fulfil'd in me.
7. Sent forth I am to reap the Field,  
On which I had no Pains bestow'd,  
My Lord broke up the Ground, and till'd,  
And sow'd it with the Seed of GOD.
8. Entred into His Work I am;  
Not unto me the Praise is due,  
Not unto me: I all disclaim,  
GOD, only GOD is Kind and True.
9. Who wrought the Work shall have the Praise,  
Jesus hath labour'd for our Good,  
He purchas'd all the Fallen Race,  
He watred all the Earth with Blood.
10. His Grace hath brought Salvation nigh,  
His Grace hath roll'd away the Stone,  
And now He hears these Sinners cry,  
And deeply for Redemption groan.
11. He hears, and He will soon redeem:  
Then let us all our Voices raise,  
Worship, and Strength ascribe to Him,  
And Might, and Majesty, and Praise.
12. Honour, and endless Thanks, and Love,  
And Glory be to Jesus given,  
By Saints below, and Saints above,  
By All in Earth, and All in Heaven.

**After Preaching to the  
Newcastle Colliers.**

[1.] Ye Neighbours and Friends &c.<sup>24</sup>

**Another  
[After Preaching to the  
Newcastle Colliers].<sup>25</sup>**

1.           Glory to Christ be given  
              By All in Earth and Heaven!  
Christ my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
              Thee with Angel-Quires I praise,  
Joyful Hallelujahs sing,  
              Triumph in thy sovereign Grace.
2.           Thou hast the Hungry fill'd,  
              Thou hast thy Arm reveal'd:  
Thou in all the Heathen's Sight  
              Hast thy Righteousness display'd,  
Brought Immortal Life to Light,  
              Ransom'd whom thy Hands have made.
3.           Ev'n now, All-loving Lord,  
              Thou hast sent forth thy Word,  
Thou the Door hast open'd wide  
              (Who can shut thy Open Door!)  
I the Grace have testified,  
              Preach'd thy Gospel to the Poor.
4.           Thy Goodness gave Success,  
              And blest it with Increase.  
Not to me of Adam's Race  
              Worst and vilest; not to Me!  
Thine is all the Work of Grace,  
              All the Praise be paid to Thee.
5.           Still at thy Feet I lie,  
              The Chief of Sinners I:  
Let me but Acceptance find,  
              Let me but thy Love partake;

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<sup>24</sup>I.e., the text of *Thanksgiving for Colliers* (London: Strahan, 1742); reprinted in *HSP* (1749), 1:310–12.

<sup>25</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 14–16; and MS Clarke, 15–18. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:312–14.

Save me, Saviour of Mankind,  
Save me for thy Mercy sake.

6.           On Thee for Help I call,  
              Without thy Help I fall,  
Fall a Final Castaway:  
              O forbid, forbid it Thou,  
Snatch me from the Evil Day,  
              Save me, or I perish Now.
  
7.           O that ev'n I might share  
              The Blessings I declare!  
Taste the glorious Gospel-Grace,  
              Be from Sin forever free,  
See in holiness thy Face,  
              Live by Faith, and die in Thee!
  
8.           O that the Hour were come  
              That calls my Spirit home!  
O that I my Wish might have,  
              Quietly lay down my Head,  
Sink into an early Grave,  
              Now be numbred with the Dead!
  
9.           Give me that Second Rest,  
              And take me to thy Breast:  
Only let me cease from Sin,  
              Then the welcome Summons send,  
Bid me now be pure within,  
              Bid my useless Warfare end.
  
10.          A Man of Sin and Strife  
              I want no longer Life,  
Heavenward all my Hope aspires  
              Full of Immortality,  
Jesus, Thee my Soul requires,  
              Gasps to be dissolv'd in Thee.

11.            Yet do I This resign,  
                Thy Will be done, not mine:  
So I may but serve thy Will,  
                Lengthen out my wretched Span,  
Let me bear my Burthen still,  
                Feel my Sin, and drag my Chain.
  
12.            Still let me preach thy Word  
                The Prisoner of the Lord,  
Fully my Commission prove,  
                Till the perfect Grace I feel,  
Sav'd, and sanctified by Love,  
                Stamp'd with all thy Spirit's Seal.
  
13.            Then, Lord, when pure in Heart,  
                O let me then depart,  
With my Children see thy Face  
                (Children whom the Lord hath given)  
Take above the meanest Place,  
                Least of all the Saints in Heaven.

**Another  
[After Preaching to the  
Newcastle Colliers].<sup>26</sup>**

1. Who are These that come from far  
    Swifter than a Flying Cloud!  
Thick as flocking Doves they are,  
    Eager in pursuit of GOD:  
Trembling as the Storm draws nigh,  
    Hasting to their Place of Rest,  
See them to the Windows fly,  
    To the Ark of Jesus' Breast!
  
2. Who are These but Sinners poor,  
    Conscious of their lost Estate,  
Sinsick Souls, who for their Cure  
    On the good Physician wait,  
Fallen who bewail their Fall,  
    Proffer'd Mercy who embrace,  
Listning to the Gospel-Call,  
    Longing to be sav'd by Grace.
  
3. For his Mate the Turtle moans,  
    For his GOD the Sinner sighs;  
Hark, the Music of their Groans  
    Humble Groans that pierce the Skies!  
Surely GOD their Sorrows hears,  
    Every Accent, every Look,  
Treasures up their gracious Tears,  
    Notes their Sufferings in his Book.
  
4. He who hath their Cure begun,  
    Will He now despise their Pain?  
Can He leave<sup>27</sup> his Work undone,  
    Bring them to the Birth in vain?  
No; we all who seek shall find,  
    We who ask shall all receive,  
Be to Christ in Spirit join'd,  
    Free from Sin forever live.

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<sup>26</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 49–50; and MS Clarke, 55–56. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:314–15. The opening stanza of this hymn is based on Isaiah 60:8; Charles records the incident of preaching at Swalwell that spawned the poem in a journal letter for 23 September 1742.

<sup>27</sup>Ori., “leaves”; an error.

**Another**  
**[After Preaching to the**  
**Newcastle Colliers].<sup>28</sup>**

1. See how great a Flame aspires  
Kindled by a Spark of Grace!  
Jesus' Love the Nations fires,  
Sets the Kingdoms on a blaze.  
To bring Fire on Earth He came:  
Kindled in some Hearts it is;  
O that All might catch the Flame,  
All partake the Glorious Bliss!
  
2. When He first the Work begun,  
Small and feeble was His Day;  
Now the Word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening Way,  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail,  
Sin's Strong-holds it now or'ethrows,  
Shakes the trembling Gates of Hell.
  
3. Sons of GOD, your Saviour praise,  
He the Door hath open'd wide,  
He hath giv'n the Word of Grace,  
Jesus' Word is glorified:  
Jesus mighty to redeem,  
He alone the Work hath wrought,  
Worthy is the Work of Him,  
Him who spake a World from Nought.
  
4. Saw ye not the Cloud arise  
Little as an Human Hand?  
Now it spreads along the Skies,  
Hangs or'e all the thirsty Land!  
Lo! the Promise of a Shower  
Drops already from above,  
But the Lord shall shortly pour  
All the Spirit of his Love.

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<sup>28</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 51; MS Clarke, 57–58; and MS Thirty, 210–11. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:315–16.

**Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection.**

**I.<sup>29</sup>**

1. All ye that seek the Lord who died,  
Your GOD for Sinners crucified,  
Prevent the earliest Dawn, and come  
To worship at his Sacred Tomb.
2. Bring the sweet Spices of your Sighs,  
Your contrite Hearts, and streaming Eyes,  
Your sad Complaints, and humble Fears,  
Come, and embalm Him with your Tears.
3. While thus ye long your Souls t' employ,  
Your Sorrow shall be turn'd to Joy:  
Now, now let all your Grief be o're,  
Believe, and ye shall weep no more.
4. An Earthquake hath the Cavern shook,  
And burst the Door, and rent the Rock,  
The Lord hath sent his Angel down,  
And He hath roll'd away the Stone.
5. As Snow behold his Garment white,  
His Countenance as Lightning bright,  
He sits, and waves a flaming Sword,  
And waits upon his Rising Lord.
6. The Third auspicious Morn is come,  
And calls your Saviour from the Tomb,  
The Bands of Death are torn away,  
The yawning Tomb gives back its Prey.
7. Could neither Seal nor Stone secure,  
Nor Men, nor Devils make it sure?  
The Seal is broke, the Stone cast by,  
And all the Powers of Darkness fly.
8. The Body breaths, and lifts his Head,  
The Keepers sink, and fall as dead,

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<sup>29</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 178–80; MS Clarke, 185–87. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 1–2.



The Dead restor'd to Life appear,  
The Living quake and die for Fear.

9. No Power a Band of Soldiers have  
To keep One Body in its Grave:  
Surely it no Dead Body was  
That could the Roman Eagles chase.
10. The Lord of Life is ris'n indeed,  
To Death deliver'd in your stead,  
His Rise proclaims your Sins forgiven,  
And shews the Living Way to Heaven.
11. Haste then, ye Souls that first believe,  
Who dare the Gospel-Word receive  
Your Faith with joyful Hearts confess,  
Be bold, be Jesus' Witnesses.
12. Go tell the Followers of your Lord,  
Their Jesus is to Life restor'd,  
He lives that They his Life may find,  
He lives to quicken all Mankind.

II.<sup>30</sup>

1. Sinners, dismiss your Fear,  
The joyful Tidings hear!  
This the Word that Jesus said,  
O believe, and feel it true,  
Christ is risen from the Dead,  
Lives the Lord who died for You.
2. Haste, to his Tomb repair,  
And see the Tokens there;  
See the Place where Jesus lay,  
Mark the Burial-cloths He wore:  
Angels near his Relicks stay,  
Guard the Dead who dies no more.
3. Why then art Thou cast down,  
Thou poor afflicted One?

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<sup>30</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 180–81; and MS Clarke, 187–88. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 3–4.

Full of Doubts, and Griefs, and Fears  
Look into that Open Grave,  
Died He not to dry thy Tears?  
Rose He not thy Soul to save?

4. Knowst thou not where to find  
The Saviour of Mankind?  
He hath borne Himself away,  
He from Death Himself hath freed,  
He on the Third glorious Day  
Rose triumphant from the Dead.
5. To purge thy guilty Stain  
He died, and rose again:  
Wherefore dost thou weep and mourn?  
Sinner, lift thine Heart and Eye,  
Turn thee, to thy Jesus turn,  
See thy loving Saviour nigh.
6. He comes His own to claim,  
He calls thee by thy Name:  
Drooping Soul rejoice, rejoice,  
See Him there to Life restor'd!  
Mary—know thy Saviour's Voice,  
Hear it, and reply My Lord!

### III.<sup>31</sup>

1. Happy Magdalene, to whom  
Christ the Lord vouchsaf'd t' appear!  
Newly risen from the Tomb  
Would He first be seen by Her!  
Her by Seven Devils possest,  
Till his Word the Fiends expell'd,  
Quench'd the Hell within her Breast,  
All her Sins and Sickness heal'd.
2. Yes, to Her the Master came,  
First his welcome Voice She hears;  
Jesus calls her by her Name,  
He the weeping Sinner cheers,

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<sup>31</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 181–83; MS Clarke, 188–90; and MS John, 420–21. Published in *Resurrection Hymns* (1746), 4–5.

Lets her the dear Task repeat,  
While her Eyes again run or'e,  
Lets her wash his bleeding Feet,  
Kiss them, and with Joy adore.

3. Highly favour'd Soul, to Her  
Farther still his Grace extends,  
Raises the glad Messenger,  
Sends her to his drooping Friends:  
Tidings of their Living Lord  
First in her Report they find,  
She must spread the Gospel-Word,  
Teach the Teachers of Mankind.
4. Who can now presume to fear,  
Once despair his Lord to see?  
Jesus, wilt Thou not appear,  
Shew Thyself alive to me?  
Yes, my GOD, I dare not doubt,  
Thou shalt all my Sins remove,  
Thou hast cast a Legion out,  
Thou wilt perfect me in Love.
5. Surely Thou hast call'd me Now,  
Now I hear the Voice Divine;  
At thy wounded Feet I bow,  
Wounded for whose Sins but mine.  
I have nail'd Him to the Tree,  
I have sent Him to the Grave,  
But the Lord is ris'n for me,  
Hold of Him by Faith I have.
6. Here forever would I lie,  
Didst Thou not thy Servant raise,  
Send me forth to testify  
All the Wonders of thy Grace.  
Lo! I at thy bidding go,  
Gladly to thy Followers tell  
They their Rising GOD may know,  
They the Life of Christ may feel.<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>32</sup>The last stanza of this hymn and next three hymns in the series can be found on pp. 74a–75b above.

[Untitled.]<sup>33</sup>

1. Glory, and Thanks to GOD we give:  
Our Sacred Hairs are number'd all,  
Not One, we find, without his Leave,  
Not One unto the Ground can fall.
2. How blest whom Jesus calls his own,  
How quiet and secure from Harms!  
The Adversary cast us down,  
The Saviour caught us in his Arms.
3. 'Twas Jesus check'd his straitned Chain,  
And curb'd the Malice of our Foe,  
Allow'd to touch our Flesh with Pain  
No farther could the Murtherer go.
4. 'Twas Jesus rais'd our Bodies up,  
And stronger by our Fall we stand,  
Our Life is hid with Christ our Hope,  
Hid in the Hollow of his Hand.
5. We rest in his Protection here,  
But languish for the Awful Day  
When Christ shall in the Clouds appear,  
And Heaven and Earth shall pass away.
6. The great Archangel's Trump shall sound,  
(While twice ten thousand Thunders roar)  
Tear up the Graves, and cleave the Ground,  
And make the greedy Sea restore.
7. The greedy Sea shall yield her Dead,  
The Earth no more her Slain conceal,

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<sup>33</sup>Published (with two additional stanzas) in *HSP* (1749), 2:237–38. Charles titles it there “After a Deliverance from Death by the Fall of an House.” He records the incident that is behind this hymn in his *MS Journal* (14 March 1744).

Sinners shall lift their guilty Head,  
And shrink to see a yawning Hell.

8. But we who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the End endure,  
Shall stand in Jesus' Righteousness,  
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.
9. We, while the Stars from Heaven shall fall,  
And Mountains are on Mountains hurl'd,  
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,  
And smile to see a flaming World.
10. See the celestial Bodies roll  
In Spires of Smoak beneath our Feet!  
They shrivel as a Parchment Scrowl!  
The Ele'ments melt with fervent Heat!
11. [unfinished]
12. [unfinished]
13. [unfinished]
14. [unfinished]

**Before any Work of Charity.**<sup>34</sup>

1. Jesu, by highest Heavens ador'd,  
The Church's Glorious Head;  
With humble Joy I call Thee, Lord,  
And in thy Footsteps tread.
2. Emptied of all thy Greatness here  
While in the Body seen,<sup>35</sup>  
Thou woudst the Least of all appear,  
And minister to Men.
3. A Servant to thy Servants Thou  
In thy debas'd Estate,  
How meekly did thy Goodness bow  
To wash thy Follower's Feet.
4. And shall a Worm refuse to stoop,  
His Fellow-Worms disdain?  
I give my vain Distinctions up,  
Since GOD did wait on Man.
5. At Charity's Almighty Call  
I lay my Greatness by,  
The Least of Saints, I wait on All,  
The Chief of Sinners I.
6. Happy, if I their Grief may chear,  
And mitigate their Pain,  
And wait upon the Servants here,  
Till with the Lord I reign.

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<sup>34</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 55–56; and MS Clarke, 62–63. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:213–14.

<sup>35</sup>Ori., “~~Ignobly poor and mean~~” changed to “While in the Body seen.”

**In the Work.**<sup>36</sup>

1. I come, O GOD, to do thy Will,  
With Jesus in my View,  
A Servant of his Servants still  
My Pattern I pursue.
2. My loving Labour I repeat,  
Obedient to his Word,  
And wash his dear Disciples Feet,  
And wait upon my Lord.
3. I have my Saviour always near,  
On Him I now attend,  
I see Him in his Members here  
My Brother and my Friend.
4. Shivering beneath those Rags He stands,  
Again expos'd and bare,  
And stretches out his helpless Hands,  
And asks my tender Care.
5. And shall I not Relief afford,  
Put off my costly Dress,  
Tear it away to cloath my Lord,  
Who hides my Sinfulness!
6. Drink to a thirsty Christ I give,  
An hungry Christ I feed,  
The Stranger to my House receive,  
Who here<sup>37</sup> shall lay his Head.
7. Sick, and in Prison will I find,  
And all his Sorrows chear,  
Or bring him forth, and doubly kind  
Relieve, and tend Him here.
8. In Sickness will I make his Bed,  
The cordial Draught prepare,

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<sup>36</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 56–58; and MS Clarke, 63–64a. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:214–16.

<sup>37</sup>Ori., “Who ~~He~~ here.”

My Hands shall hold his fainting Head,  
And all his Burthen bear.

9. Surely I now my Saviour see,  
In this poor Worm conceal'd,  
Wounded He asks Relief of me,  
Who all my Wounds hath heal'd.
10. My needy Jesus I descry,  
And in this Object meet,  
Sick, and in Pain I see Him lie,  
And gasping at my Feet.
11. Paleness his dying Face o'respreads,  
His Grievs I more than see,  
My Heart at Jesus' Suffering bleeds  
With softest Sympathy.
12. I fill my Lord's Afflictions up,  
His welcome Burthen bear,  
And gladly drink his bitter Cup,  
And all his Sorrows share.
13. Yes, Lord, with Joy, and Grief, and Love  
I now behold thy Face,  
My GOD descended from above  
To suffer in my Place.
14. Thy Visage marr'd with Tears and Blood,  
Mine Eyes of Faith survey,  
As when on yonder Cross my GOD  
A bleeding Victim lay.
15. Torn with the Whips, and Nails, and Spear  
Thy Sacred Body was;  
O might it now to All appear  
As hanging on the Cross!



16. O that to Thee the World might bow,  
And know thy Saving Name,  
And see, and serve, as I do now,  
And love the Bleeding Lamb!

**For a Dying Unconverted Sinner.**<sup>38</sup>

1. Now, Sinner, now what is thy Hope?  
Canst Thou with Confidence look up,  
And see the Angel nigh?  
Is Death a Messenger of Peace?  
And dost Thou long for thy Release?  
And art thou fit to die?
2. Say, if prepar'd for Death thou art,  
What means that Faultring of thy Heart,  
That inly-stiffl'd Groan?  
Why shrinks thy Soul with guilty Fear,  
And loudly warn'd of Judgment near  
Starts from a GOD Unknown?
3. Whither, ah! whither must thou go?  
Poor dying Wretch, thou dost not know,  
Doubtful so near thine End;  
Doubtful with whom thou first shalt meet,  
Who first thy parting Soul shall greet,  
An Angel, or a Fiend.
4. Where wilt thou Ease, or Comfort take?  
Now to thy harmless Life look back,  
From outward Vices free;  
Bring all thy Works, and Seeming Good  
To balance with thy Guilty Load,  
And let them plead for Thee.
5. Alas! they cannot buy thy Peace,  
The Rags of thy own Righteousness  
They cannot skreen thy Shame:  
Full of all inward Sin thou art,

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<sup>38</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 69–72; and MS Clarke, 77–80. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:61–64.

Anger, and Lust, and Pride of Heart;  
And Legion is thy Name.

6. Now let thy best Endeavours plead,  
Now lean upon that feeble Reed,  
Thou who hast liv'd so well!  
Thy dying Weight it cannot bear,  
But breaks, and leaves thee to Despair,  
And lets thee sink to Hell.
7. Now wilt thou mock the Sons of GOD,  
Who *felt* the Saviour Sprinkled Blood,  
And Own'd their Sins Forgiven!  
Tell them their Peace they Cannot feel,  
The Glorious Hope, the Spirit's Seal,  
The Antepast of Heaven.
8. Hast Thou receiv'd the Holy Ghost?  
Poor Christless Soul, undone, and lost,  
Already damn'd thou art:  
Now tell thy Lord, It Cannot be;  
He did not buy the Grace for Thee,  
To dwell within *thy* Heart.
9. His Inspiration Now blaspheme,  
And call it all a Madman's Dream,  
That GOD in Man should dwell;  
Th' Enthusiastic Scheme explode,  
That Souls should here be fill'd with GOD:  
Go laugh at Saints in Hell!
10. Ah! no; thy Laughter ceases there,  
Doom'd with Apostate Fiends to share  
The Unbeliever's Hire;

There thou shalt die the Second Death,  
And know thy Tongue, and gnash thy Teeth,  
And welter in that Fire.

11. Alas! thy gracious Day is past:  
The Wrath is come: (what Hope at last  
The Sentence to repeal?)  
No longer thy Damnation sleeps,  
The Soul from off thy quivering Lips  
Is starting into Hell.
12. But if thou Nothing hast to plead,  
Behold in this thy greatest Need  
An Advocate is nigh;  
Ask Him to undertake thy Cause,  
The Man that hung upon the Cross,  
And deign'd for Thee to die.
13. See Him between the Dying Thieves,  
His Grace the Parting Soul relieves  
Ev'n at his latest Hour:  
Ask, and his Grace shall reach to Thee,  
"Jesus, my King, remember me,  
"Display thy Mercy's Power.
14. "Thee for my Lord, and GOD I own,  
"With Pity see me from thy Throne,  
"And though my Body dies,  
"My Soul, if Thou thy Spirit give,  
"My happy Soul to day<sup>39</sup> shall live,  
"With Thee in Paradice.<sup>[2]</sup>

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<sup>39</sup>Ori., "~~with Thee~~" changed to "to day."

**Another**  
**[For a Dying Unconverted Sinner].<sup>40</sup>**

1.   And must Thou perish in thy Blood,  
      A wretched Soul that knows not GOD,  
          A Child of Satan Thou!  
      Thy Foes, and Fears, and Sins prevail;  
      Arrested by the Pains of Hell,  
          Where is thy Refuge Now!
  
2.   Caught in the Toils of Death thou art,  
      All-unrenew'd and foul thy Heart,  
          And fill'd with guilty Fear:  
      See there! the King of Fears is come!  
      Prepare to meet thine Instant Doom,  
          Before thy GOD appear.
  
3.   Vain are thy Tears, and late Remorse;  
      The Tyrant sits on his pale Horse,  
          Devourer of Mankind,  
      Attended by a ghastly Train,  
      Sorrow, Astonishment, and Pain,  
          And Hell comes close behind.
  
4.   Ready to pierce thy trembling Heart,  
      The grizzly Terror shakes his Dart,  
          And Hell expects its Prey!  
      Ready a Troop of Devils stands  
      To take thee from the Monster's Hands,  
          And hurry thee away.
  
5.   What Hope, or Help remains for Thee?  
      Poor desp'rate Soul, and can it be  
          That Thou shou'dst Mercy find?  
      Ask Him, who spilt his pretious Blood,  
      To buy, and bring Thee back to GOD,  
          To ransom All Mankind.

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<sup>40</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 44–46; and MS Clarke, 49–51. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:64–66.

6. Call, on the Name of Jesus call,  
Ask, if He did not die for All,  
That All might turn and live?  
Call on Him in this latest Hour;  
Hell is not readier to devour,  
Than Jesus to forgive.
7. Sufficient is his Grace for Thee:  
Straitned for Time He cannot be;  
Thy dying Groan He hears:  
Jesus is mighty to redeem;  
A Day, a Moment's Space with Him  
Is as a thousand Years.
8. Call on Him, and He yet shall save,  
Redeem my Spirit from the Grave,  
The Gulph that yawns beneath,  
Jesu, reverse my fearful Doom,  
O snatch me from the Wrath to come,  
The Everlasting Death.
9. Sprinkle thy Blood upon my Heart;  
One Drop, if Thou the Grace impart,  
Shall move my Guilty Load,  
From every Spot of Sin set free;  
Speak All-atoning Blood for me,  
Cry in the Ears of GOD!
10. Father, if now Thou hear'st it cry,  
Now let it in my Heart reply,  
And shew my Sins forgiven;  
Thou canst—Thou Dost this Moment save:  
Tis finish'd! I my Passport have—  
Lead on, lead on to Heaven!

**Prayer for a Friend.**<sup>41</sup>

1. See, Jesu, see that much lov'd Soul  
For whom thy pretious Life was given,  
Haste to renew and make her whole  
And fill her now with all thy Heaven.
2. Now Saviour now (if after GOD  
We ask) the Second Gift impart,  
And shed thy glorious Love abroad,  
And give her the pure sinless Heart.
3. Remove the Stumbling-block within,  
The Possible Offence remove,  
Say to her Soul, Thou canst not sin,  
Forever sav'd by perfect Love.
4. Answer in Her thine own Request,  
Answer in Us thy Spirit's Groan,  
Speak her into thy People's Rest,  
And tell her inmost Soul Tis done.
5. When Inbred Sin is All destroy'd  
Long let her here thy Witness live,  
In Love's Angelic Task employ'd,  
And free what She receives to give.
6. Greatest of all O let her be,  
And ever in thy Footsteps go,  
And gladly minister to Thee,  
A Servant of thy Church below.
7. Let her thro' thine almighty Name<sup>42</sup>  
A Mother in our Israel rise,  
Cherish the Followers of the Lamb,  
And nurse them till they reach the Skies.

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<sup>41</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 77–78; and MS Clarke, 85–87. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:271–72.

<sup>42</sup>Ori., “Hands.”

8. Thus may She still hath Faith approve,  
And make the Lambs her tenderest Care,  
The Little Ones that lisp thy Love  
Delighted in her Arms to bear.
9. Jesu, fulfil her Heart's Desire,  
And gather in thy Lambs and Sheep,  
Bid them into thy Fold retire,  
And far from Sin and Danger keep.
10. Far from the World a Place provide  
Ev'n *in* this howling Wilderness,  
And in thy Sanctuary hide  
The Vessels of thy perfect Grace.
11. Who the good Fight of Faith have fought,  
And found the Love that casts out Fear,  
Within the sacred Verge be brought,  
And rest from all their Labours *here*.
12. In Answer to thy Spirit's Prayer  
Now let the polish'd Pillars rise,  
Firm as the Throne of GOD, and bear  
Thy glorious Temple to the Skies.



**For One in a declining State  
of Health.**

[L.]<sup>43</sup>

1. GOD of my Life, for Thee I pine,  
For Thee I chearfully decline,  
And hasten to decay,  
Summon'd to take my Place above,  
I hear the Call, Arise, my Love,  
My Fair-One come away!
2. Obedient to the Voice of GOD,  
I soon shall quit this Earthy Clod,  
Shall lay my Body down,  
Th' Immortal Principles aspires,  
And swells my Soul with strong Desires  
To grasp the Starry Crown.
3. The more the Outward Man decays,  
The Inner feels thy strengthening Grace,  
And knows that Thou art mine:  
Partaker of my Glorious Hope  
I here shall after Thee wake up,  
Shall in thine Image shine.
4. Thou wilt not leave thy Work undone,  
But finish what Thou hast begun  
Before I hence remove;  
I shall be, Master, as Thou art,  
Holy, and meek, and pure in Heart,  
And perfected in Love.
5. Thou wilt cut short thy Work of Grace,  
And perfect in a Babe thy Praise,  
And Strength for me ordain,

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<sup>43</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 96–97. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:267–68.

Thy Blood shall make me throughly clean,  
And not One Spot of Inbred Sin  
Shall in my Flesh remain.

6. Dear Lamb, if Thou for me could'st die,  
Thy Love shall wholly sanctify,  
Thy Love shall seal me Thine;  
Thou wilt from me no more depart,  
My All in Life, and Death Thou art,  
Thou art forever mine.

**II.**<sup>44</sup>

1. Lamb, lovely Lamb, for Sinners slain,  
In Weakness, Weariness, and Pain  
Thy tender Care I prove:  
Continue still thy tender Care,  
My Spirit for Thyself prepare,  
And perfect me in Love.
2. In stedfast Faith on Thee I call,  
Saviour, and sovereign Lord of All,  
My Brother, and my Friend,  
Lead me my few remaining Days,  
And finish thy great Work of Grace,  
And love me to the End.
3. Till I from all my Sins am freed,  
O may I lean my languid Head  
On thy dear loving Breast:  
Thou, Jesu, catch my parting Breath,  
And let me smoothly glide thro' Death  
To my Eternal Rest.

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<sup>44</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 97–98. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:268–69.

4. Saviour, bring near the joyful Hour,  
The Fulness of thy Spirit pour,  
And while I here remain,  
Christ let it be that lives, not I:  
Or now, permit me Now to die;  
To die is greatest Gain.
5. Come then my Health, my Hope, my Home,  
My Love, my Life Eternal come,  
Me to Thyself receive,  
Soul, Flesh, and Spirit sanctify,  
And bid me live in Thee, to<sup>45</sup> die,  
And die in Thee to live.

**III.**<sup>46</sup>

1. Jesu, my Hope in Life and Death,  
For Thee I spend my latest Breath,  
Till join'd to Those above,  
Thy faithful Mercies I proclaim,  
I sing the Glories of the Lamb,  
And gasp thy dying Love.
2. Thy dying Love hath seal'd my Peace,  
Hath made my Sins and Sorrows cease,  
And sweetned all my Pain:  
Thy dying Love supports me now;  
And lo! with Thee my Head I bow,  
And die with Thee to reign.
3. Out of the Dust of Death I rise,  
I feel a Life that never dies,  
An hidden Life Divine,

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<sup>45</sup>Ori., “and.”

<sup>46</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 98–99. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:269–70.

The Earnest of my Glorious Bliss;  
And This is Heaven, and only This  
To know my Jesus mine.

4. Thou art my own, I know Thou art,  
I feel Thee, Saviour, in my Heart,  
My Utmost Saviour Thou  
Hast seal'd me to Redemption's Day,  
And now I Cannot fall away,  
I Cannot leave Thee now.
5. Divinely confident I am,  
And more than conquer in thy Name  
Whate'er my Hope withstands;  
Upheld by Thee I all break thro',  
For who can loose thy Grasp? for who  
Can pluck me from thy Hands?<sup>47</sup>
6. Nor Death nor Life can now disjoin,  
Nor Fiends shall tear my Spirit from Thine,  
Nor Heighth nor Depth shall move,  
Nor This, nor any future Hour,  
Nor all the Creature's utmost Power  
Can part me from thy Love.

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<sup>47</sup>Ori., "Hand"; an error. Wesley wrote "Hands" in order to rhyme with "withstands" of line 3 in the versions in MS Thirty, 98–99; and *HSP* (1749), 1:269–70.

**For One in Pain.**<sup>48</sup>

1. Pain, my old Companion Pain,  
Seldom parted from my Side,  
Welcome to thy Seat again,  
Here, if GOD permits, abide:  
Pledge of sure-approaching Ease,  
Haste to stop my wretched Breath,  
Rugged Messenger of Peace,  
Joyful Harbinger of Death.
  
2. Foe to Nature as thou art,  
I embrace thee as my Friend:  
Thou shalt bid my Griefs depart,  
Bring me to my Journey's End:  
Yes, I joyfully decay,  
Homeward thro' thy Help I haste;  
Thou hast shook the House of Clay,  
Surely it will fall at last.
  
3. Kind Remembrancer, to Thee  
Many a chearful Thought I owe:  
Witness of Mortality,  
Wise thro' Thee my End I know,  
Warn'd by every Pain I feel  
Of my Dissolution near;  
Pleas'd the lessening Hours I tell:  
Quickly shall the Last be here.
  
4. Sacred, salutary Ill,  
Thee though foolish Man miscall,  
Mingled by my Father's Skill  
Sweet as Honey is the Gall:  
Who beneath thy Pressure groan,  
Chief of Ills who reckon Thee,

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<sup>48</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 53–54; and MS Clarke, 59–60. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:263–64.

Sin alas they ne'er have known:  
Sin is perfect Misery.

5. Free from Sin I soon shall live,  
Free from Sin while here below,  
Only Thou mayst still survive  
Till the Joys of Heaven I know  
Of my Starry Crown possest;  
All thy Office then is or'e,  
When I gain The Glorious Rest,  
Pain and Suffering are no more.

**Another**  
**[For One in Pain].**<sup>49</sup>

1. And shall I, Lord, the Cup decline  
So wisely mixt by Love Divine,  
And tasted first by Thee!  
The bitter Draught Thou drankst up,  
And but this single Sacred Drop  
Hast Thou reserv'd for me.
2. Lo! I receive it at thy Hand,  
And bear by thy benign Command  
The Salutary Pain;  
With Thee to live I gladly die,  
And suffer here, above the Sky  
With my dear Lord to reign.
3. Here only can I shew my Love,  
By Suffering my Obedience prove;  
But when thy Heaven I share,  
I cannot mourn for Jesus' sake,  
I cannot there thy Cup partake,  
I cannot suffer there.
4. Full<sup>50</sup> gladly then for Thee I grieve,  
The Honour of thy Cross receive,  
And bless the happy Load:

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<sup>49</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 173–74; and MS Clarke, 163. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:265.

<sup>50</sup>Ori., “Fully.”

Who would not in thy Footsteps tread  
Who would not bow like<sup>51</sup> Thee his Head,  
And sympathize with GOD!

**Another**  
**[For One in Pain].<sup>52</sup>**

1. Jesus, thy Sovereign Name I bless!  
Sorrow is Joy, and Pain is Ease  
    To Those that trust in Thee:  
All things together work for Good,  
To me, the Purchase of thy Blood,  
    The much-lov'd Sinner me.
2. A feeble helpless Child of Man  
I suffer, and enjoy my Pain,  
    And hidden Sweetness prove;  
With pitying Eyes, and outstretch'd Hands,  
Before me still the Saviour stands  
    In Majesty of Love.
3. Gladly I drink thy Mercy's Cup,  
I fill my Lord's Afflictions up,  
    I now am truly great,  
Exalted by thy kind Command,  
By Sufferings plac'd at thy Right-hand,  
    I in thy Kingdom sit.
4. With Thee, O Christ, on Earth I reign,  
In all the awful Pomp of Pain,  
    But send my piercing Eyes  
Th' Eternal things unseen to see,  
The Crown of Life reserv'd for me,  
    And glittering thro' the Skies.

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<sup>51</sup>Ori., "witht."

<sup>52</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 174–76; and MS Clarke, 164–65. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:265–67.

5. As sure as now thy Cross I bear,  
I shall thy heavenly Kingdom share  
    And take my Seat above;  
Celestial Joy is in this Pain,  
It tells me I with Thee shall reign,  
    In Everlasting Love.
  
6. The more my Sufferings here increase,  
The greater is my future Bliss;  
    And Thou my Griefs dost tell:  
They in thy Book are noted down,  
A Jewel added to my Crown  
    Is every Pain I feel.
  
7. So be it then, if Thou ordain,  
Crowd all my happy Life with Pain,  
    And let me daily die:  
I bow, and bless the sacred Sign,  
And bear the Cross, by Grace Divine  
    Which lifts me to the Sky.



**For One that is sick, before Using  
the Means of Recovery.**

[I.]<sup>53</sup>

1. Virtue Divine, Balsamic Word,  
All-quickning All-informing Soul,  
By whom Bethesda's Waters stir'd  
Could make the various Lazars whole;
2. Angel of Covenanted Grace,  
Come, and thy Healing Power infuse,  
Descend in thine own Time, and bless,  
And give the Means their hallow'd Use.
3. Obedient to thy Will alone,  
To Thee in Means I calmly fly;  
My Life, I know, is not my own,  
To GOD I live, to GOD I die.
4. In Heaven my Heart and Treasure is,  
Yet while I sojourn here beneath,  
I dare not wish for my Release,  
Or once indulge the Lust of Death.
5. Thy holy Will be ever mine;  
If Thou on Earth detain me still,  
I bow, and bless the Grace Divine,  
I suffer all thy holy Will.
6. I come, if Thou my Strength restore,  
To serve Thee with my Strength renew'd,  
Grant me but This (I ask no more)  
To spend, and to be spent for GOD.

**II.**<sup>54</sup>

1. Hail great Physician of Mankind,  
Jesus Thou art from every Ill,

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<sup>53</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 108; and MS Clarke, 124. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:260–61.

<sup>54</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 108–109; and MS Clarke, 125. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:261–62.

Health in thine only Name we find,  
Thy Name doth in the Med'cine heal.

2. Thy Name the fainting Soul restores,  
Strength to the languid Body brings,  
Renews exhausted Nature's Powers,  
And bears us as on Eagle's Wings.
3. Faith in thy Sovereign Name I have,  
And wait its healing Power to know,  
Assur'd that it my Flesh shall save  
Till all thy Work is done below.
4. Then, Saviour, for my Spirit call,  
My Spirit all-conform'd to Thine,  
And let this Tabernacle fall  
To rise rebuilt by Hands Divine.

**III.**<sup>55</sup>

1. Jesus, was ever Love like Thine,  
So strong, and permanent, and pure!  
Strange Myst'ery This of Love Divine  
That Stripes should heal, and Death should cure.
2. How costly was the Med'cine, Lord,  
The Med'cine which thy Wounds supplied!  
That I might live, to Health restor'd,  
My Lamb, my good Physician died.
3. My GOD, my All, O Christ, Thou art,  
On Thee for every Good I call,  
Thy Death shall Life and Strength impart,  
O Christ, Thou art my GOD,<sup>56</sup> my All.
4. Let Others to the Creature fly,  
I still betake me to thy Blood,  
I on thy only Blood rely  
For Life, for Physic, and for Food.

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<sup>55</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 109–110; and MS Clarke, 125–27. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:262–63.

<sup>56</sup>Ori., “Life.”

5. Thy Blood did all my Sorrows calm,  
And ease the Anguish of my Soul,  
And when I ask for Gilead's Balm,  
It still is near to make me whole.
6. Thy powerful Blood can cloath again  
My feeble Flesh with Strength renew'd,  
Sorrow, and Malady, and Pain  
Shall fly before thy powerful Blood.
7. Whate'er my Heavenly Father wills  
Thro' Faith in Thee I still receive,  
Thy Blood my every Promise seals,  
And quicken'd by thy Blood I live.
8. Thy Blood shall wash me white as Snow;  
It now hath brought me near to GOD,  
And all my Gifts, and Blessings flow,  
Thro' the dear Channel of thy Blood.
9. To buy, and make me free indeed  
The Ransom of thy Blood was given,  
For me thy Blood on Earth was shed,  
And now it interceeds in Heaven.
10. It speaks to GOD, my GOD for me,  
For me obtains whate'er is best;  
And lo! the Bleeding Lamb I see,  
And in thy Wounds forever rest.

**Oblation of a Sick Child.**<sup>57</sup>

1. Father, thy Will be done, not mine,  
Thy only Will be done!  
To Thee my Isaac I resign,  
I render up my Son.
2. Without a murmuring Wish I give  
The Child Thou gav'st to me:  
Or let him to thy Glory live,  
Or let him die to Thee.
3. I dare not deprecate the Cross  
Or of my Loss complain,  
Assur'd my Momentary Loss  
Is His Eternal Gain.
4. I hear the Providential Word,  
I bless the Will Divine;  
Remove him from my Bosom, Lord,  
And take him up to Thine.

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<sup>57</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:278.

**After the Death of a Friend.**

[I.]<sup>58</sup>

1. O happy Soul, thy Work is done,  
Thy Fight is fought, thy Course is run,  
And Thou art now at rest,  
Thou here wast perfected in Love,  
Thou now art join'd to Those above,  
And numbred with the Blest.
2. Thy Sun<sup>59</sup> no more goes down by Night,  
Thy Moon no more withdraws it's Light;  
Those blessed Mansions shine  
Bright with an Uncreated Flame,  
Full of the Glories of the Lamb,  
Th' Eternal Light Divine.
3. Our State if parted<sup>60</sup> Spirits know,  
Thou pitiest now thy Friends below  
In this dark Vale of Tears,  
Who still beneath our Burthen groan,  
Or griev'd with Sorrows not our own,  
Are living out our Years.
4. Secure of the Celestial Prize,  
Thou waitest now in Paradice  
Till we are all convey'd  
By Angels to our endless Rest,  
Of Thine and Jesus' Joy possest,  
In Jesus' Bosom laid.
5. O when shall I be taken home!  
O that my latest Change were come  
For which I wait in Pain!

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<sup>58</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 5–6; and MS Thirty, 74–76. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:261–63.

<sup>59</sup>Ori., “Son.”

<sup>60</sup>Ori., “happy.”

Weary of Life thro' Inbred Sin!  
Speak Jesu, speak the Sinner clean,  
Nor let my Faith be vain.

6. O bid me live in Thee and die:  
Why Saviour, let me ask Thee, why  
Dost Thou so long delay?  
A Blessing hast Thou not for me?  
O bid me live, and die in Thee;  
My Jesus, come away.
7. Another and Another goes  
Thro' the dark Vale to his Repose,  
And glad resigns his Breath;  
But I alas! must still remain,  
I cannot break my Fleshly Chain,  
Or overtake my Death.
8. I live, and suffer all my Care,  
The Bondage of Corruption bear,  
And groan beneath my Load,  
Struggles my Spirit to get free,  
And pants for Immortality,  
And reaches after GOD.
9. But O! my Strivings all are vain,  
Inevitable is my Pain,  
Incurable my Wound,  
Till Jesus ends my inward Strife,  
And speaks me into Second Life,  
And I in Christ am found.
10. See then I all at last resign,  
Thy Will, O Lord, be done not Mine,  
I give my Murmurings or'e:  
Do with me now as seems Thee meet,  
But let me suffer at thy Feet,  
And teach my GOD no more.

II.<sup>61</sup>

1. O Death, Thou art on every Side,  
Thy thousand Gates stand open wide  
    The Weary to receive:  
Yet I can find no Rest for me,  
I suffer all my Misery,  
    And still alas I live!
2. Still my imprison'd Spirit waits;  
In vain for me thy thousand Gates  
    Stand open Day and Night,  
And other Souls their Exit make,  
On every Moment's Wings they take  
    Their Everlasting Flight.
3. Envious I hear the Passing-bell  
With sweetly melancholy Knell  
    Their happy Change declare:  
But I can see no End of Strife,  
Th' intolerable Load of Life  
    I still am forc'd to bear.
4. Weary of Life in Pain I breathe,  
With blind Desire I covet Death,  
    But cannot find it nigh,  
Unsav'd and unredeem'd from Sin,  
Unchang'd, unholy, and unclean,  
    Yet still I long to die.
5. Wretch that I am, while unrenow'd  
Can I appear, O Righteous GOD,  
    A Sinner in thy Sight!

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<sup>61</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 7–8; and MS Thirty, 84–85. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:263–64.

Nay, but I trust thy Blood shall cleanse  
My Soul, before Thou take it hence,  
And wash my Garments white.

6. When Thou hast spoke my Nature clean,  
When I have thy Salvation seen,  
O Lord my Righteousness,  
And clasp'd Thee in my Loving Heart,  
Pronounce the welcome Word, Depart,  
And let me die in Peace.



**Desiring to be dissolved.**<sup>62</sup>

1. Welcome Weariness and Pain,  
Pledges of Relief and Ease!  
Loss of Strength to me is Gain,  
Let my wretched Days decrease,  
All my Days shall soon be past,  
Pain and Grief<sup>63</sup> shall bring the last.
2. Tenant of my troubled Breast,  
Yet a little longer sigh,  
Death shall shortly give thee Rest;  
Fluttering Heart, the Rest is nigh,  
Flutter, till the Strife is o're,  
Beat a while, and beat no more.
3. Wakeful Eyes, for your Repose  
Yet a little longer weep,<sup>64</sup>  
Death your weary Lids shall close,  
Seal them up in lasting Sleep;  
Haste, your latest Sorrows pour,  
Weep mine Eyes, and weep no more.
4. Tears, and Eyes, and Heart shall fail,  
This my fainting Spirit chears,  
I have well-nigh pass'd the Vale,  
Travell'd thro' my mournful Years,  
Glory to my Lord I give,  
Here I have not long to live.
5. Grief hath shook the House of Clay,  
Grief hath sap'd the Ground of Life,  
Grief hath hasten'd on the Day;  
Grief shall quickly end the Strife,  
Grief shall Soul and Body part,  
Grief for Sin shall break my Heart.

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<sup>62</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 202–203; MS Clarke, 167–68; and MS Richmond Tracts, 9–10.  
Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:266–67.

<sup>63</sup>Ori., “~~Death~~.”

<sup>64</sup>Ori., “~~sigh~~.”

**Another**  
**[Desiring to be dissolved].<sup>65</sup>**

1. Soothing Soul-composing Thought!  
I shall soon my Haven gain,  
Out of Mind, and clean forgot,  
Far from Trouble, far from Pain,  
Of my quiet Grave possess,  
I shall be with Those that rest.
  
2. Let me on the Image dwell,  
Glory o're<sup>66</sup> my mouldring Clay:  
Feeble Limbs, ye soon shall fail,  
Life shall shortly pass away,  
I shall yield my wretched Breath,  
Sink into the Dust of Death.
  
3. Swift as Air my Moments fly,  
Less and less the destin'd Store,  
Time like me makes haste to die,  
Time and Sin shall be no more,  
Sin shall *here* its Period have,  
Time be buried in my Grave.
  
4. Drooping Soul, rejoice, rejoice,  
Here Thou hast not long to stay,  
Listen for the Bridegroom's Voice,  
Rise, my Love, and come away,  
Hasten to thy Lord above,  
Rise, and come away my Love.
  
5. Lo! I at thy Summons come,  
This frail Tabernacle leave;  
Thou art my Eternal Home,  
Now, O Lord, my Soul receive,  
Take me to thy loving Breast,  
Take me to thy Heavenly Rest.

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<sup>65</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 203–204; MS Clarke, 168–69; and MS Richmond Tracts, 10–11.  
Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:267–68.

<sup>66</sup>Ori., “*m.*”

**Another**  
**[Desiring to be dissolved].<sup>67</sup>**

1. O Death, my<sup>68</sup> Hope is full of Thee,  
Thou art my Immortality,  
    My longing Heart's Desire,  
The Mention of thy lovely Name  
Kindles within my Breast a Flame,  
    And sets me all on fire.
  
2. Extend thy Arms, and take me in,  
Weary of Life, and Self, and Sin;  
    Be Thou my Balm, my Ease:  
I languish till thy Face appears,  
No longer now the King of Fears,  
    Thou art All Loveliness.
  
3. I gasp to end my wretched Days,  
To rush into thy cold Embrace,  
    And there securely rest:  
Come, O thou Friend of Sorrows, come,  
Lead to the Chambers of the Tomb,  
    And lull me on thy Breast.
  
4. I feel that thou hast lost thy Sting,  
My dying Saviour and my King  
    Bore all my Sins for me,  
He tasted Death, and made it sweet,  
From Thee the Eater brought forth Meat,  
    Eternal Life from Thee.
  
5. This Earth, I know, is not my Place,  
O that I now might end my Race,  
    And leave a World of Sin!  
Receive, dear Lord, my parting Breath,  
Thou, Jesus, hast the Keys of Death,  
    Open, and take me in!

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<sup>67</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 11–12; and MS Thirty, 182–83. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:269–70.

<sup>68</sup>Ori., “O Death, ~~Thou~~ my.”

**For a Sick Friend—in Darkness.**<sup>69</sup>

1. Come, Lord, come quickly from above,  
The Object of thy Bleeding Love  
Is sick, and wants thine Aid;  
Lover of every helpless Soul,  
O let thy Pity make him whole,  
Whose Mind on Thee is stay'd.
2. His only Trust is in thy Blood,  
Thou Sinner's Advocate with GOD,  
Thou All-atoning Lamb,  
The Virtue of thy Death impart,  
Speak Comfort to his drooping Heart,  
And tell him all thy Name.
3. Give him thy Pard'ning Love to feel,  
And freely his Backslidings heal,  
Repair his Faith's Decay,  
Restore the Sweetness of thy Grace,  
Reveal the Glories of thy Face,  
And take his Sins away.
4. Speak, Lord, and let him find Thee near,  
O bid him now be of good cheer,  
Declare his Sins forgiven,  
Return, Thou Prince of Peace, return,  
Thou Comforter of All that mourn,  
And look him into Heaven.

**Another**

**[For a Sick Friend—in Darkness].**<sup>70</sup>

1. O Lord, our Strength and Righteousness,  
Our Hope, and Refuge in Distress,  
Our Saviour, and our GOD,  
See here, an helpless Sinner see,  
Sick, and in Pain he gasps to Thee,  
And waits to feel thy Blood.

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<sup>69</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 120–21. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:66.

<sup>70</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 121–22. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:67.

2. In Sickness make Thou all his Bed,  
Thy Hand support his fainting Head,  
His feeble Soul defend;  
Teach him on Thee to cast his Care,  
And all his Grief and Burthen bear,  
And love him to the End.
3. If now thy Will his Soul require,  
O sit as a Refiner's Fire,  
And purge it first from Sin;  
Thy Love hath quicker Wings than Death;  
The Fulness of thy Spirit breathe,  
And bring thy Nature in.
4. If in the Vale of Tears thy Will  
Appoints him to continue still,  
O sanctify his Pain,  
And let him patiently submit,  
To suffer as thy Love sees fit,  
And never once complain.
5. O let him look to Thee alone,  
(That all thy Will on him be done  
His only Pleasure be)  
Alike resign'd to live, or die,  
As most thy Name may glorify,  
To live or die in Thee.

**For a Sick Friend.**

[L.]<sup>71</sup>

1. Most meek and tender-hearted Lamb,  
Jesu, we call on thy dear Name,  
Nor shall we call in vain;  
In Thee we have not an High-Priest,  
Who cannot be like Us distrest,  
For GOD-with-us is Man.
2. Thou feelest all the Woes we feel,  
A Sufferer in thy Members still,  
A Man of Griefs Thou art:  
And now Thou dost the Sickness bear  
Of Her for whom we make our Prayer,  
And pour out all our Heart.
3. Still, gracious Lord, delight to shed  
Thy Blessings on her fav'rite Head,  
Thy choicest Blessings shower;  
Preserve her Mind in perfect Peace,  
And when her Sufferings most increase,  
O let her Joys be more.
4. Give her thy meek and quiet Mind,  
Patient, and perfectly resign'd  
In all things let her be,  
Nothing desire above, beneath,  
Nor Ease, nor Pain, nor Life, nor Death,  
But to be All like Thee.
5. Yet for thy des'late Sion sake,  
Ah! do not now receive her back  
To thy celestial Quire:

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<sup>71</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 80–81; and MS Clarke, 91–92. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:270–71.

A burning and a shining Light  
Detain her in our Land of Night  
To set the World on fire.

6. Jesu, approach, and touch her Hand,  
(We ask in Faith) and now command  
The Fever to depart,  
Now bid her in thine Image rise,  
Possess of her high Calling's Prize,  
A pure and perfect Heart.

**II.**<sup>72</sup>

1. O GOD, thy Truth and Power declare,  
We wait the Answer of our Prayer,  
We know it must be given:  
The Prayer of Faith can never fail,  
It enters now within the Vail,  
And shuts and opens Heaven.
2. Lord, we believe the Promise true,  
The Prayer of Faith can all things do  
When guided by thy Will;  
It stops the parting Spirit's Flight,  
Or brings it back from Realms of Light,  
To serve thy Pleasure still.
3. In Faith we wrestle for that Soul:  
Stir up thy Power, and make her whole,  
Protract her happy Days,  
And let her all thy Goodness know,  
A Guardian-Angel here below,  
A Vessel of thy Grace.

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<sup>72</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 99–100; and MS Clarke, 114–15. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:271–72.

4. Long may She to thy Glory live,  
Thy richest Promises receive,  
Wash'd by thy hallowing Word  
From every Wrinkle, every Spot,  
Sinless in Deed, and Word, and Thought,  
In all things like her Lord.
5. We know Thou wilt not long delay,  
We have the things for which we pray,  
The Prayer of Faith is seal'd,  
And She thine Utmost Truth shall prove,  
Lov'd with an Everlasting Love,  
With all thy Fulness fill'd.
6. Author of Faith, thy Love we praise,  
O what Omnipotence of Grace  
Hast Thou on Man bestow'd!  
Thy Mouth, O Lord, hath strangely said  
"Concerning Those my Hands have made  
"Ye Worms, COMMAND YOUR GOD!<sup>[23]</sup>



**On the Death of Robert Jones Esq.**<sup>73</sup>

1. Thanks be to GOD, whose faithful Love  
Hath call'd Another to his Breast,  
Translated Him to Joys above,  
To Mansions of eternal Rest.
2. Ripe for the glorious Harvest made  
He first was sav'd from Inbred Sin,  
The Angel then his Charge obey'd,  
And thrust the Mortal Sickle in.
3. He the good Fight of Faith hath won,  
He heard with Joy the welcome Word,  
Hither come up (thy Work is done)  
And reign forever with thy Lord.
4. By Ministerial Spirits convey'd,  
Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,  
He rests in Abraham's Bosom laid,  
He lives with GOD, no more to die.
- 5.<sup>74</sup> Thanks be to GOD thro' Christ alone  
Who gave our Friend the Victory:  
O Master, say to me Well done!  
May I rejoice to die in Thee!
6. Thus may we all our Warfare end,  
In Struglings to the upper Skies  
Our last triumphant Moments spend,  
And grasp in Death the Heavenly Prize.
7. O that we all may thus break thro',  
The Crown with holy Violence seize,  
The Starry Crown to Conquest due,  
The glorious Crown of Righteousness.

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<sup>73</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 77–79. Published in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 12–14.

<sup>74</sup>Wesley originally had stanzas 5 and 6 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to show the order shown above.

8. Will not the Righteous Judge bestow  
The Prize on All who seek Him here,  
And long, while sojourning below,  
To see their much-lov'd Lord appear?
9. He will (our Hearts cry out) He will  
These Eager Wishes more than meet!  
These Infinite Desires fulfil,  
And make our Happiness compleat.
10. We all shall see our Life appear,  
Our Life shall be in Jesus found,  
Our Dust th' Archangel's Voice shall hear,  
And kindle at the Trumpet's Sound.
11. O what a Soul-or'epowring Thought!  
Tis Extacy too great to bear,  
We all at once shall be upcaught,<sup>75</sup>  
And meet the Saviour in the Air.
12. Eternity stands forth in Sight,  
We plunge us in that boundless Sea,  
Expatriate in those Plains of Light,  
The Regions of Eternity.
13. Ev'n now we taste the Heavenly Powers,  
The glorious Joys of Angels prove,  
A whole Eternity is Ours,  
A whole Eternity of Love.

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<sup>75</sup>Ori., "shall ~~up~~ be upcaught."

**For a Sick Child.**<sup>76</sup>

1. Jesu, great Healer of Mankind,  
Who dost our Sorrows bear,  
Let an Afflicted Parent find  
An Answer to his Prayer.
2. I look for Help in Thee alone,  
To Thee for Succour fly;  
My Son is sick, my darling Son,  
And at the Point to die.
3. By deep Distress a Suppliant made,  
By Agony of Grief,  
Most justly might thy Love upbraid  
My lingring Unbelief.
4. But Thou art ready still to run,  
And grant our Heart's Desire:  
Lord, in thy healing Power come down,  
Before my Child expire.
5. Surely if Thou pronounce the Word,  
If Thou the Answer give,  
My dying Son shall be restor'd,  
And to thy Glory live.
6. Rebuke the Fever in this Hour,  
Command it to depart,  
Now, let me now behold thy Power,  
And give Thee all my Heart.
7. O save the Father in the Son,  
Restore him, Lord, to me;  
My Heart the Miracle shall own,  
And give him back to Thee.

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<sup>76</sup>Appears also in MS Clarke, 204–206. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:275–76.

8. I will, I will obey thy Word,  
To Thee my All resign,  
I, and my House will serve the Lord,  
And live forever Thine.

**On the Death of a Child.**<sup>77</sup>

1. Wherefore should I make my Moan,  
Now the darling Child is dead?  
He to early Rest is gone,  
He to Paradise is fled,  
I shall go to Him, but He  
Never shall return to me.
2. GOD forbids his longer Stay,  
GOD recalls the pretious Loan,  
GOD hath taken him away  
From my Bosom to his own;  
Surely what He wills is best,  
Happy in his Will I rest.
3. Faith cries out It is the Lord!  
Let Him do as seems Him good:<sup>78</sup>  
Be thy holy Name ador'd,  
Take the Gift a while bestow'd,  
Take the Child, no longer Mine,  
Thine he is, forever Thine.

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<sup>77</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 204–205; and MS Clarke, 210. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:276.

<sup>78</sup>Ori., “best.”

**Another**  
**[On the Death of a Child].<sup>79</sup>**

1.    Glory to that victorious Grace  
        Thro' which a Worm can all things do!  
I stand or'whelm'd with vast Amaze,  
        And scarce believe the Wonder true;  
'Tis more than Heart could e'er conceive,  
I know my Child is dead—and live!
  
2.    Where is the Passionate Regret,  
        The fond Complaint, and lingring Smart?  
Can I my sucking Child forget,  
        So freely with my Isaac part,  
So chearfully my All resign,  
And triumph in the Will Divine!
  
3.    Son of my Womb, my Joy, my Hope  
        He liv'd, my yearning Heart's Desire,  
Yet lo, I gladly yield him up,  
        No longer mine, if GOD require,  
And with a sudden Stroke remove,  
Whom only less than GOD I love.
  
4.    Nature would cry, My Son my Son!  
        O that I now had died for Thee!  
But Faith replies His Will be done,  
        Who lent the Blessing first to me;  
Lent, and resumes: It is the Lord!  
His Will be done, his Name ador'd!
  
5.    With all my Soul, O Lord, I give  
        The Child thy Love hath snatch'd away,

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<sup>79</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 205–207; and MS Clarke, 211–13. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:276–78.

On Earth I would not have him live,  
With me I would not have him stay;  
The Sacrifice long since was or'e,  
I stand to what I gave before.

6. I All have left for Jesus Sake,  
And shall I grieve to part with One!  
No, if a Wish could call him back,  
I would not have my darling Son,  
Brought from his Everlasting Rest,  
Snatch'd from his Heavenly Father's Breast.
7. Pass a few fleeting Days or Years,  
And I shall see my Child again,  
When Jesus in the Clouds appears,  
With Him I shall in Glory reign,  
I and the Children He hath given,  
Inseparably join'd in Heaven.

**For a Dying Friend.**<sup>80</sup>

1. Happy Soul, depart in Peace,  
Leave a while thy Friends below,  
Jesus speaks the kind Release,  
Go, to Jesus' Bosom go!
2. Hark, He calls his Exile home  
(Joyfully the Call obey)  
Come up hither, quickly come,  
Rise, my Love, and come away.
3. I have thy Salvation wrought,  
I did for thy Guilt atone,  
Thou art mine, so dearly bought,  
Thee I challenge for my own.
4. I, ev'n I have purg'd thy Sin,  
Have for Thee a Place prepar'd;  
Heaven is open, Enter in,  
Find in me thy great Reward.
5. Thee, the Purchase of my Blood,  
Thee my Servant, Child, and Bride,  
Thee I claim, thy Lord and GOD,  
Who for Thee have liv'd and died.
6. Come, thro' the dark Valley come!  
Do not I thy Spirit stay?  
Fear no Evil, hasten home,  
Rise my Love, and come away!

**Another  
[For a Dying Friend].**<sup>81</sup>

1. Happy Soul, from Prison freed,  
Lay thy earthy Burthen down,

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<sup>80</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 12–13; and MS Thirty, 13. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:278–79.

<sup>81</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 13; and MS Thirty, 14. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:279–80.

Bow, with Jesus bow thy Head,  
Die, and take the Starry Crown.

2. Let the Dust return to Dust,  
Thou on Wings of Angels borne,  
To the Spirits of the Just,  
Perfected in Love return.
3. Leave a World of Sin and Pain  
Happier Brother, go before,  
We shall quickly meet again,  
Quickly meet, and part no more.
4. Thou art earlier restor'd,  
Ministred an Entrance is  
To the Kingdom of thy Lord,  
To thy Master's endless Bliss.
5. Jesus, Lord, his Soul receive,  
Open now thine Arms of Love,  
Now the glorious Circle give,  
Bear him now to Joys above;
6. Take the ransom'd Captive home,  
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.  
Dear Desire of Nations come,  
Come, and bring us all to GOD.



**Another  
[For a Dying Friend].<sup>82</sup>**

1. Triumphant Soul, the Hour is come  
    That calls thee to thy Saviour's Breast,  
The Exile is returning home,  
    The Weary entering into Rest,  
The Angels for their Charge attend,  
And I must render up my Friend.
  
2. My Friend, how shall I let thee go,  
    How can I bear with Thee to part!  
Dearer than Life and all below,  
    Wound in the Fibres of my Heart,  
With Thee my mingled Spirits join,  
My Life is all wrapt up in Thine.
  
3. And can I see thee die unmov'd,  
    In Death so full of Love to me?  
Most loving Soul, and most belov'd,  
    My Sister, and my Friend I see,  
My first Concern, my tend'rest Care,  
My Child—the Daughter of my Prayer.
  
4. Labours for Thee my struggling Soul,  
    Thy Pangs my bleeding Bosom move;  
Of complicated Passion full,  
    Pity, and Grief, and Joy, and Love  
I feel thy last great Agony,  
And gasps my Soul to die with Thee.<sup>83</sup>
  
5. Envious I view that faded Cheek,  
    That Cheek with deadly Pale o'rsread,

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<sup>82</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 14–15; and MS Thirty, 107–108. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:280–82.

<sup>83</sup>Ori., “And gasps my Soul ~~with Thee~~ to die with Thee.”

Faulters thy Tongue, and fails to speak,  
And heaves thy Breast, and droops thy Head,  
Glimmers the Lamp of Life, and dies—  
And I am here to close thine Eyes.

6. I wait to catch thy parting Breath,  
And feel the Answer of thy Prayer;  
Bless me, ev'n me, my Friend, in Death,  
And ask that I thy Bliss may share,  
May soon like Thee my Life resign;  
O let thy latter End be Mine!

**Another**  
**[For a Dying Friend].<sup>84</sup>**

1. Away ye Clouds of Unbelief,  
I cannot sorrow without Hope,  
My Soul enjoys her noble Grief,  
And fills her Lord's Afflictions up,  
Touch'd with Divinest Sympathy,  
For Jesus weeps, and groans in me.
2. Right pretious in His Sight the Death  
Of all his Saints and Servants is:  
Jesus receives their parting Breath,  
Himself is their Eternal Bliss;  
And now He bids thy Warfare end,  
He claims the Spirit of my Friend.
3. Adieu, dear dying Saint adieu,  
The Summons of thy Lord obey,  
Mighty, and Merciful, and true  
He bids thee rise, and come away,

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<sup>84</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond Tracts, 15–16; and MS Thirty, 108–111. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:282–84.

With Triumph leave this mouldring Clod,  
And die into the Arms of GOD.

4. His Everlasting Arms are spread,  
His faithful Mercies never fail,  
His Hand supports thy sinking Head,  
With Thee He walks thro' the dark Vale,  
He whispers Child be of good cheer,  
Rejoice in Death, for I am here.
5. Say, are his Consolations small?  
I read the Answer in thine Eyes:  
Thy smiling Looks on Sinners call,  
And point them to yon opening Skies,  
From which thy much-lov'd Lord looks down,  
And reaches out a Radiant Crown.
6. Thrice happy Soul, thy Lord appears,  
I feel Thou art forever His,  
Weep over Thee with joyful Tears,  
And triumph in thy glorious Bliss,  
With Thee the hidden Manna prove,  
Thy Lord's unutterable Love.
7. Thy mighty Extacies I feel,  
On Thee with eager Transport gaze,  
Thy Forehead bears the Spirit's Seal,  
And Heaven is open'd in thy Face;  
Thy mounting Soul is on the Wing,  
And hears the Quire of Angels sing.
8. Hovering around the newborn Heir  
For Thee the Shining Convoy waits,

To GOD thy spotless Soul they bear,  
Open ye Everlasting Gates,  
A wide triumphant Entrance give,  
The glorious new-born Heir receive.

9. Eternal GOD of Truth and Grace,  
We magnify thy faithful Love,  
We all shall soon behold thy Face,  
We all shall take our Seats above,  
And I shall in thy Kingdom share,  
And I shall meet my Sister there.<sup>85</sup>

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<sup>85</sup>Ori., “share”; an error. Wesley wrote “there” in the versions in MS Richmond Tracts, MS Thirty, and *MSP* (1744).

**On the Death of Mrs. Anne Cowper.<sup>86</sup>**

1.           And is the Struggle past  
              And hath She groan'd her last?  
Rise my Soul, and take thy flight,  
              Haste, th' Ascending Triumph share,  
Trace Her to the Plains of Light,  
              Grasp her happy Spirit there.
  
2.           I know Her now possest  
              Of everlasting Rest,  
Now I find her lodg'd above,  
              Now her Heavenly Joy I feel,  
Extacy of Joy and Love  
              Glorious and unspeakable.
  
3.           I triumph in her Bliss,  
              The Proof, the Token This!  
This my dying Friend's Bequest,  
              This the Answer of her Prayer,  
Speaks her entred into Rest,  
              Tells me I shall meet her there.
  
4.           Lord, I accept the Sign,  
              And bless thy Love Divine:  
Thou hast thro' the Mortal Vale  
              Led her up to Realms above,  
Caught her from the Toils of Hell,  
              Plac'd her on a Throne of Love.
  
5.           I, I shall conquer too,  
              Like Her shall all break thro'!  
To my Heavenly Friends convey'd,  
              I shall share the Marriage-feast;  
Pants my Soul, on Earth delay'd,  
              Gasp for her Eternal Rest.

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<sup>86</sup>Published in *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 14–15.

6.           Come, O my Jesus come,  
              Receive thy Servant home,  
Now recall thy banish'd One,  
              Draw me from the Tent of Clay;  
Hearst Thou not thy Spirit's Groan?  
              Come, my Lord, O come away!
7.           O come, the Spirit cries,  
              O come the Bride replies!  
Thee I call with every Breath;  
              Let me die to see thy Day,  
Snatch me from this Life of Death,  
              Come, my Lord, O come away!

**Another**

**[On the Death of Mrs. Anne Cowper].<sup>87</sup>**

1.   Saviour of All, our Thanks receive!  
      With Thee their righteous Spirits live  
          Who liv'd and died in Thee below:  
Purg'd, while they liv'd, from every Stain,  
Sav'd, when they died, from Grief and Pain,  
      And snatch'd out of a World of Woe.  
We bless Thee for thy tender Love,  
Which call'd our Friend to Joys above,  
      And bad her stormy Troubles cease;  
She now is harbour'd in thy Breast,  
And there the Weary are at rest,  
      And there she reigns in glorious Bliss.
2.   Long in the Mortal Toils she lay,  
      As Hell were swallowing up its Prey,  
          Expos'd to all th' Accuser's Power:  
Who can the Mystic Woe reveal?  
Who can conceive but Those that feel  
      The Darkness of that Fiery Hour?  
Med'cine prolong'd and edg'd her Pains,  
And tore it's Way thro' all her Veins,  
      And shook her Reason from it's Seat:

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<sup>87</sup>This hymn was also present MS Richmond Tracts, 17–19 (but pp. 17–18 are missing, so only the last two stanzas remain). Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:285–88.

Held on the Rack she *tasted* Death,  
And ground between the Lion's Teeth  
Shriek'd, as he shew'd the yawning Pit.

3. Conform'd to an Expiring GOD,  
Her Spirit sweat his Sweat of Blood,  
And drank Distraction's deepest Cup,  
Higher the Anguish rose and higher,  
While terribly baptiz'd with Fire,  
She fill'd her Lord's Afflictions up.  
Did She not to her Father look?  
Her Father still his own forsook,  
And left her bleeding on the Tree:  
She sunk beneath her Saviour's Load,  
And cried his Cry, My GOD, my GOD,  
Ah, why hast Thou forsaken me!
4. But ended is the Grief Unknown,  
Tis done (ye Saints rejoice) tis done!  
Her Soul is spent in sacrifice!  
In Life and Death to Jesus join'd,  
Into her Father's Hands resign'd  
She meekly bows her Head, and dies.  
She dies into the World above,  
She lives the Heavenly Life of Love,  
And the New Song of Moses sings;  
She sees the GOD whom Saints adore,  
Whom Angels hymn, and fall before,  
And wrap their Faces in their Wings.
5. In Rapture lost the Heavenly Quire  
The dear Redeemer's Love admire,  
Which brought his suffering Servant thro',  
Loudly they sing his Sovereign Grace,  
Wisdom, and Power, and Thanks, and Praise,  
And Glory are our Jesus' due.

This is the Soul, with Shouts they cry  
That did in Jesus live and die,  
    And wash'd her Garments in his Blood,  
Thro' much Distress, and Toil, and Pain,  
Hither she comes with Him to reign,  
    She stands before the Throne of GOD.

6. With All that lov'd the Bleeding Lamb,  
She stands her great Reward to claim,  
    Adorn'd with Palm, and rob'd in white;  
Shines with peculiar Glories grac'd,  
In GOD's eternal Temple plac'd,  
    To serve her Maker Day and Night.  
Surely the High and Lofty One  
Jehovah sitting on his Throne  
    Among these faithful Souls shall dwell:  
Their Life of Pain and Want is or'e,  
They hunger here, and thirst no more,  
    Nor Heat, nor slightest Suffering feel.
  
7. The Lamb that with his Father reigns,  
Their happy happy Spirits sustains,  
    With Heavenly Food delights to fill;  
His Saints He shall forever feed,  
And by the Living Waters lead,  
    The Springs of Joy Ineffable.  
He now hath wip'd away their Tears,  
And each bright Soul as GOD appears,  
    But waits till All are gather'd home:  
Till All in One Assembly meet,  
All Earth and Heaven the Cry repeat  
    Come, glorious GOD, to Judgment come!



**Moses Wish.**  
**Exodus 33. 12 to 34. 9.**  
[L.]<sup>88</sup>

1. Ah! Lord, if Thou hast bid me lead  
    This People from their Sins to Thee,  
Why am I thus! Myself unfreed,  
    Fast bound in Sin and Misery,  
Still unredeem'd for Help I groan,  
And still I serve a GOD Unknown.
  
2. Thou hast not to my Soul declar'd  
    Whom Thou wilt with thy Servant send,  
Who shall the helpless Shepherd guard,  
    Who shall the trembling Guide defend:  
Yet hast Thou call'd me by my Name,  
Accepted in thy Sight I am.
  
3. If then I have acceptance found,  
    And Grace, and Favour in thy Sight,  
Now let thy pardning Grace abound,  
    Now manifest thy clearest Light,  
Shew me thy Way, thy Life make known,  
Thy Truth, and Goodness in thy Son.
  
4. Ah! give me All thy Grace to know,  
    Thy Grace to this thy People give,  
Lead them throughout their Course below,  
    And bid me in thy Presence live,  
Thy Presence all my Steps attend;  
O love me, love me to the End.
  
5. Go with me Thou in all my Ways  
    And give my weary Spirit Rest;  
May I, may all the Chosen Race  
    Be with thy Special Presence blest:

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<sup>88</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:286–87.

Or let us never hence remove  
Without the Convoy of thy Love.

6. How shall it but by This be known  
Our sure Acceptance in thy Sight?  
We *have* found Grace, we *are* Thine own,  
For lo! we walk with GOD in Light:  
Thy Presence *shews* the Holy Seed,  
Thy Presence makes us Saints indeed.
7. Distinct by Characters Divine  
Thy Sons as Priests and Kings appear,  
In thy reflected Light they shine,  
And bear thy Glorious Image here,  
Th' Election of peculiar Grace,  
The Pure in Heart who see thy Face.

II.<sup>89</sup>

1. O GOD, my Hope, my Heavenly Rest,  
My All of Happiness below,  
Grant my importunate Request,  
To me, to me thy Goodness shew,  
Thy Beatific Face display,  
The Brightness of Eternal Day.
2. Before my Faith's inlighten'd Eyes  
Make all thy gracious Goodness pass:  
Thy Goodness is the Sight I prize;  
O might I see thy smiling Face!  
Thy Nature in my Soul proclaim,<sup>90</sup>  
Reveal thy Love, thy Glorious Name.
3. There in THE PLACE beside thy Throne,  
Where all that find Acceptance stand,  
Receive me up into thy Son,  
Cover me with thy Mighty Hand,  
Set me upon The Rock, and hide  
My Soul in Jesus' wounded Side.

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<sup>89</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:287–88.

<sup>90</sup>Ori., “~~make known~~” changed to “proclaim.”

4. O put me in the Cleft, impower  
My Soul the Glorious Sight to bear,  
Descend in this Accepted Hour,  
Pass by me, and thy Name declare,  
Thy Wrath withdraw, thy Hand remove,  
And shew Thyself—The GOD of Love!

**III.**<sup>91</sup>

1. Come down, all-glorious Lord, come down,  
Stand with me on the Mountain Thou,  
Thy great mysterious Name make known,  
And manifest thy Nature Now;  
Now in my inmost Soul proclaim  
Thy Attributes with Thee the same.
2. The Lord, the Lord and GOD of Love,  
All-merciful, all-gracious I!  
To Man my yearning Bowels move,  
I would not have One Sinner die,  
But still pursue th' Apostate Race,  
Longsuffering, full of Truth and Grace.
3. Mercy I keep for All Mankind,  
An infinite, exhaustless Store,  
A Sea unfathom'd unconfin'd;  
To All, to All my Love runs or'e:  
Sinners may all my Mercy prove,  
My First Great Attribute is Love.
4. A pardning GOD of Mercy I  
Iniquity, and Sin forgive;  
Those, only Those I leave to die  
Who *will* not come to me, and live,  
Who will not in my Mercy trust,  
And find me Good shall find me Just.

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<sup>91</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:288–89.

5. The Guilty I will never clear,  
But make on Them mine Anger known,  
Visit their Sin in Judgments here,  
And Scourge the Father in the Son,  
My Wrath to distant Heirs extends,  
And never but in Jesus ends.

IV.<sup>92</sup>

1. To Thee, great GOD of Love, I bow  
And prostrate in thy Sight adore:  
By Faith I see Thee passing Now:  
I have; but still I ask for more:  
A Glimpse of Love cannot suffice,  
My Soul for All thy Presence cries.
2. I cannot see thy Face, and live!—  
Then let me see thy Face, and die.  
Now, Lord, my gasping Spirit receive,  
Give me, on Eagle's Wings to fly,  
With Eagles Eyes on Thee to gaze,  
And plunge into the Glorious Blaze.
3. The Fulness of my great Reward  
A blest Eternity shall be.  
But hast Thou not *on Earth* prepar'd  
Some Better Thing than This for me?  
What, but One Drop! One transient Sight!  
I want a Sun, a Sea of Light.
4. Moses thy Backward Parts might view,  
But not a perfect Sight obtain:  
The Gospel doth thy Fulness shew  
To Us by the Commandment slain;  
The Dead to Sin shall find the Grace,  
The Pure in Heart shall see thy Face.

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<sup>92</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:289–90.

5. More favour'd than the Saints of old  
Who now thro' Faith approach to Thee,  
Shall all with open Face behold  
In Christ the Glorious Deity,  
Shall see, and put the Godhead on  
The Nature of thy Sinless Son.
6. This, this is our high Calling's Prize;  
Thine Image in thy Son I claim,  
And still to higher Glories rise  
Till all-transform'd I know thy Name,  
And glide to All my Heaven above,  
My highest Heaven of Jesus' Love.

V.<sup>93</sup>

1. Yet hear me for thy People hear,<sup>94</sup>  
If I have with my Lord found Grace,  
To every Rebel Soul appear,  
And bear with the Backsliding Race,  
Amongst thy stiffneck'd People go,  
And all thy patient Pity shew.
2. Forgive us for thy Mercy sake,  
Our Multitude of Sins forgive,  
And for thine own Possession take,  
And bid us to thy Glory live,  
Live in thy Sight, and gladly prove  
Our Faith by our Obedient Love.
3. The Cov'enant of Forgiveness seal,  
And all thy mighty Wonders shew,  
Our inbred Enemies expel,  
And conquering them to conquer go,

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<sup>93</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:290–91.

<sup>94</sup>Ori., “~~People’s sake~~” changed to “People hear.”

Till All of Self and Pride is slain,  
And not One Evil Thought *remain*.

4. O put it in our inward Parts  
    The living Law of perfect Love,  
Write the New Precept on our Hearts;  
    We cannot then from Thee remove,  
Who in thy glorious Image shine  
Thy People, and forever Thine.

**An Act of Devotion.**<sup>95</sup>

1. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the Celestial Host  
    Let thy Will on Earth be done;  
Praise by All to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heaven.
  
2. Vilest of the Fallen Race  
    Lo! I answer to thy Call,  
Meanest Vessel of thy Grace  
    (Grace Divinely free for All)  
Lo! I come to do thy Will,  
All thy Counsel to fulfil.
  
3. If so poor a Worm as I  
    May to thy great Glory live,  
All my Actions sanctify,  
    All my Words, and Thoughts receive,  
Claim me, for thy Servant claim  
All I have, and All I am.
  
4. Take my Soul and Body's Powers,  
    Take my Mem'ory, Mind, and Will,  
All my Goods, and all my Hours,  
    All I know, and All I feel,  
All I think, or speak, or do;  
Take my Heart; but make it new.
  
5. Now, O GOD, Thine own I am,  
    Now I give Thee back Thine own,  
Freedom, Friends, and Health, and Fame,  
Consecrate to Thee alone:

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<sup>95</sup>Published in *HLS* (1745), 129–30.

Thine I live, thrice happy I,  
Happier still, for Thine I die.

6. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the Celestial Host  
    Let thy Will on Earth be done,  
Praise by All to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heaven.

**Another**  
**[An Act of Devotion].<sup>96</sup>**

1. Behold the Servant of the Lord!  
    I wait thy guiding Eye to feel,  
To hear, and keep thine Every Word,  
    To prove, and do thy perfect Will,  
Joyful from all *my* Works to cease,  
Glad to fulfil All Righteousness.
2. Me if thy Grace vouchsafe to use  
    Meanest of all thy Creatures me,  
The Deed, the Time, the Manner chuse;  
    Let all my Fruit be found of Thee,  
Let all my Works in Thee be wrought,  
By Thee to full Perfection brought.
3. My every weak, though Good, Design  
    Or'e-rule, or change as seems Thee meet,  
Jesus, let all the Work be Thine:  
    Thy Work, O Lord, is all-compleat,  
And pleasing in thy Father's Sight;  
Thou only hast done All things right.
4. Here then to Thee Thine own I leave,  
    Mould as Thou wilt the Passive Clay,

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<sup>96</sup>Published as "An Act of Devotion," in *Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*, Pt. I (London: Strahan, 1745), 105; and in *HSP* (1749), 1:206–207.



But let me All thy Stamp receive,  
But let me All thy Words obey,  
Serve with a Single Heart and Eye,  
And to thy Glory live, and die.

**The Pilgrim.**<sup>97</sup> \*

1. How happy is the Pilgrim's Lot,  
How free from every anxious Thought,  
From Worldly Hope and Fear!  
Confin'd to neither Court nor Cell  
His Soul disdains on Earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.
2. His Happiness in part is mine,  
Already sav'd from Self-design,  
From every Creature-Love,  
Blest with the Scorn of Finite Good  
My Soul is lighten'd of her Load,  
And seeks the Things above.
3. The Things Eternal I pursue  
An Happiness beyond the view  
Of Those that basely pant  
For Things by Nature felt and seen;  
Their Honours, Wealth, and Pleasures mean,  
I neither have, nor want.
4. I have no Sharer of my Heart,  
To rob my Saviour of a Part,  
And desecrate the whole:  
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,  
And wait his Coming from the Sky  
To wed my happy Soul.
5. I have no Babes to hold me here,  
But Children more securely dear  
For mine I humbly claim:  
Better than Daughters or than Sons,  
Temples Divine of Living Stones  
Immortalize my Name.

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\* Insert this next the Hymn that  
begins "Who is as the Christian &c."<sup>[97]98</sup>

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<sup>97</sup>Published in *Redemption Hymns* (1747), 66–68.

<sup>98</sup>I.e., "The Christian," *MSP* (1744), 3:270–71. This hymn does not appear in the current MS Shent manuscript.

6. No Foot of Land do I possess,  
Nor Cottage in this Wilderness;  
    A poor wayfaring Man  
I lodge a while in Tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro  
    Till I my Canaan gain.
  
7. Nothing on Earth I call my own,  
A Stranger to the World unknown  
    I all their Goods despise,  
I trample on their whole Delight,  
And seek a Country out of Sight,  
    Far distant in the Skies.
  
8. There is my House and Portion fair,  
My Treasure and my Heart is there,  
    And my abiding Home;  
For me my Elder Brethren stay,  
And Angels beckon me away,  
    And Jesus bids me Come.
  
9. I come, thy Servant, Lord, replies,  
I come to meet Thee in the Skies,  
    And claim my Heavenly Rest;  
Now let the Pilgrim's Journey end,  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
    Receive me to thy Breast.

**The Life of Faith.**<sup>99</sup>

1. O how happy am I here,  
    How beyond Expression blest,  
When I feel my Jesus near,  
    When in Jesus Love I rest,  
Peace, and Joy, and Heaven I prove,  
Heaven on Earth in Jesus' Love.
  
2. Nothing else but Love I know,  
    Worldly Joys and Sorrows end,  
Man may rage, my feeble Foe,  
    Thou, O Jesus, art my Friend:  
Man may smile; I trust in Thee:  
Thou art All in All to me.
  
3. Thou my faithful Friend and true  
    Reachest out thy gracious Hand:  
What can Men or Devils do  
    While by Faith in Thee I stand,  
Stand immoveably secure,  
Love hath made my Footsteps sure.
  
4. Satan stirs a Tempest up,  
    Calm I wait till all is past;  
See the Anchor of my Hope  
    On the Rock of Ages cast!  
Never can that Anchor fail,  
Entred now within the Vail.
  
5. Shouldst Thou or'e the Desart lead,  
    Will me farther Griefs to know,  
After Thee with steady Tread  
    Leaning on thy Love I'd go,

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<sup>99</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, [196–98]; and MS Clarke, 197–98. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:273–75. This is a very free paraphrase of #762 (Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, “Wie Wohl ist mir.”) in Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 688–89. Title ori., “The Life of Faith ~~From the German.~~”

Drink the Fountain from above,  
Eat the Manna of thy Love.

6. O how wonderful thy Ways!  
All in Love begin and end:  
Whom thy Mercy means to raise  
First thy Justice bids descend,  
Sink into Themselves, and rise  
Glorious all above the Skies.
7. There I shall my Lot receive,  
Soon as from the Flesh I fly,  
Happy in thy Love I live,  
Happier in thy Love I die;  
Lo! the Prospect opens fair!  
I shall soon be Harbour'd there.
8. Light of Life, to Thee I haste,  
Glad to quit this dark Abode,  
On thy Truth and Mercy cast,  
Longing to be lost in GOD,  
Ready at thy Call to say  
Lo! I come, I come away!
9. Ministerial Spirits come,  
Spread your golden Wings for me,  
Waft me to my Heavenly Home,  
Land me in Eternity,  
Bear me to my Glorious Rest,  
Take me to my Saviour's Breast.

**Another**  
**[The Life of Faith].**<sup>100</sup>

1. Melt happy Soul, in Jesus' Blood,  
Sink down into the Wounds of GOD,  
And there forever dwell:  
I now have found my Rest again,  
The Spring of Life, the Balm of Pain,  
In Jesus' Wounds I feel.
2. Thirsty so long, and weak, and faint  
I here enjoy whate'er I want,  
The sweet refreshing Tide  
Brings Life, and Peace to Dying Souls;  
And still the gushing Comfort rolls  
From Jesus' wounded Side.
3. Swift as the panting Hart I fly,  
I find the Fountain always nigh,  
And Heavenly Sweetness prove,  
Pardon, and Power, and Joy, and Peace,  
And pure Delight, and perfect Bliss,  
And everlasting Love.
4. The World can no Refreshment give:  
Shall I its deadly Draughts receive,  
Scoup'd from the Hellish Lake?  
Nay, but I turn to the pure Flood  
Which issues from the Throne of GOD,  
And living Water take.
5. Soon as I taste the Liquid Life,  
Sorrow expires, and Pain, and Strife,  
And Suffering is no more:  
My inmost Soul refresh'd I feel  
And fill'd with Joy unspeakable  
The bleeding Lamb adore.

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<sup>100</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 199–201; and MS Clarke, 199–201. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:275–78. This is a very free paraphrase of #753 (by Christian Friedrich Richter) in Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 681–82.

6. I now the Broken Cisterns leave;  
My All of Good from GOD receive,  
And drink the Chrystal Stream:  
The Chrystal Stream doth freely flow,  
Thro' Hearts which only Jesus know,  
And ever<sup>101</sup> pant for Him.
7. Jesus alone can I require,  
No Mixture of impure Desire  
Shall in my Bosom move:  
I fix on Him my single Eye,  
His Love shall all my Wants supply,  
His All-sufficient Love.
8. How vast the Happiness I feel,  
When Jesus doth Himself reveal,  
And his pure Love impart,  
Holy Delight, and Heavenly Hope,  
And everlasting Joy springs up  
And bubbles in my Heart.
9. He pours his Spi'rit into my Soul,  
The thirsty Land becomes a Pool,  
I taste the unknown Peace  
Such as the World will not believe;  
No carnal Heart can e'er conceive  
Th' unutterable Bliss.
10. Light in thy only Light I see,  
Thee, and Myself I know thro' Thee,  
Myself a Sinful Clod,  
A worthless Worm without a Name,  
A burning Brand pluck'd from the Flame,  
And quench'd in Jesus' Blood.

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<sup>101</sup>Ori., "only."

11. The Light of thy Redeeming Love,  
Like Sunbeams darted from above  
Doth all my Sins display,  
Countless as dancing Motes, and small;  
But O! the Love that shews them all,  
Shall chase them all away.
  
12. The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,  
Thy Glory streaming from the Skies  
Shall in my Soul appear;  
I know the cloudless Day shall shine,  
And then my Soul is all-divine,  
And I am Perfect here.



**“Let GOD be true, and every man a Liar.”**  
[—Rom. 3:4.]<sup>102</sup>

[Part I.]

1. And hast Thou died, O Lamb of GOD,  
    To take away our Inbred Sin?  
And shall we trample on thy Blood,  
    And say <sup>[c]</sup>It cannot make us clean,  
“The Truth on Earth we Cannot know,  
“There’s no Perfection here below?”<sup>[b]</sup>
2. From All Iniquity to save,  
    To cleanse from All Unrighteousness,  
Thy Life Thou hast a Ransom gave,  
    To make the First Transgression cease,  
To finish Sin my Lord was slain,  
But died (the Faithless cry) in vain.
3. “In vain was He in Flesh reveal’d  
    “For Sin can never be destroy’d;  
“We cannot by his Stripes be heal’d,  
    “We cannot *Wholly* live to GOD:  
“No, though He died to have it done,  
“We Cannot live to GOD Alone.”
4. “The Flesh is weak, and *will* prevail;  
    “We all have our Infirmities:  
“Live without sin! Impossible!  
    “With GOD Impossible is This:  
“At least He *will* not sanctify,  
“He will not cleanse us—till we die.”<sup>[a]</sup>
5. Poor abject Souls! they tell Thee, Lord,  
    Thou shalt not in their Life-time save;  
Thou never canst fulfil thy Word,  
    Before they drop into the Grave,  
But when their Sins no more Can stay,  
Thou then *mayst* take their Sins away.

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<sup>102</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 103–105; and MS Clarke, 118–20. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:184–86.

6. The great Salvation Thou hast wrought  
They cannot, *will* not *yet* receive,  
Or bear th' intolerable Thought  
While living without Sin to live,  
They keep it to their latest Breath,  
Sinners in Life, and Saints in Death.
7. Saints without Holiness are They,  
Elect without Election's Seal,  
They Do, yet cannot, fall away;  
In Christ, and yet in Sin they live:  
Their Freemen are to Evil sold,  
Their Creatures New are Creatures Old.
8. Sinners, and Saints at once they are,  
They send forth bitter Streams and sweet,  
Good Trees, yet Evil Fruit they bear,  
And Christ in Them and Belial meet:  
Their Pure in Heart are all unclean,  
And Born of GOD they *can't* but sin.
9. No Promise can their Wisdom find  
Of sinless Holiness below;  
To Sin, and yet to Jesus join'd:  
And on they to Perfection go,  
To what they never can attain,  
As GOD had bid them seek in vain.
10. Ah! foolish Man, where are thine Eyes,  
To search for the Meridian Sun!  
Thou canst not see thy Calling's Prize,  
Thou *wilt* not love thy GOD alone;  
Blind thro' the Love of Sin thou art,  
And still the Veil is on thy Heart.
11. O that the Veil might now be rent!  
Give up your Sins, ye faithless Race,

To part with All for Christ consent,  
Accept the Offers of his Grace,  
His holy Will submit to prove,  
And take the Crown of Perfect Love.

**Part II.**<sup>103</sup>

1. And shall we then abide in Sin  
Nor hope on Earth to be set free?  
Hath Jesus bled to wash us clean,  
To save from All Iniquity,  
And can He not his Blood apply,  
And cleanse, and save us—till we die?
2. Alas! if Their Report be true,  
Who teach that Sin must still *remain*,  
If Sin we scarcely can subdue,  
But never Full Redemption gain,  
Where is thy Power, Almighty Lord,  
Where is thine Everlasting Word?
3. Where is the Glorious Church below,  
From every Spot and Wrinkle free!  
The Trees that to Perfection grow,  
The Saints that blameless walk with Thee,  
Adorn'd in Linnen white and clean,  
The Born of GOD that Cannot sin!
4. Where are in Christ the Creatures New,  
The Mon'ments of thy Saving Power,  
The Witnesses that GOD is True,  
The Pillars that go out no more,  
Th' Election of Peculiar Grace,  
The chosen Priests, the Royal Race!

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<sup>103</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 105–107; and MS Clarke, 121–22. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:186–87.

5. Where are the Spirits to Jesus join'd,  
Freed from the Law of Death and Sin?  
The Saviour's pure and spotless Mind?  
The Endless Righteousness brought in?  
The Heavenly Man, the Heart Renew'd,  
The Living Portraiture of GOD?
6. The Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love,  
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,  
Th' unerring Uncion from above,  
The Glorious Gift Unspeakable,  
The Hidden Life, the widespread Leaven,  
The Law fulfil'd in Earth and Heaven!
7. Can the Good GOD his Grace deny?  
Th' Almighty GOD want Power to save?  
Th' Omniscient err? the Faithful lie?  
All, all thy Attributes we have;  
Thy Wisdom, Power, and Goodness join  
To save us with an Oath Divine.
8. Lord, we believe, and rest secure  
Thine utmost Promises to prove,  
To rise restor'd, and throughly pure,  
In all the Image of thy Love,  
Fill'd with the Glorious Life Unknown,  
Forever sanctified in One.

[page torn from volume]

[Hymns for Believers.]

V.<sup>104</sup>

1. All Praise to the Lamb,  
Accepted I am,  
I am bold to believe on my Jesus's Name.
2. Strength and Righteousness,  
And Pardon and Peace  
In the Lord my Redeemer I surely possess.
3. In Thee I confide,  
Thy Blood is applied,  
For me Thou hast suffer'd, for me Thou hast died.
4. My Peace it is made,  
My Ransom is paid,  
My Soul on thy Bloody Atonement is stay'd.
5. Not a Doubt can arise  
To darken the Skies,  
Or hide for a Moment my Lord from my Eyes.
6. I already am blest,  
I lean on thy Breast,  
And lo! in thy Wounds I continually rest.
7. My Cup it runs o're,  
I have Comfort and Power,  
I have Pardon—What can a Poor Sinner have more?
8. He can have a New Heart,  
So as never to start  
From thy Paths: He may be in the World as Thou art.
9. He may be without Sin,  
All holy and clean,  
He may be As his Master All-glorious within.
10. Without Blemish or Blot,  
Without Wrinkle or Spot,  
Without Power to offend Thee in Deed, Word, or Thought.
11. The Promise is sure,  
It shall always endure,  
And I as my GOD shall be sinless and pure.

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<sup>104</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 131–32; and MS Clarke, 150–51. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:221–22.

12. Thou again shalt appear  
My Faith's Finisher,  
And I in thy Love shall be perfected here.
13. I aim at the Prize,  
It is now in my Eyes,  
To Perfection I press, to Perfection I rise.
14. I seek and pursue,  
I shall find the Pearl too,  
For He who hath promis'd is faithful and true.
15. Thee, Lord, I receive,  
And to me Thou shalt give  
A Power without Sin in thine Image to live.
16. Thine Image is Love,  
And I surely shall prove  
That holy Delight of the Angels above.
17. Less cannot suffice  
Than the Pearl of great Price:  
Speak, Lord, and I now in thy<sup>105</sup> Likeness shall rise.
18. I am sure it shall be,  
I shall walk before Thee,  
And be perfect as GOD, when my GOD is in me.

**VI.**<sup>106</sup>

1. My Jesus, my Lamb,  
All Weakness I am,  
But Strength and Salvation are found in thy Name.
2. I come for the Grace  
Thy Father did place  
On Thee for Myself, and for all the lost Race.
3. Be near to defend,  
Continue my Friend;  
I know Thou hast lov'd me; but love to the End.

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<sup>105</sup>Ori., "thine."

<sup>106</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 119–20; and MS Clarke, 137–38. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:223–24.

4.       Our Safeguard Thou art,  
          And shou'dst Thou depart,  
I perish, destroy'd by my own Evil Heart.
5.       But I trust Thou wilt stay,  
          Till I see the glad Day,  
When thy Blood shall have wash'd all my Evil away.
6.       I have Faith in thy Blood,  
          It hath brought me to GOD,  
And I in thine Image shall soon be renew'd.
7.       I shall throughly be clean,  
          And all-holy within;  
Thine Image can harbour no Relicks of Sin.
8.       Of Pardon possest,  
          Yet can I not rest,  
In the First Gift, but earnestly covet the Best.
9.       The Best I shall prove,  
          When perfect in Love,  
I serve Thee on Earth as the Angels above.
10.      This, this is the Prize,  
          To Perfection I rise,  
And walk before GOD, till I fly to the Skies.

**VII.**<sup>107</sup>

1.       My Saviour, and King,  
          Thy Conquest I sing;  
Goliath is slain with a Stone and a Sling.
2.       Thine Arm did or'ethrow,  
          And laid my Sin low,  
And now in thy Strength I can tread on the Foe.
3.       The World and its G[od,]  
          Are more than subdued;  
I have Faith, O my Lamb, I have Faith in thy Blood.

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<sup>107</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 121; and MS Clarke, 138–39. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:224–25.



4. Thy Blood makes us clean  
Both without and within,  
It conquers the World, and the Devil, and Sin.
5. By the Blood of the Lamb  
The Martyrs o'recame,  
And its Virtue is now, and forever the same.
6. It washes the Foul,  
It makes the Sick whole,  
And hallows, and perfects the Penitent Soul.
7. I have felt it applied,  
The Life-giving Tide  
Hath brought me to GOD, and in GOD I abide.
8. I shall feel it again  
Washing out the Old Stain,  
Then away with your Spots, for not One shall remain!
9. My Lord from above  
Shall the Mountain remove,  
And I then shall be sinless, and perfect in Love.

**VIII.**<sup>108</sup>

1. O Saviour, whose Blood  
For Sinners hath flow'd,  
I believe Thou hast suffer'd to bring me to GOD.
2. My Goodness Thou art,  
Impute, and impart  
Thy Virtue to quiet, and hallow my Heart.
3. The infinite Store  
Of thy Merit runs or'e,  
For me Thou hast purchas'd Forgiveness and more.
4. I believe Thou hast died  
To redeem me from Pride,  
From Anger, Desire, and all Evil beside.

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<sup>108</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 133–34; and MS Clarke, 152–53. Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:225–26.

5.       And shall I not live  
          In full Hope to receive  
All the Graces and Blessings the Lamb hath to give?
6.       Can it anger the Lamb,  
          That I trust in thy Name  
My Uttermost Jesus forever the same?
7.       Does it injure thy Blood,  
          That I trust the Pure Flood  
Shall cleanse from All Sin, and then waft me to GOD?
8.       Nay, nay, but I feel  
          It is after thy Will  
My Faith, that Thou wilt all my Sicknesses heal.
9.       The Promise is sure  
          To the Helpless and Poor,  
Their Souls as their Bodies Thou throughly canst cure.
10.      Thou hast heal'd me in part,  
          And ready Thou art  
To fill up my Faith, and possess my whole Heart.
11.      Thou art just to thy Word,  
          And I shall be restor'd,  
And holy, and perfect, and pure as my Lord.
12.      In Patience I wait,  
          For my GOD to create,  
And raise me on Earth to my Former Estate.
13.      My Faith is not vain,  
          I am sure to regain  
His Image, and Lord of his Creatures to reign.
14.      I to GOD shall be join'd  
          In Heart and in Mind,  
And again in my Jesus my Paradice find.

**IX.**<sup>109</sup>

1. O GOD of all Grace,  
Thy Goodness we praise;  
Thy Son Thou hast given to die in our Place.
2. With Joy we approve  
The Design of thy Love;  
'Tis a Wonder on Earth, and a Wonder above.
3. Tongue cannot explain  
That Love of God-Man,  
Which the Angels desire to look into in vain.
4. It dazzles our Eyes  
Thought cannot arise  
To find out a Cause why The Infinite dies.
5. Or if Pity inclin'd  
Him to die for Mankind,  
The Ground of his Pity what Seraph can find?
6. He came from above  
Our Curse to remove;  
He hath lov'd, He hath lov'd us, because He *would* love.
7. Love mov'd Him to die,  
And on This we rely;  
He hath lov'd, He hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why!
8. But this we can tell,  
He hath lov'd us so well  
As to lay down his Life to redeem us from Hell.
9. He hath ransom'd our Race;  
O how shall we praise,  
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable Grace?
10. Nothing else will we know  
In our Journey below,  
But singing thy Grace to thy Paradice go.

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<sup>109</sup>Versions lacking stanza 18 appear in MS Cheshunt, 142–44; and MS Clarke, 161–62, 165.  
Published in *HSP* (1749), 1:226–28.

11. Nay, and when we remove  
To the Mansions above,  
Our Heaven shall still be to sing of thy Love.
12. Thrice happy Employ!  
We there shall enjoy  
A Fulness of Pleasure that never shall cloy.
13. The Heavenly Quire  
With Us shall aspire,  
And gladly our Loving Redeemer admire.
14. Thy Wonders of Grace  
The Angels shall praise,  
Yet ever come short in their loftiest Lays.
15. We all shall commend  
The Love of our Friend,  
Forever beginning what never shall end.
16. When Time is no more,  
We still shall adore  
That Ocean of Love without Bottom or Shore.
17. For This do we wait;  
Come, Lord, and translate  
Our Souls to their perfectly Glorious Estate.
18. O hasten the Day.  
He will not delay,  
But quickly return, and conduct us away.
19. E'erlong we shall fly  
To the Regions on high,  
For Israel's Strength cannot vary or lie.
20. He soon shall appear,  
He more than draws near;  
Our Jesus is come, and ETERNITY'S here!

[Untitled.]<sup>110</sup>

- 1.<sup>111</sup> Jesu, cast a pitying Eye,  
Humbled at thy Feet I lie,  
Fain within thy Arms would rest,  
Fain would lean upon thy Breast;  
Thrust my Hand into thy Side,  
Always in the Cleft abide,  
Never from thy Wounds depart,  
Never leave thy bleeding Heart.
  
2. Surely I have Pardon found,  
Grace doth more than Sin abound,  
GOD, I know, is pacified,  
Thou for me, for me hast died.  
But I cannot rest herein,  
All my Nature still is Sin,  
Comforted I will not be,  
Till my Soul is all like Thee.<sup>112</sup>
  
3. See my burthen'd sinsick Soul,  
Give me Faith, and make me whole,  
Finish thy great Work of Grace,  
Cut it short in Righteousness:  
Speak the Second Time Be clean,  
Take away my Power to sin,  
Now the Stumbling-block remove,  
Cast it out by perfect Love.
  
4. Nothing less will I require,  
Nothing more can I desire,  
None but Christ to me be given,  
None but Christ in Earth or Heaven.

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<sup>110</sup>Appears also in MS Cheshunt, 96–97; and MS Clarke, 111–12. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:164–65.

<sup>111</sup>Wesley originally wrote stanza 1 as two 4-line stanzas. He changed it to begin stanza 2 as shown above.

<sup>112</sup>Ori., “the”; an error. Wesley wrote “Thee” in the versions in MS Cheshunt, 96–97; MS Clarke, 111–12; and *HSP* (1749), 2:164–65.

O that I might now decrease,  
O that all I am might cease,  
Let me into Nothing fall,  
Let my Lord be All in All!

[Untitled.]<sup>113</sup>

1. O what a stubborn Heart have I  
Which Nothing e'er could move,  
Till GOD Himself came down from high  
In all the Powers of Love!
2. It would not be by Wrath compel'd,  
His Threatnings it withstood,  
But Jesus made the Rebel yield  
By sprinkling me with Blood.
3. Gladly I now to Love submit  
Unaw'd by slavish Fears,  
And lie, with Mary, at his Feet  
And wash them with my Tears.
4. His dear Redeeming Grace I prove  
That Antepast of Heaven,  
And much I weep, and much I love,  
For I have much forgiven.
5. Humbly I lift my streaming Eye  
And to my Jesus pray,  
Still at thy Feet O let me lie  
And weep my Life away.
6. Thus let me all my Days or Years  
Delightfully employ,  
And reap the Harvest of my Tears  
In everlasting Joy.

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<sup>113</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 187. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:203–204.

[Untitled.]<sup>114</sup>

1. Happy the Soul, whom GOD delights  
    To honour with his Sealing Grace,  
On whom his Hidden Name He writes,  
    And decks him with the Robes of Praise,  
And bids him calmly wait to prove  
The utmost Powers of perfect Love.
2. I cannot, dare not now deny  
    The things my GOD hath freely given,  
That happy favour'd Soul am I  
    Who find in Christ a constant Heaven,  
He makes me all his Sweetness know,  
He makes my Cup of Joy o'reflow.
3. His Grace to me Salvation brings,  
    His Grace hath set me up on high,  
He bears me still on Eagle's Wings,  
    He makes me ride upon the Sky,  
With Him in Heavenly Places sit,  
And see the Moon beneath my Feet.
4. An hidden Life in Christ I<sup>115</sup> live,  
    And exercis'd in Things Divine  
My Senses all his Love receive:  
    I see the King in Beauty shine,  
Fairer than all the Sons of Men  
Thrice happy in his Love I reign.
5. His Love is Manna to my Taste  
    His Love is Music to my Ear,  
I feel his Love, and hold him fast,  
    In Extacies too strong to bear,  
I smell the Odour of his Name,  
And all wrapt up in Love I am.

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<sup>114</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 168–70. Published in *MSP* (1744), 3:271–73.

<sup>115</sup>Ori., “in”; an error. Wesley wrote “I” in the versions in MS Thirty, 168–70; and *MSP* (1744), 3:271–73.



6. O that the World might taste, and see  
    How good the Lord my Saviour is!  
Take, Jesu, take thy Love from me  
    So they may share the Glorious Bliss.  
Thy Love, if we a while should part,  
Would soon flow back into my Heart.
  
7. O might I feel the Utmost Power  
    Of Love, and into Nothing fall!  
Infinite Love, bring near the Hour,  
    Infinite GOD be All in All,  
Cover the Earth Thou boundless Sea  
And swallow up all our Souls in Thee!

**[Untitled.]**<sup>116</sup>

1. Jesus comes with all his Grace,  
Comes to save a Fallen Race  
Object of our Glorious Hope  
Jesus comes to lift us up.
2. Let the Living Stones cry out  
Let the Sons of Abraham shout,  
Praise we all our lowly King,  
Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing.
3. He hath our Salvation wrought,  
He our captive Souls hath bought,  
He hath reconcil'd to GOD,  
He hath wash'd us in his Blood.
4. We are now his lawful Right,  
Walk as Children of the Light,  
We shall soon obtain the Grace  
Pure in Heart to see his Face.
5. Free from Sin we here shall live,  
Here the End of Faith receive,  
The Salvation of our Soul,  
Perfectly in Christ made whole.
6. We have not believ'd in vain,  
We shall surely here obtain  
Full Redemption in His Blood,  
We, ev'n We shall be like GOD.
7. We his Life on Earth shall live,  
We his Image shall retrieve,  
Pure as the First Sinless Man,  
Modell'd by the Perfect Plan.

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<sup>116</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 88–89. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:190–91.

8. We shall gain our Calling's Prize,  
After GOD we all shall rise,  
Fill'd with Love, and Joy, and Peace,  
Perfected in Holiness.
9. Let us then rejoice in Hope,  
Steadily to Christ look up,  
Trust to be redeem'd from Sin,  
Wait till He appears within.
10. Fools and Madmen let us be,  
Yet is our sure Trust in Thee,  
Faithful is the Promise-Word,  
We shall all be as our Lord.
11. Hasten, Lord, the perfect Day,  
Let thy every Servant say  
I have now receiv'd the Power,  
Born of GOD I sin no more!

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

1. Prisoners of Hope, arise,  
And see your Lord appear;  
Lo! on the Wings of Love He flies  
And brings Redemption near!  
Redemption in his Blood  
He calls you to receive,  
Come unto me, the Pardning GOD,  
Believe, He cries, Believe.
  
2. The Reconciling Word  
We thankfully embrace,  
Rejoice in our Redeeming Lord  
A Blood-besprinkled Race:  
We yield to be set free,  
Thy Counsel we approve,  
Salvation, Praise ascribe to Thee,  
And glory in thy Love.
  
3. Jesus, to Thee we look  
Till sav'd from Sin's Remains,  
Reject the Inbred Tyrant's Yoke,  
And cast away his Chains:  
Our Nature shall no more  
Or'e us dominion have;  
By Faith we apprehend the Power  
Which shall forever save.
  
4. In sure and stedfast Hope  
To be redeem'd below,  
On to the Holy Mountain's Top  
We all exulting go:  
We shall the Prize receive,  
We shall be all-renew'd,

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<sup>117</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 218. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:188–89.

Regain thine Image here, and live  
The sinless Life of GOD.

**[Untitled.]**<sup>118</sup>

1. Jesu, Thou Strength of all that turn  
The Battle to the Gate,  
Behold us for thy Glory burn,  
And for thy Kingdom wait.
2. O that thy Foes were all subdued,  
In Bonds of Love confin'd,  
And forc'd to own th' All-cleansing Blood  
That flow'd for all Mankind.
3. Captain of our Salvation hear,  
Saviour of Human Race,  
Appear, in thy own Cause appear,  
And vindicate thy Grace.
4. Thy Grace for All divinely free  
Doth Every Sinner call,  
Thou drawest All Men unto Thee  
For Thou hast purchas'd All.
5. Lo! here we are thy Truth to prove  
To witness Thou art good,  
T' assert thine Universal Love,  
And All-redeeming Blood.
6. Thy Blood from All Iniquity  
Redeems, and makes us clean,  
From Pride and Self it sets us free,  
From All Indwelling Sin.
7. The Spirit's Living Law it writes  
Upon our Inward Parts,  
Our newborn Souls to GOD unites,  
And purifies our Hearts.
8. It keeps our Mind in perfect Peace,  
Thy Kingdom it brings in,  
Thine Everlasting Righteousness,  
And makes an End of Sin.

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<sup>118</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 170–73. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:170–72.

9. This Sovereign Antidote expels  
The Poison from our Veins,  
Our old congenial Sickness heals,  
And purges all our Stains.
10. A Perfect Soundness it imparts,  
Destroys the Carnal Mind,  
And forms in all believing Hearts  
The Saviour of Mankind.
11. Come then, dear Lamb, for Sinners slain,  
Bring in the cleansing Flood,  
Apply, to wash out every Stain,  
Thine efficacious Blood.
12. O let it sink into our Soul  
Deep as the Inbred Sin,  
Make every wounded Spirit whole,  
And every Leper clean.
13. Thy Sanctifying Word is sure,  
Lord, we our sins confess,  
Faithful and Just, O make us pure  
From All Unrighteousness.
14. Such Power belongeth unto Thee,  
Thy Saying we receive,  
We shall be pure in Heart, and see  
Thy smiling Face, and live.
15. Lord, we believe, and with calm Zeal  
For this our Faith contend,  
Waiting till Thou Thyself reveal,  
And hoping to the End.
16. Our high, and holy Calling's Prize  
We earnestly pursue,

Nor fear we least our Thoughts should rise,  
Above what Thou canst do.

17. Thy Goodness, O all-gracious Lord,  
Is equal to thy Power,  
And we shall try thine utmost Word,  
And we shall sin no more.
18. Thou willest, and it Must be done,  
That We should holy be,  
And we shall live to Thee alone,  
And we shall die to Thee.



**[Untitled.]**<sup>119</sup>

1. Jesus, my good and faithful Lord  
    To Thee with Confidence I fly,  
I hang upon thy changeless Word,  
    The Truth itself can never lie,  
I have the Promises I claim,  
Whate'er I ask in Jesus Name.
  
2. The Word thy blessed Lips hath past  
    Ask, and ye shall the Grace receive,  
Seek, and be sure to find at last,  
    Knock, and I will admittance give,  
Ye shall whate'er ye ask obtain,  
Ye cannot seek my Face in vain.
  
3. O Jesus, full of Truth and Grace,  
    Thy Love and Faithfulness I plead,  
Thine all-containing Word embrace,  
    Thou knowst alas! I all things need,  
But only One I now implore;  
I ask that I may sin no more.

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<sup>119</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:165.

**[Untitled.]**<sup>120</sup>

1. Get thee behind me, Fiend, no more  
    To Flesh or Thee I credit give,  
The Snare is broke the Charm is or'e,  
    In Jesus I at last believe,  
Whate'er I want, whate'er I claim  
Is mine thro' Faith in Jesus Name.
  
2. Faith asks Impossibilities,  
    Impossibilities are given,  
And I, ev'n I from Sin shall cease,  
    And live on Earth the Life of Heaven,  
I dare believe thro' Jesus Power,  
That I, ev'n I shall sin no more.
  
3. Thy every faithful Promise, Lord,  
    I bring to bear against my Sin,  
Thy Pardning, and thy Hallowing Word,  
    Thy Power and Will to make me clean,  
Thy Truth and Love are on my Part,  
And All Thou hast, and All Thou art.

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<sup>120</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:166.

[Untitled.]<sup>121</sup>

1. What is the Reason of my Hope,  
My Hope to live, and sin<sup>122</sup> no more?  
After his Likeness to wake up,  
And GOD in Spirit and Truth adore,  
To serve Him as the Hosts above  
In perfect Peace, and perfect Love.
2. Faith in the Blood of Christ I have,  
He freely lov'd, and died for me;  
Sinners He came from Sin to save,  
From All, from All Iniquity;  
Without the Camp He deign'd to die,  
Us by his Blood to sanctify.
3. His Blood shall sanctify throughout  
My Spirit, Soul, and Body *here*:  
Because He died, I cannot doubt,  
Because He died, I cannot fear,  
His Blood shall make me pure within,  
His Blood shall cleanse me from All Sin.
4. He wills, that I should holy be,  
He promises to make me clean,  
His Oath confirms the sure Decree;  
The Remnant and the Root of Sin  
The GOD of Truth hath sworn to slay,  
And take its Being all away.
5. GOD hath ordain'd that I should see<sup>123</sup>  
In perfect Holiness his Face,  
Retrieve his Image here, and be  
Forever sanctified by Grace,

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<sup>121</sup>Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:166–67.

<sup>122</sup>Ori., “~~sin, and live~~” changed to “live, and sin.”

<sup>123</sup>Ori., “~~be~~.”

His Truth, and Power, and Mercy join,  
The Will, and Word, and Oath Divine.

6. Here then my Foot of Faith stands sure,  
    And Earth and Hell in vain deny,  
I shall be pure as GOD is pure,  
    Holy as GOD is holy I,  
Perfect as GOD is perfect rise,  
And take my Mansion in the Skies.

**Deuter. 33.**<sup>124</sup>

1. O happy Life of Faith and Love!  
Jesurun's<sup>125</sup> mighty GOD is mine,  
He comes all-glorious from above,  
He comes in Majesty Divine.
2. My GOD omnipotently nigh  
Rides on the Whirlwind's rapid Wings,  
He hears my Look, and bows the Sky;  
My Helper is the King of Kings.
3. Th' Eternal GOD my Refuge is,  
And guards from all impending Harms,  
And keeps my Soul in perfect Peace  
Clasp'd in his everlasting Arms.
4. He keeps my sinful Soul from Sin  
Till I his utmost Promise know,  
Till I like GOD am pure within  
And perfected in Love below.
5. He lifts me now to Pisgah's Top,  
He gives me now the Land to see,  
He fills me now with glorious Hope,  
And all the Promise is for me.
6. He shall in me Himself reveal,  
And shine unto the perfect Day  
He shall this Inbred Foe expel,  
And all my Sins forever slay.
7. Sin shall not in my Flesh remain,  
The faithful Saying I receive,  
He gave me not this Faith in vain,  
And I a sinless Life shall live.

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<sup>124</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 4–5. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:200–202.

<sup>125</sup>I.e., “Jeshurun’s.”

8. Love, perfect Love shall cast out Sin,  
The Lord shall to his Temple come,  
His endless Righteousness bring in,  
And make me his Eternal Home.
9. Then, only then, when clean in Heart,  
An Israelite indeed I live:  
I cannot from my GOD depart,  
I cannot for a Moment grieve.
10. From all Remains of Self and Pride  
Secure, in Christ I dwell alone,  
In Flesh and Spirit sanctified,  
One with the Lord, forever One.
11. In a good Land of Corn and Wine  
I sit, and drink of Jacob's Well,  
Th' unfailing Well of Life Divine  
Fixt in my inmost Soul I feel.
12. Jesus, and Heaven is all my own,  
My Heaven drops Manna from above,  
And GOD into my Soul comes down  
In everlasting Streams of Love.

**“As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of GOD, even to them that believe on his Name.”—John 1. 12.<sup>126</sup>**

1. Jesus, in thine All-saving Name  
We stedfastly believe,  
And lo, the Promis'd Power we claim  
Which Thou art bound to give  
Power to become the Sons of GOD  
An all-sufficient Power,<sup>127</sup>  
We look to have on Us bestow'd  
A Power to sin no more.
2. We yield to be redeem'd from Sin,  
The Life Divine to live,  
Open our Hearts to take Thee in,  
And all thy Grace receive.  
Thee we receive as GOD and Man  
Both in One Person join'd,  
To finish the Redeeming Plan,  
To rescue all Mankind.
3. On both thy Natures we rely,  
Neither can<sup>128</sup> save alone,  
The GOD could not for Sinners die,  
The Man could not atone.  
The Merit of a Suffering GOD  
Hath bought our perfect Peace,<sup>129</sup>  
It stamp'd the Value on that Blood,  
Which sign'd our Soul's Release.
4. Thy pretious Blood hath wash'd away  
The Universal Sin,  
And Every Child of Adam may  
Have all thy Life brought in.  
Thy Office is To teach, and Bless,  
T' Atone, and Sanctify,

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<sup>126</sup>Appears also in MS Thirty, 148–51. Published in *HSP* (1749), 2:181–84.

<sup>127</sup>Ori., “All-sufficient Power” changed to “An all-sufficient Power.”

<sup>128</sup>Ori., “~~could~~.”

<sup>129</sup>Ori., “~~Alone~~ hath bought our perfect Peace.”

Ready the Spirit of thy Grace  
Thy Merits to apply.

5. To Thee, O Christ, the Praise we give,  
Thy threefold Function sing,  
The Lord's Anointed One receive,  
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.  
Thou, only Thou our Wisdom art,  
Our Strength and Righteousness,  
Sprinkle, Inform, and Rule our Heart,  
Victorious Prince of Peace.
6. Foolish we come to learn of Thee,  
Guilty to be forgiven,  
Poor sinful Worms to be made free  
From Sin, and fit for Heaven.  
Teach us the perfect Will of GOD,  
For us, and in us pray,  
Wash us in thine all-cleansing Blood,  
Thy Kingly Power display.
7. Thy Kingly Power in Us exert,  
Our rebel Hearts subdue,  
More than subdue our rebel Heart,  
Thine utmost Virtue shew.  
Shew us thy Sanctifying Grace,  
And take our Sin away,<sup>130</sup>  
It's Being utterly erase,  
All all its Relicks slay.
8. Jesu, we in thy Name believe,  
Which Fiends and Men deny,  
To Them we dare not credit give  
Who give our GOD the Lie.  
Jesus, the Power of Jesus' Name  
Our sinless Souls shall feel,  
Lord, we believe Thee still the same  
An utmost Saviour still.

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<sup>130</sup>Ori., "And take ~~Take~~ all our Sins away."



9. Thou wilt to Us thy Name impart,  
Thou bear'st it not in vain,  
What Thou art call'd, Thou surely art,  
Saviour of sinful Man.  
Into thy Name thy Nature we  
Assuredly believe,  
Jesus from Sin Thee, only Thee  
Our Jesus we receive.
10. Our Jesus Thou from future Woe,  
From present Wrath Divine  
Shalt save us from our Sins below,  
And make our Souls like Thine.  
Jesus from all the Power of Sin,  
From all the Being too,  
Thy Grace shall make us throughly clean,  
And perfectly renew.
11. Jesus from Pride, from Wrath, from Lust,  
Our Inward Jesus be,  
From every evil Thought we<sup>131</sup> trust  
To be redeem'd by Thee.  
When Thou dost in our Flesh appear,  
We shall the Promise prove,  
Sav'd into All Perfection *here*,  
Renew'd in sinless Love.
12. Come, O Thou Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Thou Son of GOD and Man,  
Into our Souls thy Fulness bring,  
Instruct, Atone, and Reign.  
Holy, and pure, as Just and Wise  
We would be in thy Right,  
Less than thy All cannot suffice,  
We grasp the Infinite.

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<sup>131</sup>Ori., "be"; an error. Wesley wrote "we" in the versions in MS Thirty, 148–51; and *HSP* (1749), 2:181–84.

13. Our Jesus Thee Entire and Whole  
With willing Heart we take;  
Fill ours, and every faithful Soul  
For thy own Mercy 'sake.  
We wait to know thine Utmost Name,  
Thy Nature's Heavenly Powers,  
One Undivided Christ we claim,  
And All Thou art is Ours.