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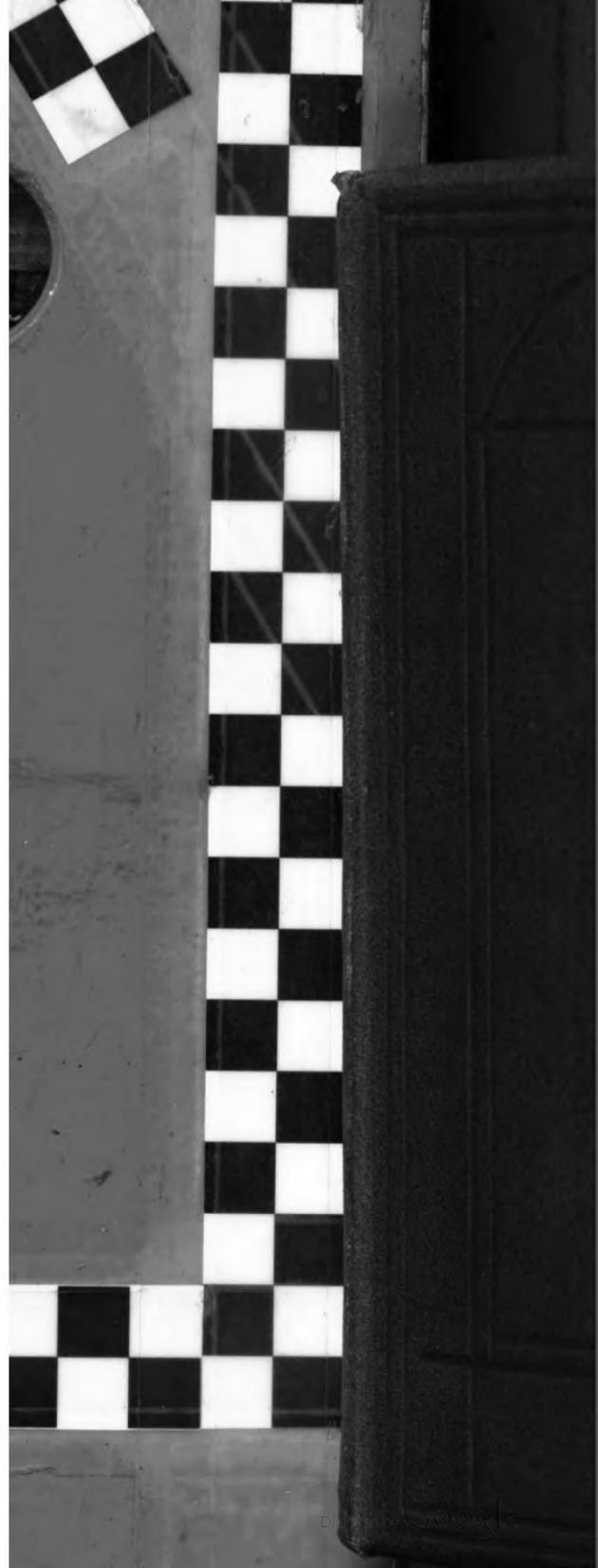
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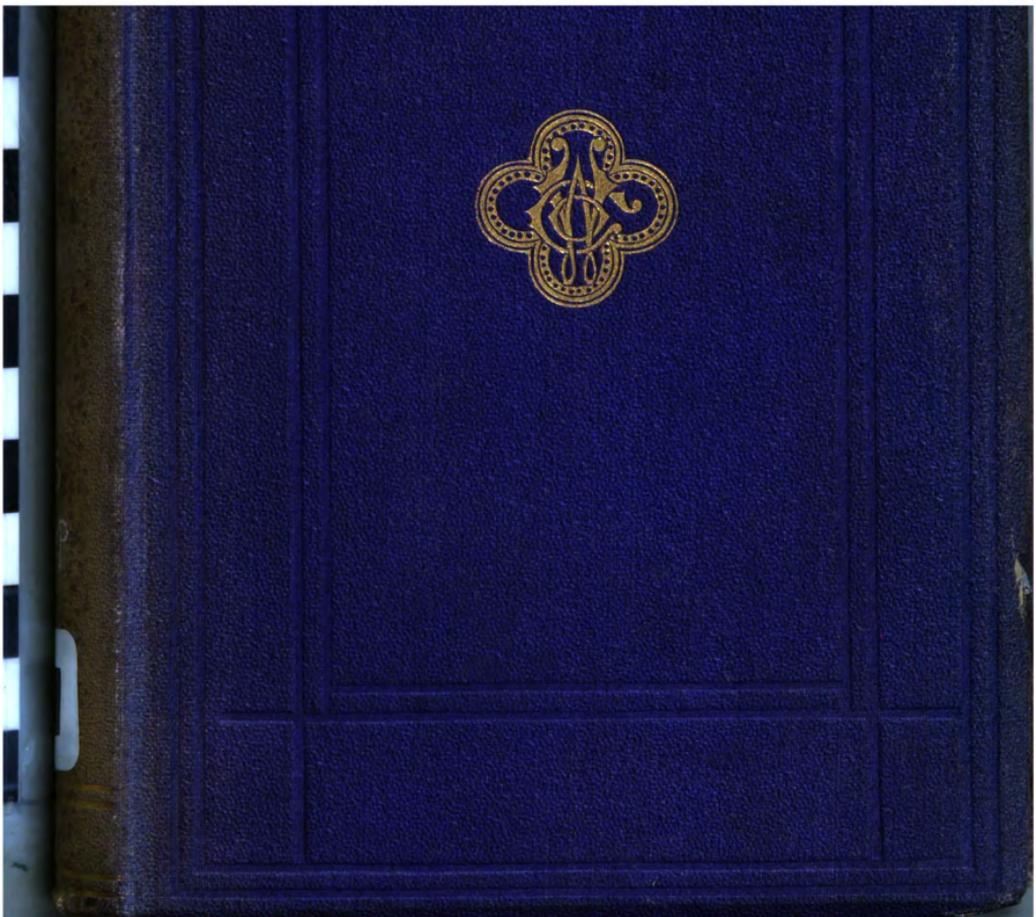
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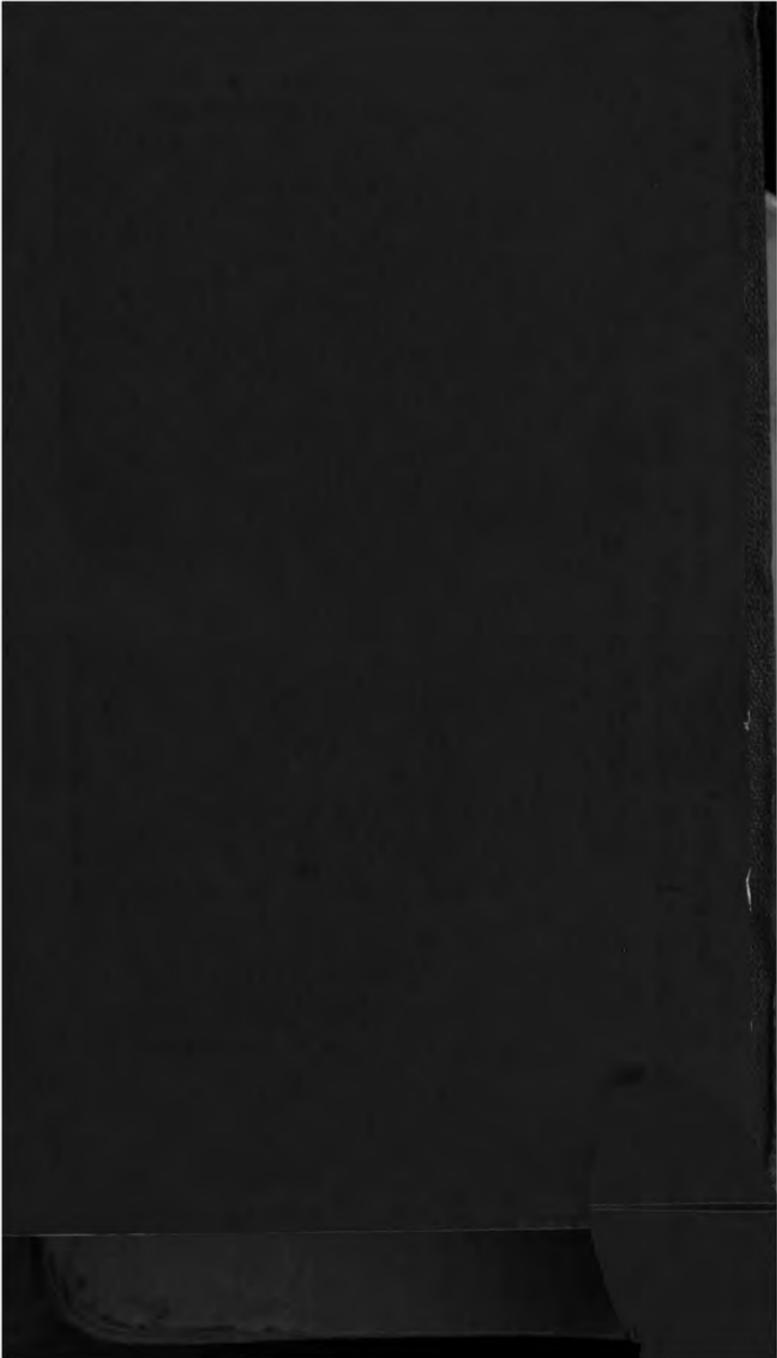


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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

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VOL. VI.

VOL. VI.

A



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY:  
REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS,  
WITH THE LAST CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHORS;  
TOGETHER WITH  
THE POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY  
NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY  
G. OSBORN, D.D.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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MOST of the Tracts reprinted in this Volume have been, for some years past, very scarce and dear. It affords the Editor no small pleasure to know that they will now be generally accessible, and that the whole may be obtained at a less price than has sometimes been paid for one.

In addition to the thirteen reprinted publications, the volume contains several of the Author's scattered poems, and a Third Series of Funeral Hymns, which, apart from their religious value, will prove highly interesting to students of Methodist history.

The reader will, it is hoped, excuse an error which was not discovered until pages 147 and 163 had passed through the press. The Day of Public Thanksgiving mentioned there was not the 20th, but the 29th of November, 1759. The Royal Proclamation appointing it was issued October 27th; and recognizes the great mercy of Almighty God in a very plentiful harvest as one ground of the appointment; laying the great stress, however, on the Divine "protection and assistance in the just war in which, for the common safety of our realms, and for disappointing the boundless ambition of France, we are now engaged." "The defeat of the French army in Canada, and the taking of Québec," are specified as among those "signal

successes which have been given to the British arms both by sea and land," but no naval victory is mentioned. The account of the observance of this day in London, given in Wesley's Journal under the date, contrasts curiously with the poet's descriptions on pp. 164, 165; but these were probably based on his recollection of former occasions. When Wesley adds, "The next day came the news that Sir Edward Hawke had dispersed the French fleet," he makes it certain that the Hymn on page 177 could not have been written before the Thanksgiving Day; and it is therefore probable that such of these compositions as were used on that day were circulated in manuscript, a practice of which there are several instances in the history of early Methodism.

*Richmond, Surrey,*  
*December 17, 1869.*

# H Y M N S

FOR

## A PROTESTANT \*

---

### HYMN I.

- 1       WHERE have I been so long  
          Fast bound in sin and night,  
          Mix'd with the blind self-righteous throng  
          Who hate the sons of light?
- 2       O how shall I presume,  
          Jesus, to call on Thee ?  
          Sunk in the lowest dregs of *Rome*,  
          The worst idolatry !
- 3       A stranger to Thy grace  
          Long have I labour'd, Lord,  
          To stablish my own righteousness,  
          And been what I abhorr'd.
- 4       Foe to the Popish boast  
          No merit was in me !  
          Yet in my works I put my trust,  
          And not alone in Thee.

\* First published about 1745 at the end of "A Word to a Protestant," and embodying the substance of that Tract.

- 5 For works that I had wrought  
I look'd to be forgiven,  
And by my virtuous tempers thought  
At last to *purchase* heaven.
- 6 Or if I needed still  
The help of grace Divine,  
Thy merits should come in to fill  
The small defects of mine.
- 7 Alas ! I knew not then  
Thou only didst atone  
For all the sinful sons of men,  
And purge our guilt alone ;
- 8 Didst shed Thy blood to pay  
The all-sufficient price,  
And take the world's offence away  
By Thy great sacrifice.
- 9 But O ! my dying God,  
By Thee convinced at last,  
My soul on that atoning blood,  
On that *alone* I cast.
- 10 I dare no longer trust  
On aught I do, or feel,  
But own, while humbled in the dust,  
My whole desert is hell.
- 11 My works of righteousness  
I cast them all away ;  
My Lord, Thou frankly must release,  
For I have nought to pay.
- 12 Not one good word or thought  
I to Thy merits join,  
But gladly take the gift unbought  
Of righteousness Divine.

- 13 My faith is all in Thee,  
My only hope Thou art,  
The pardon Thou hast bought for me,  
Engrave it on my heart.
- 14 The blood by faith applied  
O let it now take place,  
And speak me freely justified,  
And fully saved by grace.

---

HYMN II.

- 1 FORGIVE me, O Thou jealous God,  
A wretch, who on Thy laws have trod,  
And robb'd Thee of Thy right ;  
A sinner, to myself unknown,  
'Gainst Thee have I transgress'd, and done  
This evil in Thy sight.
- 2 My body I disdain'd to' incline,  
Or worship at an idol's shrine  
With *gross* idolatry :  
But oh ! my soul hath baser proved,  
Honour'd and fear'd, and served, and loved,  
The creature more than Thee.
- 3 Let the blind sons of *Rome* bow down  
To images of wood and stone ;  
But I with subtler art,  
Safe from the letter of Thy word,  
My idols secretly adored,  
Set up within my heart.
- 4 But oh ! suffice the season past :  
My idols now away I cast,  
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame ;

The world, and all its goods I leave,  
 To Thee alone resolved to give  
 Whate'er I have or am.

- 5 Lo ! in a thankful loving heart  
 I render Thee whate'er Thou art,  
 I give myself to Thee ;  
 And Thee my whole delight I own,  
 My joy, my glory, and my crown,  
 To all eternity.

---

HYMN III.

- 1 O THOU who seest what is in man,  
 And show'st myself to me,  
 Suffer a sinner to complain  
 And groan his griefs to Thee.
- 2 A sinner that has cloak'd his shame  
 With self-deceiving art,  
 Thy worshipper *reform'd* in name  
 But unrenew'd in heart.
- 3 The servants most unlike their Lord,  
 How oft did I condemn ;  
 The persecuting church abhorr'd,  
 Nor saw myself in them.
- 4 The spirit of my foes I caught,  
 The angry bitter zeal,  
 And fierce for my own party fought,  
 And breath'd the fire of hell.
- 5 Threatening I did and slaughter breathe,  
 (The flail of heresy,)  
 And doom the sects to bonds or death,  
 That did not think with me.

- 6 To propagate the truth I fought  
With fury and despite,  
And in my zeal for *Israel* sought  
To slay the *Gibeonite*.
- 7 "The temple of the Lord are we!"  
And all who dared deny,  
I would not have their conscience free,  
But force them to comply.
- 8 With wholesome discipline severe  
To conquer them I strove,  
And drive into the pale through fear,  
Who would not *come* through love.
- 9 How vainly then the zealots blind  
Of *Rome* did I disdain!  
Still to the church of Satan join'd,  
And differing but in name.
- 10 How could I, Lord, myself deceive,  
While unreform'd within;  
*Protest* against their creed, and cleave  
The closer to their sin?
- 11 Their foulest sin my own I made,  
(And humbly now confess,)  
While by my anger I essay'd  
To work Thy righteousness.
- 12 A murderer convict I come  
My vileness to bewail,  
By nature born a son of *Rome*,  
A child of wrath and hell.
- 13 Lord, I at last recant, reject,  
Through Thy great strength alone,  
The madness of the *Romish* sect,  
The madness of *my own*.

- 14 Lord, I abhor, renounce, abjure  
The fiery spirit unclean,  
The persecuting zeal impure,  
The sin-opposing sin.
- 15 Let others draw with fierce despite  
The' eradicating sword,  
And with the devil's weapons fight  
The battles of the Lord :
- 16 But oh ! my gracious God to me  
A better spirit impart,  
The gentle mind that was in Thee,  
The meekly loving heart :
- 17 The heart whose charity o'erflows  
To all, far off, and near,  
True charity to friends and foes  
Impartially sincere.
- 18 *Heathens*, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, may I  
And heretics embrace,  
Nor even to *Rome* the love deny  
I bear to all the race.
-

H Y M N S  
FOR  
NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

M.DCC.L.



*BRISTOL:*  
Printed by FELIX FARLEY.  
(Price One Penny.)



# H Y M N S

FOR

## NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

---

### HYMN I.

- 1 WISDOM ascribe, and might and praise  
To God, who lengthens out our days,  
Who spares us yet another year,  
And lets us see His goodness here ;  
Happy, and wise, the time redeem,  
And live, my friends, and die to Him.
- 2 How often when His arm was bared,  
Hath He our sinful *Israel* spared !  
*Let them alone*, His mercy cried,  
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside,  
Indulged another kind reprieve,  
And strangely suffer'd us to live.
- 3 Laid to the root with conscious awe,  
But now the threatening axe we saw,  
We saw when Jesus stepp'd between,  
To part the punishment and sin,  
He pleaded for the blood-bought race,  
And God vouchsafed a longer space !

- 4 Still in the doubtful balance weigh'd  
 We trembled, while the remnant pray'd:  
 The Father heard His Spirit groan,  
 And answer'd mild, It is My Son!  
 He let the prayer of faith prevail,  
 And mercy turn'd the hovering scale.
- 5 Merciful God, how shall we raise  
 Our hearts to pay Thee all Thy praise!  
 Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone,  
 Our lives shall make Thy goodness known,  
 Our souls and bodies shall be Thine,  
 A living sacrifice Divine.
- 6 I, and my house, will serve the Lord,  
 Led by the Spirit and the word;  
 We plight our faith, assembled here,  
 To serve our God the' ensuing year;  
 And vow, when time shall be no more,  
 Through all eternity to' adore.

---

 HYMN II.

- 1 YE worms of earth, arise,  
 Ye creatures of a day,  
 Redeem the time, be bold, be wise,  
 And cast your bonds away;  
 Shake off the chains of sin,  
 Like us assembled here,  
 With hymns of praise to usher in  
 The acceptable year.

The year of gospel-grace  
Like us rejoice to see,  
And thankfully in Christ embrace  
Your proffer'd liberty.  
Pardon and peace are nigh,  
Which every soul may prove ;  
The Lord, who now is passing by,  
Makes this the time of love.  
2 Saviour and Lord of all,  
Thy proffer we receive,  
Obedient to Thy gospel-call,  
That bids us turn and live ;  
Our former years mis-spent,  
Though late, we deeply mourn,  
And soften'd by Thy grace, repent,  
And to Thy arms return.  
With fear, and grief, and shame,  
Our folly we bemoan ;  
But wonder at the patient Lamb,  
Who lets us still alone :  
Thy patience lifts us up,  
Thy free unbounded grace,  
And all our fear is lost in hope,  
And all our grief in praise.  
3 To Thee, by whom we live,  
Our praise and lives we pay,  
Praise, ardent, cordial, constant give,\*  
And shout to see the day :  
The day of saving grace,  
Thy consecrated year,  
When the bright Sun of Righteousness  
Doth to our world appear.

\* Compare Young, "Night Thoughts," Night iv., line 341.

Risen, we know, Thou art,  
 With healing in Thy wings,  
 We feel, we feel it in our heart  
 The life Thy presence brings !  
 The seal and earnest this,  
 Our pardon we receive,  
 And look with Thee in glorious bliss  
 Eternally to live.

---

## HYMN III.

- 1      Blow ye the trumpet blow,  
           The gladly solemn sound,  
       Let all the nations know  
           To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee is come :  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2      Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
           Hath full atonement made ;  
       Ye weary spirits rest,  
           Ye mournful souls be glad,  
 The year of jubilee is come :  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 3      Extol the Lamb of God,  
           The all-atoning Lamb ;  
       Redemption in His blood  
           Throughout the world proclaim :  
 The year of jubilee is come :  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

- 
- 4     Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
       Your liberty receive,  
       And safe in Jesus dwell,  
       And bless'd in Jesus live :  
The year of jubilee is come :  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 5     Ye who have sold for nought  
       Your heritage above,  
       Shall have it back unbought,  
       The gift of Jesu's love :  
The year of jubilee is come :  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 6     The gospel-trumpet hear,  
       The news of heavenly grace,  
       And saved from earth, appear  
       Before your Saviour's face :  
The year of jubilee is come :  
Return to your eternal home!

---

HYMN IV.

- 1 ALL praise to the Lord Whose trumpet we hear,  
Which speaks in His word The festival year :  
The loud proclamation Of freedom from thrall,  
And gospel salvation Is publish'd to all.
- 2 The year of release Even now is begun,  
And pardon, and peace With Jesus sent down ;  
Eternal redemption Through Him we obtain,  
And present exemption From passionate pain.
- 3 Ye spirits enslaved Your liberty claim,  
Believe, and be saved Through Jesus's name ;  
That infinite Lover Of sinners embrace,  
And gladly recover His forfeited grace.

- 
- 4 With joyfulest news Your prisons resound,  
 Your fetters are loose, Your souls are unbound ;  
 Resume the possession For which ye were born,  
 From Satan's oppression To heaven return.

---

HYMN V.

- 1           COME, let us anew  
               Our journey pursue,  
               Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still, till the Master appear ;  
               His adorable will  
               Let us gladly fulfil,  
               And our talents improve  
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2           Our life is a dream,  
               Our time, as a stream,  
               Glides swiftly away,  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;  
               The arrow is flown,  
               The moment is gone,  
               The millennial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3           O that each in the day  
               Of His coming might say,  
               " I have fought my way through,  
 I have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do !"  
               O that each from his Lord  
               May receive the glad word,  
               " Well and faithfully done,  
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne !"
-

## HYMN VI.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages, praise ;  
Who reigns enthroned on high,  
Ancient of endless days,  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees  
We cumber'd long the ground,  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found ;  
Yet doth He us in mercy spare  
Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice bared the sword  
To cut the fig-tree 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.
-

## HYMN VII.

- 1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise !  
All praise to Him belongs ;  
Who kindly lengthens out our days  
Demands our choicest songs :  
Whose providence has brought us through  
Another various year,  
We all with vows and anthems new  
Before our God appear.
  - 2 Father, Thy mercies past we own,  
Thy still continued care,  
To Thee presenting through Thy Son,  
Whate'er we have, or are ;  
Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
The wonders of Thy love,  
While on in Jesu's steps we go  
To see Thy face above.
  - 3 Our residue of days or hours  
Thine, wholly Thine shall be,  
And all our consecrated powers  
A sacrifice to Thee :  
Till Jesus in the clouds appear  
To saints on earth forgiven,  
And bring the grand sabbatic year,  
The jubilee of heaven.
-

# H Y M N S

Occasioned by the

## EARTHQUAKE,

*March 8, 1750.*

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The SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCL.

VOL. VI.

C



# HYMNS, &c.\*

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## HYMN I.

- 1 GREAT God, who, ready to forgive,  
    In wrath rememberest mercy still,  
By whose preserving love we live,  
    Though doom'd the second death to feel ;  
We magnify Thy patient grace,  
And tremble, while we sing Thy praise.
  
- 2 Had not Thy mercy interposed,  
    When sleeping in our sins we lay,  
The staggering earth had yawn'd, and closed  
    Its mouth on its devoted prey,  
We now had with our city fell,  
And quick descended into hell.
  
- 3 But oh ! the Saviour of mankind  
    Hath gain'd for us a longer space,  
Jesus His Father's heart inclined  
    To spare a vile rebellious race,  
To snatch from *Corah's* fearful doom,  
And save us from the wrath to come.

\* For an account of this earthquake see Wesley's Journal of the day named, or Watson's Life of Wesley, chap. x. ; or Jackson's, Life of C. Wesley, vol. i., pp. 549—556.

- 4 Then let us to our Saviour turn,  
Answer His mercy's whole design,  
With godly fear rejoice, and mourn,  
And praises with confessions join,  
Till all these lowering clouds remove,  
And God *appears* the God of love.

---

HYMN II.

- 1 God of glorious majesty,  
Whose judgments are abroad,  
Pierce, and turn our hearts to Thee,  
With sacred horror awed ;  
All this drowsy land awake,  
And by the thunder of Thy power  
Shake, our inmost spirits shake,  
And let us sleep no more.
- 2 Rising in Thy dreadful might  
The wicked to rebuke,  
Thou hast with unwonted fright  
Our sleeping bodies shook ;  
Earth did to her centre quake,  
Convulsive pangs her bowels tore ;  
Shake, our inmost spirits shake,  
And let us sleep no more.
- 3 Ere the threaten'd ruin come,  
A general terror dart,  
Send the keen conviction home  
To every thoughtless heart ;

---

Shake us out of Satan's hands,  
Burst open every prison door,  
Rouse, and loose us from our bands,  
And bid us sin no more.

- 4 Jesus, Lord, to whom we cry,  
The true repentance give,  
Give us at Thy feet to lie,  
And tremble, and believe ;  
On the Rock of Ages place  
Our souls, till all the wrath is o'er ;  
Ground, and stablish us in grace,  
And bid us sin no more.

---

HYMN III.

- 1 TREMENDOUS Lord of earth, and skies,  
Most holy, high, and just,  
We fall before Thy glorious eyes,  
And hide us in the dust :  
Thine anger's long suspended stroke  
With deepest awe we feel,  
And tremble on, so lately shook  
Over the mouth of hell.
- 2 Appall'd, o'erwhelm'd with conscious fear,  
Beneath Thy frown we mourn,  
And shudder at the judgment near,  
And dread its swift return.  
So oft, and terribly reprov'd,  
Our land is warn'd in vain,  
For oh ! the cause is unremoved,  
The sin doth still remain.

- 3 The crowd, the poor unthinking crowd,  
Refuse Thy hand to see,  
They will not hear Thy loudest rod,  
They will not turn to Thee.  
As with judicial blindness struck,  
They all Thy signs despise,  
Harden their hearts yet more, and mock  
The anger of the skies.
- 4 But blinder still, the rich and great  
In wickedness excel,  
And revel on the brink of fate,  
And sport, and dance to hell.  
Regardless of Thy smile or frown,  
Their pleasures they require,  
And sink with gay indifference down  
To everlasting fire.
- 5 But O! Thou dreadful righteous Lord,  
The praying remnant spare,  
The men that tremble at Thy word,  
And see the coming snare :  
Our land if yet again Thou shake,  
Or utterly break down,  
A merciful distinction make,  
And strongly save Thine own.
- 6 If earth its mouth *must* open wide,  
To swallow up its prey,  
Jesu, Thy faithful people hide  
In that vindictive day :

Firm in the universal shock  
We shall not then remove,  
Safe in the clefts of *Israel's* Rock,  
Our Lord's expiring love.

---

HYMN IV.

- 1 GOD of awful majesty,  
Thy glorious name we praise ;  
Known are all Thy works to Thee  
Of judgment, and of grace :  
In Thine only breast it lies  
To raise or sink, revive or slay :  
Wilt Thou yet again chastise,  
Or turn Thy wrath away ?
- 2 Vengeance on Thy foes to take  
Hast Thou in anger sworn ?  
Sworn again our earth to shake,  
And from its base o'erturn ?  
Surely then to *Abraham's* seed  
Thou shalt reveal the wrath to come,  
Speak the punishment decreed,  
And warn us of our doom.
- 3 But if so Thy will ordain  
Its close design to hide,  
Let us in Thy work remain,  
And in Thy love abide ;  
Stand for all events prepared,  
With patience arm'd and godly fear ;  
Stand for ever on our guard,  
Till Thy great arm appear.

- 
- 4 Blessed are the servants, Lord,  
 Whom Thou shalt watching find,  
 Hanging on Thy faithful word,  
 And to Thy will resign'd ;  
 Safe amidst the darts of death,  
 Secure they rest in all alarms,  
 Sure their Lord hath spread beneath  
 His everlasting arms.
- 5 Should the earth this moment cleave,  
 And swallow up the just,  
 Jesus would their souls receive,  
 And guard their sleeping dust :  
 Though their dust the whirlwind sweep  
 To earth's profoundest centre driven,  
 Soon, emerging from the deep,  
 They rise, they mount to heaven !

---

 HYMN V.

- 1 FROM whence these dire portents around,\*  
 That strike us with unwonted fear ?  
 Why do these earthquakes rock the ground,  
 And threaten our destruction near ?  
 Ye prophets smooth, the cause explain,  
 And lull us to repose again.
- 2 "Or water swelling for a vent,  
 Or air impatient to get free,  
 Or fire within earth's entrails pent ;"  
 Yet all are order'd, Lord, by Thee ;  
 The elements obey Thy nod,  
 And nature vindicates her God.

\* Compare "Poems by S. Wesley, jun.," (ed. 1862,) p. 360.

- 
- 3 The pillars of the earth are Thine,  
And Thou hast set the world thereon ;  
They at Thy threatening look incline,  
The centre trembles at Thy frown,  
The everlasting mountains bow,  
And God is in the earthquake *now* !
- 4 Now, Lord, to shake our guilty land,  
Thou dost in indignation rise ;  
We see, we see Thy lifted hand  
Made bare a nation to chastise,  
Whom neither plagues nor mercies move  
To fear Thy wrath or court Thy love.
- 5 Therefore the earth beneath us reels,  
And staggers like our drunken men,  
The earth the mournful cause reveals,  
And groans our burden to sustain ;  
Ordain'd our evils to deplore,  
And fall with us to rise no more.
- 

[In the first edition there follows a version of Psalm xli.,  
which will be found in a future Volume.]

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[To a subsequent edition published in 1756 there was  
added the following Hymn.]

REVELATION XVI., XVII., &c., &c.  
*Occasioned by the Destruction of LISBON.*

♥ PART I.

- 1 WOE ! to the men on earth who dwell,  
Nor dread the' Almighty's frown ;  
When God doth all His wrath reveal,  
And shower His judgments down !

Sinners, expect those heaviest showers ;  
To meet your God prepare !  
For, lo ! the seventh angel pours  
His phial in the air.

2 A voice out of the temple cries,  
And from the' eternal throne,  
And all the storms of vengeance rise  
When God declares 'TIS DONE !  
'TIS DONE ! ten thousand voices join  
To' applaud His righteous ire ;  
And thunders roll, and lightnings shine  
That set the world on fire.

3 The mighty shock *seems now* begun,  
Beyond example great,  
And lo ! the world's foundations groan  
As at their instant fate ;  
Jehovah shakes the shatter'd ball,  
Sign of the general doom !  
The cities of the nations fall,  
And *Babel's* hour is come.

4 Lo ! from their roots the mountains leap ;  
The mountains are not found ;  
Transported far into the deep,  
And in the ocean drown'd.  
Jesus descends in dread array  
To judge the scarlet whore :  
And every isle is fled away,  
And *Britain* is no more !

- 5 She sinks beneath her ambient flood,  
And never more shall rise ;  
The earth is gone, on which we stood,  
The old creation dies !  
Who then shall live, and face the throne,  
And face the Judge severe ?  
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,  
O where shall I appear ?

PART II.

- 1 Now, only now, against that hour  
We may a place provide :  
Beyond the grave, beyond the power  
Of hell, our spirits hide :  
Firm in the all-destroying shock,  
May view the final scene ;  
For, lo ! the everlasting Rock  
Is cleft to take us in.
- 2 By faith we find the place above,  
The Rock that rent in twain ;  
Beneath the shade of dying love,  
And in the clefts remain.  
Jesus, to Thy dear wounds we flee,  
We sink into Thy side ;  
Assured that all who trust in Thee  
Shall evermore abide.
- 3 Then let the thundering trumpet sound ;  
The latest lightning glare ;  
The mountains melt ; the solid ground  
Dissolve as liquid air ;

The huge celestial bodies roll,  
Amidst that general fire,  
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,  
And all in smoke expire !

4 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,  
When nature is destroy'd,  
And no created thing remains  
Throughout the flaming void.  
Sublime upon His azure throne,  
He speaks the' almighty word :  
His *fiat* is obey'd ! 'tis done ;  
And Paradise restored.

5 So be it ! let this system end,  
This ruinous earth and skies ;  
The New Jerusalem descend,  
The new creation rise.  
Thy power omnipotent assume ;  
Thy brightest majesty !  
And when Thou dost in glory come,  
My Lord, remember me !

---

# H Y M N S

Occasioned by the

## EARTHQUAKE,

*March 8, 1750.*

---

PART II.

---

*L O N D O N :*

Printed in the Year MDCCL.



# HYMNS, &c.

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## HYMN I. ■

- 1 AND are Thy plagues and mercies, Lord,  
Already out of mind?  
Thy threatening and presérving word  
So quickly cast behind?
- 2 The crowd alarm'd with short surprise,  
And spared, alas! in vain,  
Started, and half unseal'd their eyes,  
And dropp'd to sleep again.
- 3 If trouble for a moment seize  
Their unawaken'd breast,  
The trouble but confirms their peace,  
The earthquake rocks to rest.
- 4 Thy words behind their back they cast,  
Thy patient pity scorn,  
Nor thank Thee for the judgment *past*,  
Nor dream of its return.
- 5 But whether they Thine hand will see,  
Or still Thine anger dare,  
Saviour of men, we turn to Thee,  
With thankfulness, and prayer.

- 6 We own Thy mercy in the stroke,  
 Thy praise to Thee we give,  
 That when the earth beneath us shook,  
 Thou wouldst not let it *cleave*.
- 7 The cause of all, our nation's sin,  
 We mournfully confess ;  
 But Thou who didst the shock begin,  
 Hast made the motion cease.
- 8 Vapours and damps confess'd their God,  
 And did Thy word fulfil,  
 And earth observed its Maker's nod,  
 And trembled, and was still.
- 9 Accepting our deliverance, Lord,  
 Our long, or short, reprieve,  
 Thy wondrous goodness we record,  
 And to Thy glory live.
- 10 We never will the grace forget,  
 But thankfully improve,  
 And still in songs of praise repeat  
 Thy providential love.

---

 HYMN II.

- 1 **AWAKE**, ye guilty souls, awake,  
 Nor sleep, till *Tophet* takes you in !  
 The Lord of hosts is risen to shake  
 The earth polluted with your sin.
- 2 Enter into the Rock, and hide  
 Your trembling spirits in the dust ;  
 Fly to the clefts, the *riven Side*,  
 And in a dying Saviour trust.

- 3 Before the Lord's fierce anger come,  
Before He bring the vengeful day,  
And fix the' irrevocable doom,  
And earth's foundations melt away ;
- 4 Before its mouth it opens wide,  
And gasps to feel the final blow ;  
Firmer support, ye worms, provide,  
Or sink into eternal woe.

---

HYMN III.

- 1 FATHER, and God of *Abraham*, hear,  
Who didst in faithful mercy send  
A kind celestial messenger,  
To save the brother of Thy friend,  
While vengeance on the wicked came,  
Snatch'd as a brand out of the flame ;
- 2 Hear us, who now for mercy call,  
Us, who in *Abraham's* footsteps go,  
Before Thy lifted thunder fall,  
Before Thy wrath our land o'erthrow,  
Like *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* make,  
And plunge us in the burning lake.
- 3 With kind distinguishing regard  
Preserve the poor afflicted few,  
Who watch, for all events prepared,  
With gushing eyes the wicked view,  
Vex'd with their deeds, while day by day  
We weep our pensive lives away.

- 4 Remember, Lord, the righteous man,  
 And us, and ours, far off remove,  
 Exempted from judicial pain,  
 Conducted to the mount above,  
 O let us to our *Zoar* fly,  
 And find a place of refuge nigh.
- 5 Thou never canst Thy foes consume,  
 Unless Thou first secure Thy friends ;  
 Thy friends retard the' impending doom,  
 And lo ! the judgment still impends,  
 Till all who will, escape, and rest  
 Close shelter'd in their Saviour's breast.

---

 HYMN IV.

- 1 AH ! whither would ye fly  
 To screen your guilty heads ?  
 Danger and death are always nigh,  
 Where'er a sinner treads :  
 Impenitent, ye strive  
 To' escape with fruitless haste,  
 Whom earth must swallow up alive,  
 Or hell receive at last.
- 2 Tremble, ye Christless crowd,  
 Whom death and hell pursue,  
 Strangers, and enemies to God,  
 Alas ! what will ye do ?  
 In vain ye change your place,  
 If still unchanged your mind ;  
 Or fly to distant climes, unless  
 Ye leave your sins behind.

- 
- 3 Your sins for vengeance call,  
Your sins the scourge demand,  
Your sins have judgment brought on all  
The sad polluted land :  
Cursed for your only sake,  
The earth reels to and fro,  
And lo ! its deep foundations shake,  
And *Tophet* yawns below.
- 4 The nations to rebuke,  
When God His power displays,  
Earth trembles at His threatening look,  
And moves and shifts its place :  
Infernal thunders roar,  
And speak His kindled ire,  
And hills dissolve like wax before  
The sin-consuming fire.
- 5 Who can escape the wreck  
In that vindictive day !  
The mountains at His presence quake,  
The mountains flee away ;  
The rocks He rends and tears,  
And violently throws down,  
And nature in convulsions bears  
The terror of His frown.
- 6 Strong towers, and massy walls  
From their foundations leap,  
The heaven-invading city falls  
Into a ruinous heap ;  
His destined prey to seize  
Old ocean bursts his chain,  
The fountains of the great abyss  
Are broken up again.

- 7     On hell's apparent brink  
       Who shall the sinner save ?  
Cities, and men, and kingdoms sink  
       Into a common grave :  
       What man the earth survives,  
       The earth to chaos hurl'd,  
While final ruin fiercely drives\*  
       Her ploughshare o'er the world !
- 8     One only *Place* remains,  
       And always shall endure,  
A place where peace and safety reigns,  
       And sinners rest secure ;  
       An hidden place above,  
       Where once the prophet stood,  
And saw the majesty of Love,  
       And saw the passing God.
- 9     Hither, ye worms, come up,  
       Who from His judgments fly,  
And meet Him on the mountain-top,  
       And on His love rely ;  
       Safe in the sacred Rock,  
       Look down on all beneath,  
And at destruction smile, and mock  
       The pointless darts of death.
- 10    What though the earth remove,  
       Believers cannot fear,  
Hid in the clefts of dying Love,  
       While death and hell are near ;

\* Compare Young's "Night Thoughts," Night ix., line 167.

An house believers have  
Eternal in the skies,  
And find a life beyond the grave,  
A life that never dies.

---

HYMN V.

- 1 How vain, great God, and worse than vain,  
How sinful our pretended pain  
In this our evil day !  
Unless we to our Smiter turn,  
The cause of all our evils mourn,  
And cast our sins away.
- 2 'Gainst vice we partially declaim,  
With undiscerning censure blame  
Our nation's wickedness :  
But O ! the sin that loudest cries  
For all the vengeance of the skies,  
We never once confess.
- 3 O might we from our hearts repent  
Of scorning Him Thy pity sent  
To heal our sin and grief !  
Assist us through Thy Spirit's power,  
To own, and feelingly deplore,  
Our damning unbelief.
- 4 Convince the wretches who deny  
Their Lord, that stoop'd for them to die,  
Who triumph in His pain,  
Who trample on His precious blood,  
And hate, and scoff the dying God,  
And crucify again.

- 5 Confound the misbelieving pride  
Of those that impiously divide  
Thy dearest Son and Thee ;  
Who will not Him Thine Equal own,  
But madly threaten to dethrone  
The Filial Deity.
- 6 And O ! Almighty Son of God,  
Into the blind self-righteous crowd  
Thy sharpest arrows dart ;  
The men who infidels condemn,  
Nor ever knew themselves the same,  
Mere infidels in *heart*.
- 7 A formal self-deceiving race,  
Who mock the counsel of Thy grace,  
The sense of sins forgiven,  
The power of godliness explode,  
The witness, and the peace of God,  
And faith that leads to heaven.
- 8 Forgive *us*, Lord, for such *we* were,  
And all our guilty brethren spare,  
Our unbelief reprove ;  
Give us that root of sins to own,  
And make our wounded spirits groan  
Beneath their want of love.
- 9 Let all the faithless nation cry,  
Redeem us, Saviour, or we die,  
A second death to feel :  
Jesus, Thine only name and blood  
Can save us from the wrath of God,  
Can ransom us from hell.

- 10 On Thee our dying souls we cast,  
Our dying souls receive at last,  
And in Thy arms embrace,  
To triumph in Thy pardoning love,  
And sing with all the saved above  
Thine everlasting praise.

---

HYMN VI.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS Lord, Thy people spare !  
Lo ! we turn at last to Thee,  
Humbly the correction bear  
Of our past iniquity,  
Own the cause of our distress,  
Mournfully our sins confess.
- 2 We Thy judgments have abhorr'd,  
We Thy covenant have broke,  
Daringly denied our Lord,  
Cast away His easy yoke,  
Would not cast our sins away,  
Would not know our gracious day.
- 3 Therefore is the plague begun,  
Therefore doth it still proceed ;  
Wrath Divine by means unknown,  
Wrath Divine hath done the deed,  
Made the stalls and pastures void,  
God *our cattle hath destroy'd.*
- 4 Heavier woes He keeps in store,  
If we still refuse to turn,  
Dare His anger's utmost power,  
All His lingering pity scorn ;

But beneath Thy hand we bow,  
Stay Thy plague, and save us now.

5 Jesu, save us from our sins,  
Save us from our plague of heart,  
All of unbelief convince,  
All unto Thyself convert ;  
Let our sin-sick spirits find  
Thee the Healer of mankind.

6 No delight Thy goodness hath  
In the death of him who dies ;  
Grant us then the living faith,  
Faith that on Thy blood relies,  
Faith that all Thy grace receives,  
Faith that all Thy fulness gives.

---

HYMN VII.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS, O Lord, are all Thy ways!  
Thy judgments in the ancient days  
On unrepenting sinners fell ;  
Thy wrath descended, in a flood,  
On a whole world that knew not God,  
And swept their thoughtless souls to hell.  
Yet in the universal wreck  
Thou didst a kind exception make,  
In favour of a child of Thine :  
Thou didst for him an ark provide,  
And safely with his household hide  
The heir of righteousness Divine.
- 2 Thou art in every age the same,  
And when *our* crimes the vengeance claim,  
And when our measure is fill'd up,

Thine anger yet again shall burn,  
And force them who Thy mercies spurn,  
    To drink the bitter trembling cup.  
Thou, Lord, out of Thy place shalt rise,  
Open the windows of the skies,  
    To plague the people of Thine ire,  
Thy flaming ministers employ,  
And terribly at last destroy  
    The wicked with a flood of fire.

- 3 Great God, if now Thy day is near,  
Alarm us with a sacred fear,  
    And snatch from a devoted race,  
A world, who, as Thy Son foretold,  
Harden their hearts like those of old,  
    And live corrupt in all their ways.  
They eat, they drink, they plant, they build ;  
Their hearts, with cares and pleasures fill'd,  
    No room can find for thoughts of Thee,  
Till the last dreadful plagues commence,  
And sweep their careless spirits hence  
    Into a sad eternity.

- 4 But wilt Thou not Thine own secure,  
The men, who great distress endure,  
    And cruel mockings for Thy sake ;  
Who tremble at Thy tokens nigh,  
And to the Ark of mercy fly,  
    And Jesu's wounds their refuge make !  
Surely Thou wilt Thy word fulfil,  
And give Thy caution'd people still,  
    Within the sacred Ark to rest ;

Even now by faith we enter in,  
 And mount above the floods of sin,  
 Secure in our Redeemer's breast.

- 5 Superior to the storms below,  
 The various storms of human woe,  
 Shut up in Christ we mount, we rise,  
 Buoy'd by His mighty Spirit up,  
 Above the highest mountain's top,  
 Above the ruin'd earth, and skies.  
 When earth and skies are all on fire,  
 We then shall mount divinely higher,  
 As by *Elijah's* whirlwind driven,  
 Triumphant o'er the blazing flood,  
 The church, and family of God,  
 Our Ark and we shall rest in heaven.

---

HYMN VIII.

- 1 RISE every soul in Jesus' name,  
 Who after Him aspires ;  
 The wonders of His love proclaim,  
 And praise Him in the fires.
- 2 Amidst impending plagues and woes,  
 Extol His saving power :  
 Earth hath not yawn'd, on us to close,  
 Or open'd, to devour.
- 3 Howe'er the wisdom of our God  
 With us to-morrow deal,  
 We were not yesterday destroy'd,  
 We now are out of hell.

- 4 Wherefore our lives shall show His praise  
Long as our lives are given,  
Or snatch'd from earth obtain a place  
Immovable in heaven.

---

HYMN IX.

- 1 How weak the thoughts and vain,  
Of self-deluding men !  
Men, who fix'd to earth alone,  
Think their houses shall endure,  
Fondly call their lands their own,  
To their distant heirs secure.
- 2 Let *us* in God confide ;  
They for themselves provide,  
Lasting settlements they make,  
Prudently their views extend,  
Thought for future ages take,  
Live, as time would never end.
- 3 How soon may God rebuke  
Their folly with a look !  
Caused by the Almighty's frown,  
When the sudden earthquake comes,  
Then their hopes are tumbled down,  
Then their houses are their tombs.
- 4 Their lands alas ! and they,  
Are swept at once away,  
Gaping earth receives them all,  
Swallows up the nation's boast ;  
See the pride of ages fall,  
In a fatal moment lost !

- 5       How happy then are we,  
          Who build, O Lord, on Thee !  
What can our foundation shock ?  
          Though the shatter'd earth remove,  
Stands our city on a Rock,  
          On a Rock of heavenly love.
- 6       An house we call our own,  
          Which cannot be o'erthrown,  
In the general ruin sure,  
          Storms and earthquakes it defies,  
Built immovably secure,  
          Built eternal in the skies.
- 7       High on *Immanuel's* land  
          We see the fabric stand,  
From a tottering world remove,  
          To our steadfast mansions there :  
Our inheritance above  
          Cannot pass from heir to heir.
- 8       Those amaranthine bowers,  
          Inalienably ours,  
Bloom, our infinite reward,  
          Rise, our permanent abode,  
From the founded world prepared,  
          Purchased by the blood of God.
- 9       O might we quickly find  
          The place for us design'd ;  
See the long-expected day  
          Of our full redemption here !  
Let the shadows flee away,  
          Let the new-made world appear.
- 10      High on Thy great white throne,  
          O King of saints, come down ;

In the New *Jerusalem*  
Now triumphantly descend,  
Let the final trump proclaim  
Joys begun which ne'er shall end !

---

HYMN X.

- 1 LORD of hosts, we bow before Thee,  
The prophetic word receive ;  
Now our prostrate souls adore Thee,  
Now we tremble, and believe :  
Thou the promised sign hast given,  
(O that all might understand !)  
" I will shake the earth, and heaven ;  
I will shake the sea, and land."
- 2 Wars, and plagues, and great distresses,  
The tremendous day fore-run,  
Earthquakes felt in divers places  
Show the latter times begun ;  
Want, and national confusion,  
Boding grief, and panic fear,  
Mark the times of restitution, •  
Speak the great Restorer near.
- 3 Never can Thy word be broken,  
Though the world shall pass away ;  
Quicken'd by another token,  
Lord, we wait to see Thy day,  
Big with earnest expectation,  
Swells our heart to make Thee room,  
Come, Desire of every nation,  
To Thy human temple come !
- 4 Bring the kingdom of Thy Spirit,  
Joy, and righteousness, and peace ;

Purchased by Thy dying merit,  
 Every child of man possess ;  
 Come to us, who languish for Thee,  
 Us, who long Thy face to see,  
 Fill the latter house with glory,  
 Then receive us up to Thee.

---

 HYMN XI.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
 In Jesu's praises join,  
 Who now confirms His word,  
 And sends another sign,  
 Sign of His day, and kingdom near :  
 Look up, and see your Lord appear !
- 2 His coming He foreshows  
 By famine, plague, and war,  
 And epidemic woes  
 His swift approach declare ;  
 Trembles the earth to find Him near :  
 Look up, and see your Lord appear !
- 3 Hark how all nature groans  
 In pangs of second birth !  
 Expect, ye ransom'd ones,  
 A new-created earth,  
 The ruin of the old is near :  
 Look up, and see your Lord appear !
- 4 His tokens we espy,  
 And now lift up our head,  
 And in the earthquake cry,  
 It is my Saviour's tread !  
 He comes to save His servants here :  
 Look up, and see your Lord appear !

- 5 We do with joy look up,  
In national distress,  
With confidence of hope,  
To meet the Prince of peace ;  
We, unappall'd in general fear,  
Look up, and see our Lord appear.
- 6 Our Lord appears again,  
His glorious power to show,  
He comes, He comes to reign,  
With all His saints below,  
Judgment is mercy's harbinger ;  
The earth is gone—and Christ is here !
- 

HYMN XII.

- 1 THE sinners how blest, Who pardon receive !  
In trouble we rest, In dying we live,  
In danger secure, Whom Jesus hath loved,  
Our footing is sure, Though earth is removed.
- 2 The hairs of our head Are register'd all,  
Not one, He hath said, Shall perish, or fall,  
Without the permission Of infinite grace,  
Whose blessed decision We gladly embrace.
- 3 While thus we confide In Jesus's blood,  
Whatever betide, Shall turn to our good ;  
When sorrows surround us, Our joys shall increase,  
And earthquakes shall ground us In permanent peace.
- 4 Plague, famine, and war But quicken our hope,  
And bid us prepare, And bid us look up ;  
Assured by each warning, His kingdom is near,  
The Lord is returning, And soon shall appear.

- 5 Appear in the skies, Thou Saviour of men,  
Our bodies shall rise To meet Thee again,  
Entomb'd in the centre, We shall be restored,  
And gloriously enter The joy of our Lord.
- 

## HYMN XIII.

- 1 COME, Desire of nations, come !  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,  
Hear the Spirit and the bride,  
Come, and take us to Thy side.
- 2 Thou who hast our place prepared,  
Make us meet for our reward,  
Then with all Thy saints descend,  
Then our earthly trial end.
- 3 Mindful of Thy chosen race,  
Shorten these vindictive days ;  
Who for full redemption groan,  
Hear us now, and save Thine own.
- 4 Now destroy the man of sin,  
Now Thine ancient flock bring in,  
Fill'd with righteousness Divine,  
Claim a ransom'd world for Thine.
- 5 Plant the heavenly kingdom here,  
Glorious in Thy saints appear,  
Speak the sacred number seal'd,  
Speak the mystery fulfill'd.
- 6 Take to Thee Thy royal power,  
Reign, when sin shall be no more,  
Reign, when time no more shall be,  
Reign to all eternity.
-

To the last edition of this Tract two Hymns were subjoined, as follows :—

A HYMN FOR THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA.

*Written in January, 1756.*

- 1 SAVIOUR of life, and Prince of peace,  
Behold our brethren in distress,  
Whose growing load we bear ;  
Victims of every sex and age,  
Abandon'd to the murderer's rage  
And all the waste of war.
- 2 The hour of their temptation's come,  
The ruthless savages of *Rome*  
With fire and sword assail ;  
Our friends they rend as slaughter'd sheep,  
Resolved their league with death to keep,  
Their covenant with hell.
- 3 But wilt Thou let the leopards tear  
The men, who arm'd with faith and prayer  
All human help disown ;  
Nor dare their violent foes withstand,  
The meek and quiet in the land  
Who trust on Thee alone ?
- 4 The simple men of heart sincere,  
Who more than death Thine anger fear,  
Regard their helplessness,  
Their tender dread to disobey  
Which antedates the gospel-day  
Of universal peace.

- 5 Now, Lord, in their defence arise,  
Now, Saviour, in the heathen's eyes  
    Thy glorious arm make bare ;  
And all who tremble at Thy word  
Save from the peril of the sword,  
    The grievousness of war.
- 6 Far off from them the woe remove ;  
The woe which soon our own may prove,  
    (If so our sins require,)  
We soon more deeply may bemoan  
Our country spoil'd, our land o'erthrown,  
    Our cities burn'd with fire.
- 7 But O ! prevent the misery ;  
The ills we tremble to foresee,  
    In mercy, Lord, avert.  
Our foes, when ready to devour,  
Disarm ; and chase the lust of power  
    From every human heart.
- 8 Hasten the long-expected day,  
When all shall own Thy gracious sway,  
    Of Thy meek Spirit learn,  
Accomplishing Thy faithful words,  
When all shall break their useless swords,  
    Or into ploughshares turn.
- 9 Now let us give our fightings o'er,  
And learn destructive war no more,  
    And only strive to prove  
The blessings of Thy peaceful reign  
In love to every soul of man,  
    In pure millennial love.
-

A HYMN FOR THE YEAR 1756.

- 1 O FOR the saving fear,  
That moved in *Noah's* breast,  
The solemn sense of judgments near,  
By Love Divine impress'd,  
The dread of ills to come,  
Which may an ark prepare  
And arm us 'gainst our threatening doom,  
With all the powers of prayer !
- 2 The last vindictive times  
In pangs all nature owns,  
Under the weight of human crimes  
The whole creation groans,  
The' elements all conspire  
To scourge a faithless seed,  
And woes, and snares, and storms of fire  
Are bursting on their head.
- 3 Our sin-avenging Lord  
Is risen from His place,  
To plead His cause by fire and sword,  
With the apostate race ;  
To sweep His foes away,  
His gather'd plagues He pours :  
And thousands rue the slaughtering day,  
And feel the falling towers.
- 4 His hand is lifted up,  
And shakes the sounding rod,  
The desolated nations droop  
Beneath the curse of God :  
His judgments undermine  
The earth on which we dwell ;  
It staggers with the stroke Divine,  
And opens into hell.

- 5        He speaks the powerful word,  
          Which shakes both earth and skies,  
And lo! the great abyss is stirr'd,  
          The treasured waters rise  
          With strange expansive swell,  
          They flow, and ebb, and flow,  
Fly up to heaven, o'er earth prevail,  
          And deluge all below.
- 6        What ails thee, O thou sea,  
          To start out of thy bed?  
Doth nature's God, displeas'd at thee,  
          Impress the sudden dread?  
          Ye hills and mountains, why  
          So swift to shift your place?  
The Lord descends, the Judge is nigh,  
          And frowns on human race.
- 7        Who may abide His frown,  
          Or in His sight appear,  
When God with dreadful pomp comes down  
          To' erect His kingdom here,  
          The wicked to destroy,  
          The wickedness remove,  
And deck His saints with glorious joy  
          And crown with endless love!
- 8        Eternal Judge of all,  
          Thy people's Advocate,  
In faith we for Thy coming call,  
          And for Thy kingdom wait;  
          Assume Thy royal power,  
          And bear our souls away  
To sing, and triumph, and adore  
          Through one eternal day.
-

A N  
E P I S T L E

To the REVEREND

Mr. JOHN WESLEY,

By CHARLES WESLEY,

Presbyter of the Church of England.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBINSON, in Ludgate-Street.

MDCCLV.



AN  
EPISTLE

To the REVEREND

Mr. JOHN WESLEY.

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My first and last unalienable friend,  
A brother's thoughts with due regard attend,  
*A brother, still as thy own soul beloved,*  
Who speak to learn, and write to be reprov'd :  
Far from the factious undiscerning crowd,  
Distress'd I fly to thee, and *think aloud* ;  
I tell thee, wise and faithful as thou art,  
The fears and sorrows of a burden'd heart,  
The workings of (a blind or heavenly) zeal,  
And all my *fondness for the Church* I tell, 10  
The Church whose cause I serve, whose faith approve,  
Whose altars reverence, and whose name I love.

But does she still exist in more than sound ?  
The Church—alas ! where is she to be found ?  
Not in the men, however *dignified*,  
Who *would* her creeds repeal, her laws deride,  
Her Prayers expunge, her Articles disown,  
And thrust the Filial Godhead from His throne.

Vainest of all, their antichristian plea,  
 Who cry *The temple of the Lord are we!* 20  
 "We have the church, nor will we quit our hold."—  
 Their hold of what? The altar? or the gold?  
 The altar's their's, who will not light the fire,  
 Who spurn the labour, but accept the hire;  
 Who not for souls, but their own bodies care,  
 And leave to underlings the task of prayer?  
 As justly might our christen'd heathens claim,  
 Thieves, drunkards, whoremongers, the sacred name;  
 Or rabble-rout succeed in their endeavour,  
 With *High Church and Sacheverel for ever!* 30  
 As *Arians* be for orthodox allow'd,  
 For saints the sensual, covetous, and proud,  
 And Satan's synagogue for the true church of God. }

Then let the zealous *orthodox* appear,  
 And challenge the contested character:  
 Those, who renounce the whole Dissenting tribe,  
 Creeds, Articles, and Liturgy subscribe;  
 Their parish church who never once have miss'd,  
 At schism rail, and hate a *Methodist*;  
 "The company of faithful souls" are these, 40  
 Who strive to 'stablish their own righteousness,  
 But count the faith Divine a madman's dream?  
 Howe'er they to themselves may pillars seem,  
 Of Christ, and of His church they make no part;  
 They never knew the Saviour in their heart.

But those who in their heart have Jesus known,  
 Believers justified by faith alone, }  
 Shall we not them *the* faithful people own? }  
 In whom the power of godliness is seen,  
 Must we not grant the Methodists *The men?* 50

No : though we granted them from schism free,  
 From wild enthusiastic heresy,  
 From every wilful crime, and moral blot,  
 Yet still the Methodists *The Church* are not :  
 A single faculty is not the soul,  
 A limb the body, or a part the whole.

Whom then, when every vain pretender's cast,  
 With truth may we account *The Church* at last ?  
 " All who have felt, deliver'd from above,  
 The holy faith that works by humble love ;        60  
 All that in pure religious worship join,  
 Led by the Spirit, and the Word Divine,  
 Duly the Christian mysteries partake,  
 And bow to governors for conscience sake ;"  
 In these *the Church of England* I descry,  
 And vow with *these alone* to live and die.

Yet while I warmly for her faith contend,  
 Shall I her blots and blemishes defend ?  
 Inventions *added* in a fatal hour,  
 Human appendages of pomp and power,        70  
 Whatever shines in outward grandeur great,  
 I give it up—*a creature of the State*,  
 Wide of the church, as hell from heaven is wide,  
 The blaze of riches, and the glare of pride,  
 The vain desire to be entitled *Lord*,  
 The worldly kingdom, and the princely sword.

But should the bold usurping spirit dare  
 Still higher climb, and sit in *Moses'* chair,  
 Power o'er my faith and conscience to maintain,  
 Shall I submit, and suffer it to reign ?        80

Call it *The Church*, and darkness put for light,  
 Falsehood with truth confound, and wrong with right?  
 No: I dispute the evil's haughty claim,  
 The spirit of the world be still its name,  
 Whatever call'd by man, 'tis purely evil,  
 'Tis Babel, Antichrist, and Pope, and Devil!

Nor would I e'er disgrace the Church's cause  
 By penal edicts, and compulsive laws,  
 (Should wicked powers, as formerly, prevail  
 To' exclude her choicest children from her pale,)<sup>90</sup>  
 Or force my brethren in her forms to join,  
 As every jot and tittle were Divine,  
 As all her Orders on the mount were given,  
 And copied from the hierarchy of heaven.  
 Let others for the shape and colour fight  
 Of garments short or long, or black or white;  
 Or fairly match'd, in furious battle join  
 For and against the sponsors and the sign;  
 Copes, hoods, and surplices *The Church* miscall,  
 And fiercely run their heads against *the wall*:<sup>100</sup>  
 Far different care is mine; o'er earth to see  
 Diffused her true essential piety,  
 To see her lift again her languid head,  
 Her lovely face from every wrinkle freed,  
 Clad in the simple, pure, primeval dress,  
 And beauteous with internal holiness,  
 Wash'd by the Spirit and the Word from sin,  
 Fair without spot, and glorious all within.

Alas! how distant now, how desolate,  
 Our fallen *Zion*, in her captive state

110

Deserted by her friends, and laugh'd to scorn,  
 By inbred foes, and bosom vipers torn,  
 With grief I mark their rancorous despite ;  
 With horror hear the clamorous *Edomite* ;  
 " Down with her to the ground," who fiercely cries,  
 " No more to lift her head, no more to rise !  
 Down with her to the pit, to *Tophet* doom  
 A church emerging from the dregs of *Rome* !  
 Can there in such a church salvation be ?  
 Can any good come out of Popery ?" } 120  
 Ye moderate Dissenters—come and see !

See us, when from the Papal fire we came,  
 Ye frozen sects, and warm you at the flame,  
 Where for the truth our host of martyrs stood,  
 And clapp'd their hands, and seal'd it with their blood !  
 Behold *Elijah's* fiery steeds appear,  
 Discern the chariot of *our Israel* near !  
 That flaming car, for whom doth it come down ?  
 The spouse of Christ ?—or whore of *Babylon* ?  
 For martyrs, by the Scarlet Whore pursued 130  
 Through racks and fires, into the arms of God.  
 These are the church of Christ, by torture driven  
 To thrones triumphant with their friends in heaven ;  
 The church of Christ (let all the nations own),  
 The church of Christ *and England*—is but one !

Yet vainly of our ancestors we boast,  
 We who their faith and purity have lost,  
 Degenerate branches from a noble seed,  
 Corrupt, apostatized, and doubly dead :  
 Will God in such a church His work revive ! 140  
 It cannot be that these dry bones should live.

But who to teach Almighty grace shall dare?  
 How far to suffer, and how long to spare?  
 Shall man's bold hand our candlestick remove,  
 Or cut us off from our Redeemer's love?  
 Shall man presume to say, "There is no hope:  
 God *must* forsake, for *we* have given her up;  
 To save a church so near the gates of hell,  
 This is a thing—with God impossible!"

And yet this thing impossible is done,           150  
 The Lord *hath* made His power and mercy known,  
 Strangely revived our long forgotten hope,  
 And brought out of their graves His people up.  
 Soon as we prophesied in Jesu's name,  
 The noise, the shaking, and the Spirit came!  
 The bones spontaneous to each other cleaved,  
 The dead in sin His powerful word received,  
 And felt the quickening breath of God, and lived. }  
 Dead souls to all the life of faith restored,  
 (The house of *Israel* now) confess the Lord;   160  
 His people and His church, out of their graves  
 They rise, and testify that Jesus saves,  
 That Jesus gives the multiplied increase,  
 While one becomes a thousand witnesses.  
 Nor can it seem to souls already freed  
 Incredible, that God should wake the dead,  
 Should farther still exert His saving power,  
 And call, and quicken twice ten thousand more,  
 Till our whole Church a mighty host becomes,  
 And owns the Lord, the Opener of their tombs. 170

Servant of God, my yokefellow and friend,  
 If God by *us* to the *dry bones* could send,

By *us* out of their graves His people raise,  
 By *us* display the wonders of His grace,  
 Why should we doubt His zeal to carry on  
 By abler instruments the work begun,  
 To build our temple that in ruins lay,  
 And reconvert a nation in a day,  
 To bring our *Zion* forth, as gold refined,  
 With all His saints in closest union join'd,  
 A friend, a nursing-mother to mankind ?

} 180

Surely the time is come, for God to rise,  
 And turn upon our Church His glorious eyes,  
 To show her all the riches of His grace,  
 And make her throughout all the earth a praise :  
 For O ! His servants think upon her stones,  
 And in their hearts His pleading Spirit groans :  
 It pitieth them to see her in the dust,  
 Her lamp extinguish'd, and her gospel lost :  
 Lost—till the Lord, the great Restorer came, 190  
 Extinguish'd—till His breath revived the flame :  
 His arm descending lifted up the sign,  
 His light appearing bade her *rise and shine*,  
 Bade her glad children bless the heavenly ray,  
 And shout the prospect of a gospel-day.

Meanest and least of all her sons, may I  
 Unite with theirs my faith and sympathy !  
 Meanest, and least—yet can I never rest,  
 Or quench the flame enkindled in my breast :  
 Whether a spark of nature's fond desire, 200  
 That warms my heart, and sets my soul on fire,  
 Or a pure ray from yon bright throne above,  
 That melts my yearning bowels into love ;

Even as life, it still remains the same,  
 My fervent zeal for our *Jerusalem* ;  
 Stronger than death, and permanent as true,  
 And purer love, it *seems*, than nature ever knew.

For her, whom her apostate sons despise,  
 I offer up my life in sacrifice,  
 My life in cherishing a parent spend,                    210  
 Fond of my charge, and faithful to the end :  
 Not by the bonds of sordid interest tied,  
 Not gain'd by wealth or honours to her side,  
 But by a *double birth* her servant born :  
 Vile for her sake, exposed to general scorn,  
 Thrust out as from her pale, I gladly roan,  
 Banish'd myself to bring her wanderers home.  
 While the lost sheep of *Israel's* house I seek,  
 By bigots branded for a schismatic,  
 By real schismatics disown'd, decried,                    220  
 As a blind bigot on the Church's side :  
 Yet well content, so I my love may show,  
 My friendly love, to be esteem'd her foe,  
 Foe to her order, governors, and rules :  
 The song of drunkards, and the sport of fools ;  
 Or, what my soul doth as hell fire reject,  
 A Pope—a *Count*—and leader of a sect.

Partner of my reproach, who justly claim  
 The larger portion of the glorious shame,  
 My pattern in the work and cause Divine,                    230  
 Say is thy heart as *bigoted* as mine ?  
 Wilt thou with me in the old Church remain,  
 And share her weal or woe, her loss, her gain,  
 Spend in her service thy last drop of blood,  
 And die—to build the temple of our God ?

Thy answer is in more than words express'd,  
I read it through the window in thy breast ;  
In every action of thy life I see  
Thy faithful love, and filial piety.  
To save a sinking Church, thou dost not spare 240  
Thyself, but lavish all thy life for her :  
For *Zion's* sake thou wilt not hold thy peace,  
That she may grow, impatient to decrease,  
To rush into thy grave that she may rise,  
And mount with all her children to the skies.

What then remains for us on earth to do,  
But labour on with Jesus in our view,  
Who bids us kindly for His patients care,  
Calls us the burden of His church to bear,  
To feed His flock, and nothing seek beside, 250  
And nothing know, but Jesus crucified ?

When first sent forth to minister the word,  
Say, did we preach ourselves, or Christ the Lord ?  
Was it our aim disciples to collect,  
To raise a party, or to found a sect ?  
No ; but to spread the power of Jesus' name,  
Repair the walls of our *Jerusalem*,  
Revive the piety of ancient days,  
And fill the earth with our Redeemer's praise.

Still let us steadily pursue our end, 260  
And only for the faith Divine contend,  
Superior to the charms of power and fame,  
Persist through life, invariably the same :  
And if indulged our heart's desire to see,  
*Jerusalem* in full prosperity,

To pristine faith, and purity restored ;  
How shall we bless our good redeeming Lord,  
Gladly into His hands our children give,  
Securely in their mother's bosom leave,  
With calm delight accept our late release,        270  
Resign our charge to God, and then depart in peace !

F I N I S .

AN  
EPISTLE

TO THE REVEREND

MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD:

Written in the YEAR M DCC LV.

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By CHARLES WESLEY, *A.M.*

Late Student of *Christ-Church*, OXFORD.

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M DCC LXXI.

VOL. VI.

F



# A N E P I S T L E

TO THE REVEREND

MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

---

COME ON, my WHITEFIELD! (since the strife is past,  
And friends at first are friends again at last,) .  
Our hands, and hearts, and counsels let us join  
In mutual league, to' advance the work Divine,  
Our one contention now, our single aim,  
To pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame;  
To spread the victory of that bloody Cross,  
And gasp our latest breath in the Redeemer's cause.

Too long, alas! we gave to Satan place,  
When party-zeal put on an angel's face; 10  
Too long we listen'd to the cozening fiend,  
Whose trumpet sounded, "For the faith contend!"  
With hasty blindfold rage, in error's night,  
How did we with our fellow-soldiers fight!  
We could not then our Father's children know,  
But each mistook his brother for his foe.  
"Foes to the truth, can you in conscience spare?  
"Tear them, (the tempter cried,) in pieces, tear!"  
So thick the darkness, so confused the noise,  
We took the stranger's for the Shepherd's voice; 20  
Rash nature waved the controversial sword,  
On fire to fight the battles of the Lord;  
Fraternal love from every breast was driven,  
And bleeding charity return'd to heaven.

The Saviour saw our strife with pitying eye,  
And cast a look that made the shadows fly:

Soon as the day-spring in His presence shone,  
 We found the two fierce armies were but one ;  
 Common our hope, and family, and name,  
 Our arms, our Captain, and our crown the same ; 30  
 Enlisted all beneath Immanuel's sign,  
 And purchased every soul with precious blood Divine.

Then let us cordially again embrace,  
 Nor e'er infringe the league of gospel-grace ;  
 Let us in Jesus' name to battle go,  
 And turn our arms against the common foe ;  
 Fight side by side beneath our Captain's eye,  
 Chase the *Philistines*, on their shoulders fly,  
 And, more than conquerors, in the harness die. }

For whether I am born to "*blush above*," 40  
 On earth suspicious of electing love,  
 Or you, o'erwhelm'd with honourable shame,  
 To shout the universal Saviour's name,  
 It matters not ; if, all our conflicts past,  
 Before the great white throne we meet at last :  
 Our only care, while sojourning below,  
 Our real faith by real love to show :  
 To blast the aliens' hope, and let them see  
 How friends of jarring sentiments agree :  
 Not in a party's narrow banks confined, 50  
 Not by a sameness of opinions join'd,  
 But cemented with the Redeemer's blood,  
 And bound together in the heart of God.

Can we forget from whence our union came,  
 When first we simply met in Jesus' name ?  
 The name mysterious of the GOD UNKNOWN,  
 Whose secret love allured, and drew us on

Through a long, lonely, legal wilderness,  
To find the promised land of gospel peace.  
True yokefellows, we then agreed to draw 60  
The' intolerable burden of the law ;  
And jointly labouring on with zealous strife,  
Strengthen'd each other's hands to work *for* life ;  
To turn against the world our steady face,  
And, valiant for the truth, enjoy disgrace.

Then, when we served our God through fear alone,  
Our views, our studies, and our hearts were one ;  
No smallest difference damp'd the social flame :  
In *Moses'* school we thought, and spake the same :  
And must we, now in Christ, with shame confess, 70  
Our love was greater when our light was less ?  
When darkly through a glass with servile awe,  
We first the spiritual commandment saw,  
Could we not then, our mutual love to show,  
Through fire and water for each other go ?  
We could :—we did :—In a strange land I stood,  
And beckon'd thee to cross the' Atlantic flood :  
With true affection wing'd, thy ready mind  
Left country, fame, and ease, and friends behind ;  
And, eager all heaven's counsels to explore, 80  
Flew through the watery world and grasp'd the shore.

Nor did I linger, at my friend's desire,  
To tempt the furnace, and abide the fire :  
When suddenly sent forth, from the highways  
I call'd poor outcasts to the feast of grace ;  
Urged to pursue the work by thee begun,  
Through good and ill report I still rush'd on,  
Nor felt the fire of popular applause,  
Nor fear'd the torturing flame in such a glorious cause.

Ah! wherefore did we ever seem to part, 90  
 Or clash in sentiment, while one in heart?  
 What dire device did the old Serpent find,  
 To put asunder those whom God had join'd?  
 From folly and self-love opinion rose,  
 To sever friends who never yet were foes;  
 To baffle and divert our noblest aim,  
 Confound our pride, and cover us with shame;  
 To make us blush beneath her short-lived power,  
 And glad the world with one triumphant hour.

But lo! the snare is broke, the captive's freed, } 100  
 By faith on all the hostile powers we tread,  
 And crush through Jesus' strength the Serpent's }  
 Jesus hath cast the cursed Accuser down, [head.  
 Hath rooted up the tares by Satan sown:  
 Kindled anew the never-dying flame,  
 And re-baptized our souls into His name.  
 Soon as the virtue of His name we feel,  
 The storm of strife subsides, the sea is still,  
 All nature bows to His benign command,  
 And two are one in His almighty hand. 110  
 One in His hand, O may we still remain,  
 Fast bound with love's indissoluble chain;  
 (That adamant which time and death defies,  
 That golden chain which draws us to the skies!)  
 His love the tie that binds us to His throne,  
 His love the bond that perfects us in one;  
 His love, (let all the ground of friendship see,)  
 His only love constrains our hearts to' agree,  
 And gives the rivet of Eternity! }

THE END.

# CATHOLIC LOVE.\*

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- 1 WEARY of all this wordy strife,  
    These notions, forms, and modes, and names,  
To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
    Whose love my simple heart inflames,  
Divinely taught, at last I fly,  
With Thee, and Thine to live, and die.
- 2 Forth from the midst of *Babel* brought,  
    Parties and sects I cast behind;  
Enlarged my heart, and free my thought,  
    Where'er the latent truth I find,  
The latent truth with joy to own,  
And bow to Jesu's name alone.
- 3 Redeem'd by Thine almighty grace,  
    I taste my glorious liberty,  
With open arms the world embrace,  
    But *cleave* to those who cleave to Thee ;  
But only in Thy saints delight,  
Who walk with God in purest white.

\* First published at the end of Wesley's Sermon on 2 Kings  
x. 15, A.D. 1755.

- 4 One with the little flock I rest,  
The members sound who hold the Head ;  
The chosen few, with pardon blest,  
And by the' anointing Spirit led  
Into the mind that was in Thee,  
Into the depths of Deity.
- 5 My brethren, friends, and kinsmen these,  
Who do my heavenly Father's will ;  
Who *aim* at perfect holiness,  
And all Thy counsels to fulfil,  
Athirst to be whate'er Thou art,  
And love their God with all their heart.
- 6 For these, howe'er in flesh disjoin'd,  
Where'er dispersed o'er earth abroad,  
Unfeign'd unbounded love I find,  
And constant as the life of God ;  
Fountain of life, from thence it sprung,  
As pure, as even, and as strong.
- 7 Join'd to the hidden church unknown  
In this sure bond of perfectness,  
Obscurely safe, I dwell alone,  
And glory in the' uniting grace,  
To me, to each believer given,  
To all thy saints in earth and heaven.

C. W.

# H Y M N S

FOR THE

Y E A R 1756,

PARTICULARLY FOR THE

# F A S T - D A Y,

*FEBRUARY 6.*

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*BRISTOL:*

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*Small-street.* 1756.



# H Y M N S

FOR THE

Y E A R 1756.

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## HYMN I.

- 1 MERCIFUL God, almighty King,  
To Thee with trembling hearts we turn,  
To Thee our last distress we bring,  
And prostrate at Thy footstool mourn :
- 2 Our own, our nation's sins confess,  
Which justly all Thy plagues demand ;  
The weight of public wickedness,  
That sinks to hell our guilty land.
- 3 Yet hath Thy kind compassion spared  
The objects of Thy righteous ire,  
While all Thy threaten'd woes we dared,  
And mock'd that everlasting fire ;
- 4 While more obdurate still, Thy word  
Of proffer'd mercy we withstood,  
Denied our all-redeeming Lord,  
And trampled on our bleeding God.

- 5 Even then Thou didst our Guardian stand,  
 Our Help in danger's blackest hour,  
 Nor let the sword go through our land,  
 Nor let the yawning earth devour.
- 6 By heavenly indignation struck,  
 The conscious earth began to reel,  
 Beneath our load of guilt it shook ;  
 Again it trembled ; and was still.
- 7 The earthquake turn'd its fatal course,  
 Through distant realms the judgment spread,  
 And arm'd with heaven's resistless force  
 In ruinous heaps whole cities laid.
- 8 O might we by their downfall rise,  
 Thy sudden chastisements to' avert,  
 Present Thy grateful sacrifice,  
 The broken, poor, obedient heart.
- 9 O might we all our sins forsake,  
 The imminent destruction shun,  
 Before Thy heaviest judgments shake  
 Our land, and turn it upside down :
- 10 Before Thou all Thy wrath reveal,  
 With *Sodom* and *Gomorrah's* hire  
 Reward, and leave Thy foes to feel  
 The vengeance of eternal fire.

---

 HYMN II.

- 1 IN our most precarious state,  
 In this dark vindictive hour,  
 Shuddering on the brink of fate,  
 Lest the greedy pit devour,  
 From the wrath of earth and sky  
 Where shall we for refuge fly ?

- 
- 2 Lo! our all at stake we see,  
All we prize or love below,  
Peace, and life, and liberty,  
Trifles to our sorest woe,  
Still we bear an heavier load  
Trembling for the ark of God.
- 3 Trembling for religion's cause,  
Lest it share the common doom,  
(Pure and undefiled it was,  
Purged from all the dregs of *Rome*,)  
Lest the genuine gospel fail,  
Lest the gates of hell prevail.
- 4 Bow'd beneath the deepest sense  
Of our state, we fain would pray,  
O might general penitence  
Now prevent the evil day,  
All these lowering storms divert,  
Heaven engage to take our part !
- 5 Sovereign Majesty of heaven,  
God most merciful, most high,  
Who Thy favourite Son hast given  
For a rebel world to die,  
Pity on Thy rebels take,  
Spare our land for Jesu's sake.
- 6 If Thou must in wrath reprove,  
Father, make not a full end ;  
Visit us in pardoning love,  
Then Thy pardon'd church defend,  
Then let *Israel's* God arise,  
Scattering all His enemies.

- 7 Far away the aliens chase,  
 Save the land beloved by Thee,  
 Bless us, as in ancient days :  
 Peace, and true prosperity,  
 Gospel-righteousness restore,  
 Faith, and life for evermore.

---

HYMN III.

- 1 BEING benign, whose name is Love,  
 Whose nature, always to forgive,  
 Thine anger with our sins remove,  
 And bid Thy humbled rebels live.
- 2 Thy lifted hand, restrain'd by prayer,  
 Hath often waved the threaten'd blow :  
 Still Thy *unnatural act* forbear,  
 And all Thy ancient mercies show.
- 3 When most displeas'd Thou shakest the rod,  
 And absolute Thy threatenings sound,  
 A kind reserve is understood,  
 A secret clause for mercy found.
- 4 Yet forty days Thy justice cries,  
 And *Nineveh* shall be o'erthrown,  
 Except (Thy whispering grace replies)  
 They turn, before the wrath comes down.
- 5 How often hath Thy goodness tried  
 A people harden'd from Thy fear,  
 And turn'd the' impending plague aside,  
 And spared our land from year to year?
- 6 Even now Thou dost the stroke suspend,  
 Thy pitiful reluctance show,  
 And watchmen through our *Israel* send,  
 To warn us of the falling blow.

- 7 What canst Thou more for sinners do?  
 And if we farther still rebel,  
 If still our sinful lusts pursue,  
 We court the hottest flames of hell.
- 8 The men of *Nineveh* shall rise  
 Our judges in that vengeful day,  
 Unless we quit the paths of vice,  
 And cast our loathsome sins away.
- 9 Less dreadful will the punishment  
 Of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* prove,  
 Than ours, if scorning to repent,  
 We still despise Thy bleeding love.

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 HYMN IV.

## EZEKIEL IX.

## PART I.

- 1 GREAT God, whose wrath in ancient times  
 O'erflow'd Thy sinful people's crimes ;  
 Whose angry voice again I hear,  
 Which thunder'd in *Ezekiel's* ear ;  
 Stir up Thy mercy with Thy power,  
 And arm us for the fiery hour.
- 2 If now the dreadful charge is given  
 To the fierce ministers of heaven,  
 If ready now the aliens stand,  
 Their slaughter-weapons in their hand,  
 To deal the chastisements of God,  
 And make our land a field of blood :
- 3 Come *with* them, O Thou Man in white,  
 Who dost in gracious acts delight,

- Before* the dire destroyers come,  
 In love prevent the general doom :  
 Nor make Thy wrath on sinners known,  
 Till mercy hath secured Thine own.
- 4 Our sad devoted land go through,  
 Distinguishing the mournful few,  
 Whose spirits vex'd with pious pain,  
 Lament our sins of deepest stain,  
 And groan the public guilt to bear,  
 And agonize in secret prayer.
- 5 The men, who daily sigh and grieve,  
 The *Lots* that in our *Sodom* live,  
 A difference in their favour make,  
 Into Thy kind protection take,  
 And claim the pensive souls for Thine,  
 And mark them with the crimson sign.
- 6 The sign which men and demons flee,  
 Let *us* even now receive from Thee ;  
 Inscribe us, O Thou pardoning God,  
 Write our protection in Thy blood,  
 (That blood which every ill averts,)  
 And stamp Thine image on our hearts.

---

 HYMN V.

## PART II.

- 1 TREMENDOUS God of *Israel*, hear,  
 Before the slaughtering troops draw near,  
 Before they at Thy house begin,  
 To smite the hoary slaves of sin ;  
 Revoke the charge, the wicked spare,  
 And give them to Thy people's prayer.

- 
- 2 With timely sorrow we confess  
Our land's abounding wickedness,  
Our sins that to a deluge rise,  
And dare the vengeance of the skies,  
Where sinners fancy Thee to reign,  
Regardless of the works of men.
- 3 "The earth He hath long since forsook,  
Nor deigns on worms to cast a look ;  
Left to ourselves (they madly cry)  
We joy or grieve, we live or die,  
And floods may rise, and cities fall,  
For Chance, and Nature, governs all."
- 4 Canst Thou forgive the impious crowd,  
Whose actions say, There is no God ?  
Or must Thou all Thy fury pour,  
And let the sword Thy foes devour,  
The plague destroy, the dearth consume,  
Or gaping earth at once entomb ?
- 5 We know not, Lord, Thy dread decree,  
For secret things belong to Thee,  
Whether Thou wilt again reprieve,  
Or now the final sentence give ;  
But till Thy counsel Thou display,  
We still for mercy, mercy pray.
- 6 Call in the ruthless sons of *Rome*,  
Nor let the threaten'd earthquake come :  
We hear the rod, we mourn and sigh,  
We with the weeping remnant cry,  
"Revoke the charge, the wicked spare,  
And give them to Thy people's prayer."

## HYMN VI.

## PART III.

- 1 STAY, Thou departing Spirit stay,  
Nor take Thy presence quite away !  
Though now our *languid* hearts bemoan  
Thy glory to the threshold gone,  
Yet do not, Lord, withdraw Thy light,  
Or leave us to eternal night.
  - 2 Arise into Thy resting-place,  
As in those wondrous ancient days,  
When God *appear'd* to dwell with men,  
Betwixt the mystic cherubs seen,  
Worshipp'd by all the angel choir,  
And symbolized by living fire.
  - 3 Now to Thy drooping church return,  
Thou Comforter of all that mourn,  
Thy suppliants in Thy temple meet,  
And bless us from Thy mercy-seat,  
And still in our assemblies shine,  
The dazzling *Shechinah* Divine.
  - 4 The tokens of Thy presence show,  
And guard us from the' invading foe :  
Thy glory be our sure defence,  
Our buckler Thy omnipotence,  
Nor ever from Thine house remove,  
When fill'd with all the life of love.
-

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HYMN VII.  
THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF JEREMIAH.

PART I.

- 1 O *Israel*, hear the warning word,  
Accept the power to weep and mourn ;  
Return to thy inviting Lord,  
If yet thou wilt, He saith, return.
- 2 By timely grief the woe prevent,  
Nor weary out My patient love,  
If now thou wilt at last repent,  
Thou never, never shalt remove.
- 3 Stablish'd in truth and righteousness  
The Lord thou for thine own shalt claim :  
The nations too themselves shall bless  
In Him, and boast of Jesu's name.
- 4 For thus the Lord vouchsafes to speak,  
Sinners, My latest call obey,  
Break up your fallow ground, and seek  
My face, and cast your sins away.
- 5 Choke not the seed of heavenly love,  
From worldly cares and pleasures free,  
The foreskin of your hearts remove,  
And give up all your souls to Me.
- 6 Repent before My vengeful ire  
For all your evil deeds ye feel,  
Before My wrath break out as fire,  
And burn with flames unquenchable.

## HYMN VIII.

## PART II.

- 1 THROUGHOUT *Jerusalem* declare,  
In *Judah's* land proclaim the woe,  
Sound an alarm of instant war,  
And point them to the' invading foe.
- 2 Blow ye the trumpet's loudest blast,  
Let all the crowd with horror cry,  
"Fly to the forts, with trembling haste,  
Before the swift pursuer fly."
- 3 The standard *Sion*-ward set up,  
Ye people all in time retreat,  
Fly from the sword, nor dare to stop  
Where war hath fix'd its bloody seat.
- 4 For I the just, the jealous God,  
Will call an evil from the north,  
Scatter My dreadful plagues abroad,  
And send the swift destruction forth.
- 5 The lion from his brake is come,  
The waster fierce is on his way,  
The powers of persecuting *Rome*  
Are all gone forth to kill and slay.
- 6 The' invader comes with furious haste,  
The scourge of heaven's avenging Lord,  
To lay thy land, and cities waste,  
And plant *his* faith with fire and sword.
- 7 For this, ye sinners, howl and cry,  
Your broken hearts and voices join ;  
With sackcloth girt, in ashes lie,  
And groan to bear the wrath Divine.

- 8 The wrath Divine doth fiercely burn,  
Doth still on all our souls abide ;  
Nor will He from His anger turn,  
Nor will our God be pacified.
- 9 Horror shall every heart assail,  
And sore distress, and huge dismay ;  
Prophets and priests and kings shall fail,  
Astonish'd in that dreadful day.

---

HYMN IX.

PART III.

- 1 O God, Thou hast deceived our hope,  
Our surest hope of lasting peace,  
Hast given Thy wretched people up,  
And scourged us for our wickedness ;  
Abandon'd to the slaughtering sword,  
We bear the fury of the Lord.
- 2 My furious wrath they still shall know :  
And lo! a mighty scattering wind  
Shall from *the barren mountains* blow,  
And sweep to hell the faithless kind ;  
Their lives I will no more reprieve,  
But now the final sentence give.
- 3 The spoiler as a cloud shall rise,  
The whole devoted land o'erspread ;  
His chariot as a whirlwind flies,  
His horses match the eagle's speed ;  
Alas for us ! shall *Sion* say,  
To all our foes an helpless prey !

- 4 O *Sion*, wash thy heart from sin,  
 So shalt thou My salvation see :  
 How long shall evil lodge within  
 The temple that belongs to Me ?  
 Thy vain designs and thoughts remove,  
 To' admit the God of pardoning love.
- 5 For lo ! a voice with awful sound  
 Declares the scourge and judgment near ;  
 Go, call the hostile nations round,  
 Before *Jerusalem* to' appear,  
 Summon from far the' embattled powers.  
 To shout against her trembling towers.
- 6 Her watchful foe shall keep her in,  
 And close besiege on every side,  
 Chastise the rebels for their sin :  
 Because thou hast My wrath defied,  
 Refused to tremble at My frown,  
 And forced My lingering judgments down.
- 7 Thy doings have procured the woe,  
 And pull'd it on thy guilty head :  
 The fatal cause with horror know,  
 Thy sin in thy chastisement read ;  
 Feel in the bitter, penal smart,  
 The evil of the life and heart.

---

 HYMN X.

## PART IV.

- 1 My bowels yearn with deep distress,  
 My heart is pain'd, and mourns within,  
 My soul laments, and cannot cease,  
 Alarm'd by war's perpetual din,

- My soul forestalls the general wound,  
And dies to hear the trumpet's sound.
- 2 Destruction is the dreadful cry !  
Destruction from the Lord is come !  
The land is spoil'd, the people fly,  
And flying meet their sudden doom ;  
My tents are spoil'd, my curtains torn,  
And I my country's ruin mourn.
- 3 How long shall I the standard see,  
And hear the trumpet's martial blast ?  
Till *Israel* hear, and turn to Me,  
The Lord hath said, My wrath shall last,  
The whole devoted land devour ;  
And all its storms of vengeance pour.
- 4 For O ! My people have not known,  
My ways they have not understood,  
Averse from Me, to evil prone,  
Expert in sin, but rude in good,  
Foolish and sottish children they,  
Who will not learn their God to' obey.

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HYMN XI.

PART V.

- 1 I SAW the earth by sin destroy'd,  
And lo ! it lay wrapt up in night,  
A chaos without form, and void,  
And robb'd of all its heavenly light.
- 2 I saw, and lo ! the mountains shook,  
The hills moved lightly to and fro,  
The birds had all the sky forsook,  
Nor man, nor beast appear'd below.

- 
- 3 I saw, and lo ! the fruitful place  
 Was to a ghastly desert turn'd,  
 Beneath Jehovah's frowning face  
 The ghastly desert droop'd and mourn'd.
- 4 The nation suddenly o'erthrown  
 I saw before the waster's sword ;  
 The cities all were broken down  
 In presence of their angry Lord.
- 5 For thus their angry Lord hath spoke,  
 The land shall soon be all laid waste :  
 Yet will I to the remnant look,  
 And spare the weeping few at last.
- 6 I will not utterly consume,  
 Or make a full destructive end,  
 But change My desolate people's doom,  
 And every humbled soul befriend.

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## HYMN XII.

### PART VI.

- 1 YET first the stricken earth shall mourn,  
 And deepest night obscure the skies,  
 I will not from My purpose turn,  
 Resolved My rebels to chastise.
- 2 My rebels shall with panic dread  
 Before the furious horsemen fly,  
 Climb the steep rocks with desperate speed,  
 Or panting in the thickets lie.
- 3 The cities shall be all forsook :  
 Ah ! *Sion*, whither wilt thou go ?  
 To whom for help or rescue look,  
 When ravaged by the' invading foe ?

- 
- 4 Adorn thee with thy richest dress,  
With gems and gold their hearts to gain,  
Colour with nicest art thy face,  
And strive to please, but all in vain.
- 5 Thy beauty cannot take their eyes,  
Or turn thy lovers' wrath away ;  
Thy lovers shall thy charms despise,  
And seek, whom they abhor, to slay.
- 6 For I have heard a voice of woes,  
And shrill complaints that pierce the skies,  
Loud as a woman in her throes,  
*Sion's* afflicted daughter cries.
- 7 Weary to death, she spreads her hands,  
And wails her loss, and speaks her pain,  
"Ah! woe is me, the ruffian bands  
Have all my hapless children slain!"

---

HYMN XIII.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord of hosts,  
On whose protecting grace  
Thy quiet flock securely trusts,  
In troublous evil days;  
Who hear'st the faithful prayer,  
Incline Thine ear to ours,  
And guard us from the coming snare  
With all Thy heavenly powers.
- 2 For us Thy guardian hand  
Hath oft extended been,  
When *Babel's* sons approach'd the land,  
Thy mercy stepp'd between;

Thy mercy caught us up  
 As from our instant doom,  
 And frustrated the surest hope  
 Of antichristian *Rome*.

3     Thou, Lord, against our foes  
 Didst for Thy people fight,  
 Their dark conspiracies disclose,  
 And blast their open might ;  
 Their *consecrated* hosts,  
 Their fleets *invincible*,  
 And baffle the triumphant boasts,  
 And subtlest plots of hell.

4     Even now Thy piercing eye  
 The close design surveys,  
 Of men, who *Israel's* God defy,  
 A false perfidious race,  
 Who treacherously contend  
 Our country to o'erthrow,  
 And watch the dreadful news to send  
 In the destructive blow.

5     With furious error blind,  
 With wild ambition's lust,  
 They reign, corrupters of mankind,  
 And murderers of the just.  
 Drunk with the martyrs' blood,  
 They all Thy laws disdain,  
 And boldly cry "There is no God,  
 Or none who died for man."

6     Such is the nation, Lord,  
 Who on our necks would tread !  
 Ah ! do not use them as Thy sword,  
 Nor let their plots succeed :

But cast the wicked down,  
Confound their angry pride,  
And make the scatter'd aliens own  
That God is on our side.

---

HYMN XIV.

- 1 YE servants of God, Acknowledge Him near,  
Who bought you with blood Shall quickly appear,  
In love's latest season, Ye sinners awake,  
For Jesus is risen The kingdoms to shake.
- 2 His justice or grace Ye shortly shall prove,  
For these be the days Of vengeance—and love :  
The great tribulation Even now is begun :  
The hour of temptation, And rescue is one.
- 3 Redemption is come, Jehovah descends,  
His haters to doom, And honour His friends.  
The world He is waking From sinful repose ;  
In battles of shaking He fights with His foes.
- 4 Fire, vapour, and storm Accomplish His word,  
And earthquakes perform The charge of their Lord :  
The pride of the nations He terribly spurns,  
Earth's steadfast foundations, And cities o'erturns.
- 5 Outstretching His hand O'er mountains and seas,  
He shakes the dry land, And watery abyss !  
A marvellous motion Through nature is spread,  
And *peaceable* ocean Starts out of his bed !
- 6 Like thunder confined In caverns, he roars,  
And raised without wind Looks down on the shores ;  
Hangs horribly over The children of woe,  
Expanded to cover Their cities *below*.

- 7 But Jesus's throne Immovable stands,  
 The elements own Almighty commands ;  
 The ruin of nature Doth awfully bring  
 Her second Creator, Her absolute King.
- 8 Come Saviour array'd With glory and power,  
 The world Thou hast made, Destroy, and restore ;  
 That all the new heaven And earth may proclaim,  
 "The kingdom is given To Jesus the Lamb."

---

 HYMN XV.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS God, whose vengeful vials  
 All our fears and thoughts exceed,  
 Big with woes and fiery trials,  
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head :  
 While Thou visitest the nations,  
 Thy selected people spare,  
 Arm our caution'd souls with patience,  
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.
- 2 If Thy dreadful controversy  
 With all flesh is now begun,  
 In Thy wrath remember mercy,  
 Mercy first and last be shown :  
 Plead Thy cause with sword and fire,  
 Shake us till the curse remove,  
 Till Thou com'st the world's Desire,  
 Conquering all with sovereign love.
- 3 By the signals of Thy coming  
 Soon, we know, Thou wilt appear,  
 Evil with Thy breath consuming,  
 Setting up Thy kingdom here :

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Thy last heavenly revelation  
These tremendous plagues forerun,  
Judgment ushers in salvation,  
Seats Thee on Thy glorious throne.

4 Earth unhinged, as from her basis,  
Owns her great Restorer nigh  
Plunged in complicate distresses  
Poor distracted sinners cry :  
Men their instant doom deploring,  
Faint beneath their fearful load ;  
Ocean working, rising, roaring,  
Claps his hands, to meet his God.\*

5 Every fresh alarming token  
More confirms Thy faithful word,  
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)  
Must be suddenly restored :  
From this national confusion,  
From this ruin'd earth and skies,  
See the times of restitution,  
See the new creation rise!

6 Vanish then the world of shadows,  
Pass the former things away ;  
Lord, appear, appear to glad us  
With the dawn of endless day :  
O conclude this mortal story,  
Throw this universe aside,  
Come, eternal King of Glory,  
Now descend, and take Thy bride.

\* Compare Hymn xiv., verse 5, and both with Wesley's Works, vol. xi., p. 5.

## HYMN XVI.\*

- 1 STAND the' omnipotent decree,  
 Jehovah's will be done !  
 Nature's end we wait to see,  
 And hear her final groan :  
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend  
 In death the wicked and the just,  
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,  
 And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man,  
 At his Redeemer's beck,  
 Sure to' emerge, and rise again,  
 And mount above the wreck.  
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,  
 Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre,  
 Triumphs in immortal powers,  
 And claps his wings of fire.
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose  
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd :  
 Far beneath his feet he views  
 With smiles the flaming void :  
 Sees this universe renew'd,  
 The grand millennial reign begun,  
 Shouts with all the sons of God  
 Around the' eternal throne.
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope  
 To be at last restored,  
 Yield we now our bodies up  
 To earthquake, plague, or sword ;

\* Compare Young's "Night Thoughts," Night vi.,  
 lines 744—52.

---

Listening for the call Divine,  
The latest trumpet of the seven,  
Soon our soul and dust shall join,  
And both fly up to heaven.

---

HYMN XVII.

- 1 How happy are the little flock,  
Who safe beneath their guardian rock  
In all commotions rest!  
When wars and tumult's waves run high,  
Unmoved above the storm they lie,  
They lodge in Jesu's breast.
- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,  
By mercy gather'd into Thee,  
Before the floods descend :  
And while the bursting cloud comes down,  
We mark the vengeful day begun,  
And calmly wait the end.
- 3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war  
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,  
And bid our hearts arise :  
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope,  
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,  
To meet Thee in the skies.
- 4 Thy tokens we with joy confess,  
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace,  
The earthquake speaks Thy power,  
The famine all Thy fulness brings,  
The plague presents Thy healing wings,  
And nature's final hour.

- 5 Whatever ill the world befall,  
 A pledge of endless good we call,  
 A sign of Jesus near:  
 His chariot will not long delay;  
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,  
 Triumphant Lord, appear.
- 6 Appear with clouds on *Sion's* hill,  
 Thy word and mystery to fulfil,  
 Thy confessors to' approve,  
 Thy members on Thy throne to place,  
 And stamp Thy name on every face  
 In glorious heavenly love.

---

NOTE.

THE state of public affairs to which these hymns refer is vividly illustrated by Mr. Whitefield's "Short Address to Persons of all Denominations, occasioned by the Alarm of an Invasion." Whitefield's Works, vol. iv., (ed. 1771,) pp. 265—294; or perhaps even more fully and strikingly in an American Fast-day Sermon by Mr. Samuel (afterwards President) Davies, which was reprinted in England by Dr. Gibbons the next year. The Preface to that reprint contains the following sentences, which are inserted here as illustrating passages in the "Hymns of Intercession," as well as in the foregoing tract:—"One disappointment and defeat has succeeded upon another. Our enemies have scarce failed of success in any of their schemes; and particularly the present year has beheld our King's dominions in Germany overrun by the French, and the King of Prussia is now so environed by his enemies, that with all his indefatigable care, and resolute bravery, it will be little less than a miraculous interposition if he should not fall a sacrifice to their inveterate hatred and confederate power. Perhaps there never was a period in which not only Great Britain, but even Europe itself, were in more imminent danger. . . . And should Popery subjugate the nations to its despotic power what can we expect? The late persecutions in France of its innocent natives may well make us tremble," &c.

---

Hymns for the Preachers  
among the Methodists (*so  
called*).

By CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

---

IN the year 1758 Wesley published "Reasons against a Separation from the Church of England." (Works, Vol. xiii., pp. 193—200.) To these were added in some later editions, a short postscript by his brother Charles, and the seven following Hymns, which do not appear to have been published separately.

# H Y M N S

FOR THE USE OF THE

## METHODIST PREACHERS.

---

### HYMN I.

- 1 O LORD, our strength and righteousness,  
Our base, and head, and corner-stone,  
Our peace with God, our mutual peace,  
Unite, and keep Thy servants one,  
That while we speak in Jesus' name,  
We all may speak, and think the same.
- 2 That Spirit of love to each impart,  
That fervent mind, which was in Thee,  
So shall we all our strength exert,  
In heart, and word, and deed agree  
To' advance the kingdom of Thy grace,  
And spread Thine everlasting praise.
- 3 O never may the fiend steal in,  
Or one unstable soul deceive :  
Assail'd by our besetting sin,  
And tempted sore the work to leave,  
Preserve us, Lord, from self and pride,  
And let nor life, nor death divide.

- 4 Pride, only pride, can cause divorce,  
 Can separate 'twixt our souls and Thee;  
 Pride, only pride, is discord's source,  
 The bane of peace and charity :  
 But us it never more shall part,  
 For Thou art greater than our heart.
- 5 Wherefore to Thine almighty hand  
 The keeping of our hearts we give,  
 Firm in one mind and spirit stand,  
 To Thee, and to each other cleave,  
 Fix'd on the Rock which cannot move,  
 And meekly safe in humble love.

---

 HYMN II.

- 1 FORTH in Thy strength, O Lord, we go,  
 Forth in Thy steps and loving mind,  
 To pay the gospel-debt we owe,  
 (The word of grace for all mankind,)  
 To sow the' incorruptible seed,  
 And find the lost, and wake the dead.
- 2 The wandering sheep of *England's* fold  
 Demand our first and tenderest care,  
 Who under sin and Satan sold  
 Usurp the *Christian* character,  
 The Christian character profane,  
 And take Thy *church's* name in vain,
- 3 Or shameless advocates for hell,  
 Their crimes they *Sodom-like* confess ;  
 Or varnish'd with a specious zeal,  
 An empty form of godliness,  
 The power they impiously blaspheme,  
 And call our hope a madman's dream.

- 4 Haters of God, yet still they cry,  
    " The temple of the Lord are we !  
    " The church, the church ! "—who dare defy  
    Thy self-existent Deity,  
Proudly oppose Thy righteous reign,  
And crucify their God again.
- 5 'Gainst these by Thee sent forth to fight,  
    A suffering war we calmly wage,  
With patience meet their fierce despite,  
    With love repay their furious rage,  
Reviled, we bless ; defamed, intreat ;  
And spurn'd, we kiss the spurner's feet.
- 6 Arm'd with Thine all-sufficient grace,  
    Thy meek unconquerable mind,  
Our foes we cordially embrace,  
    (The filth and refuse of mankind,)  
We gladly all resign our breath,  
To save one precious soul from death.
- 

## HYMN III.

- 1 So be it, Lord ! if Thou ordain,  
    We come to suffer all Thy will,  
The utmost violence to sustain  
    Of those that can the body kill ;  
But having push'd us to the shore,  
The feeble worms can do no more.
- 2 We come, depending on Thy name,  
    For we have counted first the cost :  
Let ease, and liberty, and fame,  
    And friends, and life itself be lost,  
We come our faithfulness to' approve,  
And pay Thee back Thy dying love.

- 3 Not in a confident conceit  
Of our own strength, and virtuous power,  
We offer up ourselves, to meet  
The fierceness of that fiery hour :  
Left to ourselves we all shall fly,  
And I shall first my Lord deny.
- 4 I first, of ill o'ercome, shall yield,  
Apostate from Thy glorious cause,  
Shall vilely cast away my shield,  
And hate the haters of Thy cross,  
Retort the sharp opprobrious word,  
Or smite with the offensive sword.
- 5 Strange fire will in this bosom burn,  
Unless Thou quench it with Thy blood ;  
Impatient of their cruel scorn  
My spirit will throw off the load,  
"And *Baal's* priests with wrath repel,  
And send the' accursed brood to hell."
- 6 Or I shall gall the *mitred* race  
By satire keen, and railings rude,  
By proud contempt, and malice base,  
Scurrilous wit, and laughter lewd,  
Laughter which soon itself bemoans,  
And ends in everlasting groans.
- 7 But do not, Lord, from us remove,  
While sin and Satan are so near ;  
But arm us with Thy patient love,  
That only to ourselves severe  
The world we may, like Thee, oppose,  
And die, a ransom for our foes.
-

HYMN IV.

- 1 MASTER, at Thy command we rise,  
No prophets we, or prophets' sons,  
Or mighty, or well-born, or wise ;  
But quicken'd clods, but breathing stones,  
Urged to cry out, constrain'd to call,  
And tell mankind—He died for all !
- 2 We speak, because *they* hold their peace,  
Who *should* Thy dying love proclaim :  
We *must* declare Thy righteousness,  
Thy truth, and power, and saving name,  
Though the dumb ass with accent clear  
Rebuke the silence of the seer.\*
- 3 But shall we e'er ourselves forget,  
And in our gifts and graces trust,  
With wild contempt the prophets treat,  
Proudly against the branches boast,  
Or dare the rulers vilify,  
Or mock the priests of God most high ?
- 4 *Let them alone*, Thy wisdom cries,  
If blind conductors of the blind !  
Let them alone, our heart replies,  
And draws us to the work assign'd,  
The work of publishing the word,  
And seizing sinners for our Lord.
- 5 Here let us spend our utmost zeal,  
Here let us all our powers exert,  
To testify Thy gracious will,  
Inform the world how kind Thou art,  
And nothing know, desire, approve,  
But Jesus—and Thy bleeding love.

\* Compare Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii., p. 325.

## HYMN V.

- 1 JESU, Thy waiting servants see  
Assembled here with one accord,  
Ready to be sent forth by Thee,  
To preach, when Thou shalt give, the word :  
Now, Lord, our work, our province show,  
For lo ! we come, Thy will to do.
- 2 O what a scene attracts our eyes !  
What multitudes of lifeless souls !  
An open vale before us lies,  
A place of graves, a place of skulls,  
The desolate house of *England's* sons,  
A Church—a charnel of dry bones !
- 3 The slaves of pride, ambition, lust,  
Our broken pale, alas ! receives ;  
The world into the temple thrust,  
And make our Church a den of thieves,  
Her grief, her burden, and her shame,  
Yet all assume the Church's name.
- 4 Her desolate state too well we know,  
But neither hate her, nor despise :  
Our bosoms bleed, our tears o'erflow ;  
We view her, Saviour, with Thine eyes,  
(O might she know in this her day !)  
And still we weep, and still we pray.
- 5 We pray that these dry bones may live :  
We see the answer of our prayer !  
Thou dost a thousand tokens give,  
That *England's* Church is still Thy care,  
Ten thousand witnesses appear,  
Ten thousand proofs, that God is here !

- 6 Here then, O God, vouchsafe to dwell,  
And mercy on our *Sion* show ;  
Her inbred enemies expel,  
Avenge her of her hellish foe,  
Cause on her wastes Thy face to shine,  
And comfort her with light Divine.
- 7 O Light of Life, Thy Spirit shed,  
In all His cheering, quickening power :  
Thy word that raised *us* from the dead,  
Can raise ten thousand, thousand more,  
Can bring them up from nature's grave,  
And the whole house of *Israel* save.

---

HYMN VI.

- 1 GREAT Guardian of *Britannia's* land,  
To Thee we here present our blood,  
Set forth the last, a desperate band  
Devoted for our country's good,  
Our brethren dear, our flesh and bone,  
We live, and die, for them alone.
- 2 *Our brethren* ; though they still disclaim,  
And us despitefully intreat,  
With scornful rage cast out our name,  
Trample as dirt beneath their feet,  
Out of their synagogues expel,  
And doom us to the hottest hell.
- 3 If Thou preserve our souls in peace,  
Our brethren shall afflict in vain :  
Most patient, when they most oppress,  
We all their cruel wrongs sustain,  
And strengthen'd by Thy meekening power,  
The more they hate, we love the more.

- 4 No, never shall their rage prevail,  
Or force us the dry bones to leave :  
The more they push us from the pale,  
The closer we to *Sion* cleave,  
And daily in the temple found,  
Delight to kiss the sacred ground.
- 5 If some defile the hallow'd place,  
The truth, and us with slanders load,  
Or fiercely from their altars chase,  
And rob us of the children's food,  
We will not quit Thy house and word,  
Or loathe the offerings of the Lord.
- 6 Should those who sit in *Moses'* seat  
Conspire Thy little flock to harm,  
Judge in their courts, and scourge, and beat,  
And bruise us with the ruler's arm,  
Matter of joy our shame we make,  
And bear it, Saviour, for Thy sake.
- 7 Or should they stir the people up  
Our goods to spoil, our limbs to tear,  
Sustain'd by that immortal hope,  
Their lawless violence we bear ;  
Or laid in bonds our voices raise,  
And shake the dungeon with Thy praise.
- 8 A gazing-stock to fiends and men,  
When arm'd with Thine all-patient power,  
As sheep appointed to be slain,  
We wait the last, the fiery hour,  
And ne'er from *England's* Church will move,  
Till torn away—to that above.
-

HYMN VII.

THE PREACHER'S PRAYER FOR THE FLOCK.

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,  
For the dear purchase of Thy blood  
To Thee in faith we pray :  
The lambs and sheep of *England's* fold,  
Now in Thy book of life enroll'd,  
Preserve unto that day.
- 2 Whom Thou by us hast gather'd in,  
Defend the little flock from sin,  
From error's paths secure :  
Stay with them, Lord, when we depart,  
And guard the issues of their heart,  
And keep their conscience pure.
- 3 Soon as their guides are taken home,  
We know the grievous wolves will come,  
Determined not to spare ;  
The stragglers from Thy wounded side  
The wolves will into sects divide,  
And into parties tear.
- 4 Even of ourselves shall men arise,  
With words perverse and soothing lies,  
Our children to beset,  
Disciples for themselves to make,  
And draw, for filthy lucre's sake,  
The sheep into their net.
- 5 What then can their protection be ?  
The virtue that proceeds from Thee,  
The power of humble love :  
The strength of all-sufficient grace,  
Received in Thine appointed ways,  
Can land them safe above.

- 6 Now, Saviour, clothe them with Thy power,  
And arm their souls against that hour  
With faith invincible ;  
Teach them to wield the Spirit's sword,  
And mighty in the written word  
To chase both earth and hell.
- 7 When I, from all my burdens freed,  
Am number'd with the peaceful dead,  
In everlasting rest,  
Pity the sheep I leave behind,  
My God, unutterably kind,  
And lodge them in Thy breast.
- 8 Ah ! never suffer them to leave  
The church, where Thou art pleased to give  
Such tokens of Thy grace !  
Confirm them in their calling here,  
Till ripe by holiest love to' appear  
Before Thy glorious face.
- 9 Whom I into Thy hands commend,  
Wilt Thou not keep them to the end,  
Thou infinite in love ?  
Assure me, Lord, it shall be so,  
And let my quiet spirit go  
To join the church above.
- 10 *Sion*, my first, my latest care,  
The burden of my dying prayer,  
Now in Thine arms I see ;  
And sick on earth of seeing more,  
I hasten home, my God to' adore  
Through all eternity.

FINIS.

H Y M N S  
OF  
INTERCESSION  
FOR  
*ALL MANKIND.*

---

“I exhort therefore, that first of all, supplications,  
prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be  
made for all men.”—1 TIM. ii. 1.

---



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H Y M N S  
OF  
INTERCESSION, &c.

---

HYMN I.  
FOR ALL MANKIND.

- 1 LET God, who comforts the distress'd,  
Let *Israel's* Consolation hear,  
Hear Holy Ghost, our joint request,  
And show Thyself the Comforter,  
And swell the' inexplicable groan,  
And breathe our wishes to the throne.
- 2 We weep with those that weep below,  
And burden'd for the' afflicted sigh :  
The various scenes of human woe  
Excite our softest sympathy,  
Fill every heart with mournful care,  
And draw out all our souls in prayer.
- 3 We wrestle for the ruin'd race,  
By sin eternally undone,  
Unless Thou magnify Thy grace,  
And make Thy richest mercy known,  
And make Thy vanquish'd rebels find  
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

- 
- 4 Father of everlasting love,  
 To every soul Thy Son reveal,  
 Our guilt and suffering to remove,  
 Our deep original wound to heal,  
 And bid the fallen race arise,  
 And turn our earth to paradise.

---

HYMN II.  
 FOR PEACE.

- 1 OUR earth we now lament to see  
 With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,  
 With violence, wrong, and cruelty  
 One wide extended field of blood,  
 Where men, like fiends, each other tear,  
 In all the hellish rage of war.
- 2 As listed on *Abaddon's* side,  
 They mangle their own flesh, and slay :  
*Tophet* is moved, and opens wide  
 Its mouth for its enormous prey,  
 And myriads sink *beneath* the grave,  
 And plunge into the flaming wave.
- 3 O might the universal Friend  
 This havoc of His creatures see !  
 Bid our unnatural discord end,  
 Declare us reconciled in Thee,  
 Write kindness on our inward parts,  
 And chase the murderer from our hearts.
- 4 Who *now* against each other rise,  
 The nations of the earth constrain  
 To follow after peace, and prize  
 The blessings of Thy righteous reign,

The joys of unity to prove,  
The paradise of perfect love.

---

## HYMN III.

## FOR THE CHURCH CATHOLIC.

- 1 ALL nations, tongues, and people bless ;  
But chiefly, O Thou Triune God,  
Protect Thy *Israel* in distress,  
Throughout the world dispersed abroad,  
Hated, oppress'd ; Thy church defend,  
And bless, and save them to the end.
- 2 Forth from the midst of *Babel* call  
Thy servants who Thy word obey,  
Before Thy plagues o'erwhelm them all,  
That own the BEASTLY PONTIFF'S sway,  
Before Thy fiery breath consume  
The last great Antichrist of *Rome*.
- 3 Thou know'st, the' usurping Man of Sin  
O'er all Thy *purer* churches reigns :  
This cruel Antichrist within,  
He holds our struggling souls in chains,  
Or sits sublime in *Moses'* chair,  
And *lords* it o'er Thy people there.
- 4 Come, glorious God, our souls unbind,  
And let the reign of Satan cease ;  
And let Thy spouse on Thee reclined  
Ascend out of the wilderness,  
From every spot and wrinkle clear,  
And perfect as her Husband *here*.

## HYMN IV.

## FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

- 1 TILL then preserve the faithful seed,  
The remnant left in *Britain's* land,  
The desolate Church, whose cause we plead,  
In whose defence we firmly stand,  
Her breaches mourn, her burdens bear  
In all the agony of prayer.
  - 2 Jesus, her ruinous walls rebuild,  
And let them with Thy praise resound ;  
With peace her palaces be fill'd,  
Plenty be in her temples found,  
Plenty of unbought milk and wine,  
Fulness of living Bread Divine.
  - 3 Her slumbering guides and watchmen rouse,  
And on her rising ramparts place ;  
Give them a voice to shake Thy house,  
The rocks to break, the dead to raise,  
To bring them up from nature's grave,  
And the whole house of *Israel* save.
  - 4 For this Thou hear'st Thy Spirit groan,  
O that Thou wouldst Thy power display,  
Divide the heavens, and come down,  
Convert our nation in a day,  
And spread our faith through earth abroad,  
And fill the universe with God !
-

## HYMN V.

## FOR THE SAME.

- 1 IF now Thou dost Thy work revive,  
If still Thou dost Thy church increase,  
Persist to save our souls alive,  
Jesus, stand by Thy witnesses,  
And every cursed thing remove,  
And every bar to perfect love.
- 2 The vile abusers of Thy grace,  
The men of lips and lives unclean,  
Above Thy oracles who praise  
The dreams of *Nicholas* obscene,  
Restrain by Thy great arm alone,  
And drive their idol from his throne.
- 3 Who most withstand the gospel-word  
Of real, inward righteousness,  
Betray Thee, while they call Thee Lord,  
In words exalt, in deeds debase,  
Tell them, they shall no farther go  
To serve the interests of Thy foe.
- 4 Root up the tares by Satan sown,  
The *whispering* hypocrites expel,  
And cast the *soft* Accuser down,  
But spare the *men* inflamed of hell,  
Nor let them *all* their burden bear,  
Or gnaw their tongues in sad despair.
- 5 *The brethren*—false, by stealth crept in,  
Thy cause and people to disgrace,  
Deceiving and deceived by sin,  
By Satan with his shining face,  
Detect them, Lord, and scatter wide  
The specious sons of gilded pride.

- 6 Let none within the pale be found  
 But simple *Israelites* indeed,  
 But men of upright hearts and sound,  
 The humble, poor, and holy seed,  
 Who truly are what they profess,  
 Thy band of blood-bought witnesses.

---

HYMN VI.

FOR THE MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 BUT more than all let those be clean  
 Who bear the vessels of the Lord,  
 Preserved from their besetting sin,  
 The sin by God and man abhorr'd,  
 Which cast the' aspiring angels down,  
 And robs Thy servants of their crown.
- 2 Ah! who are as Thy servants blind,  
 And ignorant of Satan's arts!  
 (Their feeble inexperienced mind  
 Open to all his fiery darts,)  
 To every sin and error prone,  
 Without Thine utmost grace undone.
- 3 What but Thy love's almighty power  
 Can save a minister of grace,  
 Can rescue in that perilous hour,  
 When wondering crowds the preacher praise,  
 And tempt the idol to blaspheme,  
 As God's great work were *link'd* with him!
- 4 Thou everlasting Strength Divine,  
 All things are possible to Thee:  
 Let every messenger of Thine  
 Out of the depth of poverty,

---

On Jesus every moment call,  
And feel that Thou art all in all.

---

HYMN VII.  
FOR THE SAME.

- 1 YET hear us, for the labourers hear,  
And speed, O God, the gospel plough :  
Bless'd with a never ceasing fear,  
To Thee let all their spirits bow,  
And own, while humbled in the dust,  
God only wise, and strong, and just.
  - 2 O may they never seek their own,  
Or trust, or in themselves delight,  
Let each despise himself alone,  
Less than the least in his own sight,  
Not worthy to declare Thy word,  
Or serve the servants of his Lord.
  - 3 While to the work their lives they give,  
Thy love of solitude inspire :  
Nightly let Thy disciples leave  
The crowd, and to the mount retire,  
Secretly call'd to rest apart,  
And talk with Jesus in their heart.
  - 4 Stir up the souls by them begot  
Ceaseless in their behalf to cry,  
And keep them, that they perish not,  
Thine all-sufficient grace supply,  
Preserve from twice ten thousand snares,  
And give them to their children's prayers.
-

## HYMN VIII.

## FOR THE SAME.

- 1 AH ! most compassionate High-priest,  
Thy tempted messengers defend,  
Honour'd, exposed, above the rest,  
To them Thy timely succour send,  
With each in his temptation stay,  
Nor cast one helpless soul away.
  - 2 Save them from pride, and worldly love,  
From envy mean, and base desire ;  
Their lust of praise and power remove,  
Walk with Thy servants in the fire,  
Appear their Leader on the flood,  
And prop them with the arm of God.
  - 3 Show them, their strength and safety lies  
In closely copying after Thee,  
In boldly labouring up the skies,  
In full Divine conformity,  
In fervent zeal to do and bear,  
In all the powers of faithful prayer.
  - 4 Entering into their closet, Lord,  
Thee let them daily seek, and find,  
Studios to preach, and live Thy word,  
To copy out Thy perfect mind,  
To be as Thou their Master art,  
Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart.
-

HYMN IX.

FOR THE SAME.

- 1 LORD of the gospel harvest, send  
More labourers forth into Thy field,  
More pastors teach Thy flock to tend,  
More workmen raise Thy house to build;  
His work, and place, to each assign,  
And clothe their word with power Divine.
  - 2 But chiefly to Thy mild command  
The masters of our *Israel* bow :  
Stars let them shine in Thy right hand  
(Eclipsed, alas ! and wandering now !)  
Who do not yet Thy kingdom see,  
But ask, How can the mystery be ?
  - 3 Light of the world, Thy beams impart,  
To make Thy witnesses appear ;  
Thy Spirit shining in the heart  
Appoints the gospel minister :  
Now, Lord, the gracious wonder show,  
An Angel on Thy church bestow.
  - 4 Moved by our long continued cry,  
Some apostolic father raise,  
Our want of labourers to supply,  
To' admit the vessels of Thy grace,  
To lay on hands, o'erruled by Thine,  
And recognise the call Divine.
-

## HYMN X.

## FOR HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE.

- 1 O THOU, who hast in special grace  
To us a nursing-father given,  
Still let Thine arms of love embrace  
The chosen delegate of heaven ;  
Preserve, almighty King of kings,  
And wrap him in Thy mercy's wings.
- 2 From violent and perfidious foes  
Cover his venerable head :  
The joy that from religion flows,  
The Spirit in his heart be shed,  
To seal him Thine adopted son,  
Heir of an everlasting throne.
- 3 Attentive to Thy people's prayers,  
Which evermore for him ascend,  
Thy mercy counts his hoary hairs ;  
Thy mercy shall his house defend,  
With blessings bless his sacred line,  
And crown with righteousness Divine.

## HYMN XI.

## FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

- 1 WHEN late translated to the skies  
He gains the never fading crown,  
O let his rightful heir arise,  
To tread the world and Satan down,  
With every royal grace endow'd  
To build, and guard the house of God.

- 2 Through him to *Britain's* realms restore  
 The blessing of *Josiah's* sway,  
 While faith's full purity and power  
 Bring back that ancient gospel day,  
 Abundant peace on earth is given,  
 And righteousness comes down from heaven.

---

 HYMN XII.

## FOR THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

- 1 HEAD over all in earth and skies,  
 Immortal Potentate, appear,  
 While men and fiends against them rise,  
 Be mindful of Thy members here,  
 Nor let Thy changeless promise fail,  
 Nor let the' infernal gates prevail.
- 2 By Thee if rightful monarchs reign,  
 If all things bow to Thy command,  
 Thy power, to strengthen and sustain,  
 Be on the man of Thy right hand ;  
 Arm him with Thine and *Gideon's* sword,  
 To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 3 The champion of religion pure,  
 To fall the last, he stands alone :  
 His foes have made his ruin sure,  
 And spoil'd his life, and seized his throne,  
 Thy church with him in hope o'erpower'd,  
 And all Thine heritage devour'd.
- 4 But is the' almighty God restrain'd  
 To save by many or by few ?  
 Almighty God, lay to Thine hand,  
 For now—he knows not what to do—\*
- Written before the Battle of Rosbach, Nov. 5. [1757.]

- Push'd to the last extremity,  
 He sinks—he lifts his eyes to Thee !
- 5 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,  
 Thine own resistless strength put on ;  
 Preserve him for Thine *Israel's* sake,  
 To make Thy power, and mercy known,  
 Thy church to' exalt, Thy foes to shame,  
 And spread through earth Thy saving name.

---

 HYMN XIII.

## FOR THE SAME.

- 1 WHILE yet we call, the prayer is seal'd,  
 Thou answerest, " Here am I to save ! "  
 Thou hast Thy faithful word fulfill'd,  
 Thy sovereign nod the victory gave,  
 Whate'er subservient causes join,  
 O King of kings, the work is Thine.
- 2 Thee let Thy prosperous servant own  
 Sole Author of his strange success,  
 Who liftest up, and castest down,  
 But dost with all Thy blessings bless  
 The man that in his Maker trusts,  
 And glories in the Lord of hosts.
- 3 Raised up through Thee the righteous man,  
 Call'd to Thy foot, and girt by Thee,  
 Bid him a second *Cyrus*, reign,  
 And execute Thy whole decree ;  
 Kings to his sword as dust bestow,  
 As driven stubble to his bow.

- 
- 4 Whom Thou dost for Thy glory choose,  
Arm, and uphold with Thy right hand :  
The loins of hostile monarchs loose,  
Nations subdue to his command,  
While nought his rapid course can stay,  
Nor earth, nor hell obstruct his way.
- 5 Before Thy chosen servant go,  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil ;  
And when his work is done below,  
And when he hath perform'd Thy will,  
Turn on him, Lord, Thy son embrace,  
And show him all Thy glorious face.
- 

## HYMN XIV.

## FOR THE SAME.

- 1 STILL in the arms of faith and prayer,  
(The prayer that shuts and opens heaven,)  
Thy champion to Thy throne we bear ;  
To him the farther grace be given ;  
Saved from his foes, persist to bless,  
And save him from his own success.
- 2 While distant climes resound his name,  
And raise his glory to the skies,  
O might he all the praise disclaim,  
Little, and mean in his own eyes,  
And prostrate in the dust submit  
To lay his laurels at Thy feet.
- 3 Far from his generous bosom chase  
That cruel insolence of power,  
Which tramples on the human race,  
Restless to have, and conquer more,

- While bold above the clouds to' ascend,  
The hero sinks into a fiend.
- 4 Thou by the Christian hero stand,  
And guard the issues of his heart ;  
Let mercy all his powers command,  
Mercy his inmost soul convert,  
Mercy, which came from heaven, to find,  
To die for—him, and all mankind.
- 5 The sword, which he reluctant drew,  
O may he soon rejoice to sheathe,  
And rendering Thee the glory due,  
Sole Arbiter of life and death,  
*His* Saviour, and the world's confess,  
And triumph in eternal peace.

---

HYMN XV.

FOR THE BRITISH NATION.

- 1 AH ! whither should we fly  
In peril and distress,  
While all the dogs of war are nigh,  
The enemies of peace !  
Almighty God of love,  
On Thee our souls we cast :  
Hide Thou our hunted lives above,  
And save the land at last.
- 2 A leopard watches o'er  
Our cities night and day,  
Prepared with unrelenting power  
To spring upon the prey :  
The alien armies wait,  
Lured by the scent of blood,  
As awful ministers of fate,  
As thunderbolts of God.

- 3     Yet if our sin demands  
      Its just reward of pain,  
O let us fall into the hands  
      Of God, and not of man :  
      His tender mercies wound,  
      Remorseless as the grave ;  
But pity in Thy wrath is found,  
      Which only strikes to save.
- 4     In measure then reprove,  
      In love Thine own chastise,  
But baffle, and far off remove,  
      Our threatening enemies ;  
      Blast their devices, Lord,  
      Nor let their counsel stand,  
Knap Thou the spear, and wrest the sword  
      Out of the ruffians' hand.
- 5     Thyself the men refrain  
      Who our destruction seek,  
So shall they fiercely strive in vain  
      The secret bar to break :  
      Their bound they cannot pass,  
      If God assign their bound,  
And Jesus, as a wall of brass,  
      Our favour'd isle surround.
- 6     But *our* defence is sure,  
      Whate'er event betide,  
Beneath the' almighty shade secure  
      Thy faithful ones abide :  
      Till all the tyranny  
      Of earth and hell is o'er,  
Jesus, Thy mighty name shall be  
      Our adamantine tower.

- 
- 7      Though famine, plague, and sword  
          Hung o'er our sinful land,  
 The means of swift prevention, Lord,  
          Are in Thine only hand :  
          Or if the curse descend,  
          By sovereign Love subdued,  
 The curse shall bless, the ill shall end  
          In everlasting good.

---

HYMN XVI.

FOR THE MAGISTRATES.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of power and dignity,  
     Thy delegates preserve and bless ;  
 Ordain'd, not by the crowd, but Thee,  
     To curb the floods of wickedness,  
 Commission'd ministers of Thine,  
 Clothed with authority Divine.
- 2 Strengthen them in the gap to stand,  
     To bear the sword, and not in vain,  
 To spread Thy terror through the land,  
     And truth and righteousness maintain,  
 And ancient piety restore  
 In all its purity and power.
- 3 The guardians of religion true  
     Its witnesses vouchsafe to make :  
 And when Thee in the clouds we view,  
     And when Thou dost the kingdom take,  
 The good they did Thy church reward  
 As done unto her heavenly Lord.
-

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HYMN XVII.  
FOR THE NOBILITY.

- 1 GREAT Builder of Thy church below,  
Who dost e'en now the wall repair,  
Shall none of all our nobles show  
His zeal, the happy toil to share,  
Shall none his lofty neck incline,  
Or in Thy glorious service join ?
- 2 Ah ! wouldst Thou in their hearts begin  
The work of Thy redeeming grace !  
The lords of earth, the slaves of sin,  
Out of their chains of darkness raise,  
Of pleasure, ignorance, and vice,  
And turn their passions to the skies.
- 3 Endue with wisdom from above  
Their souls, when precious in Thy sight ;  
Their honour be Thy pardoning love,  
Thy service their supreme delight,  
Their inconceivable reward,  
Their heaven, contemplating the Lord !

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HYMN XVIII.

FOR THE PARLIAMENT.

- 1 SPIRIT of heavenly counsel, come,  
To teach our senators Thy will,  
(To stay a sinking nation's doom,  
The wisdom from above reveal,)  
Nor let them join the impious crowd,  
Nor let them scorn to fear their God.

- 
- 2 The wisdom that departs from sin,  
 The gracious principle infuse,  
 To keep their hands and conscience clean,  
 To fit them for their Saviour's use ;  
 Now, Saviour, now to each impart  
 A single eye, and upright heart.
- 3 Now let the generous patriots rise,  
 The burden of our land to share,  
 With pleasure, luxury, and vice  
 To wage an everlasting war,  
 Bold to defend religion's cause,  
 And glory in Thy slighted cross.
- 4 Their first concern, their foremost aim,  
 Thy kingdom to advance below,  
 While all united in Thy name  
 • Their zeal for Thy vicegerent show,  
 Upon their hearts their country take,  
 And love, and save her for Thy sake.

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HYMN XIX.

FOR THE FLEET.

- 1 Most patient God, regard our prayer,  
 If all the riches of Thy grace  
 Can save the reprobates that dare  
 Provoke Thee daily to Thy face,  
 'Gainst highest heaven defiance breathe,  
 And rush upon eternal death.
- 2 Blasphemers of Thy awful name,  
 To Satan in one spirit join'd,  
 Our nation's and our nature's shame,  
 The scum, and refuse of mankind,

---

Whose horrid lives, and language, show  
How kindred fiends converse below.

- 3 These are the bulwark of our land,  
Our last resource in danger's hour !  
But who shall quench the blazing brand,  
The wretched slaves to Satan's power ?  
What arm can our defenders save,  
Or pluck them from the *fiery* wave ?
- 4 Answer, Thou bleeding Love Divine,  
Whose word is to Thy rebels past ;  
The forces of the world are Thine,  
And must be brought to God at last ;  
Thine is the' abundance of the sea :\*  
Now, Lord, convert them all to Thee.

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HYMN XX.

FOR THE ARMY.

- 1 How, O Thou sovereign Lord of Hosts,  
Can we Thy slighted aid engage,  
Who vainly swell with impious boasts,  
Who war with our Creator wage,  
But scorn beneath Thy stroke to mourn,  
But will not to our Smiter turn ?
- 2 Thou canst not trust us with success,  
So proud, so contrary to Thee,  
So sunk in vice and wickedness ;  
Despisers of the Deity,  
Our righteous recompence we find  
Despised ourselves by all mankind.

\* Isaiah lx. 5.

- 3 Yet still Thy lingering pity spares  
    An army for destruction meet,  
    A bundle of devoted tares—  
    But mingled with the sacred wheat,  
    The praying few, that know Thy name,  
    And keep the tares out of the flame.
- 4 Still may the righteous ten prevail,  
    And screen the wicked from their doom :  
    Jesus, suspend Thy fiery hail,  
    Nor let Thine utmost judgment come,  
    The punishment our crimes require,  
    The vengeance of eternal fire.
- 5 Yet if Thou must Thy foes chastise,  
    And sweep them off to their own place,  
    By whom Thou wilt let *Jacob* rise,  
    The remnant small, the sons of grace :  
    Give the success, Almighty Lord,  
    To *Gideon's* men, and *Gideon's* sword.
- 6 Bring back those wondrous days of old,  
    When Thou didst for Thy people fight,  
    And faithful men, divinely bold,  
    Put all the Pagan hosts to flight,  
    With heavenly panoply endued,  
    The armies of the living God.
- 7 Muster Thy host, great God of war,  
    Thy host of holy ones below,  
    Put forth Thy strength, Thine arm make bare,  
    Forth with the *Thundering Legion* go,  
    Beneath Thy bloody banner join,  
    And bid them "Conquer in this sign !"

- 8 Then at Thy reconciling word  
Throughout the earth let fightings cease,  
Be Thou extoll'd, the common Lord,  
The Prince of universal peace,  
With glorious majesty appear,  
And fix Thy heavenly kingdom here.

---

HYMN XXI.

FOR THE UNIVERSITIES.

- 1 TEACHER Divine, with melting eye  
Our ruin'd seats of learning see,  
Whose ruling scribes Thy truth deny,  
And persecute Thy saints, and Thee,  
As hired by Satan to suppress,  
And root up every seed of grace.
- 2 As heretics and *Lollards still*  
Thy faithful confessors they brand,  
With all their strength and knowing skill  
Thy Spirit and His work withstand,  
In league with hell Thy throne to' o'erthrow,  
And raise the kingdom of Thy foe.
- 3 Where knowledge vain, unsanctified  
Fills every synagogue and chair,  
Where pride and unbelief preside,  
And wage with heaven immortal war,  
The prophets' nursing-schools are these,  
Or sinks of desperate wickedness !
- 4 True prophets once they surely bred,  
And champions for the' Incarnate God,  
Who lived Thy dying love to spread,  
Who seal'd the record with their blood,

- The truth, the way, the life of grace,  
 Blasphemed by their degenerate race.  
 5 But wilt Thou let the fountains fail,  
     Or flow through earth with streams impure?  
 Thy gospel must at last prevail,  
     Thy word from age to age endure,  
 And learning fasten'd to the Cross  
 For ever serve Thy glorious cause.

---

 HYMN XXII.

## FOR THE SAME.

- 1 Now, Lord, in answer to our prayer,  
     Let learning and religion meet,  
 Pleasant the city stands and fair,\*  
     Of piety the ancient seat,  
 But O ! the streams that murmur round  
 Are naught, and barren is the ground.  
 2 Jesus, our true *Elisha*, Lord,  
     And God the Saviour-God most high,  
 Thyself give out the healing word,  
     The gospel cruse with salt supply,  
 And charge the prophets' sons to bring,  
 And cast the salt into the spring.  
 3 Out of themselves apostles raise,  
     And pastors after Thy own will,  
 Whose word may minister the grace,  
     Whose gospel may the waters heal,  
 To earth its fruitfulness restore,  
 Till curse, and death shall be no more.

\* 2 Kings ii. 19, &c.

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HYMN XXIII.

FOR ALL THAT TRAVEL BY LAND OR  
BY WATER.

BENEATH Thy kind protection keep  
Whoe'er by land their way pursue,  
Or tempt the dangers of the deep,  
O let them there Thy wonders view,  
Held in the hollow of Thy hand,  
Brought through a thousand deaths to land.

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HYMN XXIV.

FOR ALL WOMEN LABOURING OF CHILD.

- 1 THE women sad, whose hour is come,  
Or painfully approaches near,  
Preserve from a miscarrying womb,  
From all they feel, and all they fear ;  
The curse into a blessing turn,  
And bid each struggling child be born.
- 2 Arrested by the pains of hell,  
The mothers rescue from the grave ;  
Or to their parting souls reveal  
Thy love, and *in* child-bearing save :  
Up from the gates of death bring back,  
Or *Rachel* to Thy bosom take.

---

HYMN XXV.

FOR ALL SICK PERSONS.

WHO languish on a bed of pain,  
With various maladies of soul,  
Healer Divine, in life detain,  
Till Thou hast made their spirits whole ;

Or let them here Thy goodness see,  
Or fit, or take them up to Thee

---

## HYMN XXVI.

## FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

STILL, Lord, the little ones receive,  
Near every child *his* angel place :  
Or let them to Thy glory live,  
Or caught from our contagious race,  
Exulting with their guardians fly,  
To live where they can never die.

---

## HYMN XXVII.

## FOR ALL PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES.

THE prisoners, as confined with them,  
Jesus, we offer up to Thee :  
All-good, almighty to redeem,  
Lead captive their captivity,  
To perfect liberty restored,  
Send forth the freemen of the Lord.

---

## HYMN XXVIII.

## FOR THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

RELIEVE whoe'er Thy succour need,  
A Father to the orphans be,  
Who dost the hungry ravens feed,  
Provide for all that cry to Thee,  
The poor and fatherless defend,  
Their sure, their everlasting Friend.

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HYMN XXIX.

FOR WIDOWS.

THE widows desolate, distress'd,  
Into Thine arms of mercy take,  
And tell them leaning on Thy breast,  
Thou never wilt the soul forsake  
Whose humble faith in Thee receives  
An Husband that for ever lives.

---

HYMN XXX.

FOR OUR ENEMIES, PERSECUTORS, AND  
SLANDERERS.

WHO hunt our souls with cruel scorn,  
Who hate and vex us without cause,  
Our bitterest persecutors turn,  
Like those that nail'd Thee to Thy cross ;  
Freely by Thee, by us forgiven,  
O let us meet our foes in heaven.

---

HYMN XXXI.

FOR OUR UNCONVERTED RELATIONS.

By wisdom meek, and patient pain,  
By labour of unwearied love,  
Give us our household foes to gain ;  
Or if we first from earth remove,  
Yet grant our heart's extreme desire,  
And save them, save them as by fire !

---

## HYMN XXXII.

## FOR THE JEWS.

- 1 FATHER of faithful *Abraham*, hear  
Our earnest suit for *Abraham's* seed :  
Justly they claim the softest tear  
From us, adopted in their stead,  
Who mercy through their fall obtain,  
And Christ by their rejection gain.
  - 2 Outcasts from Thee, and scatter'd wide  
Through every nation under heaven,  
Blaspheming whom they crucified,  
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven,  
Branded like *Cain*, they bear their load,  
Abhor'd of men, and cursed of God.
  - 3 But hast Thou finally forsook,  
For ever cast Thine own away ?  
Wilt Thou not bid the murderers look  
On Him they pierced, and weep, and pray ?  
Yes, gracious God, Thy word is past,  
All *Israel* shall be saved at last.
  - 4 Come then, Thou great Deliverer come,  
The veil from *Jacob's* heart remove,  
Receive Thine ancient people home,  
That quicken'd by Thy dying love,  
The world may their reception find,  
Life from the dead for all mankind.
-

HYMN XXXIII.

FOR THE TURKS.

- 1 SUN of unclouded Righteousness,  
With healing in Thy wings arise,  
A sad benighted world to bless,  
Which now in sin and error lies,  
Wrapp'd in *Egyptian* night profound,  
With chains of hellish darkness bound.
  - 2 The smoke of the infernal cave,  
Which half the Christian world o'erspread,  
Disperse, Thou heavenly Light, and save  
The souls by *that impostor* led,  
That *Arab-thief*, as Satan bold,  
Who quite destroy'd Thine *Asian* fold.
  - 3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry  
For those who spurn the sprinkled blood!  
Assert Thy glorious Deity,  
Stretch out Thine arm, Thou Triune God,  
The Unitarian fiend expel,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell.
  - 4 Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Thou Three in One and One in Three,  
Resume Thine own for ages lost,  
Finish the dire apostasy,  
Thine universal claim maintain,  
And Lord of the creation reign.
-

## HYMN XXXIV.

## FOR THE HEATHEN.

- 1 LORD over all, if Thou hast made,  
Hast ransom'd every soul of man,  
Why is the grace so long delay'd,  
Why unfulfill'd the saving plan,  
The bliss for *Adam's* race design'd,  
When will it reach to all mankind?
- 2 Art Thou the God of *Jews* alone,  
And not the God of *Gentiles* too?  
To *Gentiles* make Thy goodness known,  
Thy judgment to the nations show,  
Awake them by the gospel call,  
Light of the world, illumine all.
- 3 The servile progeny of *Ham*  
Seize as the purchase of Thy blood,  
Let all the heathen know Thy name;  
From idols to the living God  
The dark *Americans* convert,  
And shine in every Pagan heart.
- 4 As lightning launch'd from east to west,  
The coming of Thy kingdom be,  
To Thee by angel hosts confess'd,  
Bow every soul and every knee,  
Thy glory let all flesh behold,  
And then fill up Thy heavenly fold.
-

HYMN XXXV.

FOR THE ARIANS, SOCINIANS, DEISTS,  
PELAGIANS, &c.

- 1 SOLE self-existing God most high,  
From all eternity the same,  
Why wilt Thou let Thy foes deny  
Thy Godhead, and revile Thy name?  
JESUS, JEHOVAH, JAH, descend,  
And bid the hour of darkness end.
- 2 The star\* (in Thy right hand no more)  
Which on the' embitter'd waters fell,  
How has he shed his baleful power,  
Wasted the earth, and peopled hell,  
While millions drink the *Arian* lie,  
Or poison'd by *Socinus*, die!
- 3 Less pestilent the men who dare  
Thy coming in the flesh gainsay,  
And sitting in the scorner's chair  
Cast all Thine oracles away,  
Led by their own *sufficient* light  
To horrors of eternal night.
- 4 How long shall Antichrist blaspheme  
And trample on Thy written will?  
How long shall the *Pelagian* dream  
The doom of fallen spirits seal;  
And error in ten thousand forms  
Destroy the souls of ransom'd worms?

\* Arius, see Rev. viii. 10. [*Author's note.*]

- 
- 5 Destroy the souls—which cannot end !  
 Though Satan may awhile deceive,  
 That liar old, and murderous fiend,  
 Who tells them “ they at last shall live,”  
 Extinguishes the’ eternal fire,  
 And makes the deathless worm expire.
- 6 What but the’ essential Truth Divine  
 Can all this gloom of hell disperse ?  
 Jesus, the Father’s Glory, shine,  
 To teach our darken’d universe,  
 In every new-born soul to prove,  
 That Thou art God, and God is love !
- 

## HYMN XXXVI.

## THY KINGDOM COME !

- 1 O WHEN shall we supremely blest  
 Enter the rapturous unrest,  
 Partake the triumph of the sky,  
 And holy, holy, holy, cry ?
- 2 We render thanks with one accord  
 To our almighty God and Lord,  
 Who was, and is, and is to come,  
 Let Jesus all His power assume.
- 3 Jesus let His whole church adore,  
 The elders, and the living four ;  
 Worship Divine to Christ be given  
 By every citizen of heaven !
- 4 With all that angel-host, with all  
 Those blessed saints we long to fall,  
 And sing in ecstasies unknown,  
 And praise Him on His dazzling throne.

- 
- 5 Honour, and majesty, and power,  
And thanks and blessing evermore,  
Who dost through endless ages live,  
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive.
- 6 For Thou hast bid the creatures be,  
And still subsist to pleasure Thee,  
From Thee they came, to Thee they tend,  
Their gracious Source, their glorious End !

---

HYMN XXXVII.

THE SAME.

- 1 HE comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe !  
The seventh trumpet speaks Him near !  
His lightnings flash, His thunders roll,  
How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See the almighty Jesus crown'd,  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on His azure throne;  
He claims the kingdoms for His own,  
The kingdoms all obey His word,  
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High,  
Our Lord, who now His right obtains,  
For ever, and for ever reigns.
-

## HYMN XXXVIII.

## THE SAME.

- 1 RISE, ye dearly purchased sinners,  
Fill'd with faith's assurance rise,  
Through the loss of Jesus winners,  
Lords of all in earth and skies,  
Sing, and triumph  
In His bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 To His meritorious passion  
All our happiness we owe,  
Pardon, holiness, salvation,  
Heaven above and heaven below ;  
Grace and glory  
From that open Fountain flow.
- 3 Blest in our returning Saviour,  
When He hath prepared our place  
We shall reign with Him for ever,  
Folded in His love's embrace :  
Come, Redeemer,  
Show us all Thy heavenly face !
- 4 Now reveal Thy full salvation,  
Let Thy brightest lightnings shine,  
In the thundering acclamation  
While both saints and angels join ;  
Sounds the trumpet,  
Flames unfurl the crimson sign !
- 5 With Thine army of cross-bearers  
Lo ! we wait, we long to rise,  
In Thy royal triumph sharers,  
In Thy joy beyond the skies :

Come the kingdom,  
Saviour bring the' immortal prize !

- 6 Answer Thy own bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,  
The new heaven and earth to' inherit,  
Take Thy pining exiles home ;  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come !

---

HYMN XXXIX.

THE SAME.

- 1 Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain !  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train :  
Hallelujah,  
God appears on earth to reign !
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in dreadful majesty,  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of His passion  
Still His dazzling body bears,  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransom'd worshippers ;  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

- 
- 4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee  
 High on Thine eternal throne !  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own,  
 JAH, JEHOVAH,  
 Everlasting God, come down.

---

HYMN XL.

THE SAME.

- 1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
 Partners in His patience here,  
 Christ to all believers precious,  
 Lord of lords, shall soon appear :  
 Mark the tokens  
 Of His heavenly kingdom near !
- 2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming  
 Nature's swift-approaching doom !  
 War and pestilence and famine  
 Signify the wrath to come ;  
 Cleaves the centre,  
 Nations rush into the tomb.
- 3 Close behind the tribulation  
 Of these last tremendous days,  
 See the flaming revelation,  
 See the universal blaze !  
 Earth and heaven  
 Melt before the Judge's face !
- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,  
 Darken'd into endless night,  
 When with angel-hosts surrounded,  
 In His Father's glory bright

- Beams the Saviour,  
Shines the everlasting Light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling ;  
Hark on earth the doleful cry,  
Men on rocks and mountains calling,  
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,  
Hide us, hide us,  
Rocks and mountains, from His eye !
- 6 With what different exclamation  
Shall the saints His banner see !  
By the monuments of His passion,  
By the marks received for *me*  
All discern Him,  
All, with shouts cry out, 'Tis He !
- 7 Lo ! 'tis He ! our heart's Desire  
Come for His espoused below,  
Come to join us with His choir,  
Come to make our joys o'erflow :  
Palms of victory,  
Crowns of glory to bestow.
- 8 Yes, the prize shall now be given,  
We His open face shall see ;  
Love, the earnest of our heaven,  
Love our full reward shall be,  
Love shall crown us  
Kings through all eternity !

*F I N I S.*



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H Y M N S

ON

THE EXPECTED INVASION,

1759,

AND FOR

THE THANKSGIVING DAY,

*November 20, 1759.*

---

THE alarms of a French invasion prevailing during 1758-9 are matters of history. The naval victory referred to at the head of Hymn XI. of the Second Series was that of Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, in Quiberon Bay, which, following that of Admiral Boscawen, on the 18th of August, was considered to have removed all grounds for apprehending an invasion by the French at that time.

# H Y M N S

ON

## THE EXPECTED INVASION.

---

### HYMN I.

- 1     LET God, the mighty God,  
       The Lord of hosts arise,  
With terror clad, with strength endued,  
       And rent, and bow the skies !  
       Call'd down by faithful prayer,  
       Saviour, appear below,  
Thy hand lift up, Thine arm make bare,  
       And quell Thy church's foe.
- Our refuge in distress,  
       In danger's darkest hour,  
Appear as in the ancient days  
       With full redeeming power ;  
       That Thy redeem'd may sing  
       In glad triumphant strains,  
The Lord is God, the Lord is King,  
       The Lord for ever reigns !
- 2     We with our ears have heard,  
       Our fathers us have told  
The work that in their days appear'd,  
       And in the times of old ;

The mighty wonders wrought  
 By Heaven in their defence,  
 When *Jacob's* God for *Britain* fought  
 And chased the' invaders hence.

Vainly INVINCIBLE  
 Their fleets the seas did ride,  
 And doom'd our sires to death and hell,  
 And *Israel's* God defied :  
 But with His wind He blew,  
 But with His waves He rose,  
 And dash'd, and scatter'd, and o'erthrew,  
 And swallow'd up His foes.

- 3 Jesus, Jehovah, Lord,  
 Thy wonted aid we claim ;  
 Not trusting in our bow and sword,  
 But in Thy saving Name :  
 Thy Name the mighty tower,  
 From whence our foes we see  
 Ready our country to devour,  
 Without a nod from Thee.
- Thou wilt not give us up  
 A prey unto their teeth,  
 But blast their aim, confound their hope,  
 Their league with hell and death ;  
 With *such* deliverance bless  
 Whom Thou hast chose for Thine,  
 That we, and *Europe*, may confess  
 The work is all Divine !
-

HYMN II.

I      GOD of unbounded power,  
          God of unwearied love,  
Be present in our dangerous hour,  
          Our danger to remove ;  
          To guard our favourite land,  
          So oft preserved by Thee,  
Come, Lord, and in the channel stand,  
          Come, and block up the sea.  
          Refuse them leave to pass,  
          Forbid them to draw nigher ;  
Surround us as a wall of brass,  
          As battlements of fire.  
          Our lives, our threaten'd coast  
          Beneath Thy shadow take,  
And turn aside the alien host,  
          And drive the ruffians back.

2      Or if Thine awful will  
          Admit our *Romish* foe,  
And force the sleeping crowd to feel  
          The long-suspended blow ;  
          If justice stern hath pass'd  
          The' irrevocable doom,  
And arm'd with *Britain's* sins at last  
          The ravagers must come ;  
          Come first, Thou Man in white,\*  
          Thy Father's love reveal,  
His name on every mourner write,  
          And every servant seal ;

\* Compare verse 3, *et seq.*, page 79.

Let their deliverance prove  
 Thou canst preserve Thine own,  
 And all who trust Thy guardian love  
 Are safe in Thee alone.

- 3     Come then, ye hostile bands,  
 For one short moment come ;  
 The Man in white shall bind your hands,  
 Ye murderers of *Rome* :  
 If suffer'd from on high  
 To reach our threaten'd shore,  
 With bridles in your mouth draw nigh,  
 And show your bounded power.  
 Your power to God submits ;  
 He keeps our faithful souls ;  
 Above the water-floods He sits,  
 And earth and hell controls :  
 In dangers, deaths, and snares  
 He lays the sacred line ;  
 Nor can ye touch a man that bears  
 His Saviour's bloody sign.

---

HYMN III.

- 1     BUT will the gracious Lord,  
 Who hides us in His breast,  
 Redeem His servants from the sword,  
 And give up all the rest ?  
 Wilt Thou Thy fury pour  
 On the obdurate crowd,  
 And let the *Romish* wolf devour  
 The men that know not God ?

- Bowels Divine, forbid !  
Forbid it, heavenly grace !  
And let the mourning praying seed  
Protect the sinful race :  
To *Abraham's* Son and God,  
With *Abraham's* faith we cry,  
O spare a nation in their blood,  
Nor let the wicked die.
- 2 Drawn down by public crimes,  
If vengeance must take place,  
Why, Lord, in our degenerate times  
Hast Thou remember'd grace ?  
Thy kingdom why restored ?  
What means Thy Spirit's strife,  
While thousands by His powerful word  
Are pass'd from death to life ?  
The tokens of Thy love  
On every side we see,  
And crowds begotten from above  
Stretch out their hands to Thee :  
Against this evil day  
Ready prepared they stand,  
To turn Thy vengeful wrath away,  
And save a guilty land.
- 3 Even now with them we meet  
Around Thy gracious throne,  
And mercy for a land entreat  
Where Thou art truly known :  
We wrestle for the throng  
Who dead in sins abide,  
Because the judgment lingers long  
Who all Thy threats deride.

What canst Thou do to save  
 The souls insensible,  
 Who madly their destruction brave,  
 And laugh at death and hell ?  
 They ask the scourge to see,  
 They bid Thy day make haste,  
 But public ill, o'erruled by Thee,  
 Shall turn to good at last.

---

 HYMN IV.

- 1     HERE then we calmly rest,  
 Whate'er Thy will intend,  
 It must be for Thy people best,  
 It must in blessings end :  
 To those that love the Lord,  
 And feel Thy sprinkled blood,  
 Famine, and pestilence, and sword,  
 Shall jointly work for good.
- Our lives are hid with Thine,  
 Our hairs are number'd all,  
 Nor can, without the nod Divine,  
 One worthless sparrow fall :  
 And shall a nation bleed,  
 And shall a kingdom fail,  
 While Thou, O Christ, art Lord and Head,  
 O'er heaven, and earth, and hell !
- 2     Beneath Thy wings secure,  
 In patience we possess  
 Our souls, and quietly endure  
 Whate'er our God decrees :

---

Yet still we cry, Delay  
The careless sinner's doom ;  
And, till the judgment comes, we pray  
That it may never come :

May never come *alone*,  
But guided by Thy grace  
Our vain self-confidence o'erturn,  
And all our pride abase.  
Who will not see Thy hand,  
Thy truth and love adore,  
Compel us, Lord, to understand  
The thunder of Thy power.

- 3 Out of our slumber woke,  
Bid all our nation rise,  
And bless the providential stroke,  
That turn'd us to the skies ;  
Who walk'd in darkest night,  
In death's dread shadow lay,  
Show us the great, the glorious light,  
The dawn of gospel day.
- Escaped the hostile sword,  
O may we fly to Thee,  
And find in our redeeming Lord  
Our life and liberty ;  
Our Strength and Righteousness,  
O let us hold Thee fast  
With confidence Divine, and peace  
That shall for ever last.
-

## HYMN V.

*Jeremiah xlvi. 6, 7.*

- 1 How long, thou weapon of the Lord,  
Jehovah's controversial sword,  
Before thy slaughters cease?  
Put up thyself into thy sheath,  
Be still, thou minister of death,  
And sleep in endless peace.
- 2 How can it sleep, when hostile Heaven  
A charge hath to His servant given,  
Against the *British* shore?  
Appointed by an angry God,  
Though drunk with seas of human blood,  
The glutton thirsts for more.
- 3 Have we not dragg'd the judgment down,  
Undaunted at the' Almighty's frown,  
Unsoften'd by His grace?  
And still we madly close our eyes,  
Thy mercy spurn, Thy wrath despise,  
And mock Thee to Thy face.
- 4 We dare the evil day to come :  
"The plots and powers of feeble *Rome*  
Can never here prevail ;  
Secured by rocks our island stands,  
By counsels wise, and valiant bands,  
And fleets invincible.
- 5 "Confiding in our fleshly arm,  
Shall *Gallic* armaments alarm,  
Or break our firm repose?"

- 
- Thy judgments soar beyond our sight,  
And therefore with presumptuous slight  
We puff at all our foes.
- 6 Supinely negligent and proud,  
The noble and ignoble crowd  
In deadly slumber sleep :  
The nation sleeps, of conquest sure,  
Stands on a precipice secure,  
Nor dreads the yawning deep.
- 7 Tremendous God, to whom alone  
Thy strange destructive works are known,  
Thy properest works of grace ;  
If prayers and tears may yet prevail,  
Let mercy turn the hovering scale  
For our devoted race.
- 8 Urged to the last extremity,  
So save us, Lord, that all may see  
The work is wholly Thine,  
That knowing Him, through whom we live,  
Our lives we may to Jesus give,  
A sacrifice Divine.

---

HYMN VI.

- 1 Is this the guilty nation, Lord,  
(Permit us to inquire,)  
Now to be visited by sword,  
And purified by fire ?  
No longer can Thy wrath delay  
An harden'd people's doom,  
And must we see the evil day,  
And must the spoiler come ?

- 2 Thou wilt not hide the thing decreed,  
From those Thou call'st Thine own,  
From *Abraham's* faithful praying seed,  
Who trust in Thee alone.  
Even now Thine angry rod we hear,  
Thy Spirit's warning cry,  
And feel the visitation near,  
And to the mountain fly.
- 3 Thou hast to us Thy secret shown,  
Who tremble at Thy name,  
And sigh, and pray, and wrestle on  
For our *Jerusalem*.  
To deprecate the fatal hour,  
We on our faces fall :  
Ah ! let not, Lord, Thy wrath devour,  
Thy curse o'erwhelm us all.
- 4 If now, on such a land as this,  
Thou must avenged be,  
Yet snatch us from the dark abyss  
Of endless misery :  
Whome'er Thy will appoints to die,  
To them repentance give,  
And let them with their closing eye  
Behold Thy cross, and live.
- 5 If now the alien hosts break in,  
To spoil our wasted shore,  
Let mercy interpose between,  
And circumscribe their power ;  
While arm'd with Heaven's avenging word,  
The ready murderers stand,  
Revoke their charge, nor let the sword  
Go through our sinful land.
-

- 
- 6 Thou canst the meditated blow  
By ways unseen divert,  
With terror strike the fiercest foe,  
And quell the proudest heart :  
Thou, whom the winds and seas obey,  
Look ; and a frown of Thine  
Shall chase the hornets far away,  
And blast their dire design.
- 7 This is our confidence of hope,  
Thou dost their threatenings see,  
And wilt not give Thy people up  
To *Popish* cruelty :  
Whate'er Thy justice doth below,  
Thou shalt Thy church defend,  
For Christ is in our hearts, we know,  
And heaven in our end.

---

HYMN VII.

- 1 JOIN all, whom God in Jesus spares,  
And mingle praises with your prayers,  
Sing to the Lord a solemn song,  
Whose mercy respites us so long.
- 2 Mercy alone deferr'd our doom,  
And would not let the judgment come ;  
Thy mercy we with reverence praise,  
And wonder at Thy patient grace.
- 3 Saviour, Thy unexhausted love  
Did still the' approaching woe remove,  
With famine, war, and earthquake near,  
It rescued us from year to year.

- 
- 4 A bush unburn'd amidst the flame,  
 Jesus, we magnify Thy name,  
 Our strange deliverances admire,  
 And give Thee glory in the fire.
- 5 Preserved so oft, we cannot doubt,  
 Thy mighty arm shall bear us out,  
 Our suffering souls like gold refine,  
 And whiten us in blood Divine.
- 6 And if the sword a few destroys,  
 The rest shall tremble, and rejoice,  
 Repent, and know their sins forgiven,  
 And glorify the God of heaven.
- 

## HYMN. VIII.

*Revelation xix. 11, &c.*

- 1 COME, Thou Conqueror of the nations,  
 Now on Thy white horse appear ;  
 Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations  
 Signify Thy kingdom near :  
 True and faithful !  
 'Stablish Thy dominion here.
- 2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory ;  
 Thine the ransom'd nations are ;  
 Let the heathen fall before Thee,  
 Let the isles Thy power declare ;  
 Judge and conquer  
 All mankind in righteous war.

- 3 Thee let all mankind admire,  
Object of our joy and dread !  
Flame Thine eyes with heavenly fire,  
Many crowns upon Thy head ;  
But Thine essence  
None, except Thyself, can read.
- 4 Yet we know our Mediator,  
By the Father's grace bestow'd,  
Meanly clothed in human nature,  
Thee we call the Word of God :  
Flesh Thy vesture,  
Dipp'd in Thy own sacred blood.
- 5 Follow'd by the hosts of heaven,  
(White their robes, their coursers white,)  
Come, and let the word be given,  
Let Thy sword the nations smite ;  
With Thy judgments,  
With Thine iron sceptre fight.
- 6 Captain, God of our salvation,  
Thou who hast the winepress trod,  
Borne the' Almighty's indignation,  
Quench'd the fiercest wrath of God,  
Take the kingdom,  
Claim the purchase of Thy blood.
- 7 On Thy thigh and vesture written,  
Show the world Thy heavenly name,  
That, with loving wonder smitten,  
All may glorify the Lamb ;  
All adore Thee,  
All the Lord of Hosts proclaim.

8 Honour, glory, and salvation,  
    To the Lord our God we give ;  
Power, and endless adoration,  
    Thou art worthy to receive :  
    Reign triumphant,  
    King of kings, for ever live !

FINIS.

# H Y M N S

TO BE USED ON THE  
THANKSGIVING-DAY,

*November 20, 1759,*

AND AFTER IT.

---

## HYMN I.

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

- 
- 4 Worship and power to God belongs !  
 Saviour, let our triumphal songs  
     Thine only praise record :  
 Some in their fleets and armies trust,  
 But we of God will make our boast,  
     And glory in the Lord.
- 5 Wide as our conquering arms extend,  
 Throughout the earth the news we send,  
     The joyous news proclaim,  
 Tell it to all the nations round  
 Salvation on our side is found,  
     And Jesus is His name !
- 6 Jesus hath saved our souls from death !  
 Let all who by Thy mercy breathe,  
     Thy mercy taste and see !  
 Claim, Lord, and take the purchased race,  
 And let the world, redeem'd by grace,  
     Rejoice to God in Thee.

---

 HYMN II.

- 1 BUT ah ! what means this frantic noise !  
 Do these, good God, to Thee rejoice,  
     Whose echoing shouts we hear !  
 A beastly bacchanalian crowd !  
 Whose oaths profane, and curses loud,  
     Torment the sober ear ?
- 2 With foul and riotous excess,  
 With surfeiting and drunkenness,  
     They *magnify* Thy name ;  
 With vauntings proud, and impious jest,  
 (The horrors of *Belshazzar's* feast,)  
     They glory in their shame.

- 3 The rich to Thy dread courts repair,  
And offering up their formal prayer  
As incense to the skies,  
With sports they close the hallow'd day,  
Their promised vows to Satan pay,  
An hellish sacrifice !
- 4 But do ye thus the Lord requite,  
(While *Britain's* host goes forth to fight,  
Or thus His help engage ?  
Ah ! foolish souls, who still declare  
Your hatred against God, and war  
With your Defender wage !
- 5 Ye rob *Britannia* of her shield,  
Jehovah, by "your thanks" compell'd  
To join the vanquish'd side,  
Ye force Him to exalt the foe,  
To lay our lofty nation low,  
And scourge us for our pride.
- 6 Yet, O most patient God, forbear  
The wretches who Thy anger dare,  
And court the' invader's sword ;  
Rather regard the faithful seed,  
Who to the *opening seal* give heed,  
And tremble at Thy word.
- 7 *We* do not dream the danger *past* !  
The first may soon become the last,  
Unless Thine hand we see  
Extended o'er the nations now,  
And humbly to Thy judgments bow,  
And ask our lives from Thee.

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

---

HYMN III.

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

- 
- 7 We offer up our weak desires,  
Of giving what Thy love requires,  
Of following after righteousness,  
Of living to our Saviour's praise.
- 8 But while we render Thee Thine own,  
Thy power be in our weakness shown,  
Jesus, to each Thy love impart,  
And bless us with a grateful heart.

---

HYMN IV.

- 1 SING to the Lord by whom we live,  
From whom our blessings spring,  
Who doth to us salvation give,  
And victory to our king.
- 2 Thee, Conqueror of our foes, we greet,  
Thee, Lord of Hosts, proclaim,  
And cast our laurels at Thy feet,  
And tremble at Thy name.
- 3 With lowly reverential joy  
Thy mercy we embrace,  
This solemn interval employ  
In ceaseless prayer and praise.
- 4 Whate'er these threatening wars portend,  
Whate'er Thy will decrees,  
Our souls that on Thy love depend  
Are kept in perfect peace.
- 5 Our loving confidence is sure,  
Our Guardian-Rock stands fast;  
Under its shade we dwell secure,  
Till every storm is past.

- 6 Who rest beneath the' Almighty's wings  
 May cast their cares away ;  
 Whate'er event to-morrow brings,  
 We live for God to-day.
- 

## HYMN V.

- 1 FATHER of compassions, hear us,  
 Us who flee  
 Unto Thee,  
 While the scourge draws near us.
- 2 While inflamed with vengeful ire  
*Babel's* host  
 Threats our coast,  
 Arm'd with sword and fire,
- 3 Can we 'scape the desolation,  
 If the brand  
 In their hand  
 Be Thine indignation ?
- 4 If we have fill'd up our measure,  
 And our God  
 Sends the rod  
 Of His just displeasure !
- 5 Who can tell if late repentance  
 May find grace,  
 Screen our race  
 From the dreadful sentence ?
- 6 Wilt Thou, Lord, be yet entreated  
 By Thy foes,  
 Save e'en those  
 For destruction fitted ?

- 7 Still in fearful expectation  
    Guilty we  
    Wait to see  
    Thy determination.
- 8 Father, hear the remnant's prayer,  
    More than ten  
    Righteous men  
    Urging Thee to spare.
- 9 Spare the death-devoted city;  
    Let us prove  
    All Thy love,  
    All Thy patient pity.
- 10 Mercy is Thy heavenly nature :  
    Make it known  
    In Thy Son ;  
    Hear our Mediator.
- 11 Hear His all-commanding Spirit  
    Intercede,  
    While we plead  
    Jesus' blood and merit.
- 12 Hear—and drop Thy controversy—  
    Jesus prays !  
    Wrath, give place,  
    Judgment, yield to mercy !

---

HYMN VI.

- 1 MOST gracious God, what shall we say  
    To stop a senseless people's doom ?  
    How can we for the rebels pray  
    Who court the tardy scourge to come,  
    Thy grace despise, Thy truth deny,  
    And all Thy threaten'd plagues defy !

- 
- 2 Because Thy lingering love defers  
 The long indebted punishment,  
 From time to time the wicked spares,  
 Their heart on evil fully bent  
 Disdains the punishment to fear,  
 And mocks at the destruction near.
- 3 Will they believe the spoiler nigh,  
 Or tremble at the slaughtering sword?  
 Safe in the toils of hell they lie,  
 Deaf to the watchman's warning word,  
 "Nor God nor man their hurt intends,  
 And death and *Trophet* are their friends."
- 4 Or if the danger they confess,  
 The danger on their foes they turn,  
 "Those treacherous enemies to peace,  
 Those objects of their hate and scorn,  
 Let the presumptuous aliens come,  
 And rush upon their instant doom."
- 5 Blind with intoxicating pride,  
 (Sad prelude of a nation's fall !)  
 They wholly in themselves confide,  
 Nor on the Lord of armies call,  
 Nor humbly at Thy footstool own  
 Salvation is from God alone.

---

 HYMN VII.

- 1 DID they, O God, ascribe to Thee  
 Their strange escapes in dangers past?  
 Alas for them, alas for me,  
 So soon forgetful of *the last!*  
 Snatch'd from the antichristian power,  
 The gulf wide opening to devour.

- 
- 2 Appall'd we saw the' invader's sword  
March unopposed through half the land !\*  
Jehovah then pronounced the word,  
And lo ! at Thy supreme command  
The blasted savages of *Rome*  
Recoil'd—and sunk into the tomb.
- 3 But have we by their ruin rose  
To a new life of righteousness,  
Or lull'd in more profound repose  
Abused, and forfeited our peace?  
Our peace is gone, our safety fled,  
And our dead souls are doubly dead.
- 4 Call'd back by an ungrateful race,  
The man on the red horse returns ;  
And while Thy wrath a moment stays,  
The nation sports, the remnant mourns !  
Ah ! who of all Thy saints can tell  
Shall grace or justice turn the scale ?
- 5 Dare we again for respite cry,  
Or deprecate the' impending blow ?  
If now Thou lay'st Thy thunder by,  
And sav'st us from our fiercest foe,  
Will *Britain's* sons their Saviour see,  
And give the praise entire to Thee ?
- 6 We fear, the saved unthankful throng  
Will more and more obdurate prove,  
Thy providential mercy wrong,  
And trample on Thy richest love,  
And when Thou turn'st the sword aside,  
Thy judgments and Thy grace deride !

\* The Pretender's army reached Derby December 4th, 1745.

- 7 But, for Thou hast not yet forbid  
 The good for the profane to pray,  
 Hear Thy own people intercede,  
 The rough east wind of judgment stay,  
 Till general penitence remove,  
 Or melt Thine anger into love.
- 8 Thy mercies all our thoughts transcend,  
 The worst Thou canst in Christ forgive ;  
 O let our sins and troubles end,  
 O let our ransom'd nation live ;  
 Hear the loud cry of Jesus' blood,  
 And save us through the death of God.

---

 HYMN VIII.

- 1 GREAT Guardian of Thy church below,  
 Stretch out Thine arm on *Britain's* side,  
 The sons of *Babel* to o'erthrow,  
 Who deep as hell their counsels hide :  
 Conceal'd from us with closest art,  
 They cannot hide them, Lord, from Thee,  
 Whose flaming eyes look through the heart,  
 And hell without a covering see.
- 2 Thou know'st, and canst to us make known  
 Whate'er our craftiest foes devise :  
 It shall be to Thy servant shown,  
 The least that on Thy word relies :  
 Things in the royal chamber said,  
 (Like *Syria's* plots, in days of old,)  
 By ways invisible convey'd,  
 Shall to Thy meanest saint be told.

- 
- 3 For this premonish'd from above  
We now the opening seal attend,  
And trust Thine all-disposing love,  
That judgment shall in mercy end :  
The bounded might of baffled man  
The glory of Thy power shall raise,  
Advance Thy all-redeeming plan,  
And spread the victory of Thy grace.
- 4 What then have Thine elect to dread  
In general peril and dismay?  
We calmly to Thy word give heed,  
Prophetic of the perfect day :  
Led by Thy word's unerring clue  
Wheel within wheel involved we see,  
Look all subservient causes through,  
And wait the birth of Thy decree.
- 5 Lord, we behold Thy mighty hand  
Stretch'd out o'er all the nations now !  
The counsel of Thy will shall stand,  
The heathen to Thy sceptre bow ;  
Demons and men shall blindly join,  
And Antichrist erect his throne,  
To execute Thy grand design,  
And bring Thy glorious kingdom down !

---

HYMN IX.

- 1 PROMISED Prince of Peace, appear,  
Come, and fix Thy kingdom here,  
Whom the longing bride desires,  
Whom the universe requires.

- 
- 2 Thou hast lifted up Thy hand,  
O'er the sea, and the dry land,  
Hast the awful signal given ;  
Shake again both earth and heaven.
- 3 Still the drowsy nations shake,  
Till out of their sins they wake,  
All in one petition join'd,  
Come, Desire of human kind !
- 4 Lord of Hosts, Thine arm reveal,  
This Thy house with glory fill,  
To the former church unknown,  
Glory kept for us alone.
- 5 Give the never failing peace,  
The transcendent holiness,  
Let us all the promise prove,  
Fill our souls with perfect love.
- 6 Now, O Christ, Thy right assert,  
Enter every human heart,  
Fulness of the Spirit give,  
King of saints, for ever live !
- 

## HYMN X.

- 1 BE still, ye isles, and wait your doom !  
Jehovah from His place is come ;  
He whets His glittering sword ;  
His hand doth hold of judgment take :  
Let all the guilty nations quake  
Before our angry Lord.
- 2 He calls His own to see Him rise,  
To mark the vengeance of the skies  
Dispread through earth abroad ;

Countries laid waste, and conquer'd powers,  
Cities o'return'd, and falling towers,  
And fields and seas of blood.

3 Where shall this dreadful havoc end ?  
What doth the righteous God intend ?  
    Beneath His hand we bow,  
And, trembling in the balance, cry,  
Will justice pass our nation by,  
    Or must He visit now ?

4 Cover'd and blind is every seer,  
Nor doth the purposed thing appear  
    To one of *Abraham's* race :  
We hear the thunder of Thy power ;  
But who shall all Thy mind explore,  
    But who shall see Thy face ?

5 Darkness and clouds surround Thy throne,  
And wrap the hidden God unknown  
    In awful majesty ;  
Unless Thou dost the secret tell,  
Nor man nor angel can reveal,  
    Or fathom Thy decree.

6 Yet if Thou hast not fix'd our doom,  
Before the swift destruction come,  
    And sweep Thy foes away  
That mercy may incline the scale,  
And wrestling faith at last prevail,  
    Vouchsafe us power to pray.

7 Stir up the praying seed to stand  
Protectors of a guilty land,  
    And arm'd in its defence.

With Jesus' name, and mind, and blood,  
Which stays the outstretch'd arm of God,  
And binds Omnipotence.

- 8 The spirit that in *Moses* pray'd,  
O might it flow from Christ our Head,  
And in the members cry,  
"Father, we all Thy will receive ;  
But let us to Thy glory live  
Or to Thy glory die !"

---

HYMN XI.

- 1 SEE, Lord, a nation at Thy feet !  
Do with us now as seems Thee meet,  
Preserve alive, or slay ;  
Whate'er we may to-morrow feel,  
Spared hitherto, Thy grace we tell,  
We sing Thy love to-day.
- 2 Thy love hath our protection been ;  
Thy love, and not the sea between,  
Forbade our foes to pass ;  
Our watery walls had nought avail'd,  
Our wooden walls themselves had fail'd  
Without our wall of brass.
- 3 The leopard fierce, who watches o'er  
Our cities, on the adverse shore  
Thy secret will detains ;  
Howe'er impatient to get free,  
Till suffer'd by a beck from Thee,  
He cannot burst his chains.
- 4 But if, to scourge our nation's sin,  
The foe should as a flood come in,  
Or a devouring flame,

- We'll praise our God, reprieved so long,  
Sing in the fires a gospel-song,  
And shout Immanuel's name.
- 5 That Spirit of faith and power Divine  
Shall then lift up the Christian sign  
Against our enemy;  
And O! might all the aliens prove  
The virtue of Thy dying love,  
And yield themselves to Thee.
- 6 Saviour, Desire of all mankind,  
Come, and the ancient dragon bind,  
Command these wars to cease;  
Let every soul Thy kingdom prove,  
In holy joy, and perfect love,  
And everlasting peace.

---

HYMN XII.

THE SONG OF MOSES

*Sung by GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, for the Victory  
given them over the French Fleet, Nov. the 20th, 1759.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, for He alone  
Gave us the victory!  
He hath our threatening foes o'erthrown,  
And cast into the sea.  
Worship and strength to Him belong,  
And praise is all His due;  
The Lord is our triumphal song,  
And our salvation too.
- 2 To Him we will our trophies raise,  
And chant His matchless powers;  
Our fathers' God, exalt His praise,  
Our fathers' God is ours.

- Prepare His place with humble zeal,  
 Who takes His people's part :  
 The Lord eternally shall dwell  
 In every faithful heart.
- 3 The Lord, He is a man of war,  
 In every age the same :  
 Let *Britain* saved, with shouts declare  
 The great Jehovah's name :  
 Jehovah on our foes did frown  
 Amidst their furious boast,  
 And cast their chosen captains down,  
 And drowned half their host.
- 4 Into the depths they sunk as lead,  
 Who Thee and Thine opposed,  
 They sunk at once, and o'er their head  
 The mighty waters closed !  
 Thine own right hand with power supreme,  
 With glorious, dreadful power,  
 In pieces dash'd their ships and them,  
 And bade the gulf devour.
- 5 In vain the fierce invader swore,  
 " I will lay waste their isle,  
 Pursue them on their native shore,  
 And seize, and part the spoil ;  
 Will on the heretics abhorr'd  
 My lust of vengeance cloy,  
 And draw my *consecrated* sword,  
 And young and old destroy."
- 6 For great in majesty Divine,  
 Thy wrathful Spirit blew,  
 Blasted their arrogant design,  
 And all their host o'erthrew :

- Into the depths they sunk as lead  
Who Thee and Thine opposed ;  
They sunk at once, and o'er their head  
The mighty waters closed.
- 7 Which of the saints by *Rome* adored  
With superstitious prayer,  
Or who among their gods, O Lord,  
Can unto Thee compare ?  
Not all the gods of wood and stone  
To whom their worship's given,  
Nor her they rank above her Son,  
The Virgin queen of heaven.
- 8 Thou art our only God and King,  
Glorious in holiness,  
Thy wonder-working power we sing,  
And tremble while we praise :  
Thou stretchedst forth Thy strong right-hand,  
And the abyss below  
Did horribly its jaws expand,  
And swallow'd up the foe.
- 9 But Thou hast saved the chosen seed,  
The children of Thy grace ;  
And *Israel's* Strength shall *Israel* lead  
Into the holy place :  
Complete the saving work begun  
By Thine almighty hand,  
And bring Thy favourite people on  
Into the promised land.
- 10 Struck from above with sacred fear,  
The hostile nations round  
Shall of our great deliverance hear,  
And sicken at the sound :

*Canaan's* inhabitants shall quake,  
The antichristian powers,  
And *Babylon* the great shall shake  
Throughout her threaten'd towers.

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

HYMN XIII.

- 1 BRITONS, arise with one accord,  
And learn to glory in the Lord !  
The Lord, from whom salvation came,  
Doth justly all your praises claim :  
With humble heart and thankful voice  
Rejoice aright, to God rejoice.
- 2 God over all, Thy work we praise,  
Revived as in the ancient days :  
Thine arm, by *Israel's* cry awoke,  
Its own resistless strength hath took,  
Dispersed the lowering cloud we fear'd,  
And glorious on our side *appear'd*.
- 3 *Rome* with a new armada vow'd  
To quench her thirst of *British* blood ;  
On vengeance and destruction bent,  
They proudly told their dire intent,  
To *keep* with heretics their word,  
And waste our isle with fire and sword.
- 4 Where now is the invader's boast,  
The terror of our naked coast ?  
Thou, Lord, who know'st the proud to quell,  
Hast show'd them not *invincible*,  
Made their infernal counsel void,  
And all their vaunted strength destroy'd.
- 5 Sing to the Lord ! the Lord alone  
His strange destructive work hath done :  
Jehovah did the cloud look through,  
Jehovah gave the word, *Pursue !*  
He dash'd their vessels on the coast,  
He swallow'd up their troubled host.

- 6 Thine was the power, the wisdom Thine,  
Which baffled *Gaul's* and *Rome's* design :  
Whoever dealt the destined blow,  
Or launch'd Thy thunder on the foe,  
Thee in the instrument we see,  
And give the praise entire to Thee.

---

HYMN XIV.

- 1 MERCIFUL God, Thy love we sing,  
From whence our public blessings spring :  
Thy love is every *Briton's* theme,  
Who drinks the fountain in the stream,  
And looks inferior causes through,  
To keep his gracious God in view.
- 2 Bent to preserve our favour'd race,  
Thou on our land, in special grace,  
The steady patriot hast bestow'd,  
And form'd him for *Britannia's* good,  
As born her ruin to retrieve,  
And bid his gasping country live.
- 3 Boldly he braved the stormy deep,  
And piloted our sinking ship :  
But still Thy secret hand was near,  
Directing his the helm to steer ;  
And *Britain* sings, to life restored,  
“ Our Strength and Helper is the Lord.”
- 4 Thy Spirit in our councils sat,  
And turn'd the battle to the gate :  
It laid their forts and armies low,  
It tore whole regions from the foe ;  
Thine arm from *France* the islands rent,  
Thy thunder shook the continent.

- 
- 5 Sent of the Lord His bolts to deal,  
And execute His awful will,  
By haughty sacrilegious boasts,  
We will not wrong the Lord of Hosts,  
If fools His providence exclude,  
And heathens say, There is no God.
- 6 God over-ruling all we own,  
Gracious and wise is God alone :  
Our counsellors He counsell'd right,  
He taught our mariners to fight ;  
His prowess in our troops we prove,  
His goodness in our king we love.
- 7 Let every instrument disclaim  
The honours due to Jesus' name :  
Him only wise and good confess,  
Him our almighty Saviour bless,  
And praise the Rock that cannot move,  
The Rock of everlasting love.

---

HYMN XV.

- 1 UNLESS the Most High For *Israel* had stood,  
(Our *Israel* may cry Triumphantly loud,)  
Our foes on our nation Their fury had pour'd,  
And wide desolation Our country devour'd.
- 2 But praised be the Lord, Our Refuge and Hope,  
A prey to the sword He gave us not up ;  
Their plots He hath blasted, Their armaments foil'd,  
The ravagers wasted, The pillagers spoil'd.

- 
- 3 Give glory to God Who sits on the throne,  
 And scatters the proud, And rescues His own !  
 Our best adoration To Him we will give,  
 And all His salvation With rapture receive.
- 4 Our safety on Him Alone doth depend :  
 Who now doth redeem Shall save to the end :  
 Almighty Creator, We rest in Thy name,  
 We trust in Thy nature, For ever the same.
- 5 Thy name we adore, Thine attributes praise,  
 Truth, wisdom, and power, And justice and grace !  
 To ransom and bless us, Thou cam'st from above ;  
 Thy name it is Jesus, Thy nature is love.
- 6 This token for good We thankfully take,  
 Our safety bestow'd, For Jesus's sake :  
 Our lives as a favour From God we receive,  
 And trust with our Saviour For ever to live.

---

 HYMN XVI.

- 1 WHILE *Britain's* sons their trophies raise,  
 Triumphant, as in full success,  
 And bliss without alloy,  
 Let pity for our bleeding foes,  
 Let love, which no distinction knows,  
 Correct the general joy.
- 2 Our country saved from sword and fire  
 Doth every *Briton's* thanks require,  
 And lifts our hearts to God ;  
 But can we, Lord, *delight* to see  
 These scenes of human misery,  
 This waste of *Christian* blood ?

- 3 We mourn the slaughter'd sons of *Gaul*,  
We tremble, while Thy judgments fall  
On our invaders' head :  
Their lives to ransom ours are given,  
And crowds out of the body driven  
Have perish'd in our stead.
- 4 The thousands whom our hands have slain,  
Do we, alas ! who still remain,  
In holiness excel ?  
Our army, is it not, like theirs,  
A bundle of devoted tares ?  
Our fleet, a floating hell ?
- 5 We, even we, the scourge demand ;  
But in the gap a people stand  
Poor, helpless, and unknown,  
A little flock, a remnant small,  
Afflicted and despised by all,  
And loved of God alone.
- 6 Thou to the cry of Thine elect  
Yet once again hast had respect,  
And wouldst not vengeance take :  
Thy wrath was ready to consume,  
When mercy respited our doom  
For the ten righteous' sake.
- 7 But is Thine anger turn'd aside,  
Thy justice *fully* satisfied  
With punishing our foe ?  
Thine arm appears extended still !  
Which of Thine enemies shall feel  
The next destructive blow ?

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

F I N I S .



# F U N E R A L

# H Y M N S .

*“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”*

Rev. xiv. 13.



# FUNERAL HYMNS.

---

## HYMN I.

- 1 AH, sister in Jesus, adieu !  
Thy warfare is happily o'er :  
Thy spirit has fought its way through,  
And pitch'd on the heavenly shore ;  
Thy course upon earth is all run,  
The days of thy mourning are past,  
The joys that above thou hast won  
For ever and ever shall last.
- 2 O blessed estate of the dead,  
The dead that have died in the Lord !  
From trouble and misery freed,  
And sure of their endless reward :  
By sorrow no longer oppress'd,  
When join'd to the spirits above,  
With Jesus in glory they rest,  
They rest in the arms of His love.
- 3 O when will the Saviour extend  
The arms of His mercy to me ?  
The days of my pilgrimage end,  
My soul from its prison set free ?

- When will the dear moment arrive,  
 Which long I have pined for in vain :  
 And still I would die to revive,  
 And suffer with Jesus to reign ?
- 4 Ah ! give me to bow my faint head,  
 My sorrowful soul to resign,  
 From pain everlastingly freed,  
 To sink on the bosom Divine :  
 My Saviour, why dost Thou delay  
 To call a poor wanderer home ?  
 Come quickly, and bear me away ;  
 The bride and the Spirit say, Come !

---

HYMN II.

- 1 REJOICE for a brother deceased,  
 (Our loss is his infinite gain,)  
 A soul out of prison released,  
 And freed from its bodily chain :  
 With songs let us follow his flight,  
 And mount with his spirit above,  
 Escaped to the mansions of light,  
 And lodged in the *Eden* of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,  
 Outflying the tempest and wind,  
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,  
 And left his companions behind ;  
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,  
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
 Where all is assurance and peace,  
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,  
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;  
 With shouting each other they greet,  
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :  
 The voyage of life's at an end,  
 The mortal affliction is past,  
 The age that in heaven they spend  
 For ever and ever shall last.

---

 HYMN III.

- 1 HOSANNAH to Jesus on high !  
 Another has enter'd his rest,  
 Another is 'scaped to the sky,  
 And lodged in Immanuel's breast :  
 The soul of our sister is gone  
 To heighten the triumph above,  
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,  
 And clasp'd in the arms of His love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,  
 While Jesus His glory displays,  
 And purples the heavenly air,  
 And scatters the odours of grace !  
 He looks—and His servants in light  
 The blessing ineffable meet ;  
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,  
 And fall overwhelm'd at His feet !
- 3 How happy the angels that fall,  
 Transported at Jesus's name !  
 The saints whom He soonest shall call  
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !

No longer imprison'd in clay,  
Who next from his dungeon shall fly,  
Who first shall be summon'd away?  
My merciful God—Is it I?

4 O Jesus, if this be Thy will,  
That suddenly I should depart,  
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,  
And whisper the call to my heart :  
O give me a signal to know  
If soon Thou wouldst have me remove,  
And leave the dull body below,  
And fly to the regions of love.

5 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer\*  
I groan for a speedy release,  
And long have I pined to be there  
Where sorrow and misery cease :  
Where all the temptation is past,  
And loss and affliction are o'er,  
And anguish is ended at last,  
And trouble and death are no more.

6 Come then to my rescue, (I pray  
For this, and for nothing beside,)  
Make ready, and bear me away,  
Thy weary, disconsolate bride :  
The days of my mourning and pain  
Cut short, and in pity set free,  
And give me to rest, and to reign  
For ever and ever in Thee.

\* Verses 5 and 6 were omitted from the fifth and subsequent editions of these Hymns.

## HYMN IV.

## FOR ONE JUST DEPARTING.

- 1 O SISTER in Jesus, arise,  
And joyful His summons obey ;  
He beckons thee up to the skies,  
In mercy He calls thee away :  
His pity hath sign'd thy release ;  
Return to thy native abode,  
Make haste to the mansions of bliss,  
And fly to the bosom of God,
- 2 To waft from the valley of tears,  
To bear thee triumphantly home,  
The chariot of *Israel* appears,  
The convoy of angels is come !  
With envy we let thee depart,  
Thy happier spirit resign !  
The purchase of Jesus thou art,  
And God is eternally thine.
- 3 Go then to thy glorious estate,  
No longer our partner in woe ;  
No longer oppress'd with our weight,  
To Jesus in paradise go :  
Redeem'd from a world of distress,  
Thou hear'st the acceptable word ;  
He bids thee depart in His peace,  
And die for the sight of thy Lord.
- 4 Escape to a country above,  
Where only enjoyment is found,  
And springs of ecstatal love,  
And rivers of pleasure abound :

- No dreadful alarums of war,  
 No famine, or sorrows, or pains,  
 No sound of the trumpet is there,  
 But Jesus eternally reigns.
- 5 He reigns in the holiest place,  
 He dwells in the midst of His own,  
 And fully discovers His face,  
 And fills them with raptures unknown ;  
 With bliss inexpressibly great  
 Their glorified spirits o'erflow——  
 Go, sister, and share their estate,  
 To Jesus in paradise go.
- 6 O Saviour, her spirit receive,  
 Which into Thy hands we resign,  
 And us from our sorrows retrieve,  
 And us to our company join :  
 Our number and glory complete,  
 With all that are landed before,  
 With Thee let us joyfully meet,  
 To part and to suffer no more.

---

 HYMN 'V.

## ON THE SIGHT OF A CORPSE.

- 1 AH lovely appearance of death !  
 No sight upon earth is so fair !  
 Not all the gay pageants that *breathe*,  
 Can with a dead body compare :  
 With solemn delight I survey  
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,  
 In love with the beautiful clay,  
 And longing to lie in its stead.

- 2 How bless'd is our brother, bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind,  
How easy the soul that hath left  
This wearisome body behind !  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see,  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again :  
No anger henceforward, or shame,  
Shall redden this innocent clay,  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 The languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;  
The quiet immovable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more :  
The heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain,  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep :  
The fountains can yield no supplies,  
These hollows from water are free ;  
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn, and to suffer, is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe,  
And still for deliverance pine,  
And press to the issues of death :  
What now with my tears I bedew,  
O might I this moment become,  
My spirit created anew,  
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.\*

---

HYMN VI.

- 1 'Tis finish'd ! 'tis done ! The spirit is fled,  
The prisoner is gone, The Christian is dead !  
The Christian is living In Jesus's love,  
And gladly receiving A kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise Are Jesus's due,  
Supported by grace, He fought his way through ;  
Triumphantly glorious Through Jesus's zeal,  
And more than victorious O'er sin, death, and hell.
- 3 Then let us record The conquering Name,  
Our Captain and Lord With shoutings proclaim :  
Who trust in His passion And follow our Head,  
To certain salvation We all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on Thy militant care,  
And give us the crown Of righteousness there ;  
Where dazzled with glory The seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate adore Thee In silence of praise.
- 5 Come, Lord, and display Thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away To mansions on high :  
The kingdom be given, The purchase Divine,  
And crown us in heaven Eternally Thine.

\* See note on page 96.

## HYMN VII.

- 1 O WHEN shall we sweetly remove !  
O when shall we enter our rest !  
Return to the *Sion* above,  
The mother of spirits distress'd !  
That city of God, the great King,  
Where sorrow and death are no more ;  
But saints our Immanuel sing,  
And cherub and seraph adore.
- 2 Not all the archangels can tell  
The joys of that holiest place,  
When Jesus is pleased to reveal  
The light of His heavenly face ;  
Where caught in the rapturous flame  
The sight beatific they prove,  
And walk in the light of the Lamb,  
And bask in the beams of His love.
- 3 Who then upon earth can conceive  
The bliss that in heaven they share ?  
Who then the dark world would not leave,  
And cheerfully die to be there ?  
O Saviour, regard our complaints,  
Array'd in Thy majesty come,  
Fulfil the desires of Thy saints,  
And suddenly gather us home.
- 4 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer  
We groan Thy appearing to see,  
Resign'd to the burden we bear,  
But longing to triumph with Thee :

- 
- 'Tis good at Thy word to be here,  
'Tis better in Thee to be gone,  
And see Thee in glory appear,  
And rise to a share of Thy throne.
- 5 To mourn for Thy coming is sweet ;  
To weep at Thy longer delay :  
But Thou whom we hasten to meet,  
Shalt chase all our sorrows away :  
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,  
When Thee we behold in the cloud,  
And echo the joys of the skies,  
And shout to the trumpet of God.
- 6 Come then to Thy languishing bride,  
Who went'st to prepare us a place,  
Receive us with Thee to abide,  
And rest in Thy mercy's embrace.  
Our heaven of heavens be this  
Thy fulness of mercy to prove,  
Implunged in the glorious abyss,  
And lost in the ocean of love.

---

HYMN VIII.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear !  
We soon shall recover our home ;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come :  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abode,  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.

- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,  
When raised by the life-giving word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorn'd as a bride for her lord :  
The city so holy and clean,  
No sorrow can breathe in the air,  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
No shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold  
That lovely *Jerusalem* here !  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear :  
Immovably founded in grace  
She stands as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day  
Which never is follow'd by night,  
Where Jesus's beauties display  
A pure and a permanent light ;  
The Lamb is their light and their sun,  
And, lo ! by reflection they shine,  
With Jesus ineffably one,  
And bright in effulgence Divine.
- 5 The saints in His presence receive  
Their great and eternal reward,  
In Jesus, in heaven they live,  
They reign in the smile of their Lord :

---

The flame of angelical love  
Is kindled at Jesus's face,  
And all the enjoyment above  
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

---

## HYMN IX.

- 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 saved 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 for ever with thy Lord."
- 4 By ministerial spirits convey'd,  
Lodged in the garner of the sky,  
He rests, in *Abraham's* bosom laid,  
He lives with God, no more to die.
- 5 Thanks be to God, through 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 struggling to the upper skies,  
Our last triumphant moments spend,  
And grasp in death the' immortal prize.

- 7 O that we all may thus break through,  
The crown with holy violence seize,  
The starry crown to conquest due,  
The crown of life and righteousness.
- 8 Will not the righteous Judge bestow  
The prize on all who seek Him here,  
And long, while sojourning below,  
To see their much-loved Lord appear?
- 9 He will, (our hearts cry out,) He will  
Those eager wishes more than meet,  
These infinite desires fulfil,  
And make our happiness complete.
- 10 We all shall see our life appear,  
(Our hidden life in Jesus found,)  
Our dust the' archangel's voice shall hear,  
And kindle at the trumpet's sound.
- 11 O what a soul o'erpowering thought,  
'Tis ecstasy too great to bear :  
We all at once shall be upcaught,  
And meet our Jesus in the air.
- 12 Eternity stands forth in sight !  
We plunge us in that boundless sea,  
Expatiate in those plains of light,  
The regions of eternity !
- 13 Even now we taste the heavenly powers,  
The glorious joys of angels prove,  
A whole eternity is ours,  
A whole eternity of love!
-

## HYMN X.

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. A. C.\*

- 1      AND is the struggle past?  
          And hath she groan'd her last?  
Rise, my soul, and take thy flight,  
          Haste, the' ascending triumph share,  
Trace her to the plains of light,  
          Grasp her happy spirit there!
- 2      I know her now possess'd  
          Of everlasting rest!  
Now I find her lodged above,  
          Now her heavenly joy I feel,  
Ecstasy 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 enter'd into rest,  
          Tells me I shall meet her there.
- 4      Lord, I accept the sign,  
          And bless Thy love Divine:  
Thou hast through the mortal vail  
          Led her to the realms above,  
Caught her from the toils of hell,  
          Placed her on a throne of love.
- 5      I, I shall conquer too,  
          Like her shall all break through!

\* Compare Note, Vol. III., p. 177.

To my heavenly friends convey'd,  
 I shall share the marriage feast :  
 Pants my soul on earth delay'd,  
 Gasps for her eternal rest.

- 6      Come, O my Saviour, come,  
        Receive Thy servant home !  
 Now recall Thy banish'd one,  
        Draw me from the tent of clay :  
 Hear'st Thou not Thy Spirit's groan ?  
        Come, my Saviour, come away !
- 7      O come ! Thy 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 Saviour, come away !

---

HYMN XI.

ON THE DEATH OF E. B., OF KINGSWOOD.

- 1      REJOICE, ye sons of light,  
        Over a saint deceased !  
 The happy soul hath took its flight,  
        And enter'd into rest.  
        Toss'd to and fro no more  
        On life's tempestuous sea,  
 The happy soul hath reach'd the shore  
        Of calm eternity.
- 2      She at the welcome word  
        Is out of prison fled,  
 Released from her oppressive lord,  
        And free among the dead :

- 
- The bloody husband's power  
Did with her breath expire,  
And, lo ! she lives to die no more  
Amidst yon angel choir.
- 3 The spirits of the just  
Made perfect here in love,  
With these, and all the heavenly host,  
She finds her place above ;  
One with the saints in light,  
The witnesses of God,  
She wash'd her robes and made them white  
In the Redeemer's blood.
- 4 Her soul was cleansed below,  
And saved from sin's remains,  
Whiter on earth than *Salmon's* snow,  
She now with Jesus reigns ;  
Long in the furnace tried,  
Long in the vale distress'd, ^  
The Lamb at last hath call'd His bride  
Up to the marriage feast.
- 5 With steadfast faith and hope  
Let us her steps pursue,  
Cheerful, like her, the cross take up,  
Like her the world break through ;  
Like her our faith approve,  
And patiently endure,  
And make, by all the works of love,  
Our heavenly calling sure.
-

## HYMN XII.

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. F. C.

- 1        THANKS be to God alone,  
          Through Jesus Christ His Son !  
He who hath for all obtain'd,  
          Gives our friend the victory:  
Sister, thou the prize hast gain'd,  
          Died for Him who died for thee.
- 2        The mortal hour is past,  
          Thou hast o'ercome at last,  
Freed from pain, for ever freed,  
          Ended is thy glorious strife,  
Death, the latest foe, is dead,  
          Death is swallow'd up of life.
- 3        The lamb-like innocence  
          Is soon departed hence;  
From the world of sin and pain  
          Thou art clean escaped away,  
Saved from sin's infectious stain,  
          Taken from the evil day.
- 4        Stranger to guilty fears,  
          Thou lived'st thy twenty years,  
From the great transgression free ;  
          Never did the poison spread ;  
Jesus, ere it rose in thee,  
          Jesus crush'd the serpent's head.
- 5        His Spirit's gentlest art  
          Open'd thy simple heart ;  
The eternal gospel word  
          *Lydia*-like thou didst receive,  
Fall before thy bleeding Lord,  
          Own Him, and with ease believe.

- 
- 6      Soon as thy heart did feel  
        The pardon-stamping seal,  
        Heard thy soul the warning cry,  
        “ Here thou hast not long to stay,  
        Rise, My love, make haste to die,  
        Rise, My love, and come away!”
- 7      Thy cheerful soul obey'd,  
        Through suffering perfect made,  
        Perfect made in a short space,  
        Thy resign'd and Christlike soul  
        Started forth and won the race,  
        Reach'd at once the glorious goal.
- 8      Aloft the spirit flies  
        And gains her native skies;  
        Kindred souls salute her there,  
        Springing from the azure throne,  
        All in shouts their joy declare,  
        All their new-born sister own.
- 9      The' angelic army sings,  
        And clap their golden wings!  
        Harping with their harps they praise  
        Him, through whom she all o'ercame,  
        Sharer of His richest grace,  
        Closest follower of the Lamb.
- 10     From love's soft witchcraft free,  
        Her spotless purity  
        Lived to only Christ below;  
        Higher now she reigns above,  
        Mightier joys advanced to know,  
        Honour'd with His choicest love.

- 11      Among the morning-stars  
          A brighter crown she wears,  
With peculiar glories graced,  
          Seated on a loftier throne,  
To superior raptures raised,  
          Nearest God's eternal Son.
- 12      Mix'd with the virgin train  
          She charms the' ethereal plain,  
With the Lamb for ever found ;  
          Angels listen while she sings,  
Catch the' inimitable sound,  
          Music for the King of kings !
- 13      O happy, happy soul,  
          Thy heavenly joy is full !  
Thee the Lamb hath made His bride,  
          Call'd thee to His feast above ;  
Thee He now hath glorified,  
          Taught thee the new song of love.
- 14      O that at last even I,  
          Like thee, might sweetly die :  
Die, and leave the world of woe,  
          Die out of the reach of sin,  
Die the joys of heaven to know :  
          Open, Lord, and take me in !
- 15      Give me Thy bliss to share,  
          The meanest spirit there,  
Only let me see Thy face,  
          See with Thee my happier friend,  
At an awful distance gaze,  
          Taste the joys that never end.

---

16      Thou wilt cut short my years,  
            And wipe away my tears ;  
Lo ! I wait Thy leisure still,  
            Humbly at Thy footstool lie,  
Calm to suffer all Thy will,  
            Glad in Thee to live and die.

---

HYMN XIII.

1      WE know, by faith we know,  
            If this vile house of clay,  
This tabernacle sink below  
            In ruinous decay :  
            We have a house above  
            Not made with mortal hands,  
And firm as our Redeemer's love  
            That heavenly fabric stands.

2      It stands securely high,  
            Indissolubly sure,  
Our glorious mansion in the sky  
            Shall evermore endure.  
            O were we enter'd there,  
            To perfect heaven restored,  
O were we all caught up to share  
            The triumph of our Lord !

3      Beneath our earthly load  
            We labour now and groan,  
And hasten toward that house of God,  
            And struggle to be gone :  
            We would not, Lord, desire  
            An end of misery,  
But Thee our earnest souls require,  
            We long to die for Thee.

- 
- 4 For this in faith we call,  
 For this we weep and pray;  
 O might the tabernacle fall,  
 O might we 'scape away!  
 Full of immortal hope,  
 We urge the restless strife,  
 And hasten to be swallow'd up  
 Of everlasting life.
- 5 Absent, alas! from God,  
 We in the body mourn,  
 And pine to quit this mean abode,  
 And languish to return:  
 Jesus, regard our vows,  
 And change our faith to sight,  
 And clothe us with our nobler house  
 Of empyrean light.
- 6 O let us put on Thee  
 In perfect holiness,  
 And rise prepared Thy face to see,  
 Thy bright unclouded face;  
 Thy grace with glory crown  
 Who hast the earnest given,  
 And now triumphantly come down  
 And take our souls to heaven.

---

HYMN XIV.

- 1 JESUS, come! our utmost Jesus,  
 Save us from the world beneath,  
 From a life of pain release us,  
 From a life of daily death;

- 
- 1 Listen to the ceaseless moaning  
Of Thy plaintive turtle-dove :  
Answer, Lord, Thy Spirit's groaning,  
Take us to our church above.
- 2 Many a soul is lodged before us,  
In the garner of the grave :  
Jesus, come ! to life restore us,  
Us from all our troubles save.  
Us in infinite compassion  
To our happier friends unite,  
Raise us to our highest station,  
Rank us with Thy saints in light.
- 3 Still we bear about Thy dying  
In our feeble bodies here,  
Languishing for Thee, and crying,  
" Light of life, in us appear,  
Take us to Thy kind embraces,  
To Thy heavenly banquet lead ;  
Wipe the sorrow from our faces,  
Set the crown upon our head."

---

HYMN XV.

- 1 HOSANNAH to God  
In His highest abode  
All heaven be join'd,  
To' extol the Redeemer and Friend of mankind!  
He claims all our praise,  
Who in infinite grace  
Again hath stoop'd down,  
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.

- 2           Our partner below,  
          Our brother in woe,  
          From his sorrow and pain  
He hath call'd to the pleasures that always remain :  
          He hath snatch'd him away  
          From a cottage of clay  
          To a kingdom above,  
A kingdom of glory, and gladness, and love.
- 3           Our friend is restored,  
          To the joy of his Lord  
          With triumph departs,  
But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts :  
          Follow after, he cries,  
          As he mounts to the skies,  
          Follow after your friend,  
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end.
- 4           And shall we not press  
          To that harbour of peace,  
          That heavenly shore,  
Where sorrow, and parting, and death are no more :  
          Our brother pursue,  
          And fight our way through,  
          In the strength of our Lord  
Follow on, till we seize the eternal reward ?
- 5           Through Jesus's name  
          Our comrade o'ercame,  
          And Jesus is ours,  
And arms us with all His invincible powers :  
          He looks from the skies,  
          He shows us the prize,  
          And gives us a sign  
That we shall o'ercome by the mercy Divine.

- 6           The Saviour of all  
               For us He shall call—  
               Shall shortly appear ;  
 Our day of eternal salvation is near.  
               We too shall remove  
               To our city above,  
               On mortals look down,  
 Triumphant assessors of Jesus's throne.
- 7           For us is prepared  
               The angelical guard,  
               The convoy attends,  
 A ministering host of invisible friends ;  
               Ready wing'd for their flight  
               To the regions of light,  
               The horses are come,  
 The chariots of *Israel* to carry *us* home.
- 8           They soon shall convey  
               Our spirits away,  
               Our spirits that groan,  
 And cry for redemption, and long to be gone.  
               By the cross we endure  
               We shall make the crown sure,  
               By a moment of pain  
 We all shall a joyful eternity gain.

---

HYMN XVI.

- 1   HAPPY who in Jesus live,  
       But happier still are they  
 Who to God their spirits give,  
       And 'scape from earth away :

- Lord, Thou read'st the panting heart,  
 Lord, Thou hear'st the praying sigh,  
 O 'tis better to depart,  
 'Tis better far to die !
- 2 Yet if so Thy will ordain,  
 For our companions' good,  
 Let us in the flesh remain,  
 And meekly bear the load :  
 When we have our grief fill'd up,  
 When we all our work have done,  
 Late partakers of our hope,  
 And sharers of Thy throne.
- 3 To Thy wise and gracious will  
 We quietly submit,  
 Waiting for redemption still,  
 But waiting at Thy feet ;  
 When Thou wilt the blessing give,  
 Call us up Thy face to see,  
 Only let Thy servants live,  
 And let us die to Thee.

## NOTE.

IN a copy of Hymn V. corrected by the Author about the year 1782, the first four lines of verse 3, and the last four lines of verse 4, are omitted, reducing the total number of verses to five. The third verse as revised consists of the first half of verse 4 (p. 194), and the latter half of verse 3. The following verbal alterations are also found: verse 1, line 5, instead of "With solemn delight" read "Delighted and awed"; line 6, for "the spirit" read "a spirit"; verse 2, line 2, for "could burden" read "encumbered"; line 6, "With envy" transposed to begin the line; verse 4, line 3, for "immovable" read "insensible"; verse 5, line 2, for "By sorrow" read "Though weary"; line 5, for "fountains" read "springs"; for "can yield" read "afford"; instead of line 6, read "By Mercy's almighty decree"; verse 6, line 3, instead of "And still for" read "For speedy"; line 7, for "spirit" read "soul be".

# F U N E R A L

## H Y M N S.

---

[SECOND SERIES.]

---

*L O N D O N :*

Printed in the year MDCCLIX.



# FUNERAL HYMNS.

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## HYMN I.

- 1 COME let us join our friends above  
That have obtain'd the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise ;  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King  
In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death :  
One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow :  
Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,  
And part is crossing *now*.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home  
*This* solemn moment fly,  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die :

- His militant, embodied host,  
 With wishful looks we stand,  
 And long to see that happy coast,  
 And reach that heavenly land.
- 4 Our old companions in distress  
 We haste again to see,  
 And eager long for *our* release  
 And full felicity :  
 Even now by faith we join our hands  
 With those that went before,  
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
 On the eternal shore.
- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
 Like theirs, with glory crown'd,  
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
 To hear His trumpet sound :  
 O that we now might grasp our Guide !  
 O that the word were given !  
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,  
 And land us all in heaven.

---

 HYMN II.

- 1 How happy every child of grace  
 Who knows his sins forgiven !  
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek my place in heaven :  
 A country far from mortal sight ;  
 Yet, O ! by faith I see  
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
 The heaven prepared for me.

- 
- 2 A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here,  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear :  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past ;  
But, O! the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that *Jerusalem* above  
With singing I repair,  
While in the flesh, my hope and love,  
My heart and soul are there :  
There my exalted Saviour stands,  
My merciful High-Priest,  
And still extends His wounded hands  
To take me to His breast.
- 4 What is there here to court my stay,  
To hold me back from home,  
While angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come ?  
Shall I regret my parted friends  
Still in the vale confined ?  
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,  
They will not stay behind.
- 5 The race we all are running now,  
And if I first attain,  
They too their willing head shall bow,  
They too the prize shall gain :  
Now on the brink of death we stand,  
And if I pass before,  
They all shall soon escape to land,  
And hail me on the shore.

- 
- 6 Then let me suddenly remove,  
 That hidden life to share ;  
 I shall not lose my friends above,  
 But more enjoy them there.  
 There we in Jesus' praise shall join,  
 His boundless love proclaim,  
 And solemnize in songs Divine  
 The marriage of the Lamb.
- 7 O what a blessed hope is ours !  
 While here on earth we stay  
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
 And antedate that day :  
 We feel The Resurrection near,  
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
 And with His glorious presence *here*  
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 8 O would He more of heaven bestow,  
 And let the vessel break,  
 And let our ransom'd spirits go  
 To grasp the God we seek :  
 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze  
 Who bought the sight for *me*,  
 And shout and wonder at His grace  
 Through all eternity.
- 

## HYMN III.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it droop, or die,  
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high :

- 
- Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
(That only bliss for which it pants,)  
In my Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain :  
I suffer out my threescore years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away His servant's tears,  
And take His exile home.
- 3 Surely He will not long delay ;  
I hear His Spirit cry,  
" Arise, My love, make haste away,  
Go, get thee up, and die.  
O'er death, who now has lost his sting,  
I give the victory,  
And with Me My reward I bring,  
I bring My heaven for thee."
- 4 Lord, I the welcome word receive,  
Thee on the mount adore,  
For Thy dear sake content to live  
Some painful moments more :  
I live in holy grief and joy,  
On *Pisgah's* top I stand,  
And life's important point employ,  
To view the promised land.
- 5 O what hath Jesus bought for me !  
Before my ravish'd eyes  
Rivers of life Divine I see,  
And trees of paradise :

- They flourish in perpetual bloom,  
Fruit every month they give ;  
And to the healing leaves who come,  
Eternally shall live.
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who reap the pleasures there ;  
They all are robed in purest white,  
And conquering palms they bear :  
Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace  
They close pursue the Lamb,  
And every shining front displays  
The' unutterable Name.
- 7 They drink the deifying stream,  
They pluck the' ambrosial fruit,  
And each records the praise of Him  
Who tuned his golden lute :  
At once they strike the' harmonious wire,  
And hymn the great Three-One:  
He hears ; He smiles : and all the choir  
Fall down before His throne.
- 8 O what a heaven of heavens is this,  
This swoon of silent love !  
How poor the world's sublimest bliss  
Compared with joys above !  
With joys above may I be blest,  
And earthly bliss I scorn ;  
Or sing triumphantly distress'd  
Till I to God return.
- 9 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, Thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to' appear,  
And worship at Thy feet !

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away,  
I come, to find them all again  
In that eternal day.

## HYMN IV.

FOR A BACKSLIDER (MR. J. H.) NEAR  
DEATH.

- 1 BOWELS of compassion, sound  
In answer to our cry,  
Let Thy balmy grace abound,  
Before our brother die !  
Bleeding Lamb, Thy blood impart  
To sign a burden'd soul's release ;  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.
- 2 Sinner's Advocate, appear,  
In all Thy wounds confess'd,  
Now his fainting spirit cheer,  
And calm his troubled breast :  
Jesu, show Thine healing art,  
And give his tortured conscience ease,  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.
- 3 Do not, Lord, for ever chide  
With one who was Thy son :  
Mercy cries, " Be pacified,  
For all that he hath done :"  
Though he did from Thee depart,  
With pity see his last distress,  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.

- 4 If Thou all his ways hast seen,  
Since first from Thee he ran,  
If Thy hand hath kept him in,  
And fenced him round with pain ;  
If Thy rod hath made him smart,  
And still corrects his frowardness ;  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.
- 5 Let the punishment suffice  
He hath already borne,  
Now to bless his closing eyes,  
Thou lovely Lamb, return ;  
Ere the soul and body part,  
Again Thy lawful captive seize,  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.
- 6 Lord, we will not cease to pray,  
We will not let Thee go,  
Till Thou take his sins away,  
And wash him white as snow ;  
Bless him, ere he hence depart,  
With pardon and salvation bless,  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.
- 7 In this acceptable hour  
Thy pardoning grace reveal,  
If the prayer of faith hath power  
A sin-sick soul to heal :  
If the same Thou always art,  
Make all Thy gracious fulness *his*,  
Whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace.

8 Son of God, come down, come down,  
 And tell him all Thy name,  
 That we all around Thy throne  
 Thy glories may proclaim ;  
 That we never more may part,  
 Partakers of Thy heavenly bliss,  
 Whisper love to *every* heart,  
 And bid *us* die in peace.

---

 HYMN V.

 ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN HUTCHIN-  
 SON, JULY 23, 1754.

1 GLORY, and thanks, and praise  
 To Him who reigns above,  
 The God of unexampled grace,  
 Of unexhausted love ;  
 Whose Spirit often grieved  
 Hath all long-suffering shown,  
 And now to paradise received  
 His poor rebellious son.

2 His son (and mine) is fled  
 Beyond the reach of sin,  
 The everlasting doors display'd  
 Admit the wanderer in :  
 Shout, all ye heavenly choir,  
 The doubtful conflict past,  
 My son is scarcely saved by fire  
 But he *is* saved at last.

3 'Scaped from a life of pain,  
 Disburden'd of his load ;  
 The struggling soul hath burst its chain  
 Of *peevish* flesh and blood :

- Safe to the haven brought,  
Where storms can never come,  
And every folly, every fault,  
Is buried in his tomb.
- 4 The pain, whose lingering strife  
And frequent impulse tore  
The wasted seats of irksome life,  
Shall never vex him more :  
Nor love's severe excess,  
Nor anger's furious start,  
Can his indignant spirit oppress,  
Or rend his frantic heart.
- 5 The tyrannizing power  
Of his own wayward will,  
The buffetings of sin are o'er,  
The stubborn pulse is still ;  
Jesus hath heard our prayer,  
And caught him to His breast,  
And lull'd the self-tormentor there  
To everlasting rest.
- 6 Omnipotent to save,  
Thou didst Thine arm reveal,  
And on the margin of the grave  
All his backslidings heal :  
"Thou didst Thy blood impart,  
To sign his soul's release,  
And whisper love into his heart,  
And bid him die in peace."
- 7 Our hearts with hopes and fears,  
Dying, he chills, and warms,  
The sad desponding sinner cheers,  
The confident alarms :

- Left to the tempter's power,  
He cries to all "Beware,"  
But pardon'd at his latest hour,  
Prohibits our despair.
- 8 Instructed from above,  
Let us the warning take,  
Nor ever, Lord, abuse Thy love,  
Or Thee or Thine forsake :  
Ah ! rather now receive  
The purchase of Thy blood,  
Than let us live to tempt or grieve  
The patience of our God.
- 9 In self-mistrusting fear  
Thy mercy we implore,  
To keep us, till our conflicts here  
Triumphantly are o'er :  
Ah ! make us better, Lord,  
And take us at the best,  
Meet to receive our full reward  
In love's eternal feast.

---

HYMN VI.

ANOTHER.

- 1 WHY should my tears for ever flow,  
Why should I wail the close of woe,  
The end of misery ?  
His real life doth still remain,  
Nothing is dead but grief and pain,  
But that which wish'd to die.\*

\* Compare Young's "Night Thoughts," Night vi., lines 41, 42.

- 2 My HUTCHINSON himself survives ;  
He lives, to God he greatly lives !  
    The' imperishable part  
Is wrapp'd beyond our world of care ;  
Yet now by faithful love I bear  
    His image on my heart.
- 3 I see the generous friend sincere !  
His voice still vibrates in my ear,  
    The voice of truth and love !  
It calls me to put off my clay,  
It bids me soar with him away  
    To fairer worlds above.
- 4 Not even in death his friendship dies :  
With grateful pity and surprise .  
    I ask, How can it be ?  
Loosen'd from all he leaves behind,  
Yet still—unutterably kind—  
    Yet still—he cleaves to me.
- 5 On me he rests his dying head,  
And catching gasps a broken reed,  
    But will not let me part,  
Till Jesus visits him again,  
By nobler love dissolves the chain,  
    And vindicates his heart.
- 6 Soon as the heavenly Guest arrives,  
No more he fondly pants and strives  
    To' entwist his soul with mine :  
He shakes me off—and then his clay,  
He gives me up—and dies away  
    Into the arms Divine.

- 
- 7 Departed hence in perfect peace,  
He loves me now without excess,  
    Or passionate alloy  
Serene, he waits my spirit's flight,  
To range with his the plains of light,  
    And climb the mount of joy.
- 8 Reposed in those *Elysian* seats,  
Where *Jonathan* his *David* meets,  
    Our souls shall soon embrace,  
The utmost power of friendship prove,  
Commenced on earth, matured above,  
    In ecstasies of praise.
- 9 How shall we sing and triumph there,  
Our dangers and escapes compare,  
    Our days of flesh and woe !  
How comprehend the plan Divine,  
And sweetly in His praises join  
    Through whom we met below.
- 10 Through whom in paradise we meet,  
Great Author of our joy complete,  
    Thee, Jesus, we proclaim,  
While all the saints stand listening round,  
And all the realms of bliss resound  
    Salvation to the Lamb.
- 11 The Lamb hath brought us through the fire ;  
The Lamb shall raise our raptures higher,  
    When all from earth are driven,  
Our glorious Head shall cleave the skies,  
And bid His church triumphant rise  
    From paradise to heaven.
-

## HYMN VII.

## ON THE DEATH OF \* \* \*.

- 1 Go, blessed spirit, from earth set free !  
 Thou shalt not leave us long behind!  
 Who calmly hastening after thee,  
 And copying out thy Saviour's mind,  
 Like thee with swift obedience move,  
 To seize the crown of perfect love.
- 2 Thou couldst not rest among *the dead*,  
 In chains of education bound,  
 But following Truth, where'er it led,  
 And listening to the gospel sound,  
 Thy simple heart obey'd His call,  
 And found the God who died for all.
- 3 A witness of His boundless love,  
 Which wills that every soul should live,  
 Thou didst the general blessing prove,  
 The universal grace receive,  
 The rapturous sense of sin forgiven,  
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 4 By that unerring Spirit led,  
 Thou didst the Christian rite require :  
 The Spirit show'd thy farther need  
 Of water, though baptized with fire ;  
 He drew thee to the hallow'd stream,  
 Though all thy soul was plunged in Him.
- 5 Who could forbid the outward sign,  
 When God had given the inward grace ?  
 Obedient to the word Divine,  
 Glad to fulfil all righteousness,  
 Thou found'st thy Lord again reveal'd,  
 And gloriedst in thy pardon seal'd.

- 6 Didst thou not walk with Christ in white?  
Didst thou not keep thy garments pure?  
The virtue of that heavenly rite,  
The Spirit, made thy goings sure,  
And hid thee in the Saviour's breast,  
And fitted for eternal rest.
- 7 Soon as the warning angel came,  
Thy convoy to that world unknown,  
Thy soul, a follower of the Lamb,  
Rejoiced to lay its burden down,  
To pay Him back His dying love,  
And do His will like those above.
- 8 No earthly wish detains thee here,  
Nor friends by more than flesh allied,  
Dearer than life, yet not so dear  
As Him who calls thee to His side,  
And claims thy spotless spirit for His,  
And crowns thee with immortal bliss.
- 9 Bless'd be the love that led thee on,  
And saved throughout from first to last!  
Saviour, on Thy dear love alone  
In life and death our souls we cast,  
Till ripe for heaven we take our flight,  
And clasp again our friends in light.

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HYMN VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MERCY THORNTON,  
MARCH 1, 1757.

- 1 THE' Almighty will be done,  
Who justly claims His own!

- Sister, daughter, friend, farewell !  
Caught up to thy great reward,  
To the bliss ineffable,  
To the bosom of thy Lord.
- 2      Beyond our vale of woe,  
Detach'd from all below,  
Long thy gracious soul aspired  
After His beloved embrace,  
Restlessly its God required,  
Gasp'd to see His glorious face.
- 3      No *new-made* Deity  
He show'd Himself to thee :  
Jesus, Jah, Jehovah, came,  
Pleased His nature to impart,  
Told thee His mysterious name,  
Breathed His Spirit into thy heart.
- 4      Through His own Spirit's power,  
Thou didst thy Lord adore,  
With unborrow'd glories bright,  
Dwelling in an earthly clod,  
God of God, and Light of light,  
Christ the One eternal God.
- 5      God over all supreme,  
Almighty to redeem,  
The first self-existing Cause,  
Him thou didst divinely know,  
Daily triumph in His cross,  
Humbly in His footsteps go.
- Thy meat was to fulfil  
Thy heavenly Father's will :

- 
- Sent to do His will alone,  
O! how swiftly didst thou move,  
Eager, yet composed, to run  
All the course of patient love!
- 7 In meek and quiet peace,  
Thou didst thy soul possess;  
Far from every wild extreme  
Thy substantial piety:  
Never could the world blaspheme,  
Never scoff the truth for thee.
- 8 Close follower of the Lamb,  
Whose love the world o'ercame,  
Them thou didst, like Him, oppose,  
Conquering all their ill with good,  
Melting down the Saviour's foes,  
Foes that trampled on His blood.
- 9 The men who dare disown  
God's co-eternal Son,  
Meet and ready to depart,  
Didst thou not their burden bear?  
Grieved for them thy bleeding heart,  
Sigh'd for them thy dying prayer.
- 10 That latest labour o'er,  
Thy spirit strives no more:  
Finish'd her great work of love,  
Lo! she quits the house of clay,  
Claps her wings, and soars above,  
Mingles with eternal day!
-

## HYMN IX.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY STOTES-  
BURY, MARCH 17, 1759.

- 1 FRIENDLY, faithful soul, adieu,  
Join'd to those escaped before !  
Thou hast gain'd the port in view,  
Thou hast reach'd the happy shore :  
Thee released we cannot mourn,  
Lighten'd of thine earthly load,  
Dead—or rather truly *born*,  
Dead to man, thou liv'st to God.
- 2 Thou art gone to thy reward,  
Follow'd by thy works of love,  
By the servants of thy Lord,  
All whose hearts are fix'd above ;  
Us, who saw thy walk below,  
Us, who seek thy place on high,  
Study in thy steps to go,  
Long, like thee, to live and die.
- 3 Calmly didst thou run thy race,  
Steadily thine end pursue :  
All the fruits of righteousness  
Proved thy faith divinely true :  
Happy thou for Christ prepared,  
Found, when all thy work was past,  
Watching to receive thy Lord,  
Blameless, and in peace at last.
- 4 Fruit of Jesus' lips and prayer,  
Peace thy parting soul attends,  
All thy dying words declare  
Life begun that never ends,

- 
- “ Bless’d be God, for ever bless’d,  
God of my salvation still !  
I am enter’d into rest,  
Pardon on my heart I feel.
- 5 “ What a gracious God is ours !  
How almighty to redeem !  
Blessings on His own He showers,  
Grace alone proceeds from Him ;  
He can only good ordain :  
This in life and death I prove,  
Happy I, though full of pain,  
Fuller still of joy and love.
- 6 “ Him for everything I praise,  
Every benefit Divine,  
Chiefly for His pardoning grace ;  
Life, eternal life is mine !  
Yes, I know, the heavenly Lamb,  
Whom I gladly die to see,  
He hath register’d my name,  
Fitted up the house for me.
- 7 “ Thither on *that ’pointed morn,*  
By His Spirit signified,  
I shall to my Lord return,  
I His pure unspotted bride :  
Lo ! the Bridegroom from above  
Comes my spirit to receive !  
Lo ! I die, to meet my Love,  
Die, eternally to live.”
-

HYMN X.  
ON THE DEATH OF W. H—LL, AGED  
FOURTEEN.\*

- 1 WHERE is the fair *Elysian* flower,  
The blooming youth that charm'd our eyes?  
Cut down, and wither'd in an hour!  
But now transplanted to the skies,  
He triumphs o'er the mouldering tomb,  
He blossoms in eternal bloom.
- 2 Nor did he perish immature,  
Who starting won the short-lived race:  
Unspotted from the world and pure,  
And saved, and sanctified by grace,  
The child fulfils his hundred years,  
And ripe before his God appears.
- 3 Witness his one extreme desire,  
To live, if spared, for God alone;  
But rather with the tuneful choir,  
To join the souls around the throne:  
He grasps on earth the prize above,  
And all his soul is prayer and love.
- 4 When reason fled the rack of pain,  
Love still defied the torturer's power,  
Love, deathless love, doth still remain,  
And consecrates his dying hour,  
And wafts him to his native place,  
And crowns his brow with golden rays.
- 5 Ascending to that world of light,  
He quits our dreary vale of death,  
But drops his mantle in his flight,  
His blessing on his friends beneath;

\* The Author's nephew. The references to his father in Part II. are sustained by many passages in the writings of both J. and C. Wesley. See particularly the Journal of J. Wesley, Dec. 22, 1747.

- Thrice happy, if his virtue's heirs,  
If given to his dying prayers !
- 6 Happy whoe'er his wants supplied,  
Or served an heir of glory here ;  
Happy the souls to thine allied,  
That saw their shining pattern near ;  
Happy the mates thou leav'st below,  
If wise, with thee, their God to know.
- 7 But chiefly bless'd the womb that bare,  
The paps that nursed a child like thee,  
A child of providence and prayer,  
Ordain'd his Father's face to see,  
To' enjoy His love, to chant His praise  
In rapturous, everlasting lays.
- 8 'Tis done, the soul is enter'd there,  
Where kindred saints and angels join :  
We cast away our mournful care,  
We bow and bless the will Divine :  
Let God resume whom God had given,  
And take us after him to heaven.

## HYMN XI.

## PART II.

- 1 REST, happy saint, with God secure,  
Lodged in the bosom of the Lamb,  
Thy joy is full, thy state is sure,  
Through all eternity the same ;  
The heavenly doors have shut thee in,  
The mighty gulf is fix'd between.
- 2 Thy God forbade the son to bear  
The father's wickedness below :  
And O ! thou canst not suffer there  
His foul reproach, his guilty woe,

- His fearful doom thou canst not feel,  
Or fall, like him, from heaven to hell.
- 3 That tender sense of infant grace,  
(Extinct in him,) which dwelt in thee,  
Nor sin, nor Satan, can efface :  
From pain and grief for ever free,  
Thou canst not now his fall deplore,  
Or pray for one that prays no more.
- 4 Yet may thy last expiring prayer  
For a lost parent's soul prevail,  
And move the God of love to spare,  
To' arrest him at the mouth of hell :  
O God of love, Thine ear incline,  
And save a soul that once was Thine.
- 5 Thou didst his heaven-born spirit draw,  
Thou didst his childlike heart inspire,  
And fill with love's profoundest awe ; '  
Though now inflamed with hellish fire,  
He dares 'Thy favourite Son blaspheme,  
And hates the God that died for him.
- 6 Commission'd by the dying God,  
Bless'd with a powerful ministry,  
The world he pointed to Thy blood,  
And turn'd whole multitudes to Thee ;  
Others he saved, himself a prey  
To hell, an hopeless castaway.
- 7 Murderer of souls, Thou know'st, he lives,  
(Poor souls for whom Thyself hast died,)  
His dreadful punishment receives,  
And bears the mark of sullen pride ;  
And furious lusts his bosom tear,  
And the dire worm of sad despair.

- 8 Condemn'd like haggard *Cain* to rove,  
 By Satan and himself pursued,  
 Apostate from redeeming love,  
 Abandon'd to the curse of God;  
 Thou hear'st the vagabond complain,  
 Loud howling, while he bites his chain.
- 9 But O, Thou righteous God, how long  
 Shall Thy vindictive anger last?  
 Canst Thou not yet forgive the wrong,  
 Bid all his penal woes be past?  
 All power, all mercy as Thou art,  
 O break his adamant heart.
- 10 Before the yawning cavern close  
 Its mouth on its devoted prey,  
 Thou, who hast died to save Thy foes,  
 Thy death's omnipotence display;  
 And snatch from that eternal fire,  
 And let him in Thine arms expire.

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 HYMN XII.

## ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. L——N.\*

- 1 FLY, happy spirit, fly  
 Beyond this gloomy sky!  
 Thee our prayers no more detain,  
 Thee our grief recalls no more;  
 Leave awhile thy friends in pain,  
 Land on that eternal shore.
- 2 'Tis done, the soul is fled,  
 The earthy part is dead!

\* Probably Miss Mary Leyson. Compare C. Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 200.

- Dead is that which wish'd to die,  
That which gall'd the soul within,  
Dead the sense of misery,  
Dead the seed of death and sin.
- 3 No pangs of loss or care  
Shall now thy bosom tear,  
Anguish and severe disease,  
Agony and death are past ;  
Now the weary is at peace,  
Peace, which shall for ever last.
- 4 Yes, thou hast found an home  
Where want can never come :  
*Nabal* cannot drive thee thence,  
From thy bosom friends disjoin :  
Sure is that inheritance,  
Spite of hell for ever thine.
- 5 Exposed to want and woe  
By thine own flesh *below*,  
Will thy relatives above  
Thee by their unkindness grieve ?  
Angels cannot scorn thy love,  
God cannot *His* daughter leave.
- 6 Thou *hast*, from earth convey'd,  
A place to lay thy head :  
Lull'd on thy Redeemer's breast,  
Who cannot lament for thee,  
Thee in God supremely bless'd,  
Bless'd through all eternity.
- 7 Yet on thy virgin-bier  
We drop a tender tear,

For ourselves, alas! we mourn,  
 Still by various sorrows pain'd,  
 Still by furious passions torn,  
 Midst the toils of hell detain'd.  
 8 When, dearest soul, shall we  
 Escape and follow thee,  
 Meekly bow our dying head,  
 Gladly from our labour cease,  
 Ready for the Bridegroom made,  
 Ripe for everlasting bliss?  
 9 Bridegroom of souls, reply,  
 And bring redemption nigh,  
 Object of our glorious hope,  
 Come and change our faith to sight,  
 Come and take Thy mourners up,  
 Rank us with Thy saints in light.

HYMN XIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. GRACE BOWEN,\*

JANUARY 2, 1755.

1 STAY, thou triumphant spirit, stay,  
 And bless me ere thou soar'st away,  
 Where pain can never come!  
 In vain my call; the soul is fled,  
 By *Israel's* flaming steeds convey'd  
 To her eternal home.  
 2 Yet lo! I now the blessing find,  
 The legacy she left behind,  
 Fruit of her latest prayer:  
 The answer in my heart I feel,  
 This fresh supply of heavenly zeal,  
 To live and die like her.

\* Mrs. C. Wesley's nurse. See his Journal, vol ii., p. 197—200.

- 
- 3 She lived to serve the God unknown,  
And following in a land not sown,  
    A thorny wilderness,  
Beneath the yoke of legal fear  
She labour'd hard, with heart sincere,  
    To *buy* the Saviour's peace.
- 4 Faithful she then in little was ;  
And zealous for religion's cause,  
    To please the Lord most high,  
In serving man she humbly sought,  
But blindly by her duties thought  
    Herself to justify.
- 5 Yet when she heard the gospel sound,  
That grace doth more than sin abound,  
    That pardoning grace is free,  
She cast her righteous rags aside,  
She closed at once with Christ, and cried,  
    “ He bought the peace for me !”
- 6 From hence the fight of faith begun,  
From hence in Jesus' steps she run,  
    Nor e'er disgraced the cause,  
Meek follower of the patient Lamb,  
She prized His honourable shame,  
    And gloried in His cross.
- 7 By all the rage of fiends and men,  
(The vehement stream, the beating rain,)  
    Assail'd on every side,  
Nor men nor fiends her firmness shock ;  
The house was built upon a Rock,  
    And every storm defied.

- 8 What tongue her hidden worth can tell,  
Her active faith and fervent zeal,  
    And works of righteousness,  
Her thirst and reverence for the word,  
Her love to those who loved her Lord,  
    Or but desired His grace !
- 9 She loved them both in word and deed,  
O'erjoy'd an hungry Christ to feed,  
    To visit Him in pain ;  
Him in His members she relieved,  
And freely as she first received,  
    Gave Him her all again.
- 10 How did her generous bounty deal  
The widow's scanty oil and meal,  
    A treasure for the poor ?  
A treasure spent without decrease,  
As miracle revived to bless  
    The consecrated store.
- 11 But who can paint the strong desire,  
The holy heaven-enkindled fire  
    That glow'd within her breast,  
To' ensure the bliss of friends and foes,  
To save the precious souls of those  
    She ever loved the best !
- 12 Witness, ye children of her prayers,  
Ye objects of her tenderest cares,  
    Into her bosom given,  
Did not her yearning bowels move  
With more than a maternal love  
    To train you up for heaven ?

- 13 Can you her artless warmth forget,  
 Her eager haste to turn your feet  
 Into the narrow road,  
 Her counsels kind, her warning fears,  
 Her loud protests, or silent tears,  
 Whene'er ye stray'd from God !
- 14 She took your guardian angel's part,  
 She watch'd the motions of your heart  
 To pride and pleasure prone ;  
 For you she spent her latest breath,  
 And urged you both in life and death  
 To love the Lord alone.

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 HYMN XIV.

## PART II.

- 1 O LET me on the image dwell,  
 The soul-transporting spectacle  
 On which even angels gaze !  
 An hoary saint mature for God,  
 And shaking off the earthy clod,  
 To see His open face.
- 2 The happiest hour is come at last,  
 When, all her toils and conflicts past,  
 She shall to God ascend,  
 Worn out and spent for Jesus' cause,  
 She now takes up her latest cross,  
 And bears it to the end.
- 3 Summon'd before the throne to' appear,  
 She meets the welcome messenger,  
 Array'd in mortal pain ;

Her only fear lest flesh and blood  
Should sink beneath the sacred load,  
Or weakly once complain.

4 But Christ, the Object of her love,  
Doth with peculiar smiles approve,  
And all her fears control,  
With glory gilds her final scene,  
And not a cloud can rise between  
To hide Him from her soul.

5 As a ripe shock of corn brought home,  
Behold her in due season come  
To claim her full reward !  
Smiling and pleased in death she lies,  
With eagle's eyes looks through the skies,  
And sees her heavenly Lord.

6 The sight her ravish'd spirit fires,  
Her panting dying breast inspires,  
And fills her mouth with praise ;  
She owns the glorious earnest given ;  
The hidden life breaks out, and heaven  
Resplendent in her face.

7 Fill'd up with love and life Divine,  
The house of clay, the earthly shrine,  
Dissolves, and sinks to dust ;  
Without a groan the body dies,  
Her spirit mounts above the skies,  
And mingles with the just.

8 With mix'd concern her flight we view,  
With joy the' ascending pomp pursue,  
Yet for *our* loss distress'd :

- Our bosom friend from earth is flown,  
 A mother of our *Israel* gone  
 To her eternal rest.
- 9 Yet still to us she speaks, though dead,  
 She bids us in her footsteps tread,  
 As in her Saviour's she ;  
 And O that we, like her, may prove  
 Our faith unfeign'd and genuine love,  
 And meek humility.
- 10 Who live her life her death shall die :  
 Come, Lord, our hearts to certify  
 That we the prize shall gain ;  
 Soon as we lay the body down,  
 That we shall wear the' immortal crown,  
 And in Thy glory reign.

## HYMN XV.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. JOHN  
 MERITON,\* AUGUST 10, 1753.

- 1 AND hath he bow'd his head,  
 And render'd up the ghost,  
 So *quietly* escaped, and fled  
 To that immortal host?  
 With them our songs we join,  
 And solemnly proclaim  
 The victory of love Divine,  
 The triumph of the Lamb.
- 2 The Lamb of God alone  
 Supplied His Spirit's might,  
 Through which our fellow-soldier won  
 The good though doubtful fight ;

\* An early friend and fellow-labourer. One of the six clergymen who composed the first Conference in 1744.

- Through which the' *afflicted man*,  
On sovereign mercy cast,  
Rode out the storm of sin and pain,  
And landed safe at last.
- 3 Long was he toss'd below  
On life's tempestuous sea;  
Born to a double share of woe,  
And weight of misery,  
Tortured by cruel fears,  
By flattering hopes deceived,  
He wander'd through the vale of tears,  
And rather died than lived.
- 4 The soul is now at rest,  
The exile roams no more,  
Of his inheritance possess'd  
On that celestial shore :  
A lot that cannot fade,  
A life that cannot die,  
An house by hands immortal made,  
A mansion in the sky.
- 5 Jesus, take all the praise,  
The praise is all Thy due ;  
And save *us* by the word of grace,  
And make us conquerors too :  
The word Thy servant spoke,  
And found its saving power,  
Let us believe, obey—and look  
For death's triumphant hour.
- 6 O that we then, like him,  
Might quietly resign  
The souls Thou suffer'dst to redeem,  
Into those hands of Thine !

O that we then might prove,  
 Like him, the crowning grace,  
 And join our glittering friends above  
 In everlasting lays.

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 HYMN XVI.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. LAMPE.\*

- 1 'TIS done ! the sovereign will's obey'd!  
 The soul, by angel guards convey'd,  
 Has took its seat on high ;  
 The brother of my choice is gone,  
 To music sweeter than his own,  
 And concerts in the sky.
- 2 His spirit, mounting on the wing,  
 Rejoiced to hear the convoy sing,  
 While harping at his side :  
 With ease he caught their heavenly strain,  
 And smiled, and sung in mortal pain ;  
 He sung, and smiled, and died.
- 3 Enroll'd with that harmonious throng,  
 He hears the' unutterable song,  
 The' unutterable Name :  
 He *sees* the Master of the choir,  
 He bows, and strikes the golden lyre,  
 And hymns the glorious Lamb.
- 4 He hymns the glorious Lamb *alone* ;  
 No more constrain'd to make his moan  
 In this sad wilderness,

\* A celebrated musician, who composed several hymn tunes which were long in use among the Methodists. Compare C. Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 174.

- To toil for sublunary pay,  
And cast his sacred strains away,  
And stoop the world to please.
- 5 Redeem'd from earth, the tuneful soul,  
While everlasting ages roll,  
His triumph shall prolong ;  
His noblest faculties exert,  
And all the music of his heart  
Shall warble on his tongue.
- 6 O that my mournful days were past,  
O that I might o'ertake at last  
My happy friend above ;  
With him the church triumphant join,  
And celebrate in strains Divine  
The majesty of love !
- 7 Great God of love, prepare my heart,  
And tune it now to bear a part  
In heavenly melody !  
" I'll strive to sing as loud as they  
Who sit enthron'd in brighter day,"  
And nearer the Most High.
- 8 O that the promised time were come,  
O that we all were taken home,  
Our Master's joy to share !  
Draw, Lord, the living vocal stones ;  
Jesus, recall Thy banish'd ones,  
To chant Thy praises there.
- 9 Our number and our bliss complete,  
And summon all the choir to meet  
Thy glorious throne around ;

The whole musician band bring in,  
 And give the signal to begin,  
 And let the trumpet sound.

---

HYMN XVII.

ON' THE DEATH OF MRS. ANNE WIGGIN-  
 TON, APRIL 24, 1757.

- 1 WHAT shall we say? it is the Lord!  
 His name be praised, His will be done!  
 Bereaved by His revoking word,  
 We meekly render Him His own,  
 And faultless mourn our partner fled,  
 Our friend removed, our *Dorcas* dead.
- 2 A Christian good, without pretence,  
 A widow by her works approved,  
 A saint indeed is summon'd hence,  
 To triumph with her Best-beloved,  
 In whom she found acceptance here,  
 And *show'd* her faith by humble fear.
- 3 By works of righteousness she show'd  
 The gracious principle within,  
 By reverence for the things of God,  
 By deadness to the world and sin,  
 By laying up her wealth above,  
 By all the toils of patient love.
- 4 Memorial of her faith unfeign'd,  
 As incense sweet, before the throne,  
 Did not her prayers and alms ascend,  
 And bring the heavenly herald down?  
 Did she not for the preacher call,  
 With news of pardoning grace for all?

- 5 What though she in the desert pined,  
And languish'd for the light in vain,  
Her soul obedient, and resign'd,  
Did darkly safe with God remain,  
Who led His trembling servant on,  
And bless'd her in a path unknown.
- 6 Unconscious of the grace received,  
She mourn'd, as destitute of grace,  
A pattern to believers lived,  
And labour'd on with even pace,  
Possess'd of *Mary's* better part,  
And *Martha's* hands, and *Lydia's* heart.
- 7 No noisy self-deceiver she,  
No boaster vain of faith untried :  
Her own good deeds she could not see,  
But wrought, and cast them all aside ;  
And when her glorious race was run,  
Complain'd, "She never yet begun."

## HYMN XVIII.

## PART II.

- 1 SOON as the warning angel came,  
That call'd her up to worlds on high,  
Meek as a death-devoted lamb,  
Yet starting as unfit to die,  
Her nature's frailty she confess'd,  
And sunk upon her Saviour's breast.
- 2 He own'd the soul so dearly loved,  
And cutting short His work of grace,  
Her sins insensibly removed,  
Made meet at once to see His face,

- And lo! her latest fears are o'er,  
And pain and suffering is no more.
- 3 One only labour yet remains,  
Her genuine faith to justify,  
One only care the spirit detains,  
When wing'd, and ready for the sky :  
That agony of love unknown,  
That cry in death, " My son, my son !"
- 4 Can she her sucking child forget,  
In travail for his soul so long ?  
Discharging nature's double debt,  
She warns him with a faltering tongue ;  
She wins him by her latest breath,  
The mother of his soul in death.
- 5 By all the powers of love pursued,  
To Christ with holy violence driven,  
She claims him for the Saviour God,  
She turns, and lifts his heart to heaven :  
In faith's almighty arms she bears,  
And crowns her counsels with her prayers.
- 6 In vain her strength and language fail,  
Speechless she urges her request,  
She *will* with the God-Man prevail :  
And now of all her wish possess'd,  
Smiling, she looks Him back the praise,  
And heaven is open'd in her face.
- 7 Those heavenly smiles distinctly tell  
The rapturous bliss her spirit feels,  
The glorious joy unspeakable,  
Which Christ to dying saints reveals:  
The sight, which none can here conceive,  
The sight, which none can see and live.

- 8 Like *Moses* on the mountain laid  
 With longing looks, and ravish'd eyes,  
 She sees the Saviour's arms display'd,  
 She sees His open face, and dies !  
 Drops at His kiss the mortal clod,  
 And plunges in the depths of God.

---

 HYMN XIX.

## A PRAYER FOR A DYING CHILD.

- 1 FATHER, Lord of earth and heaven,  
 Spare, or take what Thou hast given ;  
 Sole Disposer of Thine own,  
 Let Thy sovereign will be done.
- 2 When Thou didst our *Isaac* give,  
 Him we trembled to receive,  
 Him we call'd not ours, but Thine,  
 Him we promised to resign.
- 3 Lo ! we to our promise stand,  
 Lo ! we answer Thy demand,  
 Will not murmur or complain,  
 If Thou claim Thine own again.
- 4 Life and death depend on Thee,  
 Just and good is Thy decree,  
 Safe in Thy decree we rest,  
 Sure whatever is, is best.
- 5 Meekly we our vow repeat,  
 Nature *shall* to grace submit,  
 Let him on the altar lie,  
 Let the victim live, or die.

- 
- 6 Yet Thou know'st what pangs of love  
 In a father's bosom move,  
 What the agony to part,  
 Struggling in a mother's heart.
- 7 Sorely tempted and distress'd,  
 Can we make the fond request?  
 Dare we pray for a reprieve?  
*Need* we ask that he may live?
- 8 God we absolutely trust,  
 Wise, and merciful, and just,  
 All Thy works to Thee are known,  
 All Thy blessed will be done.
- 9 If his life a snare would prove,  
 Rob us of Thy heavenly love,  
 Steal our hearts from God away;  
 Mercy will not let him stay.
- 10 If his life would matter raise  
 Of Thine everlasting praise,  
 More his Saviour glorify;  
 Mercy will not let him die.

---

HYMN XX.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.\*

- 1 DEAD! dead! the child I loved so well!  
 Transported to the world above!  
 I need no more my heart conceal:  
 I never dared indulge my love:  
 But may I not indulge my grief,  
 And seek in tears a sad relief?

\* The Poet's first-born. Compare Part II., ver. 2.

- 
- 2 Mine earthly happiness is fled,  
His mother's joy, his father's hope :  
O had I died in *Isaac's* stead !  
He *should* have lived, my age's prop,  
He should have closed his father's eyes,  
And follow'd me to paradise.
- 3 But hath not Heaven, who first bestow'd,  
A right to take His gifts away ?  
I bow me to the sovereign God,  
Who snatch'd him from the evil day !  
Yet nature *will* repeat her moan,  
And fondly cry, " My son, my son !"
- 4 Turn from him, turn, officious thought !  
Officious thought presents again  
The thousand little acts he wrought,  
Which wound my heart with soothing pain :  
His looks, his winning gestures rise,  
His waving hands, and laughing eyes !
- 5 Those waving hands no more shall move,  
Those laughing eyes shall smile no more :  
He cannot now engage our love  
With sweet insinuating power,  
Our weak unguarded hearts ensnare,  
And rival his Creator there.
- 6 From us, as we from him, secure,  
Caught to his heavenly Father's breast,  
He waits, till we the bliss ensure,  
From all these stormy sorrows rest,  
And see him with our angel stand,  
To waft, and welcome us to land.
-

## HYMN XXI.

## PART II.

- 1 FAREWELL, (since heaven ordains it so,)
 

Farewell, my yearning heart's desire !  
 Stunn'd with the providential blow,  
 And scarce beginning to respire,  
 I own, and bow me in the dust,  
 My God is good, and wise, and just.
- 2 He justly claims the first-born son,
 

Accepts my costly sacrifice,  
 Dearest of all His gifts but one,  
 At His command the victim dies !  
 He but resumes what He had given,  
 He takes my sacrifice to heaven.
- 3 His wisdom *timed* the *lingering* stroke,
 

The mother first resolved to save ;  
 The mother left, the child He took,  
 Nor let them share a common grave ;  
 And still my better half survives,—  
*Joseph* is dead, but *Rachel* lives.
- 4 His goodness towards us all design'd
 

To save us from a world of care ;  
 He knew His pleading Spirit's mind,  
 He heard in me His Spirit's prayer,  
 And kindly hasten'd to remove  
 The object of my fatal love.
- 5 The Searcher of my heart can tell
 

How oft its fondness I withstood,  
 When forced a father's joy to feel,  
 I shrunk from the suspected good,  
 Refused the perilous delight,  
 And hid me from the pleasing sight.

- 
- 6 The labour of my aching breast,  
The racking fears, to God are known ;  
I could not in his danger rest,  
I trembled for my helpless son :  
But all my fears for ever cease,  
My son hath gain'd the port of peace.
- 7 The travail of my soul is past,  
Severer than the mother's throes,  
For lo ! my child is *born* at last,  
The glorious life of angels knows,  
He bursts yon ambient azure shell,  
He flies from us, with God to dwell.
- 8 Look down, thou happy spirit, look down,  
An eye of pitying love let fall  
On us, who long to share thy crown,  
Who for that spotless mantle call,  
In which thou shalt for ever shine,  
That robe of righteousness Divine.
- 9 Great King of saints, to Thee alone  
For mercy and for grace we pray :  
Thy glorious grace hath saved the son ;  
The parents next to heaven convey,  
Thy power and goodness to adore,  
Where death and parting is no more.

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### HYMN XXII.

#### PART III.

- 1 JESUS, our sure support Thou art,  
Our only hope in deep distress ;  
Thy comforts calm the troubled heart,  
And cheer'd by Thy victorious grace

The mourner gives her wailings o'er,  
And *Rachel* weeps her loss no more.

- 2 O might Thy love our loss repair,  
This mountain load of grief remove :  
The burden we with patience bear,  
But cannot rest without Thy love,  
But, till we hear Thy pardoning voice,  
We cannot in Thy will rejoice.
- 3 If Thou hast wrought us, Lord, to this,  
If now Thy chastening hand we see,  
Which strips us of our creature-bliss,  
To make us seek our bliss in Thee,  
On us Thy pardoning love bestow,  
And bless us with that heaven below.
- 4 If Thou hast torn our child away,  
To make Thyself the larger room,  
No longer, gracious Lord, delay,  
But to Thy drooping servants come,  
And take up all this aching void,  
And fill our happy souls with God.

---

HYMN XXIII.

PART IV.

- 1 WHY should our hearts for ever bleed,  
Why should we still as hopeless mourn ?  
The child is safe ! the child is dead !  
And never shall to us return :  
But we to him shall soon arise,  
And clasp the saint in paradise.

- 
- 2 Who weeping build our infant's tomb,  
With joy we hasten to our own :  
That happiest day will quickly come,  
When we shall lay our burden down,  
When loosed from earth our souls shall soar,  
And find, whom we shall lose no more.
- 3 No human heart can e'er conceive  
The transports of our meeting there,  
Where pure departed spirits live,  
Where one we fondly deem'd our heir,  
To full angelic stature grown,  
Inherits an immortal crown.
- 4 Arrived above, the stranger stands,  
Encompass'd with acclaiming choirs :  
He hears, and waves his plausive hands,  
Transported with the harpers' lyres,  
Expands his tuneful soul to prove  
The' harmonious powers of heavenly love.
- 5 And can we wish him doom'd again  
To childish ignorance and fears,  
Obnoxious to disease and pain,  
Imprison'd in our vale of tears,  
Exposed to all we dread beneath,  
Passion, and sin, and second death ?
- 6 Ah, no ! we would not have him back,  
But soon ourselves to him remove,  
While meet his glory to partake,  
And perfected in patient love,  
We see with ravish'd hearts and eyes  
The loss which brought us to the skies.

## HYMN XXIV.

## PART V.

- 1 ANGELS rejoice ! a child is born,  
    Into your happier world above !  
Let poor short-sighted mortals mourn,  
    While on the wings of heavenly love  
An everlasting spirit flies,  
To claim his kindred in the skies.
- 2 His few sad days of guiltless pain  
    Are all irrevocably gone,  
Escaped from earth without a stain,  
    My heart's desire, my darling son,  
Hath first attain'd his endless rest,  
Hath reach'd his heavenly Father's breast.
- 3 And shall I for his bliss repine,  
    And shall I for his absence grieve ?  
Or rather bless the choice Divine,  
    With awful joy and thanks receive  
The period of my countless cares,  
The answer of my thousand prayers !
- 4 My prayers are seal'd, my child is fled,  
    Is safe on that eternal shore :  
No longer I his dangers dread,  
    The poisonous world's bewitching power,  
The charms of sin, the tempter's art,  
The fondness of a parent's heart.
- 5 No more my eyes with tears o'erflow,  
    No more in deep distress I pray,  
" Ah ! save my child from endless woe,  
    Ah ! take him from the evil day,  
Nor let the *man* his God deny,  
Nor let him live to sin, and die."

- 6 Who fill'd me with those jealous fears,  
 Who arm'd my heart with sad mistrust,  
 The God of love hath seen my tears,  
 And never *can* the child be lost,  
 Whom God hath found, and claim'd for His,  
 And snatch'd to everlasting bliss.

---

 HYMN XXV.

## PART VI.

- 1 'Tis finish'd ! all his course of pain !  
 'Tis finish'd ! all our task of care !  
 We turn us to our rest again,  
 In solemn praise, and humble prayer :  
 For lo ! our awful office ends,  
 For lo ! our sacred charge ascends !
- 2 The child, of whom we seem bereaved,  
 Whom feeble flesh would still deplore,  
 Our heavenly Father hath received,  
 And kindly bids us weep no more,  
 But cheerfully His loan resign,  
 And leave him in the arms Divine.
- 3 Father, we make Thy deed our own,  
 Submissive to Thy wisest choice ;  
 Though nature give a parting groan,  
 Our spirits *shall* in Thee rejoice,  
 And thankfully at last approve  
 The' appointment of eternal love.
- 4 'Twas love ordain'd so short a date,  
 So light a load of penal pain,  
 And hence the favourite of fate  
 Put on, and burst, his fleshly chain ;

---

Received, and rendering up his breath,  
Retired into the shades of death.

- 5 But we by faith's illumined eye  
    Beyond the cloud of death behold  
A Sun in yon eternal sky,  
    Which gilds and turns the cloud to gold ;  
And in that golden light I see  
The child that owed his birth to me.
- 6 In a new world of light and bliss,  
    An angel now our child appears ;  
His joy hath made our sorrow cease,  
    His looks have dried our selfish tears,  
His looks, where heavenly glories shine,  
And call us to the sight Divine.
- 7 Father of lights, and God of love,  
    Thy call we joyfully obey,  
And hasten to our friends above,  
    Who for their old companions stay ;  
Till all before Thy face shall meet,  
And find in Thee our heaven complete.

---

HYMN XXVI.

PART VII.

- 1 BLESSING, and love, and thanks, and praise,  
    Wisdom, and majesty, and power,  
And riches, more than earth can raise,  
    To God, who at the destined hour  
Hath singled out our only son,  
And caught an infant to His throne.

- 
- 2 The Lord our favour'd child hath bless'd  
Above what we could ask, or hope ;  
Hath far exceeded our request,  
And fill'd our largest wishes up  
With more than nature *dared* require,  
Or a *fond* parent's heart desire.
- 3 We rashly for our offspring claim  
The goods which foolish mortals prize,  
Beauty, and health, and power, and fame ;  
We wish them great, and rich, and wise,  
With pleasures crown'd, and long to live  
In all the bliss which earth can give.
- 4 But see, whom God hath made *His* heir,  
Adorn'd with each celestial grace !  
His features how divinely fair,  
How full of heaven his blooming face !  
And what shall mar that heavenly bloom,  
Where pain and death can never come ?
- 5 With glory deck'd, and clothed with power,  
On kings the pitying saint looks down,  
For who can tell his gracious store,  
Or count the jewels of his crown ?  
Bright as ten thousand stars they shine,  
And purchased all by blood Divine.
- 6 With pure superior wisdom fraught,  
He fathoms the angelic minds,  
Prevents the quickest glance of thought,  
And truth by intuition finds,  
He comprehends the One in Three,  
He sounds the depths of Deity.

- 7 Knowledge, and power, and glory meet  
 To' enhance his happiness and joy ;  
 His joy unutterably great,  
 His happiness without alloy,  
 His pleasures spiritual and pure,  
 Immortal as their Source endure.
- 8 Happy, and wise, and great, and good,  
 In fashion like his Maker found,  
 With heavenly faculties endued,  
 With all Divine perfections crown'd,  
 And long as God His throne maintains,  
 The heir with Christ triumphant reigns.

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 HYMN XXVII.

## PART VIII.

- 1 FATHER, in Thee our hearts confide,  
 And wait Thine utmost word to feel,  
 Have we not been by trouble tried ?  
 Now let it answer all Thy will,  
 Now let it yield with vast increase  
 The peaceful fruit of righteousness.
- 2 Beneath Thy chastening hand we stoop,  
 And pour out our sad souls in prayer,  
 Prostrate, till mercy lift us up,  
 Till Thou Thy righteousness declare :  
 To Thee, by deep affliction driven,  
 We cry, to know our sins forgiven.
- 3 Come, to Thy drooping servants come,  
 Thou God of reconciling grace,  
 Pierce through, dispel this guilty gloom,  
 Unveil the brightness of Thy face ;

- And while these clouds of grief remove,  
 Appear, the pardoning God of love.
- 4 We will not let our sorrow go,  
     Till Thee our God we apprehend :  
 Ah ! wouldst Thou now the grace bestow,  
     Into our hearts the comfort send,  
 The peace that pain and loss defies,  
 The life Divine that never dies.
- 5 In us Thy pardoning love reveal,  
     And when we feel the blessing given,  
 Our tongues Thy pardoning love shall tell,  
     Shall spread the news through earth and heaven,  
 "The Lord hath caught away our son,  
 And given us in exchange *His own*."

---

 HYMN XXVIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. L——,\* JULY 6,  
 1756.

- 1 AH ! lovely Christlike soul, adieu !  
 Darling of every heart that knew  
     Thy short-lived excellence !  
 Rest in the bosom of thy God,  
 Who just to gazing mortals show'd,  
     And snatch'd the wonder hence.
- 2 Unworthy of her longer stay,  
 Forbid to plead, forbid to pray,  
     We mournfully resign  
 Our friend, so suddenly removed ;  
 We render to her Best-beloved  
     The heavenly loan Divine.

\* Probably Mrs. Lefevre, an "Extract" from whose "Letters" was published and highly commended by Wesley.

- 3 But *need* we now our grief conceal,  
Forced in the tenderest nerve to feel  
The universal loss?  
We *cannot* curb our swelling sighs,  
Or stop the fountains of our eyes,  
Remembering what she *was*.
- 4 She *was* (let all her worth confess,  
Let all her precious memory bless,  
And after her aspire !)  
A burning and a shining light ;  
She *was*—to gild our land of night,  
And set our world on fire.
- 5 She *was* (what words can never paint)  
A spotless soul, a sinless saint,  
In perfect love renew'd,  
A mirror of the Deity,  
A transcript of the One in Three,\*  
A temple fill'd with God.
- 6 The witness of His hallowing grace,  
Talk'd with her Maker face to face,  
And mark'd with His new name,  
His nature visibly express'd,  
While all her even life confess'd  
The meekness of the Lamb.
- 7 Bless'd with His lowly, loving mind,  
One with the Friend of human kind,  
In all His steps she trod ;  
In doing good, and bearing ill,  
Fulfill'd her heavenly Father's will,  
And lived and died to God.

\* Compare C. Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 207.

- 
- 8 Eager to drink His deepest cup,  
 She fill'd her Lord's afflictions up,  
     Together crucified ;  
 To nature's will entirely dead,  
 She languish'd till she bow'd her head,  
     And with her Saviour died.
- 9 Like Him, her *thirty years and three*  
 She finish'd on the sacred tree,  
     In sacrificial prayer,  
 Calmly without a lingering sigh  
*Dismiss'd her spirit* to the sky,  
     And clasps her Jesus there !

---

 HYMN XXIX.

## PART II.

- 1 O THAT the child of heavenly light  
 Might drop her mantle in her flight,  
     Her lamblike spirit leave ;  
 On us let all her graces rest,  
 To meeken every troubled breast,  
     And teach us how to grieve !
- 2 Happy, could we the secret find,  
 Like her in all events resign'd  
     To gain by every loss ;  
 Our sharpest agonies to' improve,  
 Esteem our Master's lot, and love  
     And glory in His cross !
- 3 Master, on us, even us bestow  
 Like precious faith Thyself to know ;  
     Fulfil our heart's desire,

Daily in all her steps to tread,  
 And let us in the garden bleed,  
 And on the mount expire.

4 Like her, who now supremely bless'd,  
 Enjoys an everlasting rest,

We fain on earth would be  
 As harmless as that gentlest dove,  
 As simplified by humble love,  
 As perfectly like Thee.

5 O were it, Lord, on us bestow'd,  
 The love that in her bosom glow'd,  
 The love invincible,  
 The love that turns the other cheek,  
 The love inviolably meek,  
 That bears and conquers all !

6 Made ready here by patient love  
 For sweetest fellowship above  
 With our translated friend,  
 Give us through life her spirit to breathe,  
 Indulge us then to die her death,  
 And bless us with her end.

---

HYMN XXX.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY NAYLOR,  
 MARCH 21, 1757.

1 BUT is the hasty spirit fled?  
 But hath my friend inclined her head,  
 And laid her burden down?  
 Dead, dead to man, to God she lives,  
 And from her Saviour's hands receives  
 The never-fading crown.

- 
- 2 Away my tears, and selfish sighs !  
The happy saint in paradise  
Requires us not to mourn ;  
But rather keep her life in view,  
And still her shining steps pursue,  
Till all to God return.
- 3 Her life from outward evil free,  
From every gross enormity  
Her life of nature was :  
Harmless she pass'd her *time to play*,  
Stranger to Christ the living Way,  
Regardless of His cross.
- 4 But when she heard the gospel-sound,  
The seed received in the good ground,  
The heart-engrafted word  
Produced an hundred-fold increase,  
And join'd to Jesus' witnesses,  
She gloried in *her* Lord.
- 5 With joy she flew her all to sell,  
Borne on the wings of rapid zeal,  
Impatient of delay ;  
Away she cast with eager strife  
Kindred and friends, and more than life,  
She cast her fame away.
- 6 Where Satan keeps his gaudy throne,  
Firm as the righteous *Lot*, alone  
Against the world she stood,  
The cross endured, the shame despised,  
And only sought, and only prized,  
The praise that comes from God.

- 
- 7 When men and fiends against her rose,  
 Could all her fierce opprobrious foes  
 Her steadfast faith o'erturn ?  
 A follower of the patient Lamb,  
 The hatred she with love o'ercame,  
 And triumph'd in the scorn.
- 8 Her solid piety unfeign'd  
 A witness from her foes obtain'd,  
 And forced them to confess,  
 "Where faith appears with virtue crown'd,  
 Religion pure on earth is found,  
 And all her paths are peace."
- 

## HYMN XXXI.

## PART II.

- 1 LONG in those peaceful pleasant ways  
 She walk'd, she ran the Christian race,  
 With *never-slackening* care ;  
 Studious her talents to improve,  
 She lived a life of faith and love,  
 Of holiness and prayer.
- 2 The weightier matters of the law  
 With single eye she clearly saw,  
 Nor overlook'd the less :  
 Her tithe of mint she gladly paid,  
 But the main stress on mercy laid,  
 And truth and righteousness.
- 3 The golden rule she still pursued,  
 And did to others as she would  
 Others should do to her :

- Justice composed her upright soul,  
Justice did all her thoughts control,  
And form'd her character.
- 4 Her "morals, O Thou bleeding Lamb,"  
Forth from that open fountain came,  
That wounded side of Thine ;  
Thy love of equity she caught,  
Thy Spirit in her spirit wrought  
The righteousness Divine.
- 5 Thenceforth an *Israelite* indeed,  
By childlike innocency led,  
And ignorant of art,  
See her integrity approved  
To God and man : the truth she loved,  
And spoke it from her heart.
- 6 To falsehood an eternal foe,  
The fair pretence, the specious show,  
The gross and colour'd lie ;  
Darkness she never put for light,  
Evil for good, or wrong for right,  
Or fraud for piety.
- 7 Through all her words the soul within,  
The honest, artless soul, was seen,  
Ingenuous, pure, and free :  
Candour and love were sweetly join'd  
With easy nobleness of mind,  
And true simplicity.
- 8 Inspired with godliness sincere,  
She had her conversation here ;  
No guile in her was found :

Cheerful and open as the light,  
 She dwelt in her own people's sight,  
 And gladden'd all around.

---

HYMN XXXII.

PART III.

- 1 MERCY, that heaven-descending guest,  
 Resided in her gentle breast,  
 And full possession kept ;  
 While listening to the orphan's moan,  
 And echoing back the widow's groan,  
 She wept with them that wept.
- 2 Affliction, poverty, disease,  
 Drew out her soul in soft distress  
 The wretched to relieve :  
 In all the works of love employ'd,  
 Her sympathising soul enjoy'd  
 The blessedness to give.
- 3 Her Saviour in His members seen,  
 A stranger she received Him in,  
 An hungry Jesus fed,  
 Tended her sick imprison'd Lord,  
 And flew in all His wants to' afford  
 Her ministerial aid.
- 4 A nursing mother to the poor,  
 For them she husbanded her store,  
 Her life, her all bestow'd :  
 For them she labour'd day and night,  
 In doing good her whole delight,  
 In copying after God.

- 5 But did she then herself conceal  
From her own flesh? or kindly feel  
Their every want and woe?  
'Tis *Corban this*, she never said,  
But dealt alike her sacred bread  
To feed both friend and foe.
- 6 Free from the busy worldling's cares,  
Who gathers riches—for his heirs,  
Who hoards what God hath given;  
Fast as the Lord her basket bless'd,  
Fast as her well-got wealth increased,  
She laid it up in heaven.
- 7 Witness ye servants of her Lord,  
Ye preachers of the joyous word,  
Constrain'd with her to' abide :  
With *Lydia's* open house and heart,  
Glad of her carnal things to' impart,  
She all your wants supplied.
- 8 Surely ye judged her faithful *then* :  
And did she not through life remain  
Invariably the same?  
Her even soul to heaven aspired,  
The only mind of Christ desired,  
The tempers of the Lamb.

## HYMN XXXIII.

## PART IV.

- 1 THOUGH envy foul its poison shed,  
To blast the venerable dead,  
With base reproach to load,

- She did not lose her pious pains ;  
Her judgment with her Lord remains,  
Her work is with her God.
- 2 She never left her former love,  
Her zeal, or boldness to reprove  
Triumphant wickedness :  
Since first she knew the Crucified,  
She never cast her shield aside,  
Or forfeited her peace.
- 3 Constant, unwarped from first to last,  
She kept the faith, and held it fast,  
From sin and error free,  
Contending for the faith *alone*,  
The name inscribed in the white stone,  
The *life* of piety.
- 4 While others spent their strength for nought,  
For trifles she no longer fought,  
For *human* rules or rites :  
Her soul the *Shibboleths* disdain'd,  
By rigid novices maintain'd,  
And smooth-tongued hypocrites.
- 5 With ease her quick discerning eyes  
Look'd through the *soft* and thin disguise,  
The *meek* and *humble* veil :  
Beneath the *superficial* grace,  
She knew the lurking fiend to trace,  
The rage and pride of hell.
- 6 Yet neither earth nor hell could move  
Her firm unconquerable love  
To Jesus and His flock :

Her faith did all assaults endure,  
 And stood like its Foundation sure  
 Establish'd on a rock.

- 7 She loved, but lean'd no more on man,  
 A broken reed, an helper vain ;  
 People and ministers  
 Men of like passions she beheld,  
 Their faults and weaknesses conceal'd,  
 And help'd them by her prayers.
- 8 Their Master she revered in them,  
 With grateful love, and high esteem,  
 Rejoiced their work to own ;  
 But only Christ *her Lord* allow'd,  
 And with entire devotion bow'd  
 To Jesus' name alone.

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 HYMN XXXIV.

## PART V.

- 1 FREE from that partial, blind respect,  
 Which marks the favourite of a sect,  
 Implicitly resign'd,  
 With *others'* eyes she scorn'd to see,  
 And stretch'd her arms of charity,  
 Engrasping all mankind.
- 2 In love and every grace she *grew*,  
 As nearer her departure drew ;  
 The active, restless soul  
 From strength to greater strength went on,  
 Swifter and swifter still she run,  
 To reach the heavenly goal.

- 3 She lived a burning shining light,  
With never-fading lustre bright,  
With never-cooling love :  
Meet for the infinite reward,  
Expecting to receive her Lord  
And Bridegroom from above.
- 4 He came, and warn'd her to depart ;  
He knock'd at her attentive heart,  
And fitted for the sky ;  
She open'd to her welcome Guest,  
With eager instantaneous haste  
She gat her up, to die.
- 5 *To die*, her only business then,  
The meed of all her toils to gain,  
Made ready long before,  
She flies to lay her body down,  
And pain, and sin, and grief are gone,  
And suffering is no more.
- 6 " Nothing," she cries, " can shake my peace,  
My body, or my soul, distress,  
Or tempt me once to fear ;  
My full salvation is wrought out,  
I cannot mourn, I cannot doubt,  
For Christ and heaven is here.
- 7 Not in my helpless self I trust,  
But on my faithful Lord and just,  
In life and death depend ;  
Secure of everlasting bliss,  
Into those gracious hands of His  
My spirit I commend."
- 8 She speaks, and bows her willing head ;  
She sinks among the' immortal dead,  
Without a lingering groan ;

Meek, as the Lamb of God, departs,  
And carries up our bleeding hearts  
To that eternal throne.

---

## HYMN XXXV.

## PART VI.

- 1 THERE with the virgin-choir she sits,  
And Jesus her appeal admits  
From man's unrighteous bar :  
He kept her faithful unto death,  
And with a never-fading wreath  
Rewards His servant there.
- 2 Go, envious fiend, and force her down ;  
Go, pluck the jewels from her crown,  
And lessen her reward :  
Pollute by thy opprobrious praise,  
Or tear her from that blissful place,  
Or part her from her Lord.
- 3 The sacrilegious hope is vain  
Her spotless purity to stain,  
Her heavenly joy to' impair ;  
The saint whom erring saints disown  
Shall smile on a superior throne,  
And brighter glories wear.
- 4 Yes, happy soul, so closely press'd,  
On earth, in heaven, to Jesus' breast,  
With Him thou reign'st above ;  
Beyond our censure, or our praise,  
Enthroned where purest seraphs gaze,  
In all the heights of love.

- 5 How far below thy dazzling sphere  
Shall all thy blushing foes appear,  
If finally forgiven !  
O might thy censurers—and I—  
Obtain the grace like thee to die,  
And kiss thy feet in heaven.
- 6 Saviour, regard my vehement prayer,  
Who only canst my loss repair,  
And solid comfort send ;  
Send down Thy likeness from above,  
And in that Spirit of meekest love  
O give me back my friend.
- 7 I loved her for Thy sake alone ;  
For on her soul Thine image shone ;  
Ah ! wouldst Thou, Lord, impress  
The heavenly character on mine,  
And fill my heart with peace Divine,  
And joy and righteousness.
- 8 O might I of Thy follower learn  
The calm and genuine unconcern  
For human praise or blame,  
The patient faith, the even mind,  
The love unconquerably kind,  
The meekness of the Lamb !
- 9 I want—to love my foes like her,  
Nor shrink from Satan's messenger,  
Nor turn my face aside ;  
But silently enjoy the loss,  
The shame, the wrong, and hug the cross  
With Jesus crucified.
- 10 I want (alas ! Thou know'st my heart)  
As safe, and sudden, to depart,  
As meet Thy face to see ;

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I groan my happier friend to' o'ertake,  
And give my gasping spirit back,  
And die like her—and Thee.

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## HYMN XXXVI.

## ANOTHER.

- 1 SHE flies ! the soul as lightning flies !  
She mounts exulting to the skies,  
Beyond the reach of death and pain,  
And never shall she sin again.
  - 2 Possess'd of that for which alone  
We daily toil, and suffer on,  
In exile pine, in prison sigh,  
And languish till allow'd to die.
  - 3 In prayer and praise we lift our voice,  
In joy lament, in grief rejoice :  
By sinking rise, by losing gain,  
And endless life by death obtain.
  - 4 This dying life shall soon be past,  
(A moment cannot always last,)  
And He who set our partner free  
Shall quickly send for you and me.
  - 5 Even now the heavenly convoy waits ;  
Open, ye everlasting gates !  
Redeem'd from earth, escaped from sin,  
Receive the weary exiles in.
  - 6 We after our translated friend,  
Out of the wilderness ascend,  
Enter into the heavenly rest,  
And meet her—on the Saviour's breast.
-

## HYMN XXXVII.

## ANOTHER.

- 1 SHOUT, ye heirs of sure salvation,  
Love's accomplish'd sacrifice !  
See our partner in temptation  
On the wings of angels flies !  
Join the convoy,  
Swell the triumph of the skies.
- 2 He who set His love upon her,  
Doth for His beloved send,  
Crowns her with immortal honour,  
Glorious joys that never end :  
Saints and angels  
Praise our everlasting Friend.
- 3 Christ, the Friend of sinners, bought her,  
Her, and all our ruin'd race :  
Now He up to heaven hath caught her,  
Now He in her sight displays  
All His goodness,  
All the beauties of His face.
- 4 Token of our own translation  
Her translation we receive,  
Earnest of our full salvation,  
While He doth His Spirit give :  
Hallelujah !  
We like her with God shall live.
- 5 God, our soul's eternal Lover,  
Calls us to His courts above ;  
Round us now our angels hover,  
Us our guards shall soon remove,  
There to banquet  
On His everlasting love.

- 6 Haste, ye ministerial<sup>s</sup> spirits,  
 Thither bear us on your wings,  
 Where our friend her crown inherits,  
 Where our old companion sings,  
 Bows to Jesus,  
 King of all the heavenly kings.
- 7 Jesus, now assume Thy power,  
 Alpha and Omega be,  
 Now let every knee adore,  
 Every eye Thy kingdom see,  
 With Thine ancients  
 Reign through all eternity.

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 HYMN XXXVIII.

 ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. JAMES  
 HERVEY, DECEMBER 25, 1758.

- 1 HE'S gone! the spotless soul is gone,  
 Triumphant to his place above;  
 The prison walls are broken down,  
 The angels speed his swift remove,  
 And shouting on their wings he flies,  
 And HERVEY rests in paradise.
- 2 Through the last dreadful conflict brought,  
 Which shook so sore his dying breast,  
 Far happier for that bitter draught,  
 With more transcendent raptures bless'd,  
 He finds for every patient groan  
 A jewel added to his crown.
- 3 Saved by the merit of his Lord,  
 Salvation, praise to Christ he gives,  
 Yet still his merciful reward  
*According to his works* receives,

And with the seed he sow'd below,  
His bliss eternally shall *grow*.

- 4 Redeem'd by righteousness Divine,  
In God's own portraiture complete,  
With brighter rays ordain'd to shine,  
He casts his crown at Jesus' feet,  
And hails Him sitting on the throne,  
For ever saved by grace alone.

---

HYMN XXXIX.

PART II.

- 1 FATHER, to us vouchsafe the grace  
Which brought our friend victorious through,  
Let us his shining footsteps trace,  
Let us his steadfast faith pursue,  
Follow this follower of the Lamb,  
And conquer all through Jesus' name.
- 2 Through Jesus' name, and strength, and word,  
The well-fought fight our brother won ;  
Arm'd with the Saviour's blood and sword,  
He cast the dire accuser down,  
Compell'd the aliens to submit,  
And trampled flesh beneath his feet.
- 3 In vain the *Gnostic* tempter tried  
With guile his upright heart to' ensnare ;  
His upright heart the fiend defied,  
No room for sin, when Christ was there,  
No need of *fancied* liberty,  
When Christ had made him truly free.
- 4 Free from the law of sin and death,  
Free from the *Antinomian* leaven,  
He led his Master's life beneath,  
And labouring for the rest of heaven,

- By active love, and watchful prayer,  
He show'd his heart already there.
- 5 How full of heaven his latest word,  
"Thou bidd'st me now in peace depart,  
For I have known my precious Lord,  
Have clasp'd Thee, Saviour, in my heart,  
My eyes Thy glorious joy have seen :"  
He spake ; he died ; and enter'd in.
- 6 O might we all, like him, believe,  
And keep the faith, and win the prize !  
Father, prepare, and then receive  
Our hallow'd spirits to the skies,  
To chant with all our friends above  
Thy glorious everlasting love.

---

HYMN XL.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS WALSH,  
APRIL 8, 1759, AGED TWENTY-EIGHT.

- 1 GOD of unfathomable grace,  
Unsearchable to mortal sight,  
Faithful and just are all Thy ways,  
Whatever is from Thee, is right :  
In wisdom and mysterious love,  
Thou hast revoked the blessing given ;  
Thy will be done beneath, above,  
Thy name adored in earth and heaven.
- 2 A zealous instrument of good,  
A vessel fit for use Divine,  
Thy mercy on Thy church bestow'd,  
And gave the burning light to shine :

- Thy grace had first prepared his heart,  
Dispell'd the *Babylonish* gloom,  
And bid his early youth depart  
The camp of antichristian *Rome*.
- 3 Drawn by a secret power, he flew,  
(Nor stay'd to prop the papal throne,)  
The truth determined to pursue,  
And panting for a God unknown :  
By works of legal righteousness  
He blindly sought the grace to' obtain,  
But could not find the paths of peace,  
But labour'd through the fire in vain.
- 4 While thus he toil'd, a sudden cry  
Proclaim'd the' approaching multitude :  
They told of Jesus passing by,  
Of free redemption in His blood :  
Upstarted like the beggar blind,  
He sprang the healing touch to meet,  
Cast all his filthy rags behind,  
And groan'd for faith at Jesus' feet.
- 5 The' incarnate God his sight restored,  
With faith the heartfelt pardon gave,  
And raised him up to preach his Lord,  
So willing all mankind to save :  
By Christ Himself ordain'd, and sent  
An herald of redeeming grace,  
Eager to the highways he went,  
And fill'd the land with Jesus' praise.
- 6 But lo! the soul-ensnaring fiend,  
Soon as the stripling's course began,  
Urged him for trifles to contend,  
And turn'd aside to janglings vain.

- Not long : for soon his upright heart  
 Retrieved its momentary loss,  
 Resolved its utmost powers to' exert,  
 And only glory in the cross.
- 7 His course impetuous who can tell?  
 While battling with the' infernal foe,  
 He puts forth all his strength and zeal,  
 He spends his life at every blow!  
 Or fierce on the *Philistines* flies,  
 Compels the captives to come in,  
 Spoils Satan of his lawful prize,  
 And tears them from the toils of sin.
- 8 Refreshing, soft as vernal showers,  
 His word on weary sinners falls,  
 Or like the rapid torrent pours,  
 While souls to Jesus' blood he calls :  
 With strength and utterance from above  
 Drives on the saints through grace forgiven,  
 To scale the mount of holiest love,  
 To seize the brightest throne in heaven.

---

 HYMN XLI.

## PART II.

- 1 WHILE Christ with all his heart he sought,  
 And all his gifts from Christ received,  
 A witness of the truths he taught,  
 A pattern to the flock he lived ;  
 Them by his bright example led  
 The power of godliness to prove,  
 In word, in converse, and in deed,  
 In faith, in purity, and love.

- 
- 2 Did he not labour day and night,  
In ministerial works employ'd,  
His sweet relief, his whole delight,  
To search the oracles of God,  
To listen at the Master's feet,  
To catch the whispers of His grace,  
And long for happiness complete,  
And gasp to see His open face?
- 3 Did he not triumph in the cross,  
Its prints as on his body show,  
Lavish of life for Jesus' cause,  
Whose blood so free for him did flow?  
He scorn'd his feeble flesh to spare,  
Regardless of its swift decline,  
His single aim, his ceaseless prayer  
To' attain the righteousness Divine.
- 4 Impatient to be truly great,  
Ambitious of a crown above,  
He coveted the highest seat,  
He ask'd the grace of perfect love :  
He ask'd, alas ! but knew not then  
The purport of his own desire,  
How deep that cup of sacred pain,  
How searching that baptismal fire !
- 5 The Lord allow'd his bold request ;  
The servant *is* call'd forth to share  
That anguish of a wounded breast,  
Those pangs which only God could bear ;  
Who drank in His sad days of flesh  
The potion by His Father given,  
And bids His members feel afresh  
The fierceness of the wrath of heaven.

- 6 A taste of that mysterious cup  
 His faithful follower now received,  
 And fill'd his Lord's afflictions up,  
 While grief beyond conception grieved :  
 His agonizing *soul* sweat blood,  
 With Christ he fainted on the tree,  
 And cried in death, " My God, my God,  
 Ah ! why hast Thou forsaken me !"
- 7 Tried to the last, but not forsook,  
 But honour'd with distinguish'd grace,  
 Heavenward he cast a dying look,  
 And saw once more his Saviour's face :  
 " He's come ! my Well-beloved," he said,  
 " And I am His, and He is mine !"  
 He spake ; he gazed ; and bow'd his head,  
 And sunk into the arms Divine.
- 8 Shout all the first-born church above  
 His full triumphant entrance there,  
 Shout all on earth, whom Jesus' love  
 Hath call'd His cross and crown to share :  
 Our calling, Lord, we calmly see,  
 Our burden joyfully sustain,  
 And die through one dark hour with Thee,  
 With Thee eternally to reign.

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 HYMN XLII.

## ANOTHER.

- 1 GLORY, and thanks, and love,  
 And everlasting praise  
 Ascribe to God, who reigns above,  
 Supreme in power and grace ;

- To His co-equal Son,  
The dear-bought sinners' Friend,  
Jesus, who freely loves His own,  
And loves them to the end.
- 2 To God the Comforter,  
The earnest and the seal,  
The witness of our sonship here,  
The gift unspeakable :  
To the great triune God  
Be ceaseless honours given,  
Till Christ, descending on the cloud,  
Turns all our earth to heaven.
- 3 He bids us now partake  
Our fellow-servant's bliss,  
Whose soul returns in safety back  
From life's tempestuous seas,  
Who driven and toss'd no more,  
No more o'erwhelm'd, oppress'd,  
Claps his glad wings, escaped to shore,  
To the Redeemer's breast.
- 4 He sees the trial *past*,  
He leaves the storm behind,  
To his triumphant Head at last  
Inseparably join'd :  
Shout all the hosts above,  
When Jesus saith, " Well done,"  
And deigns His servant's faith to' approve,  
And seats him on the throne.
- 5 Thanks be to God who gave  
The victory and the prize !  
Join, all who own His power to save,  
The triumph of the skies !

The church of the first-born,  
 To them by faith we come,  
 And conquerors of the world return  
 To our celestial home.

- 6 We know in whom we trust,  
 We haste to His embrace,  
 Mix'd with the spirits of the just,  
 The perfected in grace ;  
 Their ripest joy to share,  
 Exulting we ascend,  
 And grasp our old companions there,  
 And our eternal Friend.

---

 HYMN XLIII.

## ANOTHER.

- 1 'Tis finish'd, 'tis past, His conflict below,  
 The sharpest and last He ever shall know !  
 The fiery temptation Hath spent all its fires,  
 The heir of salvation With triumph expires.
- 2 The buffeting fiend Who push'd him so sore,  
 And bruised to the end, Shall bruise him no more :  
 He trod on his bruiser, And more than subdued  
 Our hellish accuser, Through Jesus's blood.
- 3 Depress'd by the cross, He mounted the higher ;  
 He left all his dross And tin in the fire :  
 He brought by his mourning The Comforter down,  
 And Jesus returning Presented the crown.
- 4 All praise to the Lord, All praise is His due :  
 His merciful word Is tried, and found true :  
 Who his dereliction On *Calvary* bear,  
 And share His affliction, His kingdom shall share.

- 5 O Saviour, to Thee Our souls we commend !  
If nail'd to the tree, We bleed to the end ;  
We bear the full anguish, The uttermost load ;\*  
But give us to languish And suffer like God.
- 6 Remember us then, And answer our call,  
When turning with pain Our face to the wall ;  
In trouble stand by us, Till all is o'erpast,  
And chasten, and try us, But save us at last.

\* The allusions in this and the two preceding Hymns to the severe mental conflicts which marked the last hours of this excellent man will be understood by referring to Jackson's "Life of Charles Wesley," vol. ii., p. 139, *et seq.*; or to the "Lives of Early Methodist Preachers," (ed. 1866,) vol. iii., p. 270, *et seq.*

F I N I S .

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F U N E R A L  
H Y M N S.

THIRD SERIES.

MOST OF WHICH WERE NOT PUBLISHED  
DURING THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

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## FUNERAL HYMNS.

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ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS HOGG,  
JUNE 29, 1750.\*

- 1 STEADY, faithful soul, adieu !  
    Thou the mortal debt hast paid,  
    Nobly fought thy passage through ;  
    By the guardian hosts convey'd,  
    Go to thy eternal rest,  
    Go to thy Redeemer's breast.
- 2 Thee with sacred envy moved,  
    Clean escaped from earth we see,  
    Challenged by thy Best-beloved,  
    Him who died to purchase thee,  
    Him who justly claims His own,  
    Him who calls thee to His throne.
- 3 At the noon of life prepared,  
    In thy strength of years and grace,  
    Thou hast seized the full reward,  
    Thou hast won the glorious race,  
    Found the bliss for saints design'd,  
    Left thy weeping friends behind.

\* Published the same year, at the end of a biographical tract.

- 
- 4 Sad, disconsolate, alone,  
By our old companions left,  
We the common loss bemoan,  
Of our dearest friend bereft—  
Friend to every child of grace,  
Friend to all the ransom'd race.
- 5 Who shall now the orphans feed,  
All the widow's wants supply?  
Who shall help the souls in need,  
Who the mourner's tears shall dry,  
Feel the tempted spirits' load,  
Bear them to the throne of God?
- 6 Answer, Thou who hear'st the prayer,  
Thou who didst our brother lend,  
Now the church's loss repair,  
Now the equal blessing send :  
Whom I view caught up to Thee,  
Let his spirit rest on me.
- 7 Meek like him, and just, and pure,  
O might I, even I, arise,  
Prompt to act, and strong to' endure,  
Meanest, least in my own eyes,  
Dead to pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All-devoted to the Lamb.
- 8 O might I, with calmest zeal,  
For the faith like him contend,  
Love the men whose hate I feel,  
Bear their burden to the end,  
Win them by my parting breath,  
Conquer all my foes in death.

## EPITAPH.

HERE rests in hope, beneath this humble clod,  
 A breathless temple of the living God,  
 Assured the all-reviving trump to hear,  
 To see the Judge on His white throne appear,  
 Spring from the tomb, and meet Him in the air. }  
 Body and soul shall then united rise, }  
 The dead shall live—a life that never dies, }  
 And I attain my place eternal in the skies. }

ON THE DEATH OF LADY HOTHAM,  
 JUNE 30., 1756.

## PART I.

- 1 FATHER, Thy righteous will be done !  
 To make Thy righteous will our own,  
 We patiently resign  
 The object of our softest care,  
 The daughter of our faith and prayer,  
 The dearest gift Divine.
- 2 Unworthy of the blessing lent,  
 Her, from our bleeding bosom rent,  
 For ours no more we claim ;  
 Whom mortals could not duly prize,  
 Join'd to her kindred in the skies,  
 And married to the Lamb.
- 3 Her lovely excellence is fled,  
 And leaves the dead to' entomb the dead,  
 To' embalm them with our tears :  
 And, lo, with softest pensive pace,  
 We measure out our mournful days,  
 Till *Israel's* car appears.

- 
- 4 The car that carried up our friend,  
The flaming host, shall soon descend,  
Our spirits to remove ;  
There we again our friend shall find,  
In love indissolubly join'd  
To her who reigns above.
- 5 Through Him who call'd her up to reign,  
We too the' immortal crown shall gain,  
On patient faith bestow'd ;  
We trust the Lamb shall bring us through,  
And hasten to the blissful view  
Of a redeeming God.
- 6 Till then, disdaining all relief,  
And brooding on our sacred grief,  
We inwardly endure  
The pangs of loss, the lingering smart,  
The anguish of a broken heart,  
Which only heaven can cure.
- 7 Help us, Thou heavenly Man of Woe,  
Unwearied in Thy steps to go,  
To mix our tears with Thine,  
To drink Thine agonizing cup,  
To fill Thine after-sufferings up,  
And die the death Divine.
- 8 We only fear to *lose our loss* ;  
The burden of our heaviest cross  
Through life we fain would bear ;  
Would feel the ever-recent wound,  
And weeping at Thy feet be found,  
And die lamenting there.

## PART II.

- 1 STILL let us on her virtue gaze,  
With sad delight and wonder trace  
The favourite of the skies,  
The child that lives her hundred years,  
An hoary saint to God appears,  
And fill'd with glory dies.
- 2 Her from the birth the Lord did draw ;  
His Spirit with meek, obedient awe  
Her tender soul endow'd ;  
He fix'd the principle within,  
The love of truth, the dread of sin,  
The hunger after God.
- 3 While nature's will remain'd alive,  
He never ceased to check and strive,  
And heavenly power impart ;  
Her heart from evil He withheld,  
Till love Divine the world expell'd  
For ever from her heart.
- 4 Thenceforth, entirely ruled by grace,  
She swiftly ran her heavenly race,  
A secret saint unknown ;  
Stranger to pride and selfish art,  
In singleness of eye and heart  
She lived to God alone.
- 5 Whoe'er beheld, pronounced her bless'd ;  
Her walk on earth the lamb confess'd,  
The wisely simple dove,  
The soul composed in Jesu's peace,  
That only languish'd to possess  
The fulness of His love.

- 6 Unconscious of the love bestow'd,  
Whence all her words and actions flow'd,  
She made her humble moan ;  
Hid from herself by grace Divine,  
How sweetly did she wail and pine  
To find the God unknown !
- 7 Known by her God, and well approved,  
His servants for His sake she loved,  
His messengers received ;  
From death to life her passage show'd,  
By owning all who own'd her God,  
And in His Spirit lived.
- 8 For them she toil'd with *Martha's* hands,  
Yet listening for her Lord's commands,  
Of *Mary's* part possess'd,  
Till Jesus call'd her at His feet,  
Spake her glad soul for glory meet,  
And caught her to His breast.

## PART III.

- 1 Go, blessed saint, to Jesus go,  
Transported from the vale below,  
Thou canst not quite depart ;  
Thy fair memorial stays behind,  
Thy lovely portraiture we find  
Engraven on our heart.
- 2 The friend by grace and nature dear,  
The cordial friend, doth still appear,  
Though ravish'd from our sight ;  
On earth a guardian angel found,  
Diffusing bliss to all around,  
And ministering delight.

- 3 As born her relatives to please,  
Her own delight, and choice, and ease,  
She cheerfully denied ;  
Servant of all, rejoiced to stoop,  
Fill'd each domestic duty up,  
And every part supplied.
- 4 But shining in her properest sphere,  
(The sacred, social character,)  
The mystery she display'd  
Of Jesus by His church adored,  
While next to Christ her earthly lord  
She loved, revered, obey'd.
- 5 She more than shared his woe and weal,  
Attentive to his safety still,  
Engross'd by *his alone*,  
Her time, her thoughts, her health she gave,  
Till, his far dearer life to save,  
She sacrificed her own.
- 6 'Twas aim'd at him, the deadly dart,  
But, glancing, miss'd his fearless heart,  
And pierced her faithful side :  
Eager her consort to redeem,  
She sicken'd and declined for him,  
For him she droop'd and died.
- 7 Conscious of dissolution near,  
Above all pain, regret, and fear,  
Her paradise restored  
She found with Jesus in her heart,  
And calmly languish'd to depart,  
And see her heavenly Lord.

- 8 "Ready to fly this moment home,  
 If Thou, my Saviour, bidd'st me come,  
 Me if Thou wilt receive,  
 Poorest of all Thy creatures me;  
 And surely now Thou say'st with Thee  
 I shall for ever live."
- 9 She spake, and by her looks express'd  
 The glorious everlasting rest  
 To saints triumphant given;  
 Glided in ecstasies away,  
 And told us, through her smiling clay,  
*My soul is fled to heaven!*

## PART IV.

- 1 THEN let us look with comfort up,  
 Not sorrowing as bereft of hope,  
 But bow'd by God's decree:  
 Father, Thy love, severely kind,  
 Calls off our hearts from earth to find  
 Their bliss complete in Thee.
- 2 From her and every creature torn,  
 Bless'd with the privilege to mourn,  
 In calm submission kept;  
 Soften'd, we feel the sacred woe  
 Which God Himself vouchsafed to know,  
 And weep as Jesus wept.
- 3 His tears relieve our mournful pain,  
 His word, "Your friend shall rise again,"  
 Puts every care to flight:  
 Thou wilt, O God, fulfil His word,  
 And bring her back, with Christ our Lord,  
 And all the saints in light.

- 4 Her soul we shall embrace once more,  
(How changed from her we knew before,  
The Godhead's earthly shrine !)  
Distinguish'd by peculiar rays,  
The image shining on her face,  
The glorious name Divine.
- 5 Met in those permanent abodes,  
Secure we live the life of gods,  
Of bliss without alloy :  
No pining want, or soft excess,  
No tender tear to damp our peace,  
Or death to kill our joy.
- 6 Sorrow, and sin, and death are dead,  
And sighing is for ever fled,  
When life's last gasp is o'er ;  
When that celestial port we gain,  
Sickness, infirmity, and pain,  
And parting is no more.
- 7 O that we all were landed there !  
We only wait till Christ prepare  
His dearly purchased bride.  
Come, Lord, and change and take us hence,  
And give us an inheritance  
Among the sanctified.
- 8 We know Thou wilt not long delay  
To bear our ready souls away ;  
And when we meet above,  
Our full inheritance be Thou ;  
But bless us with the earnest now,  
The seal of perfect love.

## PART V.

- 1 O WONDROUS power of Jesu's grace,  
Who sends an angel from His face  
With ministerial aid !  
By faith in brightest glory seen,  
She pours the balm of comfort in,  
And heals the wound she made.
- 2 The blessed spirit enthroned above  
(Whom far beyond ourselves we love,  
Soon as her bliss appears)  
Scatters the gloom of nature's grief,  
Brings irresistible relief,  
And dries our selfish tears.
- 3 Her bliss no pause nor period knows,  
*Her* bliss our ravish'd heart o'erflows ;  
The heavenly drop we feel  
Is more than thousand worlds can give :  
Who then shall all her joy conceive,  
Or all her raptures tell ?
- 4 So wholly form'd for social love,  
Her union with the spirits above  
What angel can declare ?  
Her joy, amidst the virgin-choir,  
To mark a saint in white attire,  
To clasp a sister there !
- 5 With her to range the' eternal plains ;  
To catch the harpers' sweetest strains,  
And match them with her own ;  
Pursue the living water's course,  
Or trace the river to its source,  
And drink it at the throne.

- 6 There, there the ecstasy is full,  
 While, wide expanding all her soul,  
     The Godhead she receives,  
 Enjoys the' unutterable grace,  
 Beholds without a veil His face,  
     Beholds His face and lives.
- 7 For this on earth she could not rest,  
 (With every other blessing bless'd,)  
     Or in His gifts delight;  
 Not holiness itself could sate  
 The spirit constrain'd in bliss to wait,  
     Without that blissful sight.
- 8 But, gaining now whom she requires,  
 She all her infinite desires  
     Lets loose on Him alone ;  
 She plunges in the crystal sea,  
 Lost in the depths of Deity,  
     With God for ever one !

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ON THE DEATH OF DR. MIDDLETON,  
 DECEMBER 16, 1760.

PART I.

- 1 GLORY to the Redeemer give,  
 The glory of a soul brought home ;  
 Our friend, for whom we joy and grieve,  
     Is to the' eternal garner come.  
 Like a ripe shock of corn laid up,  
     In season due, for God mature,  
 He kept the faith, held fast his hope,  
     And made his crown through sufferings sure.

- 2 Let infidels and heathen mourn,  
    Hopeless to see their dead restored ;  
We *feel* him from our bosom torn,  
    But calmly say, " It is the Lord !"  
In pity of His creature's pain,  
    Whom God had to the' afflicted given,  
He justly claims His own again,  
    And takes to his reward in heaven.
- 3 Let us the shining path pursue,  
    And, following him, to God ascend,  
His bright example keep in view,  
    His useful life and blessed end.  
He lived a life of faith unfeign'd,  
    His rigid virtue unsubdued,  
His strict integrity maintain'd,  
    And boldly own'd—he fear'd a God.
- 4 O when shall we his equal find,  
    To all so just, to all so dear !  
The pious son, the husband kind,  
    The father good, the friend sincere !  
Not *David* loved his friend so well,  
    Loath from his *Jonathan* to part,  
Or served him with so warm a zeal,  
    Or held him in so fond a heart.
- 5 Yet in no narrow bounds confined,  
    His undisguised affection flow'd :  
His heart, enlarged to all mankind,  
    Render'd to all the love he owed :  
But chiefly those who loved his Lord,  
    Who most of Jesu's mind express'd,  
Won by their lives without the word,  
    He cherish'd in his generous breast.

- 6 Cover'd with honourable shame,  
He mark'd the poor afflicted few,  
The faithful followers of the Lamb,  
In life and death to Jesus true :  
Rejected and despised of men,  
He heard the saints departing sing ;  
He saw them smile in mortal pain,  
And trample on the grisly king.
- 7 While weeping there the sinner lay,  
Asunder sawn by hopes and fears,  
He cast, as filthy rags, away,  
The righteousness of seventy years :  
Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,  
Full of all sin, void of all good,  
His soul at the last gasp implored  
One drop of that atoning blood.
- 8 Nor yet the peaceful answer came ;  
His spirit, to the utmost tried,  
Must suffer all his guilty shame,  
Condemn'd, and scourged, and crucified ;  
Must all his Saviour's sorrows share,  
And cry, as bleeding on the tree,  
As in the depths of self-despair,  
" My God hath quite forsaken me !"
- 9 " Not so," replied the Father's love,  
And Jesus in his heart reveal'd ;  
He felt the comfort from above,  
The gospel grace, the pardon seal'd :  
How strange that instantaneous bliss,  
While to the brink of *Tophet* driven,  
Caught up, as from the dark abyss,  
He mounted to the highest heaven !

## PART II.

- 1 "HE'S come, He's come, in peace and power,  
The agony," he cries, "is past!  
Call'd at my life's eleventh hour,  
But call'd I surely am, at last:  
I now in Christ redemption have,  
I feel it through the sprinkled blood,  
And testify His power to save,  
And claim Him for my Lord, my God!
- 2 "My God to me His grace hath given,  
Hath with the sense of pardon bless'd;  
I taste anticipated heaven,  
And happy in His favour rest.  
No evil now but pride I fear,  
For God in Christ is reconciled:  
My heart is fix'd, I find Him here,  
The witness that I am His child.
- 3 "What is redemption unpossess'd?  
Poor reasoning soul, to Jesus bow;  
Thy pardon seek, like me, distress'd,  
And find it, a mere sinner, now!  
Ah, who the blessing will embrace,  
The tidings of great joy believe?  
Or, urged, accept the proffer'd grace  
As freely as my Lord would give?
- 4 "To-day, while it is call'd to-day,  
Ye all my happiness may prove:  
Discharged when I had nought to pay,  
I go to thank my Lord above:

- Through the dark vale of death I go,  
 Whom Jesus to Himself doth bring,  
 And triumph o'er my vanquish'd foe,  
 A feeble foe without a sting."
- 5 'Twas thus the dying Christian spoke,  
 Conqueror of death, and hell, and sin,  
 While every accent, every look,  
 Confess'd the heavenly change within.  
 How patient now, and meek, and mild,  
 That spirit which man could never tame ;  
 As loving as a little child,  
 As gentle as a harmless lamb !
- 6 That all might Jesu's witness hear,  
 Might own his Lord in him reveal'd,  
 His reason, as his conscience, clear,  
 Its office to the last fulfill'd :  
 "But what are nature's gifts," he cried,  
 "If Jesus was not pleased to' impart,  
 To a poor sinner justified,  
 The comfort of a praying heart?"
- 7 Yet, ready to depart in peace,  
 He must a further test sustain,  
 The last good fight of great distress,  
 And suffer more with Christ to reign.  
 Roused by his spirit's new-born cry,  
 Satan and all his hosts assail :  
 In vain to shake his faith they try ;  
 The Rock 'tis built on cannot fail.
- 8 Mercy prolong'd his dying hours,  
 That, wrestling with the hellish foe,  
 With principalities and powers,  
 He might his utmost Saviour know ;

Might act his faith in Jesu's blood,  
Hold fast his adamantine shield,  
And see the' accusing fiend subdued,  
With all his fiery darts repell'd.

9 The tempter ask'd and urged in vain,  
"Hath God indeed thy sins forgiven?"  
"He hath! He hath! in mortal pain  
I cleave to Christ, my life, my heaven!  
Jesus, Thou seest my sprinkled heart;  
My faith in power almighty stands;  
Thou wilt not let the' accuser part,  
Or pluck my soul out of Thy hands.

10 "The purchase of Thy death I am;  
On this, my only hope, depend;  
Look on Thy hands, and read my name,  
And keep me faithful to the end.  
I do, I do believe in Thee,  
Thou know'st the grace by Thee bestow'd;  
I plunge me in the purple sea,  
I bathe me in my Saviour's blood.

11 "I will, I will on Jesus trust,  
I cannot doubt His changeless love;  
The fiend hath made his parting thrust,  
But could not from my Rock remove.  
My Saviour would not quit His own,  
And, lo, in death I hold Him fast;  
Having my latest foe o'erthrown,  
I stand,—and all is well at last."

12 One only task is yet behind,  
To bless us with his parting breath,  
With love unutterably kind,  
With love surviving time and death:

Ready to quit the house of clay,  
 He leans on a beloved breast,\*  
 And sinks in friendship's arms away,  
 And finds his everlasting rest.

ON THE DEATH OF  
 THE REV. WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

[*Minister of Haworth, in Yorkshire, who died  
 April 7, 1763.*]

- 1 THANKS be to God, whose truth and power  
 And faithful mercies never end ;  
 Who brings us through the mortal hour,  
 And bids our spotless souls ascend !
- 2 Thanks be to God, the God of love,  
 The Giver of all-conquering grace,  
 Who calls our friend to joys above,  
 And shows him there His open face.
- 3 The God whom here his faith beheld,  
 The Father's fulness in the Son,  
 He sees, in glorious light reveal'd,  
 And shouts, and falls before the throne.
- 4 We, Saviour, at Thy footstool lie,  
 Thy creatures purchased by Thy blood,  
 And " Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
 In honour of the Triune God ;
- 5 With angels and archangels join,  
 With all the ransom'd sons of grace,  
 Extol the Majesty Divine,  
 And breathe unutterable praise.

\* Dr. Robertson.

- 
- 6 We praise Thy constancy of love,  
 Which kept its favourite to the end ;  
 Which soon shall all our souls remove,  
 Who trust in our eternal Friend.
- 7 To us who in Thy blood believe,  
 The world, the fiend, and sin tread down,  
 Thou wilt the final victory give,  
 And then the bright triumphant crown.

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 ANOTHER.

- 1 How happy the dead, Who Jesus adored !  
 The soldier is freed, And rests with his Lord :  
 His warfare is ended, His labours are o'er,  
 The soul is ascended, And death is no more.
- 2 The ripe shock of corn Corruption defies,  
 The spirit is borne To God in the skies ;  
 The partner of Jesus Looks down from above,  
 Lamenting he sees us With pity and love.
- 3 My father, my guide, (Our *Israel* may say,)  
 Is torn from our side, Is ravish'd away !  
 A prophet's translation We justly deplore,  
 With calm lamentation And weeping adore.
- 4 Devotion in tears Expresses its love,  
 Till Jesus appears, Our souls to remove :  
 The loss of a *Stephen* We greatly bewail :  
 He triumphs in heaven; We mourn in the vale.
- 5 We mourn, but as men Rejoicing in hope,  
 To see him again, Together caught up ;  
 Our great consolation, When Jesus comes down,  
 The heirs of salvation With glory to crown.

6 O Saviour, descend; No longer delay,  
 Our sufferings to end, And bear us away,  
 Where death cannot sever, Or sorrow molest,  
 Thy people for ever Reposed on Thy breast!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN MATTHEWS,  
 DECEMBER 28, 1764.\*

PART I.

- 1 BLESSING, and thanks, and power, and praise,  
 Jesus is worthy to receive,  
 Who keeps His saints throughout their days,  
 And doth the final victory give!  
 He hath His faithful mercies shown  
 To him whose loss we now deplore,  
 Safe enter'd on that land unknown,  
 To weep, and fret, and die no more.
- 2 A servant in his earliest years,  
 After the hidden God he grieved,  
 Till from his Saviour's messengers  
 The welcome tidings he received.  
 His alms and prayers were not in vain,  
 But rose acceptable to heaven;  
 And God assured the pious man  
 His sins were all through Christ forgiven.
- 3 O what a mighty change was wrought,  
 By Jesus in his heart reveal'd!  
 'Tis past the reach of human thought,  
 That peace which spake his pardon seal'd:

\* See Wesley's Journal under this date for an account of Mr. Matthews's death and character, and also a letter to the Author recommending him as "a subject" for some verses. Works, vol. xii., p. 120.

- As quite exempt from sin and care,  
He feasted with the saints above ;  
And all his life was praise and prayer,  
And all his soul was joy and love.
- 4 Long he on *Tabor's* top abode,  
His Pattern there, and patient Head,  
The perfect way through sufferings show'd,  
And to the cross His follower led :  
'Twas there he learn'd with Christ to die,  
And daily languish'd on the tree,  
And echoed back the plaintive cry,  
" Why hath my God forsaken me ? "
- 5 Yet not forsook, but sorely tried,  
But pain'd throughout the evil day,  
And fashion'd like the Crucified,  
He never cast his shield away :  
Chose in the furnace of distress,  
Kept by the power of Jesu's name,  
He highly prized the passive grace,  
And praised his Saviour in the flame.
- 6 Witness his old companions there,  
How close in Jesu's steps he trod,  
The man of diffidence and prayer,  
The humble upright man of God !  
Happy if all their faith could prove  
Like him, like him their Lord confess,  
By every work of genuine love,  
By mercy, truth, and righteousness !
- 7 A doer of the word he heard,  
He *lived* an *Israelite* unseen,  
And always bless'd, who always fear'd,  
Not the reproach, but praise, of men :

Not all the visits from his Lord,  
 The favours or the grace bestow'd,  
 Could tempt to one vainglorious word,  
 Or make him witness, " I am good !"

## PART II.

- 1 NOR less the Christian husband shone ;  
 With steady, strong affection kind,  
 Wisdom and love he join'd in one,  
 The pastor's and the father's mind :  
 A drop from the pure Fount above  
 Did all his heart and life o'erflow,  
 Whose only labour was to prove  
 How Jesus loved His church below.
- 2 Freely his all for her he gave,  
 (Whom mercy had on him bestow'd,)  
 Her soul, her precious soul to save,  
 And without spot present to God :  
 For this alone he toil'd and lived,  
 Her burdens on himself to take,  
 Kindly in her afflictions grieved,  
 And suffer'd all things for her sake.
- 3 Oppression laid *her* iron yoke,  
 By Satan's choicest messenger,  
 And bruised with many a cruel stroke,  
 And gall'd his generous soul sincere :  
 In wrongs that might the wise confound,  
 His Father's gracious hand he sees,  
 Nor murmurs at the treacherous wound,  
 But still maintains his soul in peace.

- 4 The tempter all his wiles essay'd  
A servant of the Lord to' o'erthrow :  
His eye, in garb angelic clad,  
Discern'd the soft malicious foe :  
The most perverse of human race  
Might, leagued with hell, his caution try ;  
He never to the fiend gave place,  
Or once believed their smoothest lie.
- 5 His love endured the fiery test ;  
Unfeign'd, impartial, unconfined,  
His love received the worst and best,  
As due to all the ransom'd kind :  
If some well-meaning kindness show,  
If others spitefully entreat,  
He could not recollect a foe,  
A friend he never could forget.
- 6 His friends and partners in distress  
With warmest gratitude he held :  
Affliction could not make it less,  
When all the powers of nature fail'd :  
Worn out with lingering, lasting pain,  
Ready, and longing to depart,  
In confidence to meet again,  
He bore them on his faithful heart.
- 7 The object of His kindest love  
His Father to the utmost tries,  
And calls a favourite child to prove  
A thousand deaths before he dies ;  
The strength, but not the joy, of grace,  
He doth in largest measure give ;  
Yet still He seems to hide His face,  
And still He seems His own to leave.

- 8 Did such a soul the witness want,  
 Though not in formal words express'd ?  
 He knew his Father's love would grant  
 Whate'er His wisdom counted best :  
 He cannot once distrust that care,  
 Throughout his life of mercies shown,  
 Or doubt his sure admission there  
 Where Jesus prays before the throne.
- 9 His soul doth on the Rock remain,  
 Within the veil his anchor's cast,  
 Through many a night of hallow'd pain,  
 Till pain extreme hath brought the last :  
 He now on Christ his life relies,  
 Nor can the king of terrors fear,  
 While calm in mercy's arms, he cries,  
 " The Lord preserves, for ever near !"
- 10 Nor yet the Lord His light imparts,  
 Or comes on His own work to shine ;  
 Nor yet the sinner saved exerts  
 That act of reflex faith Divine :  
 While ready for celestial bliss,  
 His gasping soul on Christ he stays,  
 But never challenges for his  
 The perfect or the pardoning grace.
- 11 Above all sin, and doubt, and fear,  
 While proved with agonies unknown,  
 To faith's almighty Finisher  
 He cleaves by naked faith alone :  
 Stranger to sensible delight,  
 Still his own grace he cannot see ;  
 'Tis hidden from a sinner's sight,  
 Whose soul is all humility.

- 
- 12 Come, see in this pale shadowy form  
A spectacle to gods and men,  
And learn from a frail dying worm  
The wonders of the world unseen !  
His flesh, and heart, and spirit faints,  
His life is all conceal'd above :  
Here is the patience of the saints !  
Here is the power of perfect love !
- 13 Poor, meek, and patient to the end,  
One even man in life and death,  
He doth the humble grace commend,  
And breathes it with his latest breath :  
“ My dearest friends, whom now I leave,  
Your charity in prayer be show'd,  
Lest I at last my soul deceive,  
Or vainly think that I am good.”
- 14 He speaks, and, yielding up the ghost  
Without a parting sigh or groan,  
Escorted by the' angelic host,  
Appears before the' eternal throne !  
He still instructs us how to live,  
Our Saviour how to testify,  
Till all His fulness we receive,  
And perfected through sufferings die !

## PART III.

- 1 O THAT a portion of his grace  
Might on his old companions rest,  
Who the same precious Christ embrace,  
With pardon and salvation bless'd !

- O that his meek and lowly mind,  
 His wise discerning love, were given  
 To men, instructors of the blind,  
 Our patterns and our guides to heaven !
- 2 We want the spirit of humble fear,  
 Our fleshly confidence to stay,  
 Lest, swift to speak, and slow to hear,  
 We swerve from the celestial way,  
 In error's endless mazes rove,  
 As fancy, self, and Satan guide,  
 And take our grace for perfect love,  
 When Jesus sees it perfect pride.
- 3 Jesus, Thy ministers inspire,  
 Thy people, with the knowing zeal ;  
 We then shall quench wild nature's fire,  
 And Satan's flaming darts repel,  
 Retract our confidence in men,  
 (The men we worshipp'd heretofore,)  
 No more on verbal goodness lean,  
 And trust to broken reeds no more.
- 4 O that we might our faith sincere  
 By doing, not by talking, show ;  
 (While all the fruits of grace appear,  
 And tell the tree on which they grow ;)   
 Our Saviour, not ourselves, commend,  
 His sole perfections testify,  
 Or bid the world our works attend,  
 And hearken to our life's reply !
- 5 Partakers of Thy nature made,  
 Thy tempers, Lord, we long to' express,  
 And show, throughout our lives display'd,  
 The power of real godliness ;

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As followers of the silent Lamb,  
To breathe Thy meek humility,  
And always feel, "I nothing am,  
But a poor worm redeem'd by Thee."

- 6 What have I else whereof to boast?  
A sinner by myself undone,  
And still without Thy mercy lost,  
I glory in Thy cross alone ;  
Conform'd to my expiring Head,  
I share Thy passion on the tree ;  
And now I to the world am dead,  
And now the world is dead to me.
- 7 As pilgrims to the world unknown,  
Acknowledged by the sinners' Friend,  
Jesus, the Lover of Thine own,  
Wilt Thou not love us to the end ?  
No help in our weak selves we have,  
But in Thy strength and yearning zeal,  
Mere sinners by Thy blood to save,  
And stamp us with Thy Spirit's seal.
- 8 In lowly confidence Divine,  
That Thou wilt never let us go,  
We now into Thy hands resign  
Our souls, so dearly bought below :  
With Thee we trust them to that day  
When, summon'd from the flesh, we part,  
And drop our corruptible 'clay,  
And soar to see Thee as Thou art.
-

AN HYMN ON THE DEATH OF THE REV.  
GEORGE WHITEFIELD.\*

- 1      SERVANT of God, well done !  
          Thy glorious warfare's past,  
 The battle's fought, the race is won,  
          And thou art crown'd at last ;  
          Of all thy heart's desire  
          Triumphantly possess'd,  
 Lodged by the ministerial choir  
          In thy Redeemer's breast.
- 2      In condescending love  
          Thy ceaseless prayer He heard,  
 And bade thee suddenly remove  
          To thy complete reward :  
          Ready to bring the peace,  
          Thy beauteous feet were shod,  
 When mercy sign'd thy soul's release,  
          And caught thee up to God.
- 3      With saints enthroned on high  
          Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,  
 And still to God *Salvation* cry,  
          *Salvation to the Lamb !*  
          O happy, happy soul !  
          In ecstasies of praise,  
 Long as eternal ages roll  
          Thou seest thy Saviour's face.
- 4      Redeem'd from earth and pain,  
          Ah ! when shall we ascend,

\* Published at the end of Wesley's Funeral Sermon, which was preached at Mr. Whitefield's two chapels in London, Nov. 18, 1770.

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And all in Jesu's presence reign  
With our translated friend !  
Come, Lord, and quickly come !  
And when in Thee complete,  
Receive Thy longing servants home,  
To triumph—at Thy feet !

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ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN BOULT,  
NOVEMBER 1, 1771, AGED SEVENTY-EIGHT.

- 1 THANKS be to God in Christ, who gives  
A dying worm the' immortal prize,  
As a ripe shock of corn receives  
And stores our brother in the skies !
- 2 Found in the paths of righteousness,  
Our Lord hath crown'd his hoary hairs,  
And parting hence in perfect peace,  
He now the wreath triumphant wears.
- 3 The good and faithful servant, bless'd  
With hope and patience to the end,  
Doth now from all his labours rest,  
And sees his everlasting Friend.
- 4 His faith was swallow'd up in sight,  
Soon as he laid the body down ;  
His works pursue the saint in light,  
To' adjust the measure of his crown.
- 5 His crown of life shall soon be ours,  
Built on the sole Foundation sure,  
Who serve our God with all our powers,  
And faithful unto death endure :

- 
- 6 Who now with humble zeal go on,  
 Our faith's integrity to prove,  
 The race prescribed with patience run,  
 And walk in all the works of love.
- 7 Then let us steadily pursue  
 Our comrades in distress and pain,  
 And fight, like them, our passage through,  
 Like them the purchased prize obtain :
- 8 Press on to perfect holiness,  
 Instant in never-ceasing prayer,  
 By force the heavenly kingdom seize,  
 And find salvation finish'd there !
- 

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HANNAH DEWAL.

## PART I.

- 1 FAREWELL, thou best of friends, farewell ;  
 (Since God revokes His richest loan ;)   
 Return, with kindred souls to dwell,  
 As pure and upright as thine own.  
 No longer could our prayers detain  
 The pilgrim from her heavenly rest :  
 Go, blessed saint, with Jesus reign,  
 And lean for ever on His breast.
- 2 In hope to share thine happiness,  
 We check the' unruly, selfish sigh,  
 Restraining nature's soft excess,  
 The tears commanding from our eye.  
 When Jesus to Himself doth take  
 A vessel of His glorious love,  
 'Tis sacrilege to wish her back,  
 To rob the sanctuary above.

- 3 Yet should we on her memory dwell,  
The pattern fair she left behind,  
Her genuine faith and temper'd zeal,  
Her noble, free, *Berean* mind ;  
Her diligence to search the word,  
" If man his pardon'd sin may know ;"  
She sought till there she found her Lord,  
And held and never let Him go.
- 4 On Him she fix'd her single eye,  
And steady in His steps went on,  
Studious by works to testify  
The power of God in weakness shown.  
A quiet follower of the Lamb,  
She walk'd in Him she had received,  
And more and more show'd forth His name,  
And more and more like Jesus lived.
- 5 No sudden fits of transient love,  
No instantaneous starts, she knew ;  
But show'd her heart was fix'd above,  
And poorer still and poorer grew.  
The seed increased, she knew not how,  
Nor aim'd her Saviour's work to' explain,  
Nor tempted *Him* by nature's Now,  
But waited all His mind to gain.
- 6 Transparent as the crystal stream,  
Her life in even tenour flow'd ;  
Careful to be, and not to seem,  
Whate'er she was, she was to God.  
Superior to reproach and praise,  
By no fantastic impulse driven,  
As unperceived she ran her race,  
As rapid, as the orbs of heaven.

- 7 Thither her Godlike spirit soar'd,  
 Above all pride, all wrath, all fear ;  
 She triumph'd with her glorious Lord,  
 Yet suffer'd with His members here.  
 At every shape of woe distress'd,  
 How did her yearning bowels move !  
 Soft pity fill'd her generous breast,  
 And mix'd the eagle with the dove.
- 8 For friendship form'd, her constant heart  
 With pure, intense affection glow'd ;  
 She could not give her friend a part,  
 Because she gave the whole to God.  
 Her friend she clasp'd with love entire,  
 Enkindled at the Saviour's throne,  
 A spark of that celestial fire,  
 A ray of that eternal Sun.
- 9 Could actions, words, or looks express  
 How warm, how boundless, her esteem ?  
 Her soul's delight to' oblige and please,  
 Bliss to impart her joy supreme.  
 Say you, who shared that angel here,  
 Whom neither life nor death disjoin,  
 Was ever transport more sincere ?  
 Was ever friendship more Divine !

## PART II.

- 1 CELESTIAL charity expands  
 The heart to all our ransom'd race ;  
 Though knit to one in closest bands,  
 Her soul doth every soul embrace.

- She no unkind exception makes,  
 A childlike follower of her God ;  
 The world into her *heart* she takes,  
 The purchase dear of Jesu's blood.
- 2 She loved even that most straiten'd sect  
 Who every other sect disown,  
 Who all beside themselves reject,  
 As heaven were bought for them alone :  
 With noble frankness she confess'd  
 Good out of *Babylon* might come,  
 And cherish'd in her candid breast  
 The warmest partisan of *Rome*.
- 3 But, number'd with the *British* sheep,  
 She prized and held the blessing fast,  
 Resolved her privilege to keep  
 Till all the storms of life were past :  
 She kept the faith at first received,  
 (Nor fiercely judged who turn'd aside,)  
 A daughter of our *Sion* lived,  
 A mother of our *Israel* died.
- 4 Warn'd of her dissolution near,  
 By waning strength and lingering pain,  
 She bless'd the welcome messenger ;  
 (To live was Christ, to die was gain ;)   
 Made ready for her heavenly Lord,  
 Who came His servant to release,  
 Her lamp with holiness was stored,  
 Her spirit kept in perfect peace.
- 5 She cast the tempting fiend behind,  
 Who preach'd, in her last sacred hours,  
 " Now, now believe again, and find  
 Sensations new and rapturous powers."

- In vain to instantaneous pride  
 He urged a saint of Christ possess'd ;  
 With ease she turn'd the dart aside,  
 And closer clave to Jesu's breast.
- 6 Her humble confidence she held,  
 Built on a Rock that could not move,  
 And, conscious of her pardon seal'd,  
 And fill'd with purity of love,  
 The world with wide-spread arms embraced,  
 Partaker of her Saviour's mind,  
 And, dying, all her soul confess'd  
 Alike drawn out to all mankind.
- 7 Her convoy to those endless joys,  
 While *Israel's* flaming guard attends,  
 The precious moments she employs  
 In dealing blessings to her friends ;  
 In counsels kind as each had need,  
 In witnessing the truth of grace,  
 While angels crowd around her bed,  
 And heaven is open'd in her face.
- 8 " My Master calls : at His command,  
 Joyful I drop this earthly clod ;  
 My roll I carry in my hand ;  
 'Tis written, sign'd, and seal'd with blood :  
 My way," she cries, " is strew'd with flowers ;  
 A pleasant path before me lies,  
 And leads to amaranthine bowers,  
 And leads to Christ in paradise."
- 9 When language fail'd, her silence spoke  
 In meekest majesty of love ;  
 On opening heaven she fix'd her look,  
 Like angels worshipping above :

Full of unutterable awe,  
Her look the' Invisible declared,  
As bringing, in the sight she saw,  
Her weighty crown, her vast reward.

- 10 That vision of the One in Three  
Sweetly dissolves the human shrine,  
It swallows up mortality  
In joy ineffably Divine :  
That sight, too strong for life to bear,  
Her true eternal Life displays,  
And, eagle-like, she cleaves the air,  
And mingles with the glorious blaze.

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ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH  
BLACKWELL, MARCH 27, 1772.

PART I.

- 1 GOD of all power, and truth, and love,  
Whose faithful mercies never end,  
Thy longing servant to remove,  
Who dost the flaming convoy send ;  
Help us Thine attributes to praise,  
Help us Thy follower to pursue,  
Till all obtain the crowning grace,  
Till all with her Thy glory view.
- 2 Ere yet she into being came,  
Thou didst Thy favourite handmaid choose,  
Thy love inscribed her with Thy name,  
And mark'd the vessel for Thy use :

- With tender, gracious awe inspired,  
With innocence and purity,  
God, above all, the child desired,  
And gave her simple heart to Thee.
- 3 Her pious course with life began,  
Call'd by the consecrating rite,  
In wisdom's pleasant paths she ran,  
And served her Maker day and night :  
Watchful to keep her garments clean,  
Glad to frequent the hallow'd place,  
She never left her God for sin,  
Or *wholly* lost that earliest grace.
- 4 While, zealous for Thy righteous law,  
She her integrity maintain'd,  
Thou didst her trembling spirit awe,  
And bless with lowliness unfeign'd :  
No pharisaic pride or scorn  
Could harbour in her bosom find,  
Her virtue into poison turn,  
Or taint so pure and good a mind.
- 5 Touching the legal righteousness,  
While blameless in Thy sight she lived,  
Thee she confess'd in all her ways,  
And all her good from Thee received ;  
Faithful even then, she flew to tend,  
Where'er distress'd, the sick and poor,  
Rejoiced for them her life to spend,  
And all Thy gifts through them restore.
- 6 Did not her alms and prayers arise,  
Memorial sweet, before Thy throne ?  
Grateful, accepted sacrifice,  
They brought the gospel blessing down :

To one who Thee sincerely fear'd,  
Thou didst the Comforter impart :  
The herald spake ; the grace appear'd,  
And stamp'd salvation on her heart.

- 7 Her unopposing heart received  
With meekness the engrafted word,  
With reverential joy believed,  
And sunk before her smiling Lord :  
Reciprocal affection moved,  
And wonder ask'd, " How can it be ?  
Hath God so poor a creature loved,  
Or bought so mean a worm as me ? "

## PART II.

- 1 COMMENCES now the Christian race,  
The conflict good, the life conceal'd,  
The' eternal God, replete with grace,  
Jesus is to her soul reveal'd :  
Translated into wondrous light,  
Humbly assured of sin forgiven,  
She goes in peace, she walks in white,  
And close pursues her Guide to heaven.
- 2 Exulting with her Head to rise,  
She seeks the things conceal'd above,  
For joy sells all, the jewel buys,  
The heavenly treasure of His love ;  
Jesus alone resolved to gain,  
And, crucified with Jesus here,  
The finish'd sanctity to' attain,  
The lowliness of filial fear.

- 3 Fear to offend or God or man  
In all her conversation shines,  
While, following the Redeemer's plan,  
She carries on His great designs :  
Watchful immortal souls to win,  
The God supreme she dares commend,  
Constrains the outcasts to come in,  
And shows them their expiring Friend.
- 4 By wisdom pure and peaceable,  
By the meek Spirit of her Lord,  
She knows the stoutest to compel,  
And sinners wins without the word :  
They see the tempers of the Lamb,  
They feel the wisdom from above,  
And bow, subdued, to Jesu's name,  
As captives of resistless love.
- 5 Witness, ye once to evil sold !  
Witness her kind parental zeal,  
Thou wanderer of the *Romish* fold,  
Pursued so long, and loved so well !  
Saved by her prayers, through Jesu's blood,  
Thy endless debt make haste to pay ;  
Go, meet her at the throne of God,  
Her crown and glory in that day.
- 6 Witness, ye souls to her allied,  
Her humble walk with God below ;  
She ne'er look'd back, or lost her Guide,  
Or started like a broken bow ;  
She ne'er forsook her former love,  
Or wander'd in the wilderness,  
But labour'd on her faith to prove  
By power, and purity, and peace.

- 7 Her living faith by works was shown :  
Through faith to full salvation kept,  
She made the sufferer's griefs her own,  
And wept sincere with those that wept :  
Nursing the poor with constant care,  
Affection soft, and heart-esteem,  
She saw her Saviour's image there,  
And gladly minister'd to Him.
- 8 How did she entertain the spies,  
By fervent prayer their labours speed,  
Bring down the Spirit's fresh supplies,  
And more than share their every deed !  
To spread Jehovah's gracious word,  
To do His will, her pleasant meat,  
And serve the servants of her Lord,  
And wash an old disciple's feet !

## PART III.

- 1 FOR converse form'd by art Divine,  
For friendship delicate as pure,  
Did she not all with ease resign,  
To make another's bliss secure ?  
On him by heavenly grace bestow'd,  
Her generous heart entire she gave ;  
And, charged with the behests of God,  
She only lived his soul to save.
- 2 As born her earthly lord to please,  
Studious of his content alone,  
Dispersing virtuous happiness,  
She made his every wish her own :

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As in their heavenly Bridegroom's sight  
The church their vows with rapture pay,  
Her duty minister'd delight,  
Her joy and glory was to' obey.

- 3 God's image she in man revered,  
And honour'd all the ransom'd race ;  
Thrice happy soul, who always fear'd,  
Whose love did the whole world embrace !  
So humble, affable, and meek,  
Her gentle, inoffensive mind,  
None ever heard that angel speak  
A railing speech, or word unkind.
- 4 Upright she walk'd in open day,  
Free as the light, on all she shone,  
In sight of Him whose eyes survey  
The secret wish to man unknown :  
Whene'er her pleasing voice we heard,  
We saw her thoughts spontaneous rise,  
Whose heart in every word appear'd,  
Whose generous soul abhorr'd disguise.
- 5 Even as life the heavenly flame  
In all her words and actions burn'd,  
While still, invariably the same,  
Her sweetness all estates adorn'd :  
Strangers with loving awe confess'd  
The ministerial spirit below,  
And every charm'd spectator bless'd,  
And lived and died without a foe.

## PART IV.

- 1 SOON as the' appointed sickness came,  
And *promised* her departure near,  
She welcomed death in Jesu's name,  
Nor weakly dropp'd a lingering tear.  
Let those lament with conscious dread,  
Who teach, "Ye must in darkness die :"  
She knew her Advocate had sped ;  
Her place was ready in the sky.
- 2 "How can I doubt my blissful end,  
How can I tremble to remove,  
When Jesus, my almighty Friend,  
Is the great God of truth and love?  
Him, God supreme for ever bless'd,  
Sole self-existing God, I own,  
Who purchased my eternal rest,  
And calls me up to share His throne.
- 3 "Surrounded by His power I stand,  
Whom day and night His mercies keep ;  
He holds me in His chastening hand ;  
He gives to His beloved sleep :  
While in His mercies I confide,  
He keeps my soul in perfect peace ;  
He comforts me on every side,  
And pain is lost in thankfulness.
- 4 "Who for so poor a creature care,  
My friends, are with His kindness kind ;  
My burdens for His sake they bear ;  
The Fountain in the stream I find :

- I magnify my Saviour's name,  
 I praise Him with my parting breath,  
 And, sinking into dust, proclaim  
 The everlasting arms beneath."
- 5 In words like these the dying saint  
 Her humble confidence express'd,  
 Or calmly sigh'd her only want,  
 And languish'd for that endless rest :  
 Rest after toil and pain, how sweet  
 To souls whose full reward is sure ;  
 Who their last wish, like her, submit,  
 Like Jesus, to the end endure !
- 6 Enduring, with that patient Lamb,  
 The' appointed years of sacred woe,  
 She comes as gold out of the flame,  
 To triumph o'er her mortal foe ;  
 Sweet peace, and pure celestial hope,  
 And humble joy, the bride prepare,  
 While, waiting to be taken up,  
 She whispers soft her final prayer.
- 7 The witness which through life she bore,  
 When now made ready to ascend,  
 Loving, and meek, resign'd, and poor,  
 She bears consistent to the end :  
 No sudden starts, with nature mix'd,  
 No violent ecstasies of grace,  
 Her eye on Him, her heart is fix'd,  
 And silence speaks her Saviour's praise.
- 8 Exempt from nature's agonies,  
 Who now is able to conceive  
 What with her closing eyes she sees ?  
 She cannot bear the sight and live :

In sweet communion with her God,  
She glides insensibly away,  
Quietly drops the smiling clod,  
And mingles with eternal day !

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ON BEING DESIRED TO WRITE AN ELEGY  
FOR MRS. HANNAH BUTTS.

- 1 CAN I describe a worth like thine,  
Transcript of excellence Divine,  
Though friendship urge, and love demand,  
The tribute of so mean a hand ?  
Thy loveliness from far I see,  
Thy height of Christian dignity,  
But fail to utter *that* thou art,  
Or show thine image in my heart.
- 2 Could I like rapid *Young* aspire,  
Transported on his car of fire,  
Or flow with academic ease,  
Smooth as our own *Isocrates*,\*  
Beautiful words I could not find  
Expressive of so fair a mind ;  
But want an angel's tongue to paint  
The glories of an humble saint.
- 3 O were they all on me bestow'd,  
The form and lineaments of God,  
His image on thy soul impress'd,  
His love that fill'd thy faithful breast !

\* The Rev. James Hervey.

How gladly then would I ascend,  
 With thee, to view our heavenly Friend ;  
 In rapturous strains His praise repeat,  
 And sing triumphant at thy feet !

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FUNERAL HYMN.

- 1 HARK, hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb,  
 "Come, mourner," it cries, "come away !  
 The grave of thy children has room  
 To rest thee beside their cold clay :  
 Thy burden of sorrow lay down,  
 Escape to the harbour so nigh ;  
 Thy course of affliction is run,  
 And Mercy permits thee to die !"
- 2 The hope of a sudden release,  
 The token for good I receive,  
 The blissful assurance of peace,  
 Which Jesus is ready to give :  
 It reaches a soul in the deep,  
 It points to that heavenly shore ;  
 And there I no longer shall weep,  
 And there I shall suffer no more.

ANOTHER.

- 1 MOST gentle of all the soft kind,  
 I cannot allow thee to part,  
 So deeply engraven I find  
 Thy form on my desolate heart !  
 Still, still the desire of my eyes,  
 The bright apparition I see ;  
 It beckons me up to the skies,  
 It waits—to be happy with me !

- 
- 2 Thy voice ever-sounding I hear :  
 The harmony lulls me to rest ;  
 It speaks my deliverance near,  
 It calms my tumultuous breast ;  
 It bids me a moment endure,  
 Resign'd in affliction and pain,  
 To make my inheritance sure,  
 A share of her glory to gain.
- 3 O could I attain to the grace  
 That richly resided in thee,  
 A number of sorrowful days  
 Would seem but a moment to me :  
 So swiftly I then should remove,  
 Where sorrow and sighing are o'er,  
 And find my companion above,  
 And meet to be parted no more.
- 4 O Jesus, in pity appear,  
 Thy peace to a mourner impart,  
 Thy kingdom of righteousness here,  
 And whisper it into my heart ;  
 Partaker at last of my hope,  
 With mercy a sinner embrace,  
 And out of the valley take up,  
 And bless with the sight of *Thy* face.
- 

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HANNAH BUTTS.

## PART I.

- 1 HAPPY, pure, impassive soul !  
 Ended are thy mournful days ;  
 She hath reach'd the heavenly goal,  
 She hath won the glorious race ;

- 'Scaped out of the stormy deep,  
Angels welcome her to shore :  
For ourselves, alas, we weep,—  
Not for her, who weeps no more.
- 2 Early from our vale of tears  
Snatch'd by her Redeemer's love,  
Ripe for God, she now appears  
With the spotless church above ;  
Mix'd with that triumphant choir,  
Still the pitying saint looks down,  
Bids us after her aspire,  
Win the fight, and claim the crown.
- 3 In the morning of her day,  
Call'd to seek a hidden God,  
Cheerful she pursued her way,  
In the paths of duty trod,  
(Guided by parental hands,  
Stranger then to Christ her peace,)  
Ran the way of His commands,  
Follow'd after righteousness.
- 4 One of those distinguish'd few  
From their childhood sanctified,  
Wash'd by Christ, she never knew  
When the blood was first applied ;  
Favour'd of the Lord, and bless'd,  
Nothing could His handmaid say,  
Only by her life confess'd  
He had borne her sins away.
- 5 Silent follower of the Lamb,  
Him in deed and truth she loved,  
Prized the odour of His name,  
Never from His statutes roved,

Track'd the footsteps of His flock,  
 With His poor disciples stay'd,  
 Follow'd by their Guardian-Rock,  
 Safe in His almighty shade.

- 6 Humble, like her Lord, and meek,  
 Did she not herself abase ?  
 Swift to hear, and slow to speak,  
 Still she chose the lowest place,  
 Glad to be accounted least ;  
 Each she to herself preferr'd,  
 Far beyond her fellows bless'd,  
 Always bless'd who always fear'd.

PART II.

- 1 WALKING in her house with God,  
 Portion'd with the better part,  
 She her faith by actions show'd,  
*Martha's* hand and *Mary's* heart :  
 Labouring on from morn to night,  
 Still she offer'd up her care,  
 Pleasing in her Saviour's sight,  
 Sanctified by faith and prayer.
- 2 Taught of God Himself to please,  
 Daily she fulfill'd His word,  
 In her meanest services  
 Ministering unto the Lord ;  
 Happy if her constant smile  
 Might but ease the sufferer's load,  
 Soften a companion's toil,  
 Win her little ones to good.

- 3 Gently she their will inclined,  
 Diligent her house to build,  
 Wisely, rationally kind,  
 With Divine discretion fill'd :  
 Far removed from each extreme,  
 Conscious why her babes were given,  
 Heirs of bliss, she lived for them,  
 Lived to train them up for heaven.
- 4 Principled with faith unfeign'd,  
 Bless'd with Jesu's quiet mind,  
 Every part she well sustain'd,  
 Bright in every function shined :  
 Simple love, with lowly fear,  
 Kept possession of her breast,  
 Made her every act appear  
 Wisest, virtuousest, best.

## PART III.

- 1 BORN that others might rejoice,  
 Sweetly she their cares beguiled ;  
 Listening to her tuneful voice,  
 Grief was hush'd, and anguish smiled :  
 Clouds she scatter'd with her eye,  
 Welcome as the peaceful dove ;  
 Vanquish'd by her soft reply,  
*Nabal* melted into love.
- 2 More esteem'd as nearer view'd,  
 More beloved as longer known,  
 Good, without pretension good,  
 Smooth and swift her race she run ;

- Patiently her soul possess'd,  
 When His blessings she restored,  
 God in every stroke confess'd,  
 Meekly own'd, "It is the Lord!"
- 3 Witness, her companions here,  
 How she wail'd her infants dead ;  
 You who saw her tenderest tear,  
 When her dearest comforts fled !  
 Did she not the murmurer shame,  
 Teach the sufferer to submit,  
 Bless her great Redeemer's name,  
 Weep in silence at His feet?
- 4 Smiling on His mourner there,  
 Ready all her tears to dry,  
*Israel's* Strength and Comforter  
 Whisper'd her deliverance nigh :  
 Messenger of lasting peace,  
 Pain, immortalizing pain,  
 Hastens to her soul's release,  
 Gives her back her babes again.
- 5 Anguish if her Lord employs,  
 Shall she not His choice approve ?  
 Mark'd for everlasting joys,  
 Summon'd to her place above ;  
 Happy in the arms of death,  
 Lo ! the heavenly victim lies ;  
*Rachel* gasping out her breath,  
 Finishing her sacrifice !
- 6 Life is to her rescue come,  
 In her mortal pangs sustains ;  
 By the Fruit of *Mary's* womb,  
 She the full salvation gains :

- Every promise is fulfill'd,  
 Every grace and blessing given ;  
 Now the glorious heir is seal'd,  
 Ripe for all the joys of heaven.
- 7 Heaven expanded in her heart,  
 Love ineffable, Divine,  
 Makes the soul and body part,  
 Swells and bursts the earthly shrine :  
 Wafted by the' angelic powers,  
 In an ecstasy of praise,  
 To her Saviour's arms she soars,  
 Finds His throne, and sees His face !

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANNE DAVIS,  
 NOVEMBER 5, 1775.

- 1 GLORY to God on high !  
 The God whom saints adore  
 Hath caught our partner to the sky,  
 And sorrow is no more :  
 The long, dark hour is past,  
 And, lo, to sight restored,  
 She gains the dazzling prize at last,  
 And *sees* her smiling Lord.
- 2 To Thee, O Christ, to Thee,  
 Subject of all our songs,  
 Giver of life and victory,  
 The grateful praise belongs :  
 With those that never die,  
 The church enthroned above,  
 Poor worms of earth, we magnify  
 Thy dear redeeming love.

- 
- 3     On us the grace be shown,  
        Which saved our happy friend ;  
 Saviour and Lover of Thine own,  
        O love *us* to the end !  
        Let *us* Thy gracious power  
        Throughout our lives proclaim,  
 Kept in the adamantine tower  
        Of Thy almighty Name.
- 4     Then, when Thy work is wrought  
        And faith hath pass'd the fire,  
 Receive our souls, so dearly bought,  
        To that immortal choir ;  
        Wash'd in the' atoning blood,  
        Brought through the crimson sea,  
 To spend, in praises of our God,  
        A bless'd eternity.
- 

ON THE DEATH OF PRUDENCE BOX,  
 JANUARY 9, 1778, AGED THIRTY-EIGHT.

- 1   HE's come to set the prisoner free,  
       The dear Redeemer's come  
 To give the final victory,  
       And take His servant home ;  
 To wipe the sorrow from her eyes,  
       To end her mourning days,  
 And show her soul the glorious prize  
       In His unclouded face.
- 2   Long in the toils of death she lay,  
       Nor fear'd the ghastly king,  
 When Christ had borne her sins away,  
       And spoil'd him of his sting ;

- Yet still she drank the bitter cup  
Of grief and pain extreme,  
And fill'd her Lord's afflictions up,  
And *tasted* death with Him.
- 3 Seeing the great Invisible,  
Her Saviour and her Friend,  
She suffer'd all His righteous will,  
And suffer'd to the end :  
Through a long vale of misery,  
She walk'd with Christ her Guide,  
And, bleeding on the hallow'd tree,  
Confess'd the Crucified.
- 4 With all the Spirit's powers she pray'd,  
With infinite desire,  
To bow her weary, fainting head,  
And suddenly expire :  
The agonizing prayer was heard  
For everlasting peace ;  
Yet still her faithful Lord deferr'd  
To sign her soul's release.
- 5 He holds her still in life detain'd,  
Her ripen'd grace to prove,  
Her steadfast hope, and faith unfeign'd,  
And all-victorious love ;  
To emulate His sacrifice,  
Obtain a richer crown,  
And point us to the opening skies,  
And pray the Saviour down.
- 6 " Unutterable things I see !  
That purchase of Thy blood,  
That place Thou hast prepared for me !  
Come, O my God, my God !

- I dare not murmur at Thy stay ;  
 But to depart is best :  
 Come, O my Saviour, come away,  
 And take me into rest !
- 7 “ Now, Lord, into Thy hands receive,  
 That Thee my soul may bless,  
 Entirely love her God, and live  
 To Thine eternal praise.”  
 She speaks,—and hears the answering word,  
 “ Come up, My spotless bride ;”  
 And angels waft her to her Lord,  
 And seat her at His side.

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ON THE DEATH OF  
 MRS. ELIZABETH VIGOR.

- 1 FAREWELL, my best, my happiest friend !  
 Resign'd I let thee go before :  
 I see the flaming host descend,  
 Thy convoy to the heavenly shore ;  
 And Love supports thy languid head,  
 And Jesus smooths thy dying bed.
- 2 Go, claim thy full, immense reward,  
 In mansions of eternal rest ;  
 With transport find thy place prepared,  
 And lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;  
 And sink in the Divine embrace,  
 And see the glories of His face.
- 3 I trust *thy* utmost Saviour's love  
 Shall soon to me the victory give,  
 While thou, and all my friends above,  
 Your partner saved with shouts receive,

- And, mix'd with that angelic band,  
 Conduct and welcome me to land.
- 4 Come Thou, our longing hearts' Desire,  
 The number of Thy saints complete,  
 To raise their speechless raptures higher,  
 To fall triumphant at Thy feet,  
 With Father, Son, and Spirit one,  
 To reign on Thy eternal throne.

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ON THE DEATH OF  
 MRS. DOROTHY HARDY.

- 1 FAREWELL, thou once a sinner,  
 Sad daughter of distress !  
 Thy suffering faith's Beginner  
 Confers the final peace ;  
 The God of consolation  
 Is to thy rescue come,  
 And, crown'd with full salvation,  
 Receives His exile home.
- 2 With songs of pure thanksgiving  
 We trace thee to the skies,  
 No longer dead, but living  
 The life that never dies :  
 Thy days of sin and mourning  
 Are finish'd all and past,  
 Thy joy with Christ returning  
 Eternally shall last.
- 3 Where now are all thy fears  
 That God would never see  
 Thy unavailing tears,  
 Or mark thy misery ;

---

Would never more forgive thee,  
Or for His outcast care,  
But quite reject and leave thee,  
Expiring in despair?

4 Where now thy lamentations  
Of every comfort fled,  
Thy friends and fond relations  
Enroll'd among the dead?  
Thy friends again have found thee,  
Where each to each is known,  
And shouting saints surround thee  
On a superior throne.

5 Thy more enduring treasure  
Thou hast obtain'd above,  
And riches beyond measure  
In thy Redeemer's love :  
No sacrilegious spoiler  
Shall those possessions share,  
No treacherous keen reviler  
Afflict thy spirit there.

6 The mourner there rejoices,  
The weary are at rest,  
And sweet celestial voices  
Record the Ever Bless'd:  
Jesus, they all adore Thee  
In ecstasies of praise,  
Or sink in floods of glory  
Before Thy dazzling face.

---

ON THE DEATH OF DR. BOYCE,  
FEBRUARY 7, 1779.

- 1 FATHER of harmony, farewell !  
Farewell for a few fleeting years !  
Translated from the mournful vale,  
Jehovah's flaming ministers  
Have borne thee to thy place above,  
Where all is harmony and love.
  
  - 2 Thy generous, good, and upright heart,  
Which sigh'd for a celestial lyre,  
Was tuned on earth to bear a part  
Symphonious with the heavenly choir,  
Where *Handel* strikes the warbling strings,  
And plausive angels clap their wings.
  
  - 3 *Handel*, and all the tuneful train,  
Who well employ'd their art Divine  
To' announce the great Messiah's reign,  
In joyous acclamations join,  
And, springing from their azure seat,  
With shouts their new-born brother greet.
  
  - 4 Thy brow a radiant circle wears,  
Thy hand a golden harp receives,  
And, singing with the morning stars,  
Thy soul in endless raptures lives,  
And hymns, on the eternal throne,  
Jehovah and His conquering Son.
-

---

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS WALLER,  
IN HIS THIRTIETH YEAR, MAY 11, 1781.

## PART I.

- 1 THE' eternal mind at last is known,  
The will omnipotent obey'd,  
The Father hath call'd home His son,  
And number'd with the' immortal dead !  
Redeem'd from earth, the' unspotted youth  
Hath join'd the virgin-choir above,  
And sees unveil'd the God of truth,  
And triumphs in his Saviour's love.
- 2 Not of the world, while here he lived,  
A stranger to its hopes and fears,  
With reverence he rejoiced and grieved,  
Resign'd throughout his thirty years :  
From vice and every great offence  
By grace miraculous secured,  
He kept his childish innocence,  
And faithful unto death endured.
- 3 A daily death through life he died,  
In weakness, weariness, and pain,  
By many a sharp affliction tried,  
His faith did every cross sustain :  
What but the' Invisible display'd  
Could bear him through the fiery test,  
While still he look'd to God for aid,  
And God in all his ways confess'd ?
- 4 So modest, diffident, and meek,  
So small and mean in his own eyes,  
Did not his life and actions speak  
An humble soul, without disguise ?

Let others of their virtue tell,  
 Their knowledge, or superior grace,  
 His good he studied to conceal,  
 And only sought his Maker's praise.

- 5 Religion undefiled and true  
 In works of charity is shown :  
 'Twas thus his loving heart we knew,  
 Who made the sufferer's griefs his own ;  
 So swift to succour the distress'd,  
 So wise and tender to reprove,  
 He clasp'd a sister to his breast  
 With more than a fraternal love.
- 6 His soul in pure affection flow'd  
 To all by nature's ties endear'd ;  
 Freely he paid the debt he owed,  
 The friend in every act appear'd ;  
 The warmth of piety unfeign'd,  
 The flame of love unquenchable,  
 That in his grateful bosom reign'd,  
 Let an afflicted parent tell.
- 7 For her a suffering life he lived,  
 For her a daily death he died,  
 With all her pains and sorrows grieved,  
 On all her crosses crucified ;  
 Willing for her on earth to stay,  
 And want his place above prepared,—  
 But, call'd at last, he drops his clay,  
 And mounts, and gains a full reward.

## PART II.—THE MOTHER'S.

- 1 STILL let me his remembrance bless,  
Still on his dearest image dwell,  
Indulge my sorrow's soft excess,  
And weep o'er one I loved so well !  
Flow fast, and never cease to flow,  
Those streams of unforbidden tears,  
Till He who shares His creature's woe,  
The Comforter in death appears.
- 2 He knows the texture of my heart,  
Remembers that I am but dust,  
So loath, alas, with that to part  
Which nature loves and prizes most !  
Partner of all my good and ill,  
My friend, my bosom friend, he was,—  
In anguish exquisite I feel,  
I feel the' unutterable loss !
- 3 Yet for myself, not him, I grieve,  
By Mercy's sudden stroke removed  
Beyond the reach of pain to live,  
Safe in the arms of his Beloved :  
He looks with pity from the skies,—  
His happiness my grief suspends,  
Crown'd with the life that never dies,  
Possess'd of joy that never ends.
- 4 Contemplating his bless'd estate,  
I hasten to my endless home,  
And lighter feel the' afflictive weight  
Which sinks my flesh into the tomb :

- The sense of his transcendent bliss  
 With comfort soothes this aching breast,  
 Commands these storms of grief to cease,  
 And lulls my sorrowing soul to rest.
- 5 Not without hope henceforth I mourn ;  
 (Since Thou, my God, wouldst have it so ;)  
 He never shall to me return,  
 But I ere long to him shall go ;  
 Thou wilt cut short my mourning days,  
 Thou wilt my longing soul prepare,  
 To see with him Thy heavenly face,  
 And grasp my son triumphant there !

---

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM  
 KINGSBURY, FEBRUARY 8, 1782.

- 1       AND is he then set free,  
           The child of misery ?  
 Free from sin, and want, and pain,  
           Safely lodged in *Abraham's* breast ;  
 There the wrong'd no more complain,  
           There the weary are at rest.
- 2       Born to distress and woe,  
           Inured to grief below,  
 Toiling hard for scanty bread,  
           Scanty bread he could not find,  
 Not a place to lay his head,  
           Not a friend in all mankind.
- 3       By his own flesh forsook,  
           With want and sickness broke,

- Charity's cold hand at last  
 Necessary food supplied ;  
 Wanting then the power to taste,  
 Meekly he sunk down and died.
- 4 But, lo, he lives again,  
 A new immortal man ;  
 Bless'd with *Lazarus* he lives,  
 With the tuneful choir above,  
 Good, not evil, things receives,  
 Fruits of his Redeemer's love.
- 5 Happy at last might I  
 As meek and lamblike die,  
 Gladly reach Immanuel's land,  
 Meet for heavenly concerts made,  
 By the bright angelic band  
 To my Father's arms convey'd.
- 6 With those redeem'd of old,  
 In life's fair book enroll'd,  
 Saviour, tune and take my soul,  
 With that double choir to meet ;  
 There the harmony is full,  
 There the triumph is complete !

---

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS LEWIS,  
 APRIL, 1782.\*

- 1 THEE, Lord, in all events we praise !  
 With wisdom, faithfulness, and grace  
 Thou dost Thy gifts dispense ;  
 Thou dost Thy benefits revoke,  
 And by an unexpected stroke  
 Transport our brother hence.

\* Compare C. Wesley's Journal, vol. ii., p. 282.

- 
- 2 How many whom Thy judgments call,  
As sudden, not as safely, fall !  
    He falls again to rise;  
By instantaneous grace removed,  
He falls asleep in his Beloved,  
    And wakes in paradise !
- 3 For this habitually prepared,  
Death could not find him off his guard,  
    A man who daily died,  
A stranger in the vale of tears,  
Whose life for more than forty years  
    Confess'd the Crucified.
- 4 His life the proof substantial gave,  
And witness'd Jesu's power to save  
    The sinner here forgiven,  
While firm in the old paths he stood,  
Redeem'd the time by doing good,  
    And laid up wealth in heaven.
- 5 Rugged howe'er his manners seem'd,  
His manners were by all esteem'd,  
    Who truth preferr'd to art ;  
His hands for *Esau's* hands were known,  
His voice bewray'd the favourite son,  
    And *Jacob's* honest heart.
- 6 His heart, as tender as sincere,  
Melted for every sufferer,  
    And bled for the distress'd,  
(Where'er he heard the grieved complain.)  
And pity for the sons of pain  
    Resided in his breast.

- 
- 7 A father to the sick and poor,  
For them he husbanded his store,  
For them himself denied ;  
The naked clothed, the hungry fed,  
Or parted with his daily bread  
That they might be supplied.
- 8 But chiefly who in Christ believed,  
For them, into his heart received,  
He naturally cared,  
His faith's integrity to prove,  
By labours of unwearied love  
To gain a full reward.
- 9 A steward just, and wise, and good,  
Through life against the men he stood  
Who basely sought their own ;  
He dared their practices condemn,  
Yet not an enemy to them,  
But to their deeds alone.
- 10 Sin, only sin, his soul abhorr'd,  
A follower of his righteous Lord,  
Till all his toils were past :  
And, lo, the hoary saint ascends,  
And, gather'd to his heavenly friends,  
Obtains the prize at last.
- 11 Thanks be to God, through Christ, His Son !  
Thy power is on our brother shown,  
Thy truth and constant love :  
Thou dost the final victory give,  
And more than conqueror receive  
To rapturous joy above.

- 12 O that the friends he leaves beneath  
Might live his life, and die his death,  
For glory as mature,  
Partakers with the sons of light,  
And reap the pleasures in Thy sight  
Which evermore endure !
- 

PRAYER FOR MR. BLACKWELL,  
DEPARTING APRIL 21, 1782.\*

- 1 SUN of Righteousness, appear,  
Faith's almighty Finisher ;  
Life in death, Thyself reveal,  
Save the soul Thou lov'st so well.
- 2 One Thou hast so dearly bought,  
One who hath his Saviour sought,  
Mindful of Thy promise past,  
O be found of him at last !
- 3 Ere the soul and body part,  
If Thou shine into his heart,  
Light he in Thy light shall see,  
Glories of eternity.
- 4 Conscious of his pardon seal'd,  
Happy in his Lord reveal'd,  
Pain and death he then shall prove  
Swallow'd up in joy and love.
- 5 Good Physician, show Thine art,  
*Gilead's* bleeding balm impart ;  
On his gasping soul arise,  
Light of life that never dies.

\* Compare Wesley's Works, vol. xii , p. 150.

- 6 Bid him from this moment be  
One, for ever one, with Thee ;  
Ready for his purchased place,  
Take him up to see Thy face.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. EBENEZER  
BLACKWELL, APRIL 21, 1782.

PART I.

- 1 HAPPY the follower of his Lord,  
Call'd, and indulged in Him to die,  
To gain a full immense reward,  
Bestow'd by Jesus in the sky !  
He rests from all his labours there,  
Pursued by all his works of love,  
And waits for us the joy to share,  
Triumphant with our friends above.
- 2 Then let us cheerfully pursue  
Our comrade to that heavenly land,  
And keep, like him, our end in view,  
And love, like him, our Lord's command :  
Obedient both in word and deed,  
By works his genuine faith he show'd,  
Rejoiced in Jesu's steps to tread,  
And spent his life in doing good.
- 3 Affliction's kind, unfailing friend,  
He wisely used his growing store,  
And prized his privilege to lend  
To God—by giving to the poor.  
The Lord His liberal servant bless'd,  
Who paid Him back the blessings given ;  
And still, the more his wealth increased,  
More treasure he laid up in heaven.

- 
- 4 Through life inviolably just,  
 He his integrity maintain'd,  
 Most strictly faithful to his trust,  
 An upright man of truth unfeign'd :  
 His roughly honest soul abhorr'd  
 The polish smooth, the courtier's art,  
 While, free from guile, in every word  
 He spoke the language of his heart.
- 5 Who always liberal things devised,  
 By liberal things he firmly stood,  
 Sincerely loved his friends, and prized,  
 Their burdens bore, and sought their good :  
 But chiefly those to Jesus dear,  
 Who travell'd to the land of rest,  
 As brethren intimately near,  
 He cherish'd in his generous breast.
- 6 A man of passions like to ours,  
 For years he groan'd beneath the load,  
 And wrestled with the adverse powers,  
 And look'd to the atoning blood :  
 The blood, which once his pardon bought,  
 Did here the contrite sinner save ;  
 And all his faults are now forgot,  
 Are buried in his Saviour's grave.

## PART II.

- 1 ON earth he drank the deepest cup  
 Of sharp but consecrated pain,  
 And fill'd his mournful measure up,  
 And suffer'd with his Lord to reign ;

- Meekly the sudden call obey'd,  
His willing spirit to resign ;  
And only for his Saviour stay'd,  
To finish His own work Divine.
- 2 The souls whom most he prized below,  
The dearest partners of his heart,  
Free and detach'd, he let them go,  
Resign'd, and ready to depart.  
'Tis all his gasping soul's desire,  
To find his place prepared above,  
And keep, with that enraptured choir,  
A sabbath of eternal love.
- 3 His prayer is heard, and, saved at last,  
He drops the gross, corporeal clay ;  
The dreary, doleful vale is pass'd,  
And opens into glorious day :  
Pass'd are his days to feel and mourn,  
Accomplish'd is the warfare here ;  
His Father wills him to return,  
And *Israel's* fiery steeds appear !
- 4 Triumphant while his soul ascends,  
By ministerial spirits convey'd,  
The numbers whom his grateful friends  
He by the "unrighteous mammon" made,  
With kindred saints and angels bright,  
In shining ranks expecting stand,  
And, shouting, all the sons of light  
Receive and welcome him to land !
- 5 Happy the souls he leaves behind,  
If, following him, as he his Lord,  
As meek, as lowly, and resign'd,  
They hear the last transporting word !

- If ready through their Saviour's love,  
 When all the storms of life are o'er,  
 As safe and sudden they remove,  
 And grasp their friend to part no more!
- 6 To ask his death shall I presume?  
 Saviour, in me Thyself reveal,  
 And grant me, when my hour is come,  
 His penitence and faith to feel:  
 Thou seest the wish of this weak heart,  
 His cup of torture to decline;  
 And let me then, like him, depart,  
 And let his final state be mine!

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY HORTON,  
 MAY 4, 1786, AGED THIRTY-FOUR.\*

PART I.

- 1 It is the Lord, whose will is done,  
 He to the end hath loved His own,  
 And now required His bride;  
 Who went her mansion to prepare,  
 Hath brought her home, His joy to share,  
 And triumph at His side.
- 2 Her mourning days are finish'd soon,  
 Her sun of life gone down at noon;  
 But why should we complain  
 That Mercy hath abridged her years,  
 And snatch'd her from our vale of tears,  
 In endless bliss to reign?
- 3 To keep her here in vain we strove:  
 She mounts! she claps her wings above!  
 She grasps the glittering prize!
- \* Compare Wesley's Journal, under date Sept. 23rd, 1780.

- In answer to our mended prayers,  
 Enjoying, with salvation's heirs,  
 The life that never dies.
- 4 And can we now our loss regret,  
 Or wish to tear her from her seat,  
 Where high enthroned she sings?  
 No: rather let us strive to' increase  
 The cloud of Jesu's witnesses,  
 Whom death to glory brings.
- 5 Pursuing her, as she her Lord,  
 And labouring for a full reward,  
 Our friend we soon shall join;  
 The praise of *our* salvation give  
 To Him that doth for ever live,  
 And to the Lamb Divine.
- 6 Hastening the universal doom,  
 O wouldst Thou, Lord, Thy power assume,  
 And bring the kingdom down;  
 The number of Thy saints complete,  
 And us, through patient faith made meet,  
 With joy eternal crown!

## PART II.

- 1 O THAT our residue of days  
 We all might spend in prayer, and praise  
 For our translated friend,  
 Contemplating her converse here,  
 Her course of piety sincere,  
 And her consistent end!
- 2 Her piety with life begun,  
 Worshipper of the God unknown,  
 She trembled and adored;

Kept, by her parents' hallow'd cares,  
From sin, the world, and Satan's snares,  
And nurtured for the Lord.

3 Allured by His prevenient grace,  
Even she walk'd in pleasant ways,  
Far from the thoughtless crowd ;  
A stranger to their hopes and fears,  
Remembering, in her tenderest years,  
Her Maker and her God.

4 In wisdom as in years she grew,  
Nor selfish guile, nor evil knew,  
Nor gay diversion's round :  
Like *Eve* in her Creator's sight,  
Her innocent and pure delight  
She in a garden found.

5 Her precious hours employing there  
In useful works, and praise, and prayer,  
She prized her happy lot :  
Her cup of earthly bliss run o'er,  
Yet still she sigh'd for something more,  
And sought she knew not what.

6 She knew not, till the God unknown  
Had drawn her, weary, to His Son,  
The Lord her Righteousness ;  
Who paid *her* ransom on the tree,  
From all iniquity to free,  
And save a world by grace.

7 Jesus beneath the fig-tree saw  
His handmaid, labouring by the law  
Herself to justify ;

- And show'd Himself the way to God,  
 And graciously the gift bestow'd,  
 Which she could never buy.
- 8 The harmless youth who freely loved,\*  
 He her sincerity approved,  
 And touch'd her simple heart ;  
 She then with *Lydia's* ease believed,  
 A pardon seal'd with joy received,  
 And *Mary's* better part.
- 9 Yet, though her choice was still to sit  
 Delighted at the Master's feet,  
 And listening to His word,  
 She ran the way of His commands,  
 And minister'd, with *Martha's* hands,  
 To all that served her Lord.
- 10 Her genuine faith by works was known,  
 Her light, with spreading lustre, shone  
 Impartial, unconfined ;  
 Her meat and drink His will to do,  
 And trace His steps, and close pursue  
 The Friend of human kind.

## PART III.

- 1 SAY, ye companions of her youth,  
 With what sincerity and truth,  
 How free from fear and shame,  
 Christ and His members she confess'd,  
 And through a blameless life express'd  
 The tempers of the Lamb.

\* In the Gospel, Mark x. 21.

- 2 How did she put His bowels on,  
And answer every plaintive groan  
Of poverty and pain !  
In sad variety of grief  
The wretched sought from her relief,  
Nor ever sought in vain.
- 3 She flew preventing their request,  
To seek and succour the distress'd,  
The reconciling word,  
The balm of *Gilead*, to pour in,  
Comfort and soothe the bruised by sin,  
And lead them to their Lord.
- 4 Guide to her natural allies,  
Endear'd yet more by gracious ties,  
She urged them on to show  
Their faith by every righteous deed,  
And close in all the steps to tread  
Of God reveal'd below.
- 5 From those who did her Father's will,  
A thought she knew not to conceal,  
Incapable of art ;  
Bless'd with a child's simplicity,  
While, cheerful as the light and free,  
She pour'd out all her heart.
- 6 When call'd the mystery to explain  
Of two in Christ, no longer twain,  
A figure of His bride,  
The meaning of the nuptial sign,  
The sacred ordinance Divine,  
She show'd exemplified.

- 
- 7 To whom her plighted faith she gave,  
She with entire affection gave,  
Nor e'er resumed a part ;  
Yet Jesus above all adored,  
Still rendering to her heavenly Lord  
An undivided heart.
- 8 When God, to prove her love sincere,  
A sacrifice than life more dear,  
Did for her children call,  
Her children freely she resign'd,  
Bereaved, yet happy still to find  
That Christ was all in all.

## PART IV.

- 1 SHE thus, adorning every state,  
Did with His true disciples wait  
The Saviour from above :  
Death could not find her off her guard,  
By prayer habitually prepared,  
By humble, active love.
- 2 Her life a testimony true  
That heaven was always in her view,  
Till earthly scenes were past,  
That here she had not long to stay,  
Who lived as every well-spent day  
Were destined for her last.
- 3 Ready for her celestial home  
Whene'er the messenger should come,  
Her Lord was sure to find  
His handmaid in His work employ'd,  
Who long had given up all for God,  
And cast the world behind.

- 
- 4 Unwarn'd of her release so near,  
Insensible of pain or fear,  
She needed not to know  
The moment fix'd for her remove ;  
She could not doubt her Saviour's love,  
Or dread a stingless foe.
- 5 The tyrant was not worth a thought,  
When Christ had her salvation wrought,  
Had wholly sanctified ;  
When (half her race of glory run)  
He sent *Elijah's* chariot down,  
He came to fetch His bride.
- 6 Like *Moses* caught to His embrace,  
Dissolved by His *discover'd* face,  
Whom only she desired ;  
The race she in a moment won,  
And calm, without a lingering groan,  
In Jesu's sight expired.
- 7 Yet, mindful of her friends below,  
Stronger than death her love to show,  
By a Divine decree,  
Indulged to comfort them that mourn'd,  
She stopp'd the flaming car, and turn'd,  
And shouted *Victory!*

## PART V.

- 1 O GOD, who dost the victory give,  
The thanks of every heart receive,  
Through Thy beloved Son,  
Who dost, for our Redeemer's sake,  
Vile, sinful worms vouchsafe to make  
The partners of Thy throne.

- 
- 2 The grace which saved our happy friend,  
Which made her faithful to the end,  
    And deck'd her head with rays,  
We shall for us sufficient prove,  
And strive, in humble fear and love,  
    To perfect holiness.
- 3 Who did for her the kingdom buy,  
Jesus, for us went up on high,  
    Our purchased thrones to claim ;  
The same our Advocate with Thee,  
The same our trust Thy face to see,  
    Through that almighty Name.
- 4 Father, we on that Name depend :  
Send, then, for us, the convoy send,  
    For all with Jesus one ;  
Consummate us in heavenly bliss,  
And by Thy glorious saints increase  
    The glory of Thy Son.
- 

## ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL GALATIN.

- 1 IN the mansions of the bless'd,  
Where the weary are at rest,  
Far from earth and sin removed,  
Can we mourn whom best we loved ?
- 2 Yes ; though now his spirit reigns,  
Stranger to our griefs and pains,  
Still remembering what he was,  
Calmly sad, we feel our loss ;
- 3 By our old companion left,  
Of our bosom-friend bereft,  
Gentle, generous, and sincere,  
GALATIN demands the tear.

- 4 We ourselves, not him, deplore,  
Safe on the eternal shore,  
Safe, where all his sorrows end,  
Safe with his redeeming Friend.
- 5 Jesus cheer'd the sinner here,  
Show'd Himself the Comforter,  
Saved the penitent forgiven,  
Bare his ransom'd soul to heaven.
- 6 We, alas, remain below,  
Pilgrims in a vale of woe,  
Banish'd from our native place,  
Wandering o'er the wilderness.
- 7 Thorns and briars our spirits wound,  
Lions roar, and wolves surround ;  
Troubled, destitute, distress'd,  
On this earth we cannot rest :
- 8 Burden'd with a load of clay,  
Struggling to escape away ;  
For our absent Lord we sigh,  
For our country in the sky.
- 9 Lord, while after Thee we mourn,  
Comfort us with Thy return ;  
Saviour of the chosen race,  
Come, and all our sorrows chase.
- 10 Bring the heavenly city down,  
Bring the patient victor's crown ;  
Son of God, on earth appear,  
King of saints triumphant here !
-

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. CHARLES WORGAN.

- 1 BLOOMING innocence, adieu,  
Lovely, transitory flower !
- Faded is thy youthful hue,  
Ended is thy morning hour ;  
Death hath closed thy sleeping eyes,  
Opening them in paradise.
- 2 Ravish'd hence by sovereign love,  
Wing'd with empyrean fire,  
Soars thy soul to joys above,  
Mingled with the' immortal choir,  
Hears the music of the spheres,  
All those heavenly harpers hears.
- 3 Happy harmonist, to thee  
Sovereign love assigns a place,  
Crowns thy spotless purity,  
Decks thy head with brighter rays,  
Bids thee join the virgin throng,  
Chant the' inimitable song.
- 4 Hastening through this mortal vale,  
Lo, we after thee aspire,  
Where thou dost their triumph swell,  
Raise their highest raptures higher ;  
Sing the glorious One in Three,  
Shout through all eternity.

## COMMUNION WITH A SAINT DEPARTED.

- 1 AH ! my dear departed friend,  
Can I cease remembering thee ?  
Must our sacred friendship end  
With this life of misery ?

- From thy fleshly dungeon freed,  
 Dead to all thou lov'dst before,  
 Dead to me, entirely dead,  
 Shall I clasp thy soul no more ?
- 2 Wherefore when we met below,  
 Touch'd with sympathy Divine,  
 Pleased its counterpart to know,  
 Flew my soul to mix with thine ?  
 Blazed the pure expanded flame  
 Such as burns in those above ;  
 Love pervaded all my frame—  
 Heavenly, everlasting love.
- 3 Winged with infinite desire  
 Wherefore doth my love remain,  
 If we at our death expire,  
 If we ne'er must meet again ?  
 Say thou questionable shade,  
 Once so intimately dear,  
 Art thou far removed when dead ?  
 None on earth is half so near.
- 4 Could the greedy grave devour  
 One whom I this moment feel  
 Lured by some mysterious power  
 To that world invisible !  
 Surely now her bliss I share,  
 Live her life which never dies :  
 Yes ; my old companion there  
 Draws me after—to the skies !

F I N I S .

# H Y M N S

FOR

# CHILDREN.



*B R I S T O L :*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE "Hymns for Children" were reprinted several times during the life of the Author, with no other alteration than an addition to the title of the words "And others of Riper Years."

In 1790 an abridged edition was published in a smaller size. The additional words being omitted from the title, the following sentences were prefixed:--

### TO THE READER.

There are two ways of writing or speaking to children: the one is, to let ourselves down to them; the other, to lift them up to us. Dr. Watts has wrote on the former way, and has succeeded admirably well, speaking to children as children, and leaving them as he found them. The following Hymns are written on the other plan: they contain strong and manly sense, yet expressed in such plain and easy language as even children may understand. But when they do understand them, they will be children no longer, only in years and in stature.

*March 27th, 1790.*

An Edition published in 1842 appears (like the present) to contain five Hymns more than the original;

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but the addition is only apparent, the several "parts" of certain Hymns being separately numbered.

The student of the Wesley Poetry will be much interested in comparing these Hymns with the "Instructions for Children" published in 1745, and often reprinted. This general reference renders it unnecessary to trace, in numerous foot-notes, the correspondence of particular passages.

# H Y M N S

FOR

## CHILDREN.

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### HYMN I.

#### OF GOD.

- 1 HAIL ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God, in Persons Three !  
Of Thee we make our early boast,  
Our songs we make of Thee.
- 2 Thou neither canst be felt, or seen ;  
Thou art a Spirit pure,  
Who from eternity hast been,  
And always shalt endure.
- 3 Present alike in every place  
Thy Godhead we adore,  
Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 4 In wisdom infinite Thou art,  
Thine eye doth all things see ;  
And every thought of every heart  
Is fully known to Thee.

- 5 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below  
 Thou dost, in heaven above :  
 But chiefly we rejoice to know  
 The' almighty God is Love.
- 6 Thou lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made ;  
 Thy goodness we rehearse,  
 In shining characters display'd  
 Throughout our universe.
- 7 Mercy, and love, and endless grace  
 O'er all Thy works doth reign ;  
 But mostly Thou delight'st to bless  
 Thy favourite creature, man.
- 8 Wherefore, let every creature give  
 To Thee the praise design'd :  
 But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,  
 The hearts of all mankind.

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 HYMN II.

## OF THE CREATION AND FALL OF MAN.

- 1 O ALL-CREATING God !  
 At whose supreme decree  
 Our body rose, a breathing clod,  
 Our soul sprang forth from Thee ;  
 For this Thou hast design'd,  
 And form'd us man for this,  
 To know, and love Thyself, and find  
 In Thee our endless bliss.
- 2 Thou the first happy pair  
 In paradise didst place,  
 To reap the joys and pleasures there,  
 And sing the Giver's praise :

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Of all the trees but one  
Forbidden was, to prove  
Their due regard to God alone,  
Their firm, obedient love.

3 But, O they rashly took  
Of the forbidden tree ;  
Thine easy, sole commandment broke,  
And sinn'd, and fell from Thee :  
Of their wide-spreading fault  
The sad effects we find ;  
Anguish, and sin, and death it brought  
On us, and all mankind.

4 Infected by their stain  
In sin we all are born,  
And liable to grief and pain,  
Till we to dust return :  
To every sin inclined,  
Selfish we are, and proud,  
Our will perverse, our carnal mind  
Is enmity to God.

5 Dead to the things above,  
While in our lost estate,  
Children of wrath, the world we love,  
And Thee by nature hate :  
In pining griefs and cares  
We spend our wretched breath,  
And die the miserable heirs  
Of everlasting death.

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## HYMN III.

## OF THE REDEMPTION OF MAN.

- 1 SAVIOUR from sin, from death, from hell,  
Thee, Jesus Christ, with joy we own,  
The Man who loved our souls so well,  
The Father's everlasting Son.
- 2 Thou, for our sake, a man wast made,  
The burden of a virgin's womb,  
Didst live, and suffer in our stead,  
And rise triumphant from the tomb.
- 3 What hath Thy death for sinners gain'd?  
What hath Thy life to sinners given?  
For every soul of man obtain'd?  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 Soon as our broken hearts repent,  
Soon as I do in Thee believe,  
The power into my soul is sent,  
And then my pardon I receive.

## HYMN IV.

## THE SAME.

- 1 O COULD I now to God return  
With all sincerity of grief,  
My sinfulness, and folly mourn,  
My guilt, and helpless unbelief!
- 2 O could I now the faith obtain,  
That evidence of things unseen,  
And know the Lamb for sinners slain,  
For me, the sinfulness of men!

- 
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, the grace impart,  
Reveal the dying Deity,  
And feelingly convince my heart  
He loved, and gave Himself for me.
  - 4 The pardon on my conscience seal,  
Inspire the sense of sin forgiven ;  
And all my new-born soul shall feel  
That holiness is present heaven.

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HYMN V.

THE SAME.

- 1 HAPPY the man, who Jesus knows,  
By holy faith to Jesus join'd !  
His pure believing heart o'erflows  
With love to God, and all mankind.
- 2 Redeem'd from all iniquity,  
From every evil work and word,  
From every sinful temper free,  
He lives devoted to his Lord.
- 3 Little and vile in his own eyes,  
All good he gives to God alone :  
Saved from self-will, he ever cries,  
Lord, not my will, but Thine be done.
- 4 Saved from the love of all below,  
Heavenward his every wish aspires ;  
Nothing but Christ resolved to know,  
God, only God, his heart desires.
- 5 Saved from all evil words, he speaks  
For God, and ministers His grace ;  
Saved from all evil deeds, he seeks  
In all to' advance his Maker's praise.

- 6 Whether he eats, in faith, or drinks,  
He spreads his Maker's praise abroad ;  
Whether he acts, or speaks, or thinks,  
He only aims to' exalt his God.
- 

## HYMN VI.

## OF THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 1 GOD of all-alluring grace,  
Thee through Jesus Christ we praise,  
Father, in Thy Spirit's power,  
Thee we for Thy grace adore.
- 2 Sent in Jesu's mighty name,  
Grace with God from heaven came ;  
Grace on all mankind bestow'd,  
Grace, the life and power of God.
- 3 Us, whoe'er the gift receive,  
It enables to believe,  
Helps our soul's infirmity  
Still to live, and die with Thee.
- 4 In the means Thou hast enjoin'd,  
All who seek the grace shall find ;  
In the prayer, the fast, the word,  
In the supper of their Lord.
- 5 Thus the saints of ancient days  
Waited, and obtain'd Thy grace ;  
Drank the blood by Jesus shed,  
Daily on His body fed.
- 6 Thus the whole assembly join'd,  
Jesus in the midst to find,  
Prayer presenting to the skies,  
Morn and evening sacrifice.

- 
- 7 Jointly praying, and apart,  
Each to Thee pour'd out his heart,  
Solemnly Thy grace implored,  
Still continued in the word :
- 8 Search'd the Scriptures day and night,  
(All their comfort and delight  
There to catch Thy Spirit's power,)  
Heard, and read, and lived them o'er.
- 9 Twice a week they fasted then,  
Purest of the sons of men,  
Choicest vessels of Thy grace,  
Patterns to the faithful race.
- 10 Still to us they speak, though dead,  
Bid us in their footsteps tread,  
Bid us never dare remove  
From the channels of Thy love.
- 11 Never will we hence depart,  
Till our all in all Thou art,  
Till from outward means we fly,  
Till we on Thy bosom die.

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HYMN VII.

OF HELL.

- 1 WRETCHED souls, who live in sin,  
Who their Lord by deeds deny!  
*Tophet* yawns to take them in ;  
Soon as their frail bodies die,  
They their due reward shall feel,  
Dreadfully thrust down to hell.

- 2 Dark and bottomless the pit  
Which on them its mouth shall close ;  
Never shall they 'scape from it ;  
There they shall in endless woes  
Weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth,  
Die an everlasting death.
- 3 There their tortured bodies lie,  
Scorch'd by the consuming fire ;  
There their souls in torments cry,  
Rack'd with pride and fierce desire :  
Fear and grief their spirits tear,  
Rage, and envy, and despair.
- 4 Every part its curse sustains,  
Every faculty of soul,  
All the power of hellish pains  
Joins to make their measure full ;  
Fiends, themselves, and conscience join,  
Heighten'd all by wrath Divine.
- 5 There they lie, alas, how long !  
Never can they hope release ;  
Not a drop to cool their tongue,  
Not an hour, a moment's ease ;  
Damn'd they are, and still shall be,  
Damn'd to all eternity !

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HYMN VIII.

OF HEAVEN.

- 1 WHERE shall true believers go,  
When from the flesh they fly ?  
Glorious joys ordain'd to know,  
They mount above the sky,

- 
- To that bright celestial place ;  
There they shall in raptures live,  
More than tongue can e'er express,  
Or heart can e'er conceive.
- 2 When they once are enter'd there,  
Their mourning days are o'er ;  
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,  
And sighing is no more :  
Subject then to no decay,  
Heavenly bodies they put on,  
Swifter than the lightning's ray,  
And brighter than the sun.
- 3 But their greatest happiness,  
Their highest joy, shall be  
God their Saviour to possess,  
To know, and love, and see :  
With that beatific sight  
Glorious ecstasy is given,  
This is their supreme delight,  
And makes an heaven of heaven.
- 4 Him beholding face to face,  
To Him they glory give,  
Bless His name, and sing His praise,  
As long as God shall live.  
While eternal ages roll,  
Thus employ'd in heaven they are :  
Lord, receive my happy soul  
With all Thy servants there!
-

## HYMN IX.

- 1 TEACHER, Guide of young beginners,  
Let a child approach to Thee,  
Thee, who camest to ransom sinners,  
Thee, who diedst to ransom me :  
Into Thy protection take me,  
Full of goodness as Thou art,  
After Thy own image make me,  
Make me after Thy own heart.
- 2 Exercise the potter's power  
Over this unshapen clay :  
Call me in the morning hour,  
Teach my simpleness the way :  
With a tender awe inspire,  
That I never more may rove ;  
The faint spark of good desire  
Blow into a flame of love.
- 3 O my everlasting Lover,  
Thee that I may love again,  
To mine inmost soul discover  
All Thy dying love for man ;  
By Thy Spirit's inspiration  
Make Thy depths of mercy known,  
Seal the heir of sure salvation,  
Then translate me to Thy throne.

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HYMN X.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, to Thee I cry,  
Assist a child's infirmity,  
Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,  
While my heart wanders far from Thee.

- 
- 2 Ah ! never let me speak a word,  
But what with all my soul I mean ;  
Or lie to Thee, Thou glorious Lord,  
By whom my every thought is seen.
- 3 With what submissive lowliness  
Shall I approach Thy gracious throne ?  
How can I hope by words to please,  
To please a God I have not known ?
- 4 I know not what to do or say,  
Till I Thy blessed Spirit receive,  
And Jesus teaches me to pray,  
And Jesus teaches me to live.

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HYMN XI.

- 1 GLORIOUS God, accept a heart  
That pants to sing Thy praise :  
Thou without beginning art,  
And without end of days ;  
Thou, a Spirit invisible,  
Dost to none Thy fulness show ;  
None Thy majesty can tell,  
Or all Thy Godhead know.
- 2 All Thine attributes we own,  
Thy wisdom, power, and might :  
Happy in Thyself alone,  
In goodness infinite,  
Thou Thy goodness hast display'd,  
On Thine every work impress'd,  
Lovest whate'er Thy hands have made,  
But man Thou lovest the best.

- 3 Willing Thou that all should know  
Thy saving truth, and live,  
Dost to each or bliss or woe  
With strictest justice give :  
Thou with perfect righteousness  
Renderest every man his due ;  
Faithful in Thy promises,  
And in Thy threatenings too.
- 4 Thou art merciful to all  
Who truly turn to Thee ;  
Hear me then for pardon call,  
And show Thy grace to me ;  
Me by mercy reconciled,  
Me for Jesu's sake forgiven,  
Me receive, Thy favourite child,  
To sing Thy praise in heaven.
- 

## HYMN XII.

- 1 O THOU whom none hath seen or known,  
But He that in Thy bosom lies,  
Thine heavenly best-beloved Son,  
Creator both of earth and skies,  
He only knows, and can explain  
Thy Godhead to the sons of men.
- 2 Not all the things we read or hear  
Can Thee unto our souls reveal,  
Not all the art of man declare ;  
Thy Spirit must the secret tell,  
Into our deepest darkness shine,  
And manifest the things Divine.

- 
- 3 Father of everlasting grace,  
The Spirit of Thy Son impart  
To us who humbly seek Thy face,  
Who pray for light with all our heart,  
And long to know Thy blessed will,  
And all Thy counsel to fulfil.
- 

HYMN XIII.

- 1 THOU, O God, art good alone,  
(Praise to Thee alone be given,)  
Truly issues from Thy throne  
All the good in earth and heaven;  
Good if e'er in man we see,  
Lord, it all proceeds from Thee.
- 2 Unassisted by Thy grace,  
We can only evil do ;  
Wretched is the human race,  
Wretched more than words can show,  
Till Thy blessing from above  
Tells our hearts that God is love.
- 

HYMN XIV.

- 1 ALL power to save, O Lord, is Thine :  
Receive this ruin'd soul of mine,  
Upon Thy mercy cast ;  
Do with me what, and as Thou wilt,  
But throughly purge away my guilt,  
And save my soul at last.

- 2 What I into Thy hands commend,  
 Keep, and continue to defend,  
 In humble faith I pray,  
 Evil and danger turn aside,  
 And me, and my companions hide  
 Against that awful day.
- 3 Then, Lord, by Thine almighty power,  
 Our bodies and our souls restore,  
 Committed to Thy care;  
 Our hidden life with Christ reveal,  
 And lift us to Thy heavenly hill,  
 To see Thy glory there.
- 

## HYMN XV.

- 1 **MAKER**, Saviour of mankind,  
 Who hast on me bestow'd  
 An immortal soul, design'd  
 To be the house of God:  
 Come, and now reside in me,  
 Never, never to remove;  
 Make me just, and good, like Thee,  
 And full of power and love.
- 2 Bid me in Thine image rise  
 A saint, a creature new,  
 True, and merciful, and wise,  
 And pure, and happy too:  
 This Thy primitive design,  
 That I should in Thee be bless'd;  
 Should within the arms Divine  
 For ever, ever rest.

- 
- 3 Let Thy will on me be done ;  
Fulfil my heart's desire,  
Thee to know, and love alone,  
And rise in rapture higher ;  
Thee, descending on a cloud,  
When with ravish'd eyes I see,  
Then I shall be fill'd with God  
To all eternity !

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HYMN XVI.

- 1 AUTHOR and End of my desires,  
From whom my every blessing flow'd,  
I *would* whate'er Thy will requires ;  
Whate'er Thy will requires is good.
- 2 I would (but Thou must give the power)  
From all beside my will avert ;  
Nor ever grieve Thy goodness more,  
Nor ever follow my own heart.
- 3 Spring of all good, Thy will I own,  
The fountain of all evil mine ;  
Father, let mine no more be done,  
Let all obey the will Divine.
- 4 We came into the world to do  
The will of Him that placed us here,  
And who their own desires pursue  
Can never in Thy sight appear.
- 5 What then shall of our souls become,  
Used our own pleasures to fulfil ?  
Eternal death must be the doom  
Of all that follow their own will.

- 6 But, O to Thee for help we cry;  
Save, or we sink into the pit;  
Ourselves assist us to deny,  
And to Thy blessed will submit.
- 7 Father, for Jesu's sake alone,  
Thine all-sufficient grace impart,  
Save us, in honour of Thy Son,  
And Godward turn the selfish heart.
- 8 So shall we every moment feel,  
(When Thou the Holy Ghost hast given,)  
To do our cursed will, is hell,  
To do Thy blessed will, is heaven.
- 

## HYMN XVII.

- 1 GOD is goodness, wisdom, power;  
Love Him, praise Him, evermore;  
Let us strive, and never cease,  
Him in everything to please.
- 2 Born for this intent we are  
Our Creator to declare,  
God to love, and serve, and praise,  
God to honour all our days.
- 3 Lift we then our hearts to God,  
Like the church above employ'd;  
Day and night the angels sing  
Praises to their heavenly King.
- 4 Him that sitteth on the throne,  
Him that died for man to' atone,  
God, and the triumphant Lamb,  
They eternally proclaim.

- 5 Let us then to God aspire,  
Rivals of the heavenly choir ;  
Cherubim our faces wear,  
Let us their enjoyments share.
- 6 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Live by heaven and earth adored ;  
Fill'd with Thee, let all things cry,  
Glory be to God most high !
- 

## HYMN XVIII.

- 1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid !  
God our soul and body made,  
God on us in gracious showers  
Blessings every moment pours ;  
Compasses with angel-bands,  
Bids them bear us in their hands :  
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd ;  
Life, and all, descends from God.
- 2 He this flowery carpet spread,  
Made the earth on which we tread,  
God refreshes in the air,  
Covers with the clothes we wear,  
Feeds us in the food we eat,  
Cheers us by the light and heat,  
Makes the sun on us to shine ;  
All our blessings are Divine.
- 3 Give Him then, and always give,  
Thanks for all that we receive :  
Man we for his kindness love,  
How much more our God above ?

Worthy Thou, our heavenly Lord,  
 To be honour'd and adored ;  
 God of all-creating grace,  
 Take the everlasting praise.

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## HYMN XIX.

- 1 BUT what are all the blessings, Lord,  
 Which our frail bodies prove,  
 Unless Thou to our souls afford  
 The happiness of love ?
  - 2 Our souls, (we above all desire,)  
 Our souls vouchsafe to bless ;  
 And into our young hearts inspire  
 The knowledge of Thy grace.
  - 3 We lack the wisdom from on high ;  
 For love on Thee we call,  
 Who never canst Thyself deny,  
 But givest Thyself to all.
  - 4 Then let us with Thy gifts receive  
 The Giver from above ;  
 And never sin, and never grieve  
 The God whom once we love.
- 

## HYMN XX.

- 1 FATHER, to Thee Thine own we give,  
 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness praise,  
 Thy benefits with thanks receive,  
 And humbly sue for pardoning grace ;  
 Thy mercy and Thy strength implore,  
 To keep us, that we sin no more.

- 2 We pray, but with our lips alone,  
Till Thou infuse the pure desire,  
Till Thou to flesh convert the stone,  
The gracious principle inspire;  
The supplicating spirit impart,  
And bless us with a praying heart.
- 

## HYMN XXI.

- 1 WHAT matters it to pray  
To God, in Jesu's name,  
Unless we feel the words we say,  
And hang upon the Lamb?  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
If strangers to His blood,  
We only take His name in vain,  
And mock the' almighty God.
- 2 Father of mercies, show  
What we by nature were,  
Children of wrath, and doom'd below  
Eternal pains to bear:  
When Jesus Christ Thy Son  
For helpless sinners died,  
That all who trust in Him alone  
May know Thee pacified.
- 3 In Him if we believe,  
Thy mercies we partake,  
Who all good things art pleased to give  
To man for Jesu's sake:  
We durst not ask Thine aid,  
Or hope to' obtain Thy love,  
But that His blood for us was shed,  
And speaks for us above.

- 
- 4       Wherefore to Thee we cry,  
           Through Thy beloved Son,  
 And fix on Him our steadfast eye,  
           Who stands before Thy throne;  
           The good desires we feel,  
           From Him, we own, they came,  
 And them, according to Thy will,  
           Present in Jesu's name.
- 5       Our prayers to His unite,  
           And as Thy Son's receive,  
 And give, who ask in Jesu's right,  
           To us Thy blessing give.  
           Whate'er we thus desire,  
           The suit of Jesus is:  
 Hear then, and raise Thy glory higher,  
           By our eternal bliss.

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HYMN XXII.

- 1 THOU, my God, art good and wise,  
       And infinite in power :  
 Thee let all in earth and skies  
       Eternally adore.  
 Give me Thy converting grace,  
       That I may obedient prove,  
 Serve my Maker all my days,  
       And my Redeemer love.
- 2 For my life, and clothes, and food,  
       And every comfort here,  
 Thee, my most indulgent God,  
       I thank, with heart sincere ;

- 
- For the blessings numberless,  
Which Thou hast already given,  
For my smallest spark of grace,  
And for my hope of heaven.
- 3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,  
And Thy good Spirit impart !  
Then I shall in Thee believe  
With all my loving heart ;  
Always unto Jesus look,  
Him in heavenly glory see,  
Who my cause hath undertook,  
And ever prays for me.
- 4 Grace, in answer to His prayer,  
And every grace bestow,  
That I may with zealous care  
Perform Thy will below ;  
Rooted in humility,  
Still in every state resign'd,  
Plant, almighty Lord, in me  
A meek and lowly mind.
- 5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
With self-abasing shame,  
Still I would myself despise,  
And magnify Thy name :  
Thee let every creature bless,  
Praise to God alone be given ;  
God alone deserves the praise  
Of all in earth and heaven.
-

## HYMN XXIII.

- 1 How ignorant the human mind,  
How totally shut up and blind,  
Through our first parents' fall !  
Strangers to God by nature, we  
His things can neither know nor see,  
But darkness covers all.
- 2 God only can our sight restore,  
And give us by His Spirit's power  
Spiritual things to know ;  
His wisdom, majesty, and love  
To view in all His works above,  
And all His works below.
- 3 Who good pursue, and evil fly,  
To them He grants the seeing eye,  
To them Himself displays ;  
Show then (for I Thy will would do)  
To me, great God, vouchsafe to show  
The wonders of Thy grace.
- 4 Open mine eyes, the veil withdraw,  
And I, O Lord, will keep Thy law,  
If Thou Thy light impart ;  
Through grace, determined to fulfil  
Thy holy, good, and perfect will,  
With all my loving heart.

## HYMN XXIV.

- 1 TEACHER of babes, to Thee  
I for instruction flee ;

- 
- In my natural estate  
Thee, my God, I cannot know :  
Let Thy grace illuminate,  
Thee let Thy own Spirit show.
- 2 Ah, give me other eyes  
Than flesh and blood supplies,  
Spiritual discernment give ;  
Then command the light to shine,  
Then I shall the truth receive,  
Know by faith the things Divine.
- 3 For this I ever pray,  
The darkness chase away  
From a foolish, feeble mind,  
Humbly offer'd up to Thee :  
Help me, Lord ; my soul is blind,  
Give me light, and eyes to see.
- 4 Thou seest my heart's desire,  
Whate'er Thy laws require  
Freely, faithfully to do ;  
But I know not how to' obey ;  
Till Thy Spirit lend a clue,  
Pointing out the living Way.
- 5 Now, Father, send Him down,  
To make Thy Godhead known ;  
Let him Thee in Christ reveal,  
Now diffuse Thy love abroad ;  
Show me things unsearchable,  
All the heights and depths of God.
-

## HYMN XXV.

- 1 THEE, Maker of the world, we praise,  
The end of our creation own ;  
Being Thou gav'st the favourite race,  
That man might love his God alone ;  
With knowledge fill'd, and joy, and peace,  
And glorious, everlasting bliss.
  - 2 But man his liberty of will  
Abused, and turn'd his heart from Thee :  
His fault on us entail'd we feel,  
While born in sin and misery,  
We from our God with horror fly,  
And perish, and for ever die.
  - 3 We must have died that second death,  
Had not the Son of God been man :  
Jesus for us resign'd His breath,  
For us reviv'd, and rose again ;  
He purged our sin, He bought our peace,  
And fills us with His righteousness.
  - 4 We now, by His good Spirit led,  
Our own desires and will forego,  
Delight in all His steps to tread,  
And perfect holiness below,  
Our ransom'd souls to God resign,  
Fill'd up with peace and joy Divine.
  - 5 In Jesus join'd to God again,  
To all Thy saints in earth and heaven,  
We triumph with the sons of men,  
Thy utmost grace to sinners given  
Sure at His coming to receive,  
And bless'd with Thee for ever live.
-

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HYMN XXVI.

- 1 FOLISH, ignorant, and blind  
Is sinful, short-lived man ;  
All which in the world we find  
Is perishing and vain :  
Man must quickly turn to dust,  
The world will be destroy'd by fire ;  
Who would then on either trust,  
Or dotingly admire ?
- 2 God is good and great alone,  
In wisdom infinite :  
Let us render Him His own,  
And still in God delight ;  
Fix on Him our trust and choice,  
And sing, and wonder, and adore ;  
In His holy will rejoice,  
And triumph evermore.

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HYMN XXVII.

- 1 COME, let us rival those above,  
Rejoicing in our Father's love ;  
Our Father is the' almighty Lord,  
Our Father's glorious praise record ;  
He made us to rejoice in Him,  
Our first, and last, and endless theme.
- 2 Happy He doth and glorious live,  
Beyond what we can e'er conceive ;  
He always to His promise stood,  
Holy, and wise, and just, and good :  
Rejoice, that God a King remains,  
Rejoice that God for ever reigns.

- 
- 3 Worthy is God, and God alone,  
 To be desired, and sought, and known ;  
 Honour and praise He should receive,  
 And blessing, more than man can give,  
 And might, and majesty, and love,  
 From all on earth, and all above.
- 4 Wherefore again we say, Rejoice,  
 And make to God a cheerful noise,  
 To God who man for us became ;  
 Extol the mighty Jesu's name,  
 Who died to live, who stoop'd to rise,  
 And take us with Him to the skies.
- 

## HYMN XXVIII.

- 1 COVER'D with conscious shame,  
 And grieved, O Lord, I am,  
 Praise to most unworthy me  
 That my fellow-worms should give :  
 Praise belongs to none but Thee,  
 Praise let God alone receive.
- 2 Shall I, His creature, I,  
 By sinful robbery,  
 Take the honour and esteem  
 To my glorious Maker due?  
 No ; I leave it all to Him,  
 Him, from whom my life I drew.
- 3 Father, accept Thine own  
 Through Jesus Christ Thy Son :

---

Honour, glory, power is Thine,  
Mine (if Thou vouchsafe the grace)  
With that heavenly choir to join,  
In Thine everlasting praise.

---

HYMN XXIX.

- 1 REJOICE in the Lord, Rejoice evermore !  
Who gave us the word, Shall give us the power :  
His grace is a treasure, Which when we obtain,  
Obedience is pleasure, And duty is gain.
  - 2 The pleasure and gain Of them that believe,  
The reason of man Can never conceive :  
Too big for expression The comfort and peace,  
'Tis present possession Of heavenly bliss.
  - 3 Who share it above, They never can lose  
His heavenly love, Or forfeit, like us,  
Immanuel's favour ; And therefore they rest  
Wrapp'd up in their Saviour, And perfectly bless'd.
- 

HYMN XXX.

- 1 BUT we, by divers ways,  
May fall from Jesu's grace,  
Let Him every moment go,  
Lose our treasure and reward :  
Watch we then against our foe,  
Stand for ever on our guard.
- 2 With reverential joy  
Let us our time employ ;

Joy at Jesu's hands receive,  
 Temper'd with a serious fear,  
 Humbly, circumspectly live,  
 Sin, the world, and hell so near.

3 Dangers and snares abound,  
 And ever close us round ;  
 Numberless malicious powers  
 Fight against us night and day ;  
 Satan as a lion roars,  
 Watching to devour his prey.

4 But our almighty Lord  
 Shall still His help afford,  
 Arm us with His patient mind,  
 Till we see our conflicts past ;  
 Perfect joy and safety find,  
 More than conquerors at last.

---

HYMN XXXI.

BEFORE READING THE SCRIPTURES.

- 1 O THAT I, like *Timothy*,  
 Might the Holy Scriptures know,  
 From mine earliest infancy,  
 Till for God mature I grow,  
 Made unto salvation wise,  
 Ready for the glorious prize.
- 2 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,  
 Full of truth, and full of grace,  
 Make me understand Thy word,  
 Teach me in my youthful days  
 Wonders in Thy word to see,  
 Wise through faith which is in Thee.

- 3 Open now mine eyes of faith,  
Open now the book of God,  
Show me here the secret path,  
Leading to Thy bless'd abode :  
Wisdom from above impart,  
Speak the meaning to my heart.

---

HYMN XXXII.

- 1 COME, let us embrace,  
In our earliest days,  
The offers of life and salvation by grace ;  
Let us gladly believe,  
And the pardon receive,  
Which the Father of mercies through Jesus doth give.
- 2 His kingdom below  
He hath call'd us to know,  
And in stature and heavenly wisdom to grow ;  
In His work to remain  
Till His image we gain,  
And the fulness of Christ in perfection attain.
- 3 Then let us begin  
By renouncing all sin,  
And expecting the blood that shall wash our hearts  
clean :  
With endeavour sincere  
To Jesus draw near,  
And be instant in prayer till our Saviour appear.
- 4 If now Thou art nigh,  
Appear at our cry,  
Thy love to reveal, and Thy blood to apply ;

Thy little ones own,  
 And perfect in one,  
 And admit us at last to a share of Thy throne.

---

## HYMN XXXIII.

- 1        HOSANNA to the Son  
           Of *David* on His throne !  
 Coming in Jehovah's name,  
           Us, and all mankind, to bless,  
 Let the stammering babes proclaim,  
           Let the songs of children praise.
- 2        Jesus will not despise  
           Our meanest sacrifice :  
 Though by highest heaven adored,  
           Children Thou dost still approve,  
 Suffer us to call Thee Lord,  
           Smile to hear us lisp Thy love.
- 3        Saviour, Thy mercy's praise  
           Shall take up all our days ;  
 For this only thing we live,  
           Our Redeemer to commend,  
 Glory, thanks to Thee we give,  
           Soon begin, but never end.
- 4        Thee, Lord, we hope to' adore,  
           When time shall be no more :  
 Only keep us to the day  
           When the angel-guards shall come,  
 Bear us on their wings away  
           To our everlasting home.
-

## HYMN XXXIV.

- 1 HOLY Child, of heavenly birth,  
God made manifest on earth,  
Fain I would Thy follower be,  
Live in everything like Thee.
- 2 Thou, whom angels serve and fear,  
Subject to Thy parents here,  
Didst to me the pattern give,  
How with mine I ought to live.
- 3 Teach me then betimes to' obey  
Those who under God bear sway ;  
Masters, ministers to love,  
All their just commands approve.
- 4 Let me to my betters bend,  
Never wilfully offend,  
By my meek submissiveness  
Strive both God and them to please.
- 5 Thy humility impart,  
Give me Thy obedient heart ;  
Free and cheerful to fulfil  
All my heavenly Father's will.
- 6 Keep me thus to God resign'd,  
Till His love delights to find  
Fairly copied out on me  
All the mind which was in Thee.

## HYMN XXXV.

## A THOUGHT ON JUDGMENT.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day  
For every vain or idle thought,  
And every word I say ?

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live,  
With what religious fear,  
Who such a strict account must give  
Of my behaviour here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak and do.
- 5 If now Thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel Thee near,  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at Thy bar appear.
- 6 My peace Thou hast already made,  
While hanging on the tree;  
My sins He on Thy body laid,  
And punish'd them in Thee.
- 7 Ah! might I, Lord, the virtue prove  
Of Thine atoning blood,  
And know Thou ever livest above  
My Advocate with God;
- 8 Receive the answer of Thy prayer,  
The sense of sin forgiven,  
And follow Thee with loving care,  
And go in peace to heaven.
-

## HYMN XXXVI.

- 1 THE Lord, He knows the thoughts of men,  
That they are foolish all and vain;  
Till chasten'd by affliction's rod,  
The sinners mourn, and turn to God.
- 2 O might His grace victorious prove,  
And draw us with the cords of love  
To seek Him in the dawn of day,  
And gladly from our hearts obey.
- 3 Father, the kind instruction give,  
And let us now begin to live,  
To live the life of piety,  
To live like creatures born for Thee.
- 4 Taught by the Spirit of Thy grace,  
O may we rightly count our days,  
To wisdom's rules our hearts apply,  
And warm in life prepare to die.
- 5 And when our spirits we resign  
Into those gracious hands of Thine,  
Thy new-born children, Lord, receive,  
With Thee eternally to live.

## HYMN XXXVII.

- 1 WHEN, dear Lord, ah! tell us when  
Shall we be in knowledge men;  
Men in strength and constancy,  
Men of God, confirm'd in Thee?
- 2 Childish, now, alas! we are,  
Void of faith and watchful care,  
After all our teachers' pains,  
Little good in us remains.

- 3 Soon our best desires decay,  
As a cloud they pass away;  
Light received the serious thought,  
Soon and easily forgot.
- 4 O how fickle is our mind !  
More inconstant than the wind ;  
Suddenly our goodness fails,  
Levity again prevails.
- 5 Strong and fervent for an hour,  
Then we cast away the power,  
Lose insensibly our zeal,  
Care for neither heaven nor hell.
- 6 Jesus, Lord, we cry to Thee,  
Help our soul's infirmity ;  
Great unchangeable I AM,  
Make us evermore the same.
- 7 Plant in us Thy constant mind,  
To Thy cross our spirit bind ;  
That we may no longer rove,  
Ground and 'stablish us in love.
- 8 Love, that makes us creatures new,  
Only love can keep us true,  
Perfect love that casts out sin,  
Perfect love is God within.
- 9 God, within our hearts reside,  
Then we shall in God abide ;  
Always firm and faithful prove,  
Fix'd in everlasting love.
-

---

HYMN XXXVIII.

- 1 LET children proclaim Their Saviour and King,  
To Jesus's name Hosannas we sing ;  
Our best adoration To Jesus we give,  
Who purchased salvation For all to receive.
- 2 The meek Lamb of God From heaven came down,  
And ransom'd with blood, And made us His own ;  
He suffer'd to save us From sin and from thrall ;  
And Jesus shall have us, Who purchased us all !
- 3 To Him will we give Our earliest days,  
And thankfully live To publish His praise ;  
Our lives shall confess Him Who came from above,  
Our tongues they shall bless Him, And tell of His  
love.
- 4 In innocent songs His coming we shout ;  
Should we hold our tongues, The stones would cry  
out ;  
But Him, without ceasing, We all will proclaim,  
And ever be blessing Our Jesus's name.

---

HYMN XXXIX.

- 1 O SAVIOUR of all,  
We come at Thy call,  
In the morning of life at Thy feet do we fall.  
Thy mercy is free ;  
Our helplessness see,  
And let little children be brought unto Thee.
- 2 To us Thy love show,  
Who nothing do know,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven below :

O give us Thy grace  
In our earliest days,  
And let us grow up to Thy honour and praise.

3           But rather than live  
          Thy goodness to grieve,  
Back into Thy hands we our spirits would give:  
          O take us away  
          In the morn of our day,  
And let us no longer in misery stay.

4           If now we remove,  
          Thy pity and love  
Will certainly take us to heaven above:  
          With Thee we shall dwell,  
          Who hast loved us so well:  
For O, wilt Thou send little children to hell?

5           We need not come there,  
          But at death may repair  
To heaven, and heavenly happiness share:  
          Us mercy shall raise  
          To that happy place,  
And we shall behold with our angels Thy face.

6           They now are our guard,  
          And ready prepared  
To carry us hence to our glorious reward:  
          Ere long it shall be;  
          We are ransom'd by Thee,  
And we our all-loving Redeemer shall see.

7           Our bodies are Thine;  
          Our souls we resign  
To be wholly employ'd in the service Divine;

Our spirits we give  
For Thee to receive:  
O who would not die, with his Saviour to live!

---

HYMN XL.

AT THE OPENING OF A SCHOOL IN  
KINGSWOOD.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    To whom we for our children cry;  
    The good desired and wanted most,  
    Out of Thy richest grace supply;  
    The sacred discipline be given,  
    To train and bring them up for heaven.
- 2 Answer on them that end of all  
    Our cares, and pains, and studies here;  
    On them, recover'd from their fall,  
    Stamp'd with the heavenly character,  
    Raised by the nurture of the Lord,  
    To all their paradise restored.
- 3 Error and ignorance remove,  
    Their blindness both of heart and mind;  
    Give them the wisdom from above,  
    Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;  
    In knowledge pure their mind renew,  
    And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 4 Learning's redundant part and vain  
    Be here cut off, and cast aside;  
    But let them, Lord, the substance gain,  
    In every solid truth abide;  
    Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego  
    The knowledge fit for man to know.

- 5 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,  
 Knowledge and vital piety,  
 Learning and holiness combined,  
 And truth and love, let all men see,  
 In these, whom up to Thee we give,  
 Thine, wholly Thine, to die and live.
- 6 Father, accept them in Thy Son,  
 And ever by Thy Spirit guide!  
 Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,  
 Thy name confess'd and glorified;  
 Thy power and love diffused abroad,  
 Till all our earth is fill'd with God.
- 

## HYMN XLI.

- 1 CAPTAIN of our salvation, take  
 The souls we here present to Thee,  
 And fit for Thy great service make  
 These heirs of immortality;  
 And let them in Thine image rise,  
 And then transplant them to the skies.
- 2 Unspotted from the world, and pure,  
 Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,  
 Accustom'd daily to endure  
 The welcome burden of Thy cross;  
 Inured to toil and patient pain,  
 Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.
- 3 Our sons henceforth be wholly Thine,  
 And serve and love Thee all their days;  
 Infuse the principle Divine  
 In all who here expect Thy grace;

---

Let each improve the grace bestow'd,  
Rise every child a man of God!

- 4 Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,  
    In all their Captain's steps to tread!  
Or send them to proclaim the word,  
    Thy gospel through the world to spread,  
Freely as they receive to give,  
And preach the death by which they live!

---

HYMN XLII.

- 1 BUT who sufficient is to lead,  
    And execute the vast design?  
How can our arduous toil succeed,  
    When earth and hell their forces join  
The meanest instruments to' o'erthrow  
Which Thou hast ever used below?
- 2 Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,  
    To make our utmost efforts vain;  
The work our feeble strength defies,  
    And all the helps and hopes of man;  
Our utter impotence we see,  
But nothing is too hard for Thee!
- 3 The things impossible to man,  
    Thou canst for Thy own people do:  
Thy strength be in our weakness seen,  
    Thy wisdom in our folly show!  
Prevent, accompany, and bless,  
And crown the whole with full success.

- 
- 4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,  
 The wisdom of the Deity,  
 Direct and govern all our ways,  
 And all our works be wrought in Thee,—  
 Our blasted works, we know, shall fail,  
 And earth and hell at last prevail.
- 5 But, O almighty God of love,  
 Into Thy hand the matter take,  
 The mountain-obstacles remove,  
 For Thy own truth and mercy sake;  
 Fulfil in ours Thy own design,  
 And prove the work entirely Thine.
- 

HYMN XLIII.

- 1 How hapless are the letter'd youth,  
 How distant from the paths of truth  
 And solid happiness!  
 Their knowledge makes them doubly blind,  
 The medicine for their sin-sick mind  
 But heightens their disease.
- 2 The world's, and sin's, and Satan's prey,  
 At the first step they go astray,  
 Nor ever God intend:  
 They do not at His glory aim,  
 Begin their work in Jesu's name,  
 Or make His love their end.
- 3 By ten years' siege the fort they take,  
 And learning's shell their own they make,  
 With outward knowledge fraught;

But, tutor'd for this world alone,  
The one thing needful to be known  
They and their guides forgot.

- 4 In specious pride and envy bred,  
Down a broad beaten track they tread,  
As vicious nature draws ;  
With hellish emulation fired,  
They lust to be caress'd, admired,  
And pamper'd with applause.

- 5 Their teachers edge their thirst of fame,  
And pour more oil upon the flame,  
And raise their passions higher ;  
Like *Herod*, each the children slays,  
Or makes the helpless victims pass  
To *Moloch* through the fire.

- 6 Who shall arise in their defence,  
The cause of injured innocence  
With generous zeal maintain ;  
Train up poor children for the Lord,  
And serve, expecting no reward,  
Till one in heaven they gain ?

- 7 Lord, if Thou hast our hearts inclined,  
And for this very thing design'd  
The meanest of the crowd ;  
With suitable endowments bless,  
With gifts of learning and of grace,  
To build the house of God.

- 8 To those Thou shalt with us entrust,  
O make us diligently just ;  
With strict fidelity

- To answer all we undertake,  
 And not for gain, but conscience' sake,  
 To breed them up for Thee.
- 9 Here let Thy Providence preside,  
 Thy Spirit be our constant guide,  
 Thy word our perfect rule ;  
 Their prayers let all the faithful join,  
 With truth, and power, and love Divine,  
 To found *The Christian School*.
- 10 So be it, Lord, our labours speed,  
 And for Thyself raise up a seed,  
 Thy name to glorify ;  
 A generation wise and good,  
 With solid piety endued,  
 And knowledge from on high.
- 11 Mould them according to Thy will,  
 And set the city on the hill,  
 The fairly rising race ;  
 To scatter light on all around,  
 And to succeeding times resound  
 Thine everlasting praise.

---

 HYMN XLIV.

## FOR THE SCHOLARS.

- 1 O THOU, whose providential grace  
 Hath been in our behalf made known,  
 From different parts, by secret ways,  
 Whose eye hath drawn us into one,  
 The things most excellent to' approve,  
 And learn the power of dying Love :

- 
- 2 We lift our thankful hearts to Thee,  
And gladly close with Thy design ;  
With early zeal from evil flee,  
In following after Jesus join,  
And long to feel His sprinkled blood,  
And long to cry, My Lord, my God !
- 3 Father, to us Thy Spirit give,  
Him in our youthful hearts reveal ;  
Him by whose precious death we live,  
Redeem'd from sin, and earth, and hell,  
Through whom our *Eden* we regain,  
And then in heavenly glory reign.
- 4 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
His blood to every soul apply ;  
Assure me of my pardon'd sin,  
Confirm, and throughly sanctify ;  
Prepare us for that endless rest,  
And take Thy children to Thy breast.

---

HYMN XLV.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is,  
While, enemies to God,  
We wander from the way of peace,  
And thron'g the downward road !
- 2 As a wild ass's colt is man,  
Untaught and unconfined ;  
Till discipline his will restrain,  
And faith inform his mind.

- 
- 3 But O, with what reluctant strife  
 Do men themselves forego !  
 How late begin the work of life,  
 How late their Saviour know !
- 4 Call'd in the morning of their day,  
 How few like us are bless'd !  
 Us, if we now the call obey,  
 And fly to Jesu's breast.
- 5 This, Lord, is our sincere desire,  
 To find our rest in Thee,  
 To do whate'er Thy laws require,  
 In true simplicity :
- 6 The inward change, that second birth,  
 By faith Divine to prove,  
 And practise all Thy will on earth,  
 As angels do above.

---

HYMN XLVI.

- 1 HAPPY *Samuel*, to God  
 In his infancy restored !  
 In his Maker's house he stood,  
 Ministering before the Lord :  
 There he lived to God alone,  
 Pure from sin's infecting stain,  
 Grew in years and wisdom on,  
 Favour'd both by God and man.
- 2 Happy child, who gain'd a place  
 To his heavenly Lord so near !  
 Happier still, who found the grace  
 God's majestic voice to hear !

---

Mysteries hidden from the wise,  
From the prudent *men* conceal'd,  
God, the Lord of earth and skies,  
To a simple babe reveal'd.

- 3 Lord of earth and skies, again  
To a child Thyself make known :  
Chosen from the sons of men,  
Am not I Thy sacred loan ?  
Yes, I to Thy temple come,  
By my parents' piety  
Dedicated from the womb,  
Freely given up to Thee.
- 4 Thine, O Lord, I surely am ;  
But to me unknown Thou art :  
Come, and call me by my name,  
Whisper to my listening heart ;  
Stir me up to seek Thy face,  
Claim me in my tender years,  
Manifest the word of grace :  
Speak, for now Thy servant hears.
- 5 Fain I would, I would believe,  
Hear by faith Thy pardoning voice ;  
Of Thy love the knowledge give,  
Bid me, Lord, in Thee rejoice ;  
Now Thy gracious self reveal,  
Speak in power and peace Divine,  
Pardon on my conscience seal,  
Seal Thy child for ever Thine.
-

## HYMN XLVII.

- 1 FATHER, with joy we praise  
Thy providential care;  
Snatch'd in our youthful days  
From sin and Satan's snare :  
We own, and thankfully approve,  
Thy merciful design ;  
And vow to seek the things above,  
And live entirely Thine.
- 2 But vain our vows, we know,  
And strongest promises,  
Unless our God bestow  
The power Himself to please ;  
Nor men, nor means can change the heart,  
Or render it sincere,  
Till Thou the principle impart  
Of godly, gracious fear.
- 3 Hear, then, Thy children's call,  
Fulfil Thy own desire,  
And kindle in us all  
A spark of heavenly fire ;  
A taste of God, a seed of grace  
Let every soul receive  
And now begin the Christian race,  
And now begin to live.
- 4 Train'd up in the true way  
Wherein we ought to go,  
Preserve us, lest we stray  
When more in years we grow :

O let us not, when old, depart  
From our integrity ;  
But love our God with all our heart,  
And live and die to Thee.

---

## HYMN XLVIII.

- 1 How wretched are the boys at school,  
Who wickedly delight  
To mock, and call each other fool,  
And with each other fight :
- 2 Who soon their innocency lose,  
And learn to curse and swear ;  
Or, if they do no harm, suppose  
That good enough they are !
- 3 O how much happier we than they !  
We, from the paths of vice  
Removed far off, and taught the way  
That leads us to the skies.
- 4 We to the Lamb's atoning blood  
Are pointed in our youth,  
And rightly taught to worship God  
In spirit and in truth.
- 5 Yet nought have we whereof to boast,  
As wiser than the rest :  
He is not wise who knows the most,  
But he who lives the best.
- 6 If God on us hath much bestow'd,  
He will require the more :  
We ought to serve and love our God  
With all our heart and power.

- 7 But if we live in vice and sin,  
And make Him no return,  
Far better it for us had been  
That we had ne'er been born.
- 8 We shall with many stripes be beat,  
The sorest judgment feel,  
And of all wicked children meet  
The hottest place in hell.

## HYMN XLIX.

- 1 BUT O, we hope for better things:  
Who left His throne above,  
We trust shall hide us with His wings,  
And wrap us in His love.
- 2 He who so much for us hath done,  
Will still our souls defend,  
And carry on the work begun  
To a triumphant end.
- 3 Guide of our weak, unstable youth,  
Jesu, Thy Spirit give,  
To lead into all saving truth  
Us who Thy grace receive.
- 4 We do with thanks receive it now,  
To keep with humble care;  
And all our necks and spirits bow,  
Thine easy yoke to bear.
- 5 To Thee our steadfast hearts shall cleave,  
In these our early days;  
Thee whom we long to serve, and live  
To spread abroad Thy praise.

- 
- 6 Out of our mouth and life, O Lord,  
Thy perfect praise ordain ;  
And let us live to keep Thy word,  
And die with Thee to reign.
- 

HYMN L.

- 1 How happy, Lord, Thy children are,  
Far from the world and all its care  
And all its sin removed !  
Thou dost for us a place provide,  
And in the secret desert hide  
And nourish Thy beloved.
- 2 Hither by special mercy led,  
A little flock, a chosen seed,  
We shun the paths of men ;  
Call'd in our consecrated youth  
To listen for the voice of truth,  
And solid learning gain.
- 3 Thou call'st us here to seek Thy face,  
To learn the lessons of Thy grace,  
And feel the' atoning blood :  
Thou talk'st to every heart sincere,  
And all Thy pardoning voice may hear,  
And find Thee in the *Wood*.
- 4 Come then, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Now, in the morning of our day,  
These clouds of sin remove ;  
Make us unto salvation wise,  
And help us to secure the prize  
Of Thy eternal love.
-

## HYMN LI.

- 1 O FOR a thankful heart,  
Our Father's love to own ;  
To taste how merciful Thou art  
In all that Thou hast done !  
How bountiful and kind  
To us above the rest ;  
If bless'd with a contented mind,  
We know that we are bless'd.
- 2 Thy providence hath cared  
For our simplicity,  
For us a place and means prepared  
Of rightly knowing Thee.  
To glorify Thy name,  
Us Thou hast hither led,  
To serve and love the bleeding Lamb,  
Who suffer'd in our stead.
- 3 Ah, let us not receive  
Thy choicest grace in vain,  
Nor ever more Thy Spirit grieve,  
Or put our Lord to pain.  
Lightness and discontent,  
With every sin, depart ;  
And let us each to Thee present  
A willing, honest heart.
- 4 Lord, we present it now  
For Thee to form anew ;  
Our Maker and Redeemer Thou,  
Thine utmost pleasure show :

---

In us with power fulfil  
The work of faith Divine,  
And take us to Thy heavenly hill,  
To live for ever Thine.

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HYMN LII.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

- 1 FATHER, to Thee our souls we raise,  
And for a blessing look ;  
Prevent, and help us by Thy grace  
In learning of our book.
  - 2 Give us an humble, active mind,  
From sloth and folly free ;  
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined  
To truth and piety.
  - 3 A faithful memory bestow ;  
With solid learning store ;  
And still, O Lord, as more we know,  
Let us obey Thee more.
  - 4 Let us things excellent discern,  
Hold fast what we approve ;  
And, above all, delight to learn  
The lessons of Thy love.
- 

HYMN LIII.

IN SCHOOL.

- 1 STILL let us keep the end in mind  
For which we hither came ;  
In search of useful knowledge join'd,  
As followers of the Lamb.

- 
- 2 Through Him let us to God look up  
 In every step we take;  
 And for His constant blessing hope,  
 For Jesu's only sake.
- 3 His grace if God on us confer,  
 We then shall learn apace,  
 Live to His glory, and declare  
 Our heavenly Teacher's praise.
- 4 We in His favour shall retrieve  
 Our long-lost paradise,  
 Take of the tree of life, and live  
 Immortal in the skies.

---

HYMN LIV.

AFTER SCHOOL.

- 1 JESUS, we cast ourselves on Thee,  
 On Thee our works we cast:  
 The Alpha and Omega be  
 In all, the First and Last.
- 2 If well we anything have done,  
 'Tis owing to Thy grace:  
 What therefore we with prayer begun,  
 We now conclude with praise.
- 3 We praise Thee for our master's care,  
 To us poor children show'd;  
 If forward brought to-day we are,  
 It is the gift of God.
- 4 We praise Thee for our hope to know  
 The wisdom from above,  
 And own that all our blessings flow  
 From Thy expiring love.
-

HYMN LV.

AGAINST IDLENESS.

- 1 IDLE boys and men are found  
Standing on the devil's ground ;  
He will find them work to do,  
He will pay their wages too.
- 2 Are they not of wisdom void,  
Those that saunter unemploy'd ;  
Young or old, who fondly play  
Their important time away ?
- 3 What a bold and foolish lie,  
When we hear a trifler cry,  
" I no other business have !"  
Has he not a soul to save ?
- 4 Has he, from his Lord above,  
No one talent to improve ?  
Let him go and muse on this,  
Sloth is the worst wickedness.
- 5 Sloth is the accursed root  
Whence ten thousand evils shoot ;  
Every vice, and every sin,  
Doth with idleness begin.
- 6 We by idleness expose  
Our own souls to endless woes ;  
We, whenever loitering thus,  
Tempt the devil to tempt us.
- 7 But suffice the season past,  
That our time away we cast ;  
Thoughtless and insensible,  
Dancing on the brink of hell.

- 8 Let us now to Jesus turn,  
 For our misspent moments mourn ;  
 Let us, in His Spirit's power,  
 Promise to stand still no more.
- 9 Jesus, help ! to Thee we pray :  
 Take the cursed root away ;  
 Idleness far off remove,  
 Let us Thee and labour love ;
- 10 All our time and vigour give,  
 Serve our Maker while we live ;  
 Use for God the talents given,  
 Work on earth, and rest in heaven.

---

 HYMN LVI.

## AGAINST LYING.

- 1 HAPPY the well-instructed youth  
 Who in his earliest infancy  
 Loves from his heart to speak the truth,  
 And, like his God, abhors a lie.
- 2 He that hath practised no deceit  
 With false, equivocating tongue,  
 Nor even durst o'erreach, or cheat,  
 Or slanderously his neighbour wrong :
- 3 He in the house of God shall dwell,  
 He on His holy hill shall rest,  
 The comforts of religion feel,  
 And then be number'd with the bless'd.
- 4 But who or guile or falsehood use,  
 Or take God's name in vain, or swear,  
 Or ever lie, themselves to' excuse,  
 They shall their dreadful sentence bear.

- 
- 5 The Lord, the true and faithful Lord,  
Himself hath said that every liar  
Shall surely meet his just reward,  
Assign'd him in eternal fire.

---

HYMN LVII.

- 1 O MAY I to my ways take heed,  
Nor ever with my tongue offend,  
Or grieve that God by word or deed,  
Whose wrath can punish without end !
- 2 O may I never, never tell,  
To gain the world, one wilful lie ;  
For what would the whole world avail,  
If my whole soul I lost thereby?
- 3 Thou, Lord, who art the Truth, the Way,  
On me Thy saving grace bestow,  
To keep me, lest I go astray,  
To make me in Thy footsteps go.
- 4 Still may I in the truth delight,  
Still may I take delight in Thee ;  
Order my conversation right,  
And all Thy great salvation see.
- 5 So shall I see Thy face with joy,  
When caught up to Thy throne above ;  
And all eternity employ  
In praises of Thy faithful love.

---

HYMN LVIII.

- 1 WHY should our parents call us good,  
And poison us with praise,  
When born in sin, by nature proud,  
And void we are of grace?

- 2 Who fancy righteousness in man,  
 Themselves they have not known ;  
 Evil are all our thoughts and vain,  
 And God is good alone.
- 3 Good of Himself He only is ;  
 And if He makes us good,  
 Our goodness is not ours, but His,  
 For Jesu's sake bestow'd.
- 4 O let us not ourselves forget,  
 Though man presume to praise,  
 And puff us up with the conceit  
 Of our own righteousness.
- 5 O let us as from serpents, fly  
 From all who us commend,  
 Or, fill'd with just abhorrence, cry,  
 "Get thee behind me, fiend !"
- 6 Glory to God, if we receive  
 The smallest spark of grace ;  
 He only doth our goodness give,  
 And His be all the praise.

---

 HYMN LIX.

- 1 AND am I born to die,  
 To lay this body down ?  
 And must my trembling spirit fly  
 Into a world unknown ?  
 A world of darkest shade,  
 Unpierced by human thought ;  
 The dreary regions of the dead,  
 Where all things are forgot.

- 2        Soon as from earth I go,  
          What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
          Must then my portion be :  
          Waked by the trumpet's sound,  
          I from my grave shall rise,  
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,  
          And see the flaming skies.
- 3        How shall I leave my tomb ?  
          With triumph, or regret ?  
A fearful or a joyful doom,  
          A curse or blessing meet ?  
          Shall angel-bands convey  
          Their brother to the bar ?  
Or devils drag my soul away,  
          To meet its sentence there ?
- 4        Who can resolve the doubt  
          That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
          Or number'd with the bless'd ?  
          I must from God be driven,  
          Or with my Saviour dwell ;  
Must *come* at His command to heaven,  
          Or else *depart* to hell.
- 5        O Thou who wouldst not have  
          One wretched sinner die ;  
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save  
          From endless misery !  
          Show me the way to shun  
          Thy dreadful wrath severe ;  
That when Thou comest on the throne,  
          I may with joy appear !

- 6      Thou art Thyself the Way :  
           Thyself in me reveal,  
 So shall I pass my life's short day  
           Obedient to Thy will ;  
           So shall I love my God,  
           Because He first loved me,  
 And praise Thee in Thy bright abode  
           Through all eternity.
- 

## HYMN LX.

## A THOUGHT ON HELL.

- 1 TERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,  
       Who may be saved—shall I—  
 Of all, alas ! whom I have known,  
       Through sin, for ever die ?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,  
       With whom I once did live,  
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,  
       A blessing to receive ;
- 3 Shall I,—amidst a ghastly band,—  
       Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,  
 Far on the left with horror stand,  
       My fearful doom to meet ?
- 4 Abandon'd to extreme despair,  
       Eternally undone ;  
 My Father would not own me there,  
       His hell-devoted son.
- 5 Dissolved are nature's closest ties,  
       And bosom-friends forgot ;  
 When God, the just Avenger, cries,  
       “ Depart, I know you not.”

- 
- 6 But must I from His glorious face,  
From all His saints retire?  
But must I go to my own place  
In everlasting fire?
- 7 While they enjoy His heavenly love,  
Must I in torments dwell?  
And howl, (while they sing hymns above,)  
And blow the flames of hell?
- 8 Ah, no :—I still may turn and live,  
For still His wrath delays ;  
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,  
And offers me His grace.
- 9 I *will* accept His offers now,  
From every sin depart,  
Perform my oft-repeated vow,  
And render Him my heart.
- 10 I will improve what I receive,  
The grace through Jesus given ;  
Sure, if with God on earth I live,  
To live with God in heaven.

---

HYMN LXI.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 COME, let us with our Lord arise ;  
Our Lord, who made both earth and skies ;  
Who died to save the world He made,  
And rose triumphant from the dead :  
He rose, the Prince of life and peace,  
And stamp'd the day for ever His.
- 2 This is the day the Lord hath made,  
That all may see His power display'd,

- May feel His resurrection's power,  
 And rise again to fall no more,  
 In perfect righteousness renew'd,  
 And fill'd with all the life of God.
- 3 Then let us render Him his own,  
 With solemn prayer approach the throne ;  
 With meekness hear the gospel word,  
 With thanks His dying love record ;  
 Our joyful hearts and voices raise,  
 And fill His courts with songs of praise.
- 4 Honour and praise to Jesus pay,  
 Throughout His consecrated day ;  
 Be all in Jesu's praise employ'd,  
 Nor leave a single moment void ;  
 With utmost care the time improve,  
 And only breathe His praise and love.

---

 HYMN LXII.

## ON THE SAME.

- 1 COME, let us join with one accord  
 In hymns around the throne ;  
 This is the day our rising Lord  
 Hath made and call'd His own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath bless'd,  
 The brightest of the seven ;  
 Type of that everlasting rest  
 The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in His name sing on,  
 And hasten to that day,  
 When our Redeemer shall come down,  
 And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,  
Let us in hymns employ ;  
And in our Lord rejoicing, go  
To His eternal joy.

---

HYMN LXIII.

- 1 O FATHER of all,  
The great and the small,  
The old and the young,  
Thanksgiving accept from a stammerer's tongue :  
Thy goodness we praise,  
Which has found us a place,  
Has planted us here,  
To be mildly brought up in Thy nurture and fear.
- 2 Thy mercy and truth  
In the days of our youth  
We learn to adore,  
And gladly acknowledge Thy wisdom and power ;  
Thy astonishing plan  
To recover lost man,  
With the heavenly choir,  
We are taught in the morning of life to admire.
- 3 Thy favour we find  
In the Friend of mankind,  
Sent down from above,  
The witness and proof of Thy fatherly love :  
With joy we embrace  
Thy tenders of grace,  
Through the blood of the Lamb,  
And accept our salvation in Jesus's name.

- 4 Thy mercy hath brought  
 Salvation, unsought,  
 To us, and to all ;  
 And all may be saved, if they follow the call.  
 We follow it here,  
 Till the Saviour appear,  
 His saints to approve,  
 And carry us up to His kingdom above.
- 

## HYMN LXIV.

- 1 AND am I only born to die?  
 And must I suddenly comply  
 With nature's stern decree?  
 What after death for me remains?  
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,  
 Through all eternity !
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,  
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
 And props the house of clay !  
 My sole concern, my single care,  
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
 Against the fatal day !
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,  
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
 If life so soon is gone ;  
 If now the Judge is at the door,  
 And all mankind must stand before  
 The' inexorable throne !
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,  
 A moment's misery or joy :  
 But, O ! when both shall end,

Where shall I find my destined place ?  
Must I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend ?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies ;  
How make my own election sure,  
And when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray ;  
Be Thou my Strength, be Thou my Way  
To glorious happiness !  
Ah, write the pardon on my heart ;  
And whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace.

-----  
HYMN LXV.

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise  
Your tuneful voices high ;  
Old men and children, praise  
The Lord of earth and sky ;  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King  
Let all the world proclaim ;  
Let every creature sing  
His attributes and name !  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.

- 3 In His great name alone  
 All excellences meet,  
 Who sits upon the throne,  
 And shall for ever sit :  
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Extol to all eternity.
- 4 Glory to God belongs ;  
 Glory to God be given,  
 Above the noblest songs  
 Of all in earth or heaven !  
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Extol to all eternity.

---

 HYMN LXVI.

## BEFORE, OR IN, THEIR WORK.

- 1 LET heathenish boys  
 In their pastimes rejoice,  
 And be foolishly happy at play ;  
 Overstock'd if *they* are,  
 We have nothing to spare,  
 Not a moment to trifle away.
- 2 Our minds to unbend,  
 We need not offend,  
 Or our Saviour by idleness grieve :  
 Whatsoever we do,  
 Our end is in view,  
 And to Jesus's glory we live.
- 3 Recreation of mind  
 We in exercise find,  
 And our bodily strength is renew'd :

---

New employment is ease,  
And our pleasure to please,  
By our labour, a merciful God.

- 4 Our hearts and our hands  
He justly demands,  
And both to our Lord we resign ;  
Overpaid, if He smile  
On our innocent toil,  
And accept as a service Divine.
- 5 In our useful employ  
We His blessing enjoy,  
Whether clearing or digging the ground ;  
With songs we proclaim  
Our Immanuel's name,  
And our angels attend to the sound.
- 6 The meadow and field  
True pleasure do yield,  
When to either with Jesus we go ;  
Or a paradise find,  
Like the head of mankind,  
And our pains on a garden bestow.
- 7 Howsoever employ'd,  
In the presence of God,  
We our forfeited *Eden* regain ;  
And delightfully rise  
To our Lord in the skies,  
In His fulness of glory to reign.

*Hymns for Girls.*

## HYMN LXVII.

## PART I.

- 1 AH, dire effect of female pride!  
How deep our mother's sin, and wide,  
Through all her daughters spread!  
Since first she pluck'd the mortal tree,  
Each woman would a goddess be  
In her Creator's stead.
- 2 This fatal vanity of mind,  
A curse entail'd on all the kind,  
Her legacy we feel;  
We neither can deny nor tame  
Our inbred eagerness for fame,  
And stubbornness of will.
- 3 The poison spreads throughout our veins,  
In all our sex the evil reigns,  
The arrogant offence;  
In vain we strive the plague to hide;  
Our fig-leaves but bewray our pride,  
And loss of innocence.
- 4 Deeper we sink, and deeper still,  
In pride instructed, and self-will,  
As custom leads the way:  
The world their infant charge receive,  
To pleasure our young hearts we give,  
And bow to passion's sway.

- 5 By folly taught, by nature led,  
In sensual delicacy bred,  
    In soft luxurious ease :  
A feeble mind and body meet,  
And pride and ignorance complete  
    Our total uselessness.
- 

HYMN LXVIII.

PART II.

- 1 SEE from the world's politest school  
The goddess rise, mankind to rule,  
    As born for her alone !  
Unclogg'd by thought, she issues forth,  
And, justly conscious of her worth,  
    Ascends her gaudy throne.
- 2 With lust of fame and pleasure fired,  
The virgin shines, caress'd, admired,  
    And idolized by all :  
Obedient to her dread command,  
Around her throne the votaries stand,  
    Or at her footstool fall.
- 3 Prostrate before the idol's shrine,  
They celebrate her charms divine,  
    Her beauty's awful power ;  
By brutal appetite inspired,  
By passion urged, by Satan hired,  
    To damn whom they adore.
- 4 Eager she drinks their praises in,  
Repeats the heaven-invading sin,  
    And seems with gods to dwell,

Triumphant, till her hour is past,  
 And quite undefied at last  
 The sinner sinks to hell.

---

HYMN LXIX.

PART III.

- 1 How highly-favour'd then are we,  
 Snatch'd from a world of vanity,  
 And call'd in Jesu's name  
 To cultivate our tender mind,  
 And peace and happiness to find  
 With the atoning Lamb !
- 2 Our souls to God devoted are,  
 And ask and have our chiefest care,  
 To fashion and improve :  
 The only ornament we seek,  
 A spirit calm, and mild, and meek,  
 And rich in faith and love.
- 3 The one thing needful we pursue,  
 And when we gain the prize in view,  
 And when we faith receive,  
 Still we renew the glorious strife,  
 And, trampling down the pride of life,  
 To God alone we live.
- 4 Clothed with humility and grace,  
 Regardless of the fallen race,  
 In angels' eyes we shine ;  
 A robe of righteousness we wear,  
 Than gold and pearls more precious far,  
 And bought with blood Divine.

- 5 By God approved, by man unknown,  
The conquest of ourselves alone  
We zealously desire ;  
The praise descending from above,  
And none but our Redeemer's love  
Our panting hearts require.
- 6 We for no worldly pleasures plead,  
No innocent diversions need,  
As Satan calls his joys :  
His rattles let the tempter keep,  
Or his own children rock to sleep  
With such amusing toys.
- 7 The Lord Himself our portion is,  
Unfading joy and solid bliss  
We find with Jesus given ;  
We find, reclining on His breast,  
Our present and eternal rest,  
Our all in earth and heaven.
- 

HYMN LXX.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

PART I.

- 1 THE Christians of old, United in one,  
As sheep in a fold, Were never alone ;  
As birds of a feather, They flock'd to their nest,  
And shelter'd together In Jesus's breast.
- 2 However employ'd, Their joy was the same,  
They never were cloy'd With hymning the Lamb :  
Their sole recreation To sing of His praise,  
And publish salvation By Jesus's grace.

- 3 Small learning they had, And wanted no more :  
 Not many could read, But all could adore :  
 No help from the college Or school they received,  
 Content with His knowledge In whom they believed.
- 4 No riches had they But riches of grace,  
 No fondness for play, Or passion for praise ;  
 No moments of leisure For trifling employs,  
 Possess'd of the pleasure In God to rejoice.
- 5 Men in their own eyes Were children again,  
 And children were wise And solid as men ;  
 The women were fearful Of nothing but sin ;  
 Their hearts were all cheerful, Their consciences  
 clean.
- 6 Wrapp'd up in their Lord, His service and love,  
 They lived and adored, Like angels above :  
 To keep in His favour, Their lives they laid down,  
 And now with their Saviour Inherit the crown.

---

 HYMN LXXI.

## PART II.

- 1 O WHERE are the men With virtue endow'd  
 To live as did then The servants of God ?  
 The ancient example Who shows us again,  
 Courageous to trample On pleasure and pain ?
- 2 O Jesus, on us The blessing bestow,  
 Our infancy choose, Thy glory to show ;  
 In this generation Thy witnesses raise,  
 The heirs of salvation, The vessels of grace.
- 3 Accept our desire, And give us Thy love,  
 Thy children inspire With faith from above :

- Purge out the old leaven, And early convert,  
And open an heaven Of grace in our heart.
- 4 Begotten again, And principled right,  
Good works to maintain, And walk in Thy sight,  
We then shall recover That vigour of grace,  
And gladly live over Those primitive days.
- 5 Our moments below Shall pleasantly glide,  
While nothing we know But Christ crucified :  
Our whole conversation In songs shall approve  
Thy wonderful passion, Thy ransoming love.
- 6 And if we must win The crown, like our God,  
And strive against sin, Resisting to blood,  
We more than victorious O'er death shall arise,  
All happy and glorious With Christ in the skies.

---

*Hymns for the Youngest.*

## HYMN LXXII.\*

## PART I.

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee.
- 2 Fain I would to Thee be brought ;  
Dearest God, forbid it not ;  
Give me, dearest God, a place  
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

\* This Hymn, and the six that follow, were first published in  
"Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1742. Compare Vol. II., p. 255.

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- 3 Put Thy hands upon my head ;  
 Let me in Thine arms be stay'd ;  
 Let me lean upon Thy breast ;  
 Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.
- 4 Hold me fast in Thine embrace,  
 Let me see Thy smiling face ;  
 Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give ;  
 Pray for me, and I shall live :
- 5 I shall live the simple life,  
 Free from sin's uneasy strife ;  
 Sweetly ignorant of ill,  
 Innocent and happy still.
- 6 O that I may never know  
 What the wicked people do !  
 Sin is contrary to Thee,  
 Sin is the forbidden tree.
- 7 Keep me from the great offence,  
 Guard my helpless innocence ;  
 Hide me, from all evil hide,  
 Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

---

HYMN LXXIII.

PART II.

- 1 LAMB of God, I look to Thee,  
 Thou shalt my example be :  
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,  
 Thou wast once a little child.
- 2 Fain I would be as Thou art ;  
 Give me Thy obedient heart ;  
 Thou art pitiful and kind,  
 Let me have Thy loving mind.

- 
- 3 Meek and lowly may I be ;  
Thou art all humility :  
Let me to my betters bow,  
Subject to Thy parents Thou.
- 4 Let me, above all, fulfil  
God my heavenly Father's will ;  
Never His good Spirit grieve,  
Only to His glory live.
- 5 Thou didst live to God alone,  
Thou didst never seek Thine own,  
Thou Thyself didst never please,  
God was all Thy happiness.
- 6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb !  
In Thy gracious hands I am ;  
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art ;  
Live Thyself within my heart.
- 7 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
Serve Thee all my happy days :  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

---

HYMN LXXIV.

PART I.

- 1 LAMB of God, I fain would be  
A meek follower of Thee ;  
Gentle, tractable, and mild,  
Loving as a little child :
- 2 Simple, ignorant of ill,  
Guided by another's will ;  
Trusting Him for heavenly food,  
Casting all my care on God.

- 3 Let me in Thy footsteps tread,  
 Be to all the creatures dead;  
 Dead to pleasure, wealth, and praise,  
 Poor and humble all my days.
- 4 Prepossess my tender mind;  
 Let me cast the world behind,  
 All its pomps and pleasures vain,  
 Help me, Saviour, to disdain.
- 5 Thou my better portion art;  
 Earth shall never share my heart,  
 I on all its goods look down,  
 I expect a starry crown:
- 6 I aspire to things above;  
 Lord, I give Thee all my love:  
 I will nothing know beside  
 Jesus, and Him crucified.

---

 HYMN LXXV.

## PART II.

- 1 LET the potsherds of the earth  
 Boast their virtue, beauty, birth;  
 A poor, guilty worm I am,  
 Ransom'd by the bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Jesus, this be all my boast,  
 Thou hast saved a sinner lost;  
 Thou hast spill'd Thy sacred blood,  
 Me to make a child of God.
- 3 What a glorious title this,  
 Title to eternal bliss!  
 Thou for me Thy life hast given,  
 Me to make an heir of heaven.

- 
- 4 O enlarge my scanty thought  
To conceive what Thou hast wrought;  
Raise my grovelling spirit up  
To my heavenly calling's hope.
- 5 Greaten my contracted mind,  
Saviour Thou of all mankind:  
What in man Thy grace could move?  
O the riches of Thy love!
- 6 Let Thy love possess me whole,  
Let it take up all my soul;  
True magnificence impart,  
Purify and fill my heart.
- 7 I despise all earthly things,  
Offspring to the King of kings;  
God I for my Father claim,  
Jesus is my Brother's name.
- 8 Heaven is mine inheritance,  
I shall soon remove from hence,  
As the stars in glory shine:  
Christ, and God, and all is mine!

---

HYMN LXXVI.

- 1 COME, let us join the hosts above  
Now in our youngest days;  
Remember our Creator's love,  
And hush our Father's praise.
- 2 His majesty will not despise  
The day of feeble things;  
Grateful the songs of children rise,  
And please the King of kings.

- 
- 3 We all His kind protection share,  
 Within His arms we rest ;  
 The sucklings are His tenderest care,  
 While hanging on the breast.
- 4 We praise Him with a stammering tongue,  
 While under His defence ;  
 He smiles to hear the artless song  
 Of childish innocence.
- 5 He loves to be remember'd thus,  
 And honour'd for His grace ;  
 Out of the mouth of babes like us  
 His wisdom perfects praise.
- 6 Glory to God, and praise, and power,  
 Honour and thanks be given ;  
 Children and cherubim adore  
 The Lord of earth and heaven !

---

HYMN LXXVII.

- 1 O HAPPY state of infancy !  
 Strangers to guilty fears,  
 We live from sin and sorrow free  
 In these our tender years.
- 2 Jesus the Lord our Shepherd is,  
 And did our souls redeem ;  
 Our present and eternal bliss  
 Are both secured in Him.
- 3 His mercy every sinner claims ;  
 For all His flock He cares ;  
 The sheep He gently leads, the lambs  
 He in His bosom bears.

- 
- 4 Loving He is to all His sons,  
Who hearken to His call;  
But us, His weak, His little ones,  
He loves us best of all.
- 5 If unto us our friends are good,  
'T was He their hearts inclined;  
He bids our fathers give us food,  
And makes our mothers kind.
- 6 Then let us thank Him for His grace;  
He will not disapprove  
Our meanest sacrifice of praise,  
Our childish, prattling love.
- 

## HYMN LXXVIII.

- 1 COME, let us our good God proclaim,  
By earth and heaven adored;  
Children are bid to praise His name,  
And magnify the Lord.
- 2 Let us, with all His saints, agree,  
With all His hosts above;  
Part of His family are we,  
His family of love.
- 3 Worthless are our best offerings,  
Our songs are void of art;  
Yet God accepts the smallest things,  
Given with a willing heart.
- 4 Us, for the sake of Christ, He loves,  
Who did our souls redeem;  
And all our childish thoughts approves,  
When offer'd up through Him.

- 
- 5 He makes us His peculiar care,  
 While by His Spirit led ;  
 We all His genuine children are,  
 And on His bounty feed.
- 6 Though men despise our infancy,  
 Angels attend our ways ;  
 On us they wait, yet always see  
 Our heavenly Father's face.
- 7 Surrounded by a flaming host,  
 The bright cherubic powers,  
 Not all the kings of earth can boast  
 Of such a guard as ours.
- 8 And while the' angelic army sings,  
 With them we feebly join  
 To' extol the glorious King of kings,  
 The majesty Divine.
- 

HYMN LXXIX.

- 1 LOVER of little children, Thee,  
 O Jesus, we adore ;  
 Our kind and loving Saviour be,  
 Both now and evermore.
- 2 O take us up into Thine arms,  
 And we are truly bless'd ;  
 Thy new-born babes are safe from harms,  
 While harbour'd in Thy breast.
- 3 There let us ever, ever sleep,  
 Strangers to guilt and care ;  
 Free from the world of evil, keep  
 Our tender spirits there.

- 
- 4 Still, as we grow in years, in grace  
And wisdom let us grow;  
But never leave Thy dear embrace,  
But never evil know.
- 5 Strong let us in Thy grace abide,  
But ignorant of ill;  
In malice, subtlety, and pride  
Let us be children still.
- 6 Lover of little children, Thee,  
O Jesus, we adore;  
Our kind and loving Saviour be  
Both now and evermore.
- 

HYMN LXXX.

- 1 JESUS, Son of *David*, hear,  
Thou whom angels glorify,  
Bless Thine infant worshipper,  
Me who now Hosanna cry,  
Hardly understand the word;  
Yet I humbly pray for grace,  
Teach my heart to call Thee Lord,  
Teach my heart to mean Thy praise.
- 2 Me, they say, Thy hands have made,  
Me Thy precious blood hath bought:  
But without Thy Spirit's aid,  
This surpasses all my thought:  
Saviour, to my heart explain,  
Maker both of earth and sky,  
How could God become a man?  
How could God for sinners die?

- 3 Take me young into Thy school,  
 Me in my simplicity  
 By Thy word and Spirit rule,  
 Thou my kind Instructor be;  
 Then I shall my Master prize,  
 Then I shall my Saviour love,  
 Till on angels' wings I rise,  
 Rise, and sing Thy praise above.
- 

## HYMN LXXXI.

## FOR THE MORNING.

- 1 FATHER, I wake Thy love to praise,  
 Which hath my weakness kept;  
 Thy mercy did the angels place,  
 To guard me while I slept.
- 2 I laid me down in peace, and rise  
 Thy goodness to proclaim;  
 Present my morning sacrifice,  
 My thanks in Jesu's name.
- 3 Because He bought me with His blood,  
 Into Thy favour take;  
 And still be merciful and good  
 To me, for Jesu's sake.
- 4 Throughout this day Thy mercy show,  
 And still Thy child defend,  
 Till all my spotless life below  
 In heavenly glories end.
-

HYMN LXXXII.  
FOR THE EVENING.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Thou hast bestow'd on me  
The blessing of the light,  
And wilt my kind Preserver be  
Through this approaching night.
- 2 Evil from me far off remove,  
That, with Thy favour bless'd,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy love  
I in Thine arms may rest.
- 3 Thy gracious eye which never sleeps  
Is always fix'd on man ;  
Thy love the slumbering children keeps  
From sorrow, fear, and pain.
- 4 Wherefore I safely lay me down,  
And trust myself to Thee,  
The Father's well-beloved Son,  
Who ever pray'st for me.

---

HYMN LXXXIII.

- 1 HOSANNA to Him Who ruleth on high !  
A world to redeem, He came from the sky ;  
The' Almighty Creator (O how could it be ?)  
Appear'd in our nature, An infant like me.
- 2 Who all the bright train Angelical made,  
Subjected to man, His parents obey'd,  
On sinners attended, Their minister was,  
And patiently ended His life on a cross.

- 3 O how shall I praise Thy wonderful love?  
Thy Spirit of grace Send down from above,  
If still the dear Lover Of children Thou art,  
My Saviour, discover Thyself to my heart.
- 

## HYMN LXXXIV.

- 1 THE children in their earliest days  
To Jesus brought, are truly bless'd :  
He folds them in His kind embrace,  
He warms them in His tender breast.
- 2 One of those happy children, me,  
Saviour, into Thy arms receive ;  
Brought by my parents' prayers to Thee,  
O may I in Thy kingdom live.
- 3 They tell me Thou art good indeed,  
And wouldst to all Thy grace impart ;  
Put then Thy hands upon my head,  
Put faith into my simple heart.
- 4 Thee may I for my portion choose,  
To Thee through life obedient prove,  
And now obtain, and never lose,  
The blessing of my Saviour's love.
- 

## HYMN LXXXV.

- 1 JESUS His own disciples chid,  
Who, out of false esteem,  
The parents foolishly forbid  
That brought their babes to Him.

- 
- 2 Methinks even now I hear Him say,  
In fervent charity,  
"I will not have them kept away,  
Bring all your babes to Me."
- 3 Though men our simpleness despise,  
Our Saviour doth maintain  
They must be small in their own eyes,  
If they with us would reign.
- 4 To little ones, and not to men,  
Is grace and glory given ;  
Children they must become again,  
Or never enter heaven.
- 

HYMN LXXXVI.

- I THEE, Jesus, the Son  
Of *David* I own,  
By all heaven adored, [Lord.  
Thou art come from above in the name of the  
To the house I repair  
Of thanksgiving and prayer,  
With the children draw nigh,  
And aloud in the temple Hosanna I cry.
- 2 In my earliest hour  
I acknowledge Thy power,  
Thy wisdom approve, [love.  
And am taught by my parents to pray for Thy  
Thee, an Infant of days,  
With wonder I praise ;  
Thee, the God over all,  
I confess, and on Thee for salvation I call.

- 3           Let mercy attend,  
               My soul to defend  
               From offences and sins,  
 While I scarcely can tell what iniquity means :  
               But deliver Thine own  
               From the evil unknown ;  
               And assist me to cry,  
 " Let me live to be good, or in innocence die !"

---

HYMN LXXXVII.

- 1           ALL glory to God,  
               Who on man hath bestow'd  
 The unspeakable gift of His Son !  
               Little children, we sing  
               At the birth of a King  
 Who will give us a share of His throne.
- 2           His astonishing birth  
               Brings peace upon earth,  
 And praise to His Father above,  
               Who is now reconciled  
               By that innocent Child,  
 And His anger is turn'd into love.
- 3           For Immanuel's sake,  
               Who our nature did take,  
 He is pleased with the children of men :  
               And if Christ we believe,  
               Will His rebels receive  
 To the arms of His mercy again.
- 4           By the Spirit of grace,  
               We our Saviour embrace,  
 And expect He again will come down,

---

Our souls to remove  
By the power of His love,  
And with heavenly glory to crown.

---

HYMN LXXXVIII.

THOU, whom angel-choirs proclaim,  
Hast bid the children chant Thy name,  
Loosen then the stammering tongue,  
Listen to my artless song:  
Now my infant voice I raise,  
Lisp an unknown Saviour's praise ;  
And feebly thus begin to sing  
Under the shadow of Thy wing.

---

HYMN LXXXIX.

LORD, that I may sing to Thee,  
And make the sweetest melody,  
Bid my soul in hymns aspire,  
Echo to the Psalmist's lyre ;  
Tune my heart to praise the Lamb,  
(Jesus His harmonious name,)  
And when Thou dost from earth remove,  
Give me a golden harp above.

---

HYMN XC.

WHEN Jesus darts His glorious light,  
All heaven is ravish'd with the sight ;

The cherubs strike their golden lyres,  
The seraphs glow with brighter fires :  
But when Jesus shows His face,  
All are hush'd and lost in praise !

---

## HYMN XCI.

- 1 IN vain are children taught to pray,  
Or praise a God unknown :  
Christ is the true and living Way,  
And God and Christ are one.
  - 2 Whene'er we think on God Most High,  
Whene'er His praise proclaim,  
We think on Him who stoop'd to die ;  
We bow to Jesu's name.
  - 3 My God, in Jesus reconciled,  
Declare Thyself to me,  
If still an uncorrupted child,  
Yet still I know not Thee.
  - 4 To make my sinful nature pure,  
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart ;  
And me from actual sin secure,  
By dwelling in my heart.
- 

## HYMN XCII.

O MIGHT I in my youthful days  
Reflect on my Creator's grace,  
Call on my heavenly Father's name,  
Whose mercy made me what I am,

---

Whose love out of His bosom gave  
His only Son, a world to save,  
To buy and wash me with His blood,  
And bring my new-born soul to God.

---

HYMN XCIII.

- 1 CHILDREN have a right to sing  
Praises to their Infant King ;  
Tell how Christ, the holy Child,  
God and man hath reconciled.
- 2 Whom the heavens cannot contain,  
Very God and very man,  
God was, in His infancy,  
Weak and ignorant like me.
- 3 Wherefore did He stoop so low ?  
Jesus, help my heart to know :  
Thou who didst my flesh receive,  
Unto me Thy Spirit give.
- 4 Thus explain the mystery,  
Then I shall be one with Thee,  
Then I shall, above the sky,  
Endless hallelujahs cry.

---

HYMN XCIV.

- 1 To God, the Creator of all,  
My earliest tribute I pay,  
On Him with humility call,  
And promise His laws to obey :

- I promise, alas ! but in vain,  
 Unless He His Spirit bestow  
 From folly and sin to restrain,  
 And keep me wherever I go.
- 2 O Father of mercies attend,  
 (Though now I in ignorance cry,)  
 And teach me on Him to depend,  
 My Advocate there in the sky :  
 Whatever I ask in the name  
 Of Jesus, I hear, shall be done,  
 As due to that innocent Lamb,  
 As claim'd by Thine heavenly Son.

---

HYMN XCV.

- 1 LET all that breathe Jehovah praise,  
 Almighty, all-creating Lord ;  
 Let earth and heaven His power confess,  
 Brought out of nothing by His word !  
 He spake the word, and it was done,  
 The universe His word obey'd :  
 His Word is His eternal Son,  
 And Christ the whole creation made.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,  
 Maker of all mankind and me,  
 Me Thou hast form'd to glorify,  
 To know, and love, and live for Thee :  
 Wherefore to Thee my heart I give,  
 (But Thou must first bestow the power,)  
 And if on earth for Thee I live,  
 Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.
-

---

HYMN XCVI.

- 1 WHO shall join the acclamation  
Of that bright celestial choir,  
While with rapturous exultation  
All in songs of praise aspire?  
Hallelujah  
Sounds from every tuneful lyre.
- 2 I, if here I love my Lover,  
Here my heart to Jesus give,  
When this mortal life is over,  
Shall a harp and crown receive,  
Hallelujah  
Sing, as long as God shall live.
- 

HYMN XCVII.

- 1 THE Judge of all shall soon come down,  
Bright on His everlasting throne,  
Summon the nations to His bar,  
And I shall take my trial there.
- 2 Jesus, be now my friend with God,  
And wash me in Thy precious blood ;  
That at Thy last appearance I  
May shouting meet Thee in the sky.
- 

HYMN XCVIII.

- 1 HAPPY beyond description he  
Who in the paths of piety  
Loves from his birth to run :  
Its ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all its paths are joy and peace,  
And heaven on earth begun.

- 2 If this felicity were mine,  
 I every other would resign  
 With just and holy scorn ;  
 Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,  
 And with the promised land in view  
 Singing to God return.

---

 HYMN XCIX.

- 1 THOU the great, eternal Lord,  
 Art high above our thought,  
 Worthy to be fear'd, adored  
 By those Thy hands have wrought :  
 None can with Thyself compare,  
 Thy glory fills both earth and sky :  
 We, and all Thy creatures, are  
 As nothing in Thine eye.
- 2 Of Thy great unbounded power,  
 To Thee the praise we give,  
 Infinitely great, and more  
 Than heart can e'er conceive ;  
 When Thou wilt to work proceed,  
 None Thy purpose can withstand,  
 Frustrate the determined deed,  
 Or stay the' almighty Hand.
- 3 Thou, O God, art wise alone,  
 Thy counsel doth excel ;  
 Wonderful Thy works we own,  
 Thy ways unsearchable :  
 Who can sound the mystery,  
 Thy judgments' deep abyss explain ?  
 Thou whose eyes in darkness see,  
 And search the heart of man.

- 4    Thou the holy God and pure,  
      Hatest iniquity ;  
      Evil Thou canst not endure,  
      Or let it stay with Thee :  
      Who from sin refuse to turn,  
Sinners with Thee shall never dwell,  
      But Thy righteous wrath shall burn  
      After their souls to hell.
- 5    Good Thou art, and good Thou dost,  
      Thy mercies reach to all ;  
      Chiefly those on Thee who trust,  
      And for Thy mercies call :  
      New they every morning are ;  
As fathers, when their children cry,  
      Us Thou dost in pity spare,  
      And all our wants supply.
- 6    Mercy o'er Thy works presides,  
      Thy providence display'd  
      Still preserves, and still provides  
      For all Thy hands have made ;  
      Keeps with more distinguish'd care  
The man that on Thy love depends,  
      Watches every number'd hair,  
      And all his steps attends.
- 7    Who can sound the depths unknown  
      Of Thy redeeming grace ;  
      Grace which gave Thine only Son  
      To save our ruin'd race !  
      Millions of transgressors poor  
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven,  
      Made them of Thy favour sure,  
      And snatch'd from hell to heaven.

- 8 Millions more Thou ready art  
 To save, and to forgive ;  
 Every soul and every heart  
 Of man Thou wouldst receive :  
 Father, now accept of mine,  
 Which now, through Christ, I offer Thee,  
 Tell a child, in love Divine,  
 That Thou hast pardon'd me.

---

 HYMN C.

- 1 O FATHER, I am but a child,  
 My body is made of the earth,  
 My nature, alas ! is defiled,  
 And a sinner I was from my birth ;  
 Not worthy to lift up my face  
 To a God on His heavenly throne,  
 Yet allow me to pray for Thy grace,  
 For without it I must be undone.
- 2 I cannot obey Thy commands  
 Unassisted by grace from above ;  
 No grace I deserve at Thy hands,  
 Yet I hope to recover Thy love :  
 Thy mercy is promised to all,  
 The Giver of Jesus Thou art,  
 And therefore attend to my call,  
 And discover His love to my heart.

---

 HYMN CI.

- 1 To me Thy compassion extend,  
 For the sake of Thy heavenly Son,  
 From Satan and sin to defend,  
 And a world full of evil unknown :

- An invisible enemy's power  
Ever near to destroy me, I have,  
A lion intent to devour :  
Let mercy be nearer to save.
- 2 That mercy I languish to feel,  
If mercy infuse the desire,  
My need of a Saviour reveal,  
My soul with the hunger inspire :  
O Father, an infant allure  
In a way that I never have known,  
And me by Thy Spirit assure  
That mercy and Jesus are one.
- 

## HYMN CII.

## THANKSGIVING.

- 1 COME, my companions dear,  
With mine your voices raise,  
Let us with heart sincere  
Attempt our Saviour's praise ;  
And while our souls to heaven ascend,  
Begin the song that ne'er shall end.
- 2 Of whom should children sing,  
But of that holy Child  
Who to their heavenly King  
Hath rebels reconciled ?  
Peace upon earth He doth bestow :  
Rejoice in God reveal'd below.
- 3 Who earth and heaven commands  
In years and wisdom grew,  
Till seized by wicked hands,  
They wounded Him, and slew :

But in His blood our peace is seal'd,  
And by His wounds our souls are heal'd.

- 4 Then let us bless His name,  
And thank Him for His grace:  
Worthy is Christ the Lamb  
Of universal praise;  
Praise be on Him by all bestow'd,  
Who lives, the one eternal God!

---

HYMN CIII.

- 1 MEET and right it is that I  
Should my Maker glorify;  
Born for this alone I am,  
God to praise, through Jesu's name:  
Author of my life, receive  
Praise the best a child can give.
- 2 Teach me, as I older grow,  
Thee in Christ aright to know;  
That I may Thy blessings prize,  
Bring Thee, Jesus, sacrifice,  
Thee with understanding praise,  
Love, and serve Thee all my days.

---

HYMN CIV.

- 1 PRAISE the Father for His love,  
Christ He sent us from above;  
Publish the Redeemer's praise,  
Bless the Spirit of His grace;  
He reveals the Trinity,  
Three in One, and One in Three.

2 Glory be to God alone,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
God, from whom all blessings spring,  
Every child of Adam sing;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

---

HYMN CV.

THE Father above,  
The Son of His love,  
We adore with the Spirit of grace ;  
Till He bids us arise  
To our thrones in the skies,  
And eternity spend in His praise.

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## ERRATUM.

On page 147 and page 163, for Nov. 20 read Nov. 29.

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