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H Y M N S

A N D

SACRED POEMS.

Published by

JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

Fellow of *Lincoln College, Oxford*;

A N D

CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

Student of *Christ-Church, Oxford*.

Let the Word of CHRIST dwell in You richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed by W. STRAHAN; and sold by JAMES HUTTON, Bookseller, at the *Bible and Sun*, without *Temple-Bar*; and at Mr. BRAY's, a Brazier in *Little-Britain*. MDCCXXXIX.

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H Y M N S

H Y M N S

A N D

S A C R E D P O E M S.

Living by Christ. From the German.

JESU, thy boundless Love to me
 No Thought can reach, no Tongue declare :
 O knit my thankful Heart to Thee,
 And reign without a Rival there.
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am :
 Be Thou alone my constant Flame.

2. O grant that nothing in my Soul
 May dwell, but thy pure Love alone :
 O may thy Love possess me whole,
 My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown.
 Strange Fires far from my Soul remove,
 My ev'ry Act, Word, Thought, be Love.

3. O Love, how chearing is thy Ray ?
 All Pain before thy Presence flies !
 Care, Anguish, Sorrow melt away
 Where'er thy healing Beams arise :

B

O Jesu,

2 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing hear, feel, or think but Thee!

4. Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high Prize aspire;
Hourly within my Breast renew
This holy Flame, this heavenly Fire;
And Day and Night be all my Care
To guard this sacred Treasure there.

5. My Saviour, Thou thy Love to me
In Want, in Shame, in Pain, hast show'd;
For me on the accursed Tree
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless Blood:
Thy Wounds upon my Heart impress,
Nor ought shall the lov'd Stamp efface.

6. More hard than Marble is my Heart,
And foul with Sins of deepest Stain:
But Thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing Blood in vain.
Ah! soften, melt this Rock, and may
Thy Blood wash all these Stains away.

7. O that my Heart, which open stands,
May catch each Drop, that tort'ring Pain
Arm'd by my Sins, wrung from thy Hands,
Thy Feet, thy Head, thy ev'ry Vein:
That still my Breast may heave with Sighs,
Still Tears of Love o'erflow my Eyes.

8. O that I as a little Child
May follow Thee, nor ever rest
Till sweetly Thou hast pour'd thy mild
And lowly Mind into my Breast:

Nor may we ever parted be
Till I become one Sp'rit with Thee.

9. O draw me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire :
With gracious Words still comfort me ;
Be Thou my Hope, my sole Desire :
Free me from ev'ry Weight : nor Fear
Nor Sin can come, if Thou art here.

10. My Health, my Light, my Life, my Crown,
My Portion, and my Treasure Thou ;
O take me, seal me for thine own ;
To thee alone my Soul I bow :
Without Thee all is Pain : my Mind
Repose in nought but Thee can find.

11. Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
In Thee alone is all my Rest.
Be Thou my Flame ; within me burn,
Jesu, and I in Thee am blest.
Thou art the Balm of Life : My Soul
Is faint ; O save, O make it whole !

12. What in thy Love possess I not ?
My Star by Night, my Sun by Day ;
My Spring of Life when parch'd with Drought,
My Wine to chear, my Bread to stay,
My Strength, my Shield, my safe Abode,
My Robe before the Throne of God !

13. Ah Love ! Thy Influence withdrawn
What profits me that I am born ?
All my Delight, my Joy is gone,
Nor know I Peace, till Thou return :

4 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

Thee may I seek till I attain;
And never may we part again.

14. From all Eternity with Love
Unchangeable Thou hast me view'd ;
Ere knew this beating Heart to move,
Thy tender Mercies me pursu'd.
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on ev'ry Side.

15. Still let thy thy Love point out my Way,
(How wondrous Things thy Love had wrought !)
Still lead me lest I go astray :
Direct my Work, inspire my Thought :
And when I fall, soon may I hear
Thy Voice, and know that Love is near.

16. In Suff'ring be thy Love my Peace,
In Weakness be thy Love my Pow'r ;
And when the Storms of Life shall cease,
Jesu, in that important Hour,
In Death as Life be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died !

Virtue. *Altered from Herbert.*

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The Bridal of the Earth and Sky :
The Dew shall weep thy Fall to Night,
For Thou with all thy Sweets must die !

2. Sweet Rose, so fragrant and so brave,
zling the rash Beholder's Eye :

Thy

Thy Root is ever in its Grave,
And thou with all thy Sweets must die!

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

4. Only a Sweet and Virtuous Mind,
When Nature all in Ruins lies,
When Earth and Heav'n a Period find,
Begins a Life that never dies!

Doomsday. *From Herbert.*

"COME to Judgment, come away!"
(Hark I hear the Angel say,
Summoning the Dust to rise)
"Haste, resume, and lift your Eyes;
"Hear, ye Sons of Adam, hear,
"Man, before thy God appear!"

2. Come to Judgment, come away!
This the Last, the Dreadful Day.
Sov'reign Author, Judge of all,
Dust obeys thy quickning Call,
Dust no other Voice will heed:
Thine the Trump that wakes the Dead.

3. Come to Judgment come away!
Lingring Man no longer stay;
Thee let Earth at length restore,
Pris'ner in her Womb no more;

6 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

Burst the Barriers of the Tomb,
Rise to meet thy instant Doom!

4. Come to Judgment, come away!
Wide disperst howe'er ye stray,
Lost in Fire, or Air, or Main,
Kindred Atoms meet again;
Sepulchred where'er ye rest,
Mix'd with Fish, or Bird, or Beast.

5. Come to Judgment, come away!
Help, O Christ, thy Work's Decay:
Man is out of Order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the World;
Lord thy broken Concert raise,
And the Musick shall be Praise.

Spiritual Slumber. *From the German.*

O Thou, who all things canst controul;
Chase this dead Slumber from my Soul;
With Joy and Fear, with Love and Awe.
Give me to keep thy perfect Law.

2. O may one Beam of thy blest Light
Pierce thro', dispel the Shades of Night:
Touch my cold Breast with heav'nly Fire,
With holy, conq'ring Zeal inspire.

3. For Zeal I sigh, for Zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my Soul and faint:
With Steps unwav'ring, undismay'd
Give me in all thy Paths to tread.

4. Thy

4. With out-stretch'd Hands, and streaming Eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the Prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray:
But ah! how soon it dies away!

5. The deadly Slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my Spirit steal:
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quick'ning Pow'r,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

6. Single of Heart O may I be,
Nothing may I desire but Thee:
Far, far from me the World remove,
And all that holds me from thy Love!

Farewell *to the* World.

From the French.

WORLD adieu, thou real Cheat!!
Oft have thy deceitful Charms.
Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
Foolish Hopes and false Alarms:
Now I see as clear as Day,
How thy Follies pass away..

2. Vain thy entertaining Sights,
False thy Promises renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
Object of the noblest Love.

3. Farewell

8 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

3. Farewell Honour's empty Pride!
Thy own nice, uncertain Gult,
If the least Mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the Dust:
Worldly Honours end in Gall,
Rise to Day, to Morrow fall.

4. Foolish Vanity farewell,
More inconstant than the Wave!
Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
Purest Tempers they deprave:
He to whom I fly, from thee
Jesus Christ shall set me free.

5. Never shall my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys,
Since in God alone I find
Solid and substantial Joys:
Joys that never overpast,
Through Eternity shall last.

6. Lord, how happy is a Heart
After Thee while it aspires:
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer its Desires:
It shall see the glorious Scene
Of thy everlasting Reign.

The Thansgiving. *From* Herbert.

O King of Grief, (how strange and true
The Name, to Jesus only due;)

How,

How, Saviour, shall I grieve for Thee,
Who in all Griefs preventest me.

2. Then let me vie with Thee in Love,
And try who there shall Conq'rour prove.
Giv'st thou me Wealth? I will restore
All back unto Thee by the Poor.

3. Giv'st Thou me Honour? All shall see
The Honour doth belong to Thee:
A Bosom-Friend? If false he prove
To Thee, I will tear thence his Love.

4. Thee shall my Musick find: Each String
Shall have his Attribute to Sing;
And ev'ry Note accord in Thee,
To prove one God, one Harmony.

5. Giv'st thou me Knowledge? It shall still
Search out thy Ways, thy Works, thy Will:
Yea, I will search thy Book, nor move
Till I have found therein thy Love.

6. Thy Love I will turn back on Thee:
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for thy Passion, I for That
Will do——alas, I know not what!

The Reprisal. From the same.

WELL have I weigh'd it, Lord, and find
Thy mighty Passion mocks my Skill:
Though

10 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

Though I die for Thee, I'm behind ;
My Sins deserve the Death to feel.

2. O were I innocent, that I
Might bring Thee Off'rings pure and free !
Still my Attempt thy Wounds defy,
For they require me dead for Thee.

3. Yet will I share the Conquest too :
Though I can do against Thee nought,
In Thee, O Lord, I will subdue
The Man that once against Thee fought !

A Single Eye. From the same.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In All things Thee to see ;
And what I do in any Thing,
To do it as for Thee !

2. To scorn the Sense's Sway,
While still to Thee I tend :
In all I do, be Thou the Way,
In all be Thou the End.

3. A Man that looks on Glass,
On That may fix his Eye ;
Or unoppos'd may through it pass,
And Heav'n behind descry.

4. All may of Thee partake :
Nothing so small can be,

But

But draws, when acted for thy Sake,
Greatness and Worth from Thee.

5. If done t'obey thy Laws,
Ev'n servile Labours shine;
Hallow'd is Toil, if this the Cause,
The meanest Work Divine.

6. This is the long-sought Stone
Which all converts to Gold:
For that which God for his doth own,
Cannot for less be told.

Grace *before* Meat.

Fountain of Being, Source of Good!
At whose Almighty Breath
The Creature proves our Bane or Food,
Dispensing Life or Death:

2. Thee we address with humble Fear,
Vouchsafe thy Gifts to crown;
Father of all, thy Children hear,
And send a Blessing down.

3. O may our Souls for ever pine
Thy Grace to taste and see;
Athirst for Righteousness Divine,
And hungry after Thee!

4. For this we lift our longing Eyes,
We wait the gracious Word;
Speak—and our Hearts from Earth shall rise,
And feed upon the Lord.

Another.

Another.

ENslav'd to Sense, to Pleasure prone,
Fond of created Good ;
Father, our Helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our Food.

2. Trembling we taste: for ah! no more
To Thee the Creatures lead ;
Chang'd they exert a Fatal Pow'r,
And poison while they feed.

3. Curst for the Sake of wretched Man,
They now engross him whole,
With pleasing Force on Earth detain,
And sensualize his Soul.

4. Grov'ling on Earth we still must lie
Till Christ the Curse repeal ;
Till Christ descending from on high
Infected Nature heal.

5. Come then, our Heav'nly *Adam*, come!
Thy healing Influence give ;
Hallow our Food, reserve our Doom,
And bid us eat and live.

6. The Bondage of Corruption break!
For this our Spirits groan ;
Thy only Will we fain would seek ;
O save us from our own.

7. Turn

7. Turn the full Stream of Nature's Tide :
 Let all our Actions tend
 To Thee their Source ; thy Love the Guide,
 Thy Glory be the End.
8. Earth then a Scale to Heaven shall be,
 Sense shall point out the Road ;
 The Creatures then shall lead to Thee,
 And all we taste be God!
-

Grace after Meat.

- B**Eing of Beings, God of Love,
 To Thee our Hearts we raise ;
 Thy all-sustaining Pow'r we prove,
 And gladly sing thy Praise.
2. Thine, wholly thine we pant to be,
 Our Sacrifice receive ;
 Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
 To thee Ourselves we give.
3. Heav'nward our ev'ry Wish aspires :
 For all thy Mercy's Store
 The sole Return thy Love requires,
 Is that we ask for more.
4. For more we ask, we open then
 Our Hearts t'embrace thy Will :
 Turn and beget us, Lord, again,
 With all thy Fulness fill !

14 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

5. Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's Love
Shed in our Hearts abroad ;
So shall we ever live and move,
And Be, with Christ, in God.
-

Frailty. *From* Herbert.

LORD, how in Silence I despise
The giddy Worldling's Snare !
This Beauty, Riches, Honour, Toys.
Not worth a Moment's Care.

2. Hence painted Dust, and gilded Clay !
You have no Charms for me :
Delusive Breath, be far away !
I waste no Thought on Thee.

3. But when abroad at once I view
Both the World's Hosts and Thine !
Those simple sad afflicted, few,
These num'rous gay and fine :

4. Lost my Resolves, my Scorn is past,
I boast my Strength no more ;
A willing Slave they bind me fast
With unresisted Pow'r.

5. O brook not this ; let not thy Foes
Profane thy hallow'd Shrine :
Thine is my Soul by sacred Vows
Of strictest Union Thine !

Hear then my just, tho' late Request,
Once more the Captive free ;
Renew thy Image in my Breast,
And claim my Heart for Thee.

Grace. *From the same.*

MY Stock lies dead, and no Increase
Does thy Past Gifts improve :
O let thy Graces without cease
Drop gently from above.

2. If still the Sun should hide his Face,
Earth would a Dungeon prove,
Thy Works Night's Captives: O let Grace
Drop gently from above.

3. The Dew unsought each Morning falls,
Less bounteous is thy Dove ?
The Dew for which my Spirit calls,
Drop gently from above.

4. Death is still digging like a Mole
My Grave, where'er I move ;
Let Grace work too, and on my Soul
Drop gently from above.

5. Sin is still spreading o'er my Heart
A Hardness void of Love ;
Let suppling Grace, to cross her Art,
Drop gently from above.

16 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

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

Gratefulness. *From the same.*

THOU, who hast giv'n so much to me,
Oh give a grateful Heart :
See how thy Beggar works on Thee
By acceptable Art !

2. He makes thy Gifts occasion more ;
And says, if here he's crost,
All Thou hast giv'n him heretofore,
Thyself and all is lost.

3. But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Our Wants thy Aid did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
Such needy Worms to save.

4. Perpetual Knockings at thy Door,
Tears sullying all thy Rooms ;
Gift upon Gift; much would have more,
And still thy Suppliant comes.

5. Yet thy unweary'd Love went on ;
Allow'd us all our Noise ;
Nay Thou hast dignify'd a Groan,
And made a Sigh thy Joys.

6. Wherefore I cry, and cry again,
Nor canst Thou quiet be,
Till my repeated Suit obtain
A thankful Heart from thee.

7. Hear then, and Thankfulness impart
Continual as thy Grace ;
O add to all thy Gifts a Heart
Whose Pulse may beat thy Praise !

The Method. From the same.

Lament, unhappy Heart, lament !
Since God refuses still
To hear thy Pray'r, some Discontent
Unknown must cool his Will.

2. Doubtless thy heav'nly Father could
Give all thy Suit does move ;
For he is Pow'r: And sure He would
Give all ; for He is Love.

3. Go then the secret Cause explore,
Go search thy inmost Soul .
Let Earth divide thy Care no more,
Since Heav'n requires the whole.

Ha ! What do I here written see ?
It tells me " Yesterday
Cold I prefer'd my careless Plea,
And only seem'd to Pray."

18 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

5. But stay--What read I written there?

“ Something I would have done ;
His Spirit mov'd me to forbear,
Yet boldly I went on.”

6. Then bend once more thy Knees and pray,
Once more lift up thy Voice :

Seek Pardon first and God will say,

“ Again, Glad Heart, rejoice.”

*Grieve not the Holy Spirit. From
the same.*

AND art thou griev'd, O Sacred Dove,
When I despise, or cross thy Love ?
Griev'd for a Worm ; when ev'ry Tread
Crushes, and leaves the Reptile dead !

2. Then Mirth be ever banish'd hence,
Since Thou art pain'd by my Offence ;
I sin not to my Grief alone,
The Comforter within doth groan.

3. Then weep my Eyes, for God doth grieve !
Weep, foolish Heart, and weeping live :
Tears for the living Mourner plead,
But ne'er avail the hopeless Dead.

4. Lord, I adjudge myself to Grief,
To endless Tears without Relief :
Yet, O ! t'exact thy Due forbear,
And spare a feeble Creature, spare !

5. Still

5. Still if I wail not, (still to wail
Nature denies, and Flesh would fail)
Lord, pardon---for thy Son makes good
My Want of Tears, with Store of Blood.

The Flower. From the same.

WHILE sad my Heart, and blasted mourns,
How chearing, Lord, are thy Returns,
How sweet the Life, the Joys they bring !
Grief in thy presence melts away :
Refresh'd I hail the gladsome Day,
As Flow'rs salute the rising Spring.

2. Who would have thought my wither'd Heart
Again should feel thy sov'reign Art,
A kindly Warmth again should know ?
Late like the Flow'r, whose drooping Head
Sinks down, and seeks its native Bed
To see the Mother-root below.

3. These are thy Wonders, Lord of Pow'r,
Killing and Quick'ning one short Hour.
Lifts up to Heav'n, and sinks to Hell :
Thy Will supreme disposes All ;
We prove thy Justice in our Fall,
Thy Mercy in our Rise we feel.

4. O that my latest Change were o'er !
O were I plac'd where Sin no more,
With its Attendant Grief, could come !
Stranger to Change, I then should rise
Amidst the Plants of Paradise,
And flourish in Eternal Bloom.

5. Many

20 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

5. Many a Spring since here I grew,
I seem'd my Verdure to renew,
And higher still to rise and higher :
Water'd by Tears, and fan'd by Sighs,
I pour'd my Fragrance through the Skies,
And heav'nward ever seem'd t'aspire.

6. But while I grow as Heaven were mine,
Thine Anger comes and I decline ;
Faded my Bloom, my Glory lost :
Who can the deadly Cold sustain,
Or stand beneath the chilling Pain !
When blasted by thine Anger's Frost.

7. And now in Age I bud again,
Once more I feel the Vernal Rain,
Though dead so oft, I live and write :
Sure I but dream ! It cannot be
That I, my God, that I am He
On whom Thy Tempests fell all Night !

8. These are Thy Wonders, Lord of Love,
Thy Mercy thus delights to prove
We are but Flow's that bloom and die !
Soon as This saving Truth we see,
Within thy Garden plac'd by Thee,
Time we survive, and Death defy.

Desertion. *From the same.*

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

2. But

2. But when Thou dost the Sense repress,
Th'extatic Influence of thy Grace;
Seem to desert thy lov'd Abode,
And leave me sunk beneath my Load:

3. O what a Damp and deadly Shade,
What Horrors then my Soul invade!
Less ghastly low'rs the gloomiest Night
Than the Eclipse that veils thy Light.

4. O do not, do not thus withdraw,
Lest Sin surprize me void of Awe,
And when Thou dost but shine less clear,
Say boldly, That thou art not here.

5. Thou, Lord, and only thou canst tell
How dead the Life which then I feel;
Pursu'd by Sin's insulting Boast,
That "I may seek---but Thou art lost!"

6. I half believe (the deadly Cold
Does all my Pow'rs so fast infold)
That Sin says true. But while I grieve,
Again I see thy Face, and Live!

A True Hymn. From the same.

MY Joy, my Life, my Crown of Bliss,
My Heart was musing all the Day,
Fain would it speak; yet only this,
"My Joy, my Life, my Crown," could say.

22 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

2. Few as they are, and void of Art.
Yet flight not, Lord, these humble Words :
Fine is that Hymn which speaks the Heart,
The Heart that to the Lines accords.
 3. He who requires his Creature's Time,
And all his Soul, and Strength, and Mind,
Complains, if Heartless flows the Rhyme,
What makes the Hymn is still behind :
 4. The scanty Verse himself supplies,
Let but the fervent Heart be mov'd ;
And when it says with longing Sighs,
" O could I love !" God writeth " Lov'd !"
-

Bitter-Sweet. *From the same.*

AH my dear, angry Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike,
Cast down, and yet thy Help afford,
Sure I will do the like.

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

A Hymn for Midnight.

WHILE Midnight Shades the Earth o'erspread,
And veil the Bosom of the Deep,
Nature

Nature reclines her weary Head,
And Care respire and Sorrows sleep :
My Soul still aims at Nobler Rest,
Aspiring to her Saviour's Breast.

2. Aid me, ye hov'ring Spirits near,
Angels and Ministers of Grace ;
Who ever, while you guard us here,
Behold your heav'nly Father's Face !
Gently my raptur'd Soul convey
To Regions of Eternal Day.

3. Fain would I leave this Earth below,
Of Pain and Sin the dark Abode ;
Where shadowy Joy, or solid Woe
Allures or tears me from my God :
Doubtful and Insecure of Bliss,
Since Death alone confirms me his.

4. Till then, to Sorrow born I sigh,
And gasp and languish after Home ;
Upward I send my streaming Eye,
Expecting till the Bridegroom come :
Come quickly, Lord ! Thy own receive,
Now let me see thy Face and live.

5. Absent from Thee, my exil'd Soul
Deep in a Fleshly Dungeon groans ;
Around me Clouds of Darkness roll,
And lab'ring Silence speaks my Moans :
Come quickly, Lord, Thy Face display,
And look my Midnight into Day.

6. Error and Sin, and Death are o'er,
If Thou reverse the Creature's Doom ;

Sad *Rachel* weeps her Loss no more,
 If Thou the God, the Saviour come :
 Of Thee possessest, in Thee we prove
 The Light, the Life, the Heav'n of Love.

Misery. *From the same.*

LORD, let the Angels praise thy Name,
 Man is a Feeble, Foolish Thing !
 Folly and Sin play all his Game,
 Still burns his House, He Still doth sing :
 To Day he's here, to Morrow gone :
 The Madman knows it---and sings on.

2. How canst Thou brook his Foolishness ?
 When heedless of the Voice Divine,
 Himself alone he seeks to please,
 And carnal Joys prefers to Thine ;
 Eager through Nature's Wilds to rove,
 Nor aw'd by Fear, nor charm'd by Love.

3. What strange Pollutions does he wed,
 Slave to his Senses and to Sin !
 Naked of God, his Guilty Head
 He strives in Midnight Shades to skreen :
 Fondly he hopes from Thee to fly,
 Unmark'd by Thine all-seeing Eye.

4. The best of Men to Evil yield,
 If but the slightest Trial come ;
 They fall, by Thee no more upheld :
 And when Affliction calls them home,
 Thy gentle Rod they scarce endure,
 And murmur to accept their Cure.

5. Wayward

5. Wayward they haste, while Nature leads,
T'escape Thee; but Thy Gracious Dove
Still mildly o'er their Folly spreads
The Wings of his expanded Love:
Thou bring'st them back nor suff'rest those
Who Would be, to remain thy Foes.
6. My God, Thy Name Man cannot praise,
All Brightness Thou, all Purity!
The Sun in his *Meridian* Blaze
Is Darkness, if compar'd to Thee.
Oh how shall sinful Worms proclaim,
Shall Man presume to speak Thy Name?
7. Man cannot serve Thee: All his Care
Engross'd by grov'ling Appetite,
Is fixt on Earth; his Treasure there,
His Portion, and his base Delight:
He starts from Virtue's thorny Road,
Alive to Sin, but dead to God!
8. Ah foolish Man, where are thine Eyes?
Lost in a Crowd of Earthly Cares:
Thy Indolence neglects to rise,
While Husks to Heav'n thy Soul prefers;
Careless the starry Crown to seize,
By Pleasure bound, or lull'd by Ease.
9. To God, through all Creation's bound
Th'unconscious Kinds their Homage bring:
His Praise through ev'ry Grove resounds,
Nor know the Warblers whom they sing:
But Man, Lord of the Creatures, knows
The Source from whence their Beings flows.

26 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

10. He owns a God----but eyes him not,
But lets his mad Disorders reign :
They make his Life a constant Blot,
And Blood Divine an Off'ring vain.
Ah Wretch! thy Heart unsearchable,
Thy Ways mysterious who can tell!

11. Perfect at first, and blest his State,
Man in his Maker's Image shone ;
In Innocence divinely great
He liv'd ; he liv'd to God alone :
His Heart was Love, his Pulse was Praise,
And Light and Glory deck'd his Face.

12. But alter'd now and *faln* he is,
Immerst in Flesh, and *dead within* ;
Dead to the Taste of native Blis,
And ever sinking into Sin :
Nay, by his wretched Self undone.
Such is Man's State-----and such *my own*.

The Sinner. *From the same.*

WHEN all the Secrets of my Heart
With Horror, Lord, I see,
Thine is, I find, the smallest Part,
Though all be due to Thee.

2. Thy Footsteps scarce appear within,
But Lufts a countless Crowd ;
Th'immenſe Circumference is Sin,
A Point is all my Good.

3. O break my Bonds, let Sin enthral
My struggling Soul no more ;
Hear thy fall'n Creature's feeble Call,
Thine Image Lord restore.

4. And tho' my Heart senseless and hard
To Thee can scarcely groan,
Yet, O remember, gracious Lord,
Thou once didst write in Stone !

Complaining. *From the same.*

THOU, Lord, my Pow'r and Wisdom art,
O do not then reject my Heart !
Thy Clay that Weeps, thy Dust I am
That calls, O put me not to Shame !

2. Thy Glories, Lord, in all Things shine,
Thine is the Deed, the Praise is Thine :
A feeble, helpless Creature I
Do at Thy Pleasure live or die.

3. Art Thou All Justice ?---shews Thy Word
Through ev'ry Page an Angry Lord ?
Am I all Tears ?---Is this to live ?
Is all my Business here, to grieve ?

4. Fill not my Life's short Hour with Pain ;
Or, O contract the wretched Span ;
So shall I mount from Sorrow free,
And find Relief, and Heav'n in Thee !

Home. *From the same.*

F AINT is my Head, and sick my Heart,
 While Thou dost ever ever stay !
 Fixt in my Soul I feel thy Dart,
 Groaning I feel it Night and Day :
 Come, Lord, and shew thyself to me,
 Or take, O take me up to Thee !

2. Canst Thou with-hold Thy healing Grace,
 So kindly lavish of Thy Blood ;
 When swiftly trickling down Thy Face,
 For me the purple Current flow'd !
 Come, Lord, and shew, &c.

3. When Man was lost, *LOVE* look'd about,
 To see what Help in Earth or Sky :
 In vain ; for none appear'd without,
 The Help did in Thy Bosom lie ;
 Come, Lord, &c.

4. There lay thy Son : but left his Rest
 Thrâldom and Mis'ry to remove
 From those, who Glory once possesst,
 But wantonly abus'd Thy Love.
 Come, Lord, &c.

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

6. But if Thou tarriest, why must I?
My God, what is this World to me!
This World of Woe——hence let them fly,
The Clouds that part my Soul and Thee.
Come, Lord, &c.

7. Why should this weary World delight,
Or Sense th'immortal Spirit bind?
Why should frail Beauty's Charms invite,
The trifling Charms of Womankind?
Come, Lord, &c.

8. A Sigh Thou breath'st into my Heart,
And earthly Joys I view with Scorn:
Far from my Soul, ye Dreams depart,
Nor mock me with your vain Return!
Come, Lord, &c.

9. Sorrow and Sin, and Loss, and Pain
Are all that here on Earth we see;
Restless we pant for Ease in vain,
In vain---till Ease we find in Thee.
Come, Lord, &c.

10. Idly we talk of Harvests here,
Eternity our Harvest is:
Grace brings the great Sabbatic Year,
When ripen'd into Glorious Bliss.
Come, Lord, &c.

11. O loose this Frame, Life's Knot untie,
That my free Soul may use her Wing;
Now pinion'd with Mortality,
A weak, entangled, wretched Thing!
Come, Lord, &c.

12. Why

30 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

12. Why should I longer stay and groan ?
The most of me to Heav'n is fled :
My Thoughts and Joys are thither gone ;
To all below I now am dead.
Come, Lord, &c.

13. Come, dearest Lord ! my Soul's Desire
With eager Pantings gasps for Home :
Thee, Thee my restless Hopes require :
My Flesh and Spirit bid Thee come !
Come, Lord, and shew Thyself to me,
Or take, O take me up to Thee !

Longing. *From the same.*

WITH bending Knees, and aking Eyes,
Weary and faint, to Thee my Cries,
To Thee my Tears, my Groans I send :
O when shall my Complaining end ?

2. Wither'd my Heart, like barren Ground
Accurst of God ; my Head turns round,
My Throat is hoarse : I faint, I fall,
Yet falling still for Pity call.

3. Eternal Streams of Pity flow
From Thee their Source to Earth below :
Mothers are kind, because Thou art,
Thy Tenderness o'erflows their Heart.

4. Lord of my Soul, bow down thine Ear,
Hear, Bowels of Compassion, hear !

O give

O give not to the Winds my Pray'r :
Thy Name, thy hallow'd Name is there !

5. Look on my Sorrows, mark them well,
The Shame, the Pangs, the Fires I feel :
Consider, Lord ; Thine Ear incline !
Thy Son hath made my Suff'rings Thine.

6. Thou, Jesu, on th'accursed Tree
Didst bow Thy dying Head for me !
Incline it now ! Who made the Ear,
Shall He, shall He forget to hear !

7. See thy poor Dust, in Pity see,
It stirs, it creeps, it aims at Thee !
Haste, save it from the greedy Tomb !
Come !——Ev'ry Atom bids Thee come !

8. 'Tis Thine to help ! Forget me not !
O be thy Mercy ne'er forgot !
Lock'd is Thy Ear ? yet still my Plea
May speed : For Mercy keeps the Key.

9. Thou tarriest, while I sink, I die,
And fall to Nothing ! Thou on high
Seest me undone. Yet am I stil'd
By Thee (lost as I am) thy Child !

10. Didst Thou for This forsake thy Throne ?
Where are Thy ancient Mercies gone ?
Why should my Pain my Guilt survive,
And Sin be dead, yet Sorrow live ?

11. Yet Sin is dead ; And yet abide
Thy Promises ; they speak, they chide :
They

32 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

They in Thy Bosom pour my Tears,
And my Complaints present as theirs.

12. Hear Jesu! hear my broken Heart!
Broken so long, that ev'ry Part
Hath got a Tongue that ne'er shall cease,
Till Thou pronounce "Depart in Peace."

13. My Love, my Saviour, hear my Cry;
By these Thy Feet at which I lie!
Pluck out Thy Dart! Regard my Sighs;
Now heal my Soul, or now it dies.

The Search. *From the same.*

WHither, O whither art Thou fled,
My Saviour and my Love?
My Searches are my daily Bread,
Yet unsuccessful prove.
My Knees on Earth, on Heav'n mine Eye
Is fixt; and yet the Sphere,
And yet the Center both deny
That Thou, my God, art there.

2. Yet can I mark that Herbs below
Their fragrant Greens display,
As if to meet Thee they did know,
While wither'd I decay.
Yet can I mark how Stars above
With conscious Lustre shine,

Their

Their Glories borrowing from thy Love,
While I in Darkneſs pine.

3. I ſent a Sigh to ſeek thee out,
Drawn from my Heart in Pain,
Wing'd like an Arrow: but my Scout
Return'd alas ! in vain.

Another from my endleſs Store
I turn'd into a Groan,
Becaufe the Search was dumb before :
But all alas ! was one.

4. Where is my God ? What ſecret Place
Still holds, and hides Thee ſtill ?
What Covert dares eclipse thy Face ?---
Is it Thy awful Will ?

O let not That thy Preſence bound :
Rather let Walls of Braſs,
Let Seas and Mountains gird Thee round,
And I through all will paſs.

5. Thy Will ſo vaſt a Diſtance is,
Remoteſt Points combine,
Eaſt touches Weſt, compar'd to this,
And Heav'n and Hell conjoin.
Take then theſe Bars, theſe Lengths away,
Turn and reſtore my Soul :
Thy Love omnipotent diſplay,
Approach ! and make me whole.

6. When Thou, my Lord, my God art nigh,
Nor Life, nor Death can move,
Nor deepeſt Hell, nor Pow'rs on high
Can part me from thy Love.

34 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

For as thy Absence passes far
The widest Distance known,
Thy Prefence brings my Soul so near,
That Thou and I are One!

Discipline. *From the same.*

O Throw away thy Rod,
O throw away thy Wrath!
My gracious Saviour and my God,
O take the gentle Path.

2. Thou see'st, my Heart's Desire;
Still unto Thee is bent :
Still does my longing Soul aspire:
To an entire Consent.

3. Not ev'n a Word or Look
Do I approve or own,
But by the Model of thy Book,
Thy sacred Book alone.

4. Although I fail, I weep ;
Although I halt in Pace,
Yet still with trembling Steps I creep
Unto the Throne of Grace.

5. O then let Wrath remove :
For Love will do the Deed !
Love will the Conquest gain; with Love
Ev'n stony Hearts will bleed.

6. For

6. For Love is swift of Foot,
Love is a Man of War ;
Love can resistless Arrows shoot,
And hit the Mark from far.

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

8. O throw away thy Rod ;
What though Man Frailties hath ?
Thou art my Saviour and my God !
O throw away thy Wrath !

Divine Love. *From the German.*

THOU hidden Love of God, whose Height,
Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I sigh for thy Repose.
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At Rest, till it finds Rest in Thee.

2. Thy secret Voice invites me still
The Sweetness of thy Yoke to prove ;
And fain I would : but tho' my Will
Be fixt, yet wide my Passions rove.
Yet Hindrances strew all the Way ;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

36 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

3. 'Tis Mercy all that Thou hast brought
My Mind to seek her Peace in Thee!
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No Peace my wand'ring Soul shall see.
O when shall all my Wandrings end,
And all my Steps to Thee-ward tend?
4. Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with Thee my Heart to share?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry Motion there:
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repose in Thee.
5. O hide this SELF from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but Thee.
6. O LOVE, thy Sov'reign Aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted Care:
Chase this Self-will thro' all my Heart,
Through all its latent Mazes there.
Make me thy duteous Child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba Father cry.
7. Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy He, who views with Scorn
Earth's Toys for Thee his constant Flame.
O help, that I may never move
From the blest Footsteps of thy Love!

8. Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart, that lowly waits thy Call :
Speak to my inmost Soul, and say.

I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !
To feel Thy Pow'r, to hear Thy Voice,
To taste thy Love is all my Choice!

The Resignation.

AND wilt thou yet be found ?
And may I still draw near ?
Then listen to the plaintive Sound,
Of a poor Sinner's Prayer.

Jesu ! thine Aid afford,
If still the same Thou art ;
To Thee I look, to Thee, my Lord,
Lift up an helpless Heart.

2. Thou seest my tortur'd Breast,
The strugglings of my Will,
The Foes that interrupt my Rest,
The Agonies I feel ;

The daily Death I prove,
Saviour, to Thee is known :
'Tis worse than Death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

3. My peevish Passions chide
Who only Can't controul ;

E

Can't

38 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

Can'st turn the Stream of Nature's Tide,
Aud calm my troubled Soul.

O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward Peace :
I know Thou canst: O speak the Word,
And bid the Tempest cease.

4. Abate the Purging Fire,
And Draw me to my Good ;
Allay the Fever of Desire
By sprinkling me with Blood.

I long to see thy Face
Thy Spirit I implore ;
The living Water of Thy Grace,
That I may thirst no more.

5. When shall Thy Love constrain,
And force me to Thy Breast ?
When shall my Soul return again
To her Eternal Rest ?

Ah what avails my Strife,
My wandring to and fro ?
Thou hast the Words of Endless Life ;
Ah whether should I go ?

6. Thy condescending Grace
To me did freely move ;
It calls me still to seek Thy Face,
And stoops to ask my Love.

Lord, at Thy Feet I fall,
I groan to be set free,

I fain

I fain would now obey the Call,
And give up all for Thee.

7. To rescue me from Woe
Thou didst with all Things part :
Didst lead a suff'ring Life below,
To gain my worthless Heart :

My worthless Heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in Fashion as a Man,
And died a cursed Death.

8. And can I yet delay
My little All to give,
To tear my Soul from Earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?

Nay, but I yield, I yield !
I can hold out no more,
I sink by dying Love compell'd,
And own Thee Conqueror !

9. Though late I all forsake,
My Friends, my Life resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.

Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove,
Settle and fix my wav'ring Soul
With all Thy Weight of Love.

10. My one Desire is This,
Thy only Love to know,

40 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

To seek and taste no other Bliss,
No other Good below.

My Life my Portion Thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My Hope, my Heav'nly Treasure now,
Enter and keep my Heart.

11. Rather than let it burn
For Earth, O quench it's Heat;
Then, when it would to Earth return,
O let it cease to beat.

22. Snatch me from Ill to come,
When I from Thee would fly ;
O take my wand'ring Spirit home,
And grant me Then to die.

After a Recovery from Sickness.

AND live I yet by Pow'r Divine ?
And have I still my Course to run ?
Again brought back in its Decline
The Shadow of my parting Sun ?

2. Wond'ring I ask, Is this the Breast
Struggling so late and torn with Pain !
The Eyes that upward look'd for Rest,
And dropt their weary Lids again !

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

4. Torture

4. Torture and Sin prepar'd his Way,
And pointed to a yawning Tomb!
Darkness behind eclips'd the Day,
And check'd my forward Hopes of Home!
5. My feeble Flesh refus'd to bear
Its strong redoubled Agonies:
When Mercy heard my speechless Pray'r,
And saw me faintly gasp for Ease.
6. Jesus to my Deliv'rance flew,
Where sunk in mortal Pangs I lay:
Pale Death his antient Conqu'ror knew,
And trembled and ungrasp'd his Prey!
7. The Fever turn'd its backward Course,
Arrested by Almighty Pow'r;
Sudden expir'd its fiery Force,
And Anguish gnaw'd my Side no more.
8. God of my Life, what just Return
Can sinful Dust and Ashes give?
I only live my Sin to mourn,
To love my God I only live!
9. To Thee, benign and saving Pow'r,
I consecrate my lengthned Days;
While mark'd with Blessings, ev'ry Hour
Shall speak thy co-extended Praise.
10. How shall I teach the World to love,
Unchang'd myself, unloos'd my Tongue?
Give me the Pow'r of Faith to prove,
And Mercy shall be all my Song.

42 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

11. Be All my Added Life employ'd
Thy Image in my Soul to see :
Fill with thyself the mighty Void ;
Enlarge my Heart to compass Thee !
12. O give me, Saviour, give me more !
Thy Mercies to my Soul reveal :
Alas ! I *see* their endless Store,
Yet O ! I cannot, cannot *feel* !
13. The Blessing of Thy Love bestow :
For this my Cries shall never fail ;
Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
I will not, till my Suit prevail.
14. I'll weary Thee with my Complaint ;
Here at Thy Feet for ever lie,
With longing sick, with groaning faint :
O give me Love, or else I die !
15. Without this best, divinest Grace,
'Tis Death, 'tis worse than Death to live ;
'Tis Hell to want Thy Blissful Face,
And Saints in Thee their Heav'n receive.
16. Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me Thy lasting Home !
Be mindful of thy gracious Word,
Thou, with Thy promis'd Father, come !
17. Prepare, and then possess my Heart,
O take me, seize me from above :
Thee Do I love, for God Thou art ;
Thee Do I feel, for God is Love !

A Prayer under Convictions.

FATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er Thy ev'ry Creature needs,
 Whose Goodness providently nigh
 Feeds the young Ravens when they cry;
 To Thee I look ; my Heart prepare,
 Suggest, and hearken to my Pray'r.

2. Since by Thy Light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,
 Thine Eyes must all my Thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my Lips would say :
 Thou see'st my Wants ; for Help they call,
 And ere I speak, Thou know'st them all.

3. Thou know'st the Baseness of my Mind,
 Wayward, and impotent and blind :
 Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my Will,
 Averse to Good, and prone to Ill :
 Thou know'st how wide my Passions rove,
 Nor check'd by Fear, nor charm'd by Love.

4. Fain would I know, as known by Thee,
 And feel the Indigence I see ;
 Fain would I all my Vileness own,
 And deep beneath the Burthen groan ;
 Abhor the Pride that lurks within,
 Detest and loath myself and Sin.

44 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

5. Ah give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total Misery reveal :
Ah give me, Lord, (I still would say)
A Heart to mourn, a Heart to pray ;
My Business this, my only Care,
My Life, my ev'ry Breath be Pray'r.

6. Scarce I begin my sad Complaint,
When all my warmest Wishes faint ;
Hardly I lift my weeping Eye,
When all my kindling Ardors die ;
Nor Hopes nor Fears my Bosom move,
For still I cannot, cannot love.

7. Father, I want a thankful Heart ;
I want to taste how good Thou art,
To plunge me in Thy Mercy's Sea,
And comprehend Thy Love to me ;
The Breadth, and Length, and Depth, and Height
Of Love divinely infinite.

8. Father, I long my Soul to raise,
And dwell for ever on thy Praise ;
Thy Praise with glorious Joy to tell,
In Extasy unspeakable,
While the full Pow'r of Faith I know,
And reign triumphant here below.

The 53d Chapter of **Isaiah.**

WHO hath believ'd the Tidings ? Who ?
Or felt the Joys our Words impart ?
Gladly confess'd our Record true,
And found the Saviour in his Heart ?

Planted

Planted in Nature's barren Ground,
And cherish'd by Jehovah's Care,
There shall the 'Immortal Seed be found,
The Root Divine shall flourish there !

2. See the Desire of Nations comes ;
Nor outward Pomp bespeaks him near,
A Veil of Flesh the God assumes,
A Servant's Form he stoops to wear ;
He lays his every Glory by ;
Ignobly low, obscurely mean,
Of Beauty void, in Reason's Eye,
The Source of Loveliness is seen.

3. Rejected and despis'd of Men,
A Man of Griefs, inur'd to Woe ;
His only Intimate is Pain,
And Grief is all his Life below.
We saw, and from the irksome Sight
Disdainfully our Faces turn'd ;
Hell follow'd him with fierce Despight,
And Earth the humble Abject scorn'd.

4. Surely for us He humbled was,
And griev'd with Sorrows not his own :
Of all his Woes were We the Cause,
We fill'd his Soul with Pangs unknown.
Yet him th' Offender we esteem'd,
Stricken by Heaven's vindictive Rod,
Afflicted for himself we deem'd,
And punish'd by an angry God.

5. But O ! with our Transgressions stain'd,
For our Offence he wounded was ;
Ours were the Sins that bruise'd, and pain'd,
And scourg'd, and nail'd him to the Cross.

46 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

The Chastisement that bought our Peace,
To Sinners due, on him was laid :
Conscience be still ! Thy Terrors cease !
The Debt's discharg'd, the Ransom paid.

6. What though we all, as wand'ring Sheep,
Have left our God, and lov'd to stray,
Refus'd his mild Commands to keep,
And madly urg'd the downward Way ;
Father, on him thy Bolt did fall,
The Mortal Law thy Son fulfill'd,
Thou laid'st on him the Guilt of All,
And by his Stripes we All are heal'd.

7. Accus'd his Mouth he open'd not,
He answer'd not by Wrongs oppress'd ;
Pure though he was from sinful Spot,
Our Guilt he *Silently* confest !
Meek as a Lamb to Slaughter led,
A Sheep before his Shearers dumb,
To suffer in the Sinner's stead,
Behold the spotless Victim come !

1. Who could his heav'nly Birth declare
When bound by Man he silent stood,
When Worms arraign'd him at their Bar,
And doom'd to Death th'Eternal God !
Patient the Suff'rings to sustain,
The Vengeance to Transgressors due,
Guiltless he groan'd, and dy'd for Man :
Sinners rejoyce, he dy'd for you !

9. For your *imputed* Guilt he bled,
Made Sin a sinful World to save ;
Meekly he sunk among the Dead :
The Rich supply'd an honour'd Grave ?

For

For O ! devoid of Sin, and free
From actual or intail'd Offence,
No Sinner in himself was he,
But pure and perfect Innocence.

10. Yet him th' Almighty Father's Will
With bruising Chastisements pursu'd,
Doom'd him the Weight of Sin to feel,
And sternly just requir'd his Blood.
But lo ! the Mortal Debt is paid,
The costly Sacrifice is o'er,
His Soul for Sin an Off'ring made
Revives, and he shall die more.

11. His numerous Seed he now shall see,
Scatter'd through all the Earth abroad,
Blest with his Immortality,
Begot by him, and born of God.
Head to his Church o'er all below
Long shall he here his Sons sustain ;
Their bounding Hearts his Pow'r shall know,
And bless the lov'd Messiah's Reign.

12. 'Twixt God and Them He still shall stand,
The Children whom his Sire hath giv'n,
Their Cause shall prosper in his Hand,
While *Righteousness* looks down from Heav'n :
While pleas'd he counts the Ransom'd Race,
And calls, and draws them from above ;
The Travail of his Soul surveys,
And rests in his redeeming Love.

13 'Tis done ! my Justice asks no more,
The Satisfaction's fully made :
Their Sins he in his Body bore ;
Their Surety all the Debt has paid.

48 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

My Righteous Servant and my Son
Shall each believing Sinner clear,
And All, who stoop t'abjure *their own*,
Shall in *his* Righteousness appear.

14. Them shall he claim his just Desert,
Them his Inheritance receive,
And many a contrite humble Heart
Will I for his Possession give.
Satan he thence shall chase away,
Assert his Right, his Foes o'ercome ;
Stronger than Hell, retrieve the Prey,
And bear the Spoil triumphant home.

15. For charg'd with all their Guilt he stood,
Sinners from Suff'ring to redeem,
For Them he pour'd out all his Blood,
Their Substitute, he dy'd for Them.
He dy'd ; and rose his Death to plead,
To testify their Sins forgiven——
And still I hear him interceed,
And still he makes Their Claim to Heaven.

HEB. xii. 2.

*Looking unto Jesus, the Author and
Finisher of our Faith.*

WEARY of struggling with my Pain,
Hopeless to burst my Nature's Chain,
Hardly I give the Contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

2. From

2. From my own Works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my Peace ;
Fruitless my Toil and vain my Care,
And all my Fitness is Despair.

3. Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my Sin but cannot feel :
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th'obedient Waters flow.

4. 'Tis Thine a Heart of Flesh to give,
Thy Gifts I only can receive :
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

5. With simple Faith, to thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All :
I wait the moving of the Pool ;
I wait the Word that speaks me Whole.

6. Speak gracious Lord, my Sickness cure,
Make my infected Nature pure ;
Peace, Righteousness, and Joy impart,
And pour thyself into my Heart.

GAL. iii. 22.

*The Scripture hath concluded all under
Sin, that the Promise by Faith of
Jesus Christ might be given to them
that believe.*

JESU, the Sinner's Friend, to Thee
Lost and undone for Aid I flee,

F

Wearry

Weary of Earth, myself and Sin——
Open thine Arms, and take me it.

2. Pity and heal my Sin-sick Soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole,
Fal'n, till in me thine Image shine,
And curst I am till thou art mine.

3. Hear, Jesu, hear my helpless Cry,
O save a Wretch condemn'd to die!
The Sentence in myself I feel,
And all my Nature teems with Hell.

4. When shall Concupiscence and Pride
No more my tortur'd Heart divide!
When shall this Agony be o'er,
And the Old *Adam* rage no more!

5. Awake, the Woman's Conqu'ring Seed,
Awake, and bruise the Serpent's Head:
Tread down thy Foes, with Pow'r controul
The Beast and Devil in my Soul.

6. The Mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my Heart by entring there!
'Tis This alone can make me clean,
'Tis This alone can cast out Sin.

7. Long have I vainly hop'd and strove
To force my Hardness into Love,
To give thee all thy Laws require;
And labour'd in the purging Fire.

8. A thousand specious Arts essay'd,
Call'd the deep *Mystic* to my Aid:

His boasted Skill the Brute refin'd,
But left the subtler Fiend behind.

9. Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,
Nor hope to break my Nature's Chain;
The fond self-emptying Scheme is past;
And lo! constrain'd I yield at last.

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

11. No more to lift my Eyes I dare,
Abandon'd to a just Despair ;
I have my Punishment in View,
I feel a thousand Hells my Due.

12. What shall I say thy Grace to move ?
Lord, I am Sin——but thou art Love :
I give up every Plea beside
“ Lord I am damn'd—but thou hast died !

13. While groaning at thy Feet I fall
Spurn me away, refuse my Call,
If *Love* permit, contract thy Brow,
And, if thou canst, destroy me now !

Hoping for Grace. *From the German.*

MY Soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To thee her Source my Spirit flies,

52 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see :
O let thy Prefence fet me free !

2. Lost and undone for Aid I cry :
In thy Death, Saviour, let me die !
Griev'd with thy Grief, pain'd with thy Pain,
Ne'er may I feel Self-Love again.

3. Jesu, vouchsafe my Heart and Will
With thy weak Lowliness to fill ;
No more her Pow'r let Nature boast,
But in thy Will may mine be lost.

4. In Life's short Day let me yet more
Of thy enliv'ning Pow'r implore :
My Mind must deeper sink in thee,
My Foot stand firm from Wand'ring free.

5. Ye Sons of Men, here nought avails
Your Strength, here all your Wisdom fails ;
Who bids a sinful Heart be clean ?
Thou only, Lord, supreme of Men.

6. And well I know thy tender Love ;
'Thou never didst unfaithful prove :
And well I know thou stand'st by me,
Pleas'd from myself to set me free.

7. Still will I watch, and labour still
To banish ev'ry Thought of Ill ;
Till thou in thy good Time appear,
And sav'st me from the Fowler's Snare.

8. Already springing Hope I feel ;
God will destroy the Pow'r of Hell :

God from the the Land of Wars and Pain
Leads me, where Peace and Safety reign.

9. One only Care my Soul shall know,
Father, all thy Commands to do:
Ah deep engrave it on my Breast,
That I in thee ev'n now am blest.

10. When my warm'd Thoughts I fix on Thee,
And plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,
Then ev'n on me thy Face shall shine,
And quicken this dead Heart of mine.

11. So ev'n in Storms my Zeal shall grow;
So shall I thy Hid Sweetness know;
And feel (what endless Age shall prove)
That thou, my Lord, my God, art Love!

The Dawning. *From Herbert.*

A Wake, sad Heart, whom Sorrows drown,
Lift up thine Eyes, and cease to mourn,
Unfold thy Forehead's settled Frown;
Thy Saviour, and thy Joys return.

2. Awake, sad drooping Heart, awake!
No more lament, and pine, and cry:
His Death thou ever dost partake,
Partake at last his Victory.

54 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

3. Arise ; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's Resurrection thine may be :
O break not from the Gracious Hand
Which, as it rises, raises thee.
4. Chear'd by thy Saviour's Sorrows rise ;
He griev'd, that thou may'st cease to grieve ;
Dry with his Burial Clothes thine Eyes,
He dy'd himself, that thou may'st live !
-

Longing after Christ.

JESU, the Strength of all that faint,
When wilt thou hear my sad Complaint !
Jesu, the weary Wanderer's Rest,
When wilt thou take me to thy Breast !

2. My Spirit mourns by thee forgot,
And droops my Heart where thou art not ;
My Soul is all an aking void,
And pines, and thirsts, and gasps for God.

3. The Pain of Absence Still I prove
Sick of Desire, but not of Love ;
Weary of Life I ever groan,
And long to lay the Burden down.

4. 'Tis Burthen all, and Pain, and Strife :
O give me Love, and take my Life !
Jesu, my only Want supply,
O let me taste thy Love and die !

MATT.

*Try me, O God, and seek the Ground
of my Heart.*

JESU ! my great High Priest above,
My Friend before the Throne of Love !
If now for me prevails thy Prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there ;
If thou the secret Wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my Heart to pray,
Hear, and my weak Petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine !

2. Fain would I know my utmost Ill,
And groan my Nature's Weight to feel,
To feel the Clouds that round me roll,
The Night that hangs upon my Soul,
The Darkness of my Carnal Mind,
My Will perverse, my Passions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the Earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.

3. Jesu ! my Heart's Desire obtain,
My Earnest Suit present and gain,
My Fulness of Corruption show,
The Knowledge of myself bestow ;
A deeper Displacence at Sin,
A sharper Sense of Hell within,
A stronger Struggling to get free,
A keener Appetite for thee.

56 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

4. For thee my Spirit often pants,
Yet often in pursuing faints,
Drooping it soon neglects t'aspire,
Nor fans the ever-dying Fire :
No more thy Glory's Skirts are seen,
The World, the Creature steals between ;
Heav'nward no more my Wishes move,
And I forget that thou art Love.

5. O sov'reign Love, to thee I cry ;
Give me thyself, or else I die.
Save me from Death, from Hell set free,
Death, Hell, are but the Want of thee.
Quick'ned by thy imparted Flame,
Sav'd, when posselt of thee, I am ;
My Life, my only Heav'n thou art :—
When shall ! I feel thee in my Heart !

The Change. *From the German.*

JESU, whose Glory's streaming Rays,
Though duteous to thy high Command
Not Seraphs view with open Face,
But veil'd before thy Presence stand :
How shall weak Eyes of Flesh, weigh'd down
With Sin, and dim with Error's Night,
Dare to behold thy awful Throne,
Or view thy unapproached Light ?

2. Restore my Sight ! let thy free Grace
 An Entrance to the Holiest give !
 Open my Eyes of Faith ! thy Face
 So shall I see ; yet seeing live.
 Thy golden Scepter from above
 Reach forth : see my whole Heart I bow :
 Say to my Soul, Thou art my Love,
 My chosen midst ten thousand Thou.

3. O Jesu, full of Grace ! the Sighs
 Of a sick Heart with Pity view !
 Hark how my Mis'ry speaks ; and cries,
 Mercy, thou God of Mercy, shew !
 I know thou canst not but be good !
 How shouldst thou, Lord, thy Grace restrain ?
 Thou, Lord, whose Blood so largely flow'd
 To save me from all Guilt and Pain.

4. Into thy gracious Hands I fall,
 And with the Arms of Faith embrace !
 O King of Glory, hear my Call !
 O raise me, heal me by thy Grace !
 —Now Righteous through thy Wounds I am :
 No Condemnation now I dread :
 I taste Salvation in thy Name,
 Alive in thee my living Head !

5. Still let thy Wisdom be my Guide,
 Nor take thy Light from me away :
 Still with me let my Grace abide,
 That I from thee may never stray.
 Let thy Word richly in me dwell ;
 Thy Peace and Love my Portion be,
 My Joy t'endure, and do thy Will,
 Till perfect I am found in thee !

58 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

6. Arm me with thy whole Armour, Lord,
Support my Weakness with thy Might :
Gird on my Thigh thy conqu'ring Sword,
And shield me in the threat'ning Fight.
From Faith to Faith, from Grace to Grace,
So in thy Strength shall I go on,
Till Heav'n and Earth flee from thy Face,
And Glory end what Grace begun.

ROMANS vii. 24. 25.

FATHER of Mercies, God of Love,
Whose Bowels of Compassion move
To sinful Worms, whose Arms embrace
And strain to hold a struggling Race ;

2. With me still let thy Spirit strive,
Have Patience till my Heart I give,
Assist me to obey thy Call,
And give me Pow'r to pay thee all.

3. If now my Nature's Weight I feel,
And groan to render up my Will,
Not long the kind Relentings stay,
The Morning Vapour fleets away.

4. A Monster to myself I am,
Asham'd to feel no deeper Shame,
Pain'd that my Pain so soon is o'er,
And griev'd that I can grieve no more.

5. O who shall save the Man of Sin?
When, when shall end this War within?
How shall my captive Soul break thro' ?
Who shall attempt my Rescue, who ?

6. A Wretch from Sin and Death set free?
Answer, O answer, Christ, for me,
“ The Grace of an atoning God,
“ The Virtue of a Saviour's Blood.

Christ the Friend of Sinners.

WHere shall my wond'ring Soul begin ?
How shall I All to Heav'n aspire ?
A Slave redeem'd from Death and Sin,
A Brand pluck'd from Eternal Fire,
How shall I equal Triumphs raise,
And sing my great Deliverer's Praise !

2. O how shall I the Goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd,
That I, a Child of Wrath, and Hell,
I should be call'd a Child of God !
Should know, should feel my Sins forgiv'n,
Blest with this Antepast of Heav'n !

3. And shall I slight my Father's Love,
Or basely fear his Gifts to own ?
Unmindful of his Favours prove ?
Shall I the hallow'd Cross to shun
Refuse his Righteousness t' impart
By hiding it within my Heart ?

60 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

4. No---though the Antient Dragon rage
And call forth all his Hosts to War,
Though Earth's self-righteous Sons engage ;
Them, and their God alike I dare :
Jesus the Sinner's Friend proclaim,
Jesus, to Sinners still the same.

5. Outcasts of Men, to You I call,
Harlots and Publicans, and Thieves !
He spreads his Arms t' embrace you all ;
Sinners alone his Grace receives :
No Need of him the Righteous have,
He came the Lost to seek and save !

6. Come all ye *Magdalens* in Lust,
Ye Ruffians fell in Murders old ;
Repent, and live : despair and trust !
Jesus for you to Death was sold ;
Though Hell protest, and Earth repine,
He died for Crimes like Yours----and Mine.

7. Come O my guilty Brethren come,
Groaning beneath your Load of Sin !
His bleeding Heart shall make you room,
His open Side shall take you in :
He calls you Now, invites you home-----
Come, O my guilty Brethren come !

8. For you the purple Current flow'd
In Pardons from his wounded Side :
Languish'd for you th'Eternal God,
For you the Prince of Glory dy'd :
Believe ; and all your Guilt's forgiv'n,
Only Believe-----and yours is Heav'n.

On the Conversion of a Common Harlot.

LUKE XV. 10.

There is Joy in the Presence of the Angels of God over one Sinner that repenteth.

SING ye Heav'ns, and Earth rejoice,
Make to God a chearful Noife,
He the Work alone hath done,
He hath glorify'd his Son.

2. Sons of God exulting rise,
Join the Triumph of the Skies,
See the Prodigal is come,
Shout to bear the Wand'rer home!

3. Strive in Joy with Angels strive,
Dead she was, but now's alive!
Loud repeat the glorious Sound,
Lost She was, but now is found!

4. This through Ages all along,
This be still the Joyous Song,
Wide diffus'd o'er Earth abroad,
Musick in the Ears of God:

62 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

5. Rescu'd from the Fowler's Snare,
Jesus spreads his Arms for her,
Jesu's Arms her sacred Fence : ———
Come, ye Fiends, and pluck her thence !

6. Thence she never shall remove,
Safe in his redeeming Love :
This the Purchase of his Groans !
This the Soul he died for once !

7. Now the gracious Father smiles,
Now the Saviour boasts his Spoils ;
Now the Spirit grieves no more :
Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth adore !

Hallelujah !

Rom. iv. 5.

*To him that worketh not, but believeth
on him that justifieth the Ungodly, his
Faith is counted for Righteousness.*

LORD, if to me thy Grace hath giv'n,
A spark of Life, a Taste of Heav'n,
The Gospel-pearl, the Woman's Seed,
The Bruiser of the Serpent's Head ;

2. Why sleeps my Principle Divine ?
Why hastens not my spark to shine ?
The Saviour in my Heart to move,
And all my Soul to flame with Love ?

3. Buried,

3. Buried, o'erwhelm'd, and lost in Sin,
And seemingly extinct within,
Th'immortal Seed unactive lies,
The Heav'nly *Adam* sinks and dies:

4. Dies, and revives the Dying Flame.
Cast down, but not destroy'd I am,
'Midst thousand Lusts I still respire,
And tremble, unconsum'd in Fire.

5. Suffer'd awhile to want my God,
To groan beneath my Nature's Load,
That all may own, that all may see
Th'Ungodly justify'd in Me.

ACTS i. 4.

*Wait for the Promise of the Father
which ye have heard of me.*

Saviour of Men, how long shall I
Forgotten at thy Footstool lie!
Wash'd in the Fountain of thy Blood,
Yet groaning still to be renew'd;

2. A Miracle of Grace and Sin,
Pardon'd, yet still, alas! unclean!
Thy Righteousness is *counted* Mine:
When will it in my Nature shine?

64 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

3. Darksome I still remain and void,
And painfully unlike my God,
Till thou diffuse a brighter Ray,
And turn the Glimm'ring into Day.

4. Why didst thou the first Gift impart,
And sprinkle with thy Blood my Heart,
But that my sprinkled Heart might prove,
The Life and Liberty of Love?

5. Why didst thou bid my Terrors cease,
And sweetly fill my Soul with Peace,
But that my peaceful Soul might know
The Joys that from Believing flow?

6. See then thy ransom'd Servant see,
I hunger, Lord, I thirst for thee!
Feed me with Love, thy Spirit give,
I gasp, in him, in thee to live.

7. The promis'd Comforter impart,
Open the Fountain in my Heart;
There let him flow with springing Joys.
And into Life Eternal rise.

8. There let him ever, ever dwell,
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal;
I'll glory then in Sin Forgiv'n,
In Christ my Life, my Love, my Heav'n!

Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Father.

THEE, O my God and King,
 My Father, Thee I sing!
 Hear well-pleas'd the joyous Sound,
 Praise from Earth and Heav'n receive;
 Lost, I now in Christ am found,
 Dead, by Faith in Christ I live.

2. Father, behold thy Son,
 In Christ I am thy own:
 Stranger long to thee and Rest,
 See the Prodigal is come:
 Open wide thine Arms and Breast,
 Take the weary Wand'rer home.

3. Thine Eye observ'd from far,
 Thy Pity Look'd me near:
 Me thy Bowels yearn'd to see,
 Me thy Mercy ran to find,
 Empty, poor, and void of thee,
 Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4. Thou on my Neck didst fall,
 Thy Kifs forgave me all:
 Still the gracious Words I hear,
 Words that made the Saviour mine,
 Hasten for him the Robe prepare,
 His be Righteousness Divine!

66 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

5. Thee then, my God and King,
My Father thee I sing !
Hear well-pleas'd the joyous Sound,
Praise from Earth and Heav'n receive ;
Loft, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by Faith in Christ I live.

Hymn to the Son.

O Filial Deity,
Accept my New-born Cry !
See the Travail of thy Soul,
Saviour, and be satisfy'd ;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for *me*, for *me* hast dy'd !

2. Of Life thou art the Tree,
My Immortality !
Feed this tender Branch of thine,
Ceaseless Influence derive,
Thou the true, the heav'nly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3. O Life the Fountain thou,
I know—I *feel* it now !
Faint and dead no more I droop :
Thou art in me : Thy Supplies
Ev'ry Moment springing up
Into Life Eternal rise.

4. Thou the good Shepherd art,
From thee I ne'er shall part :
Thou my Keeper and my Guide,
Make me still thy tender Care,
Gently lead me by thy Side,
Sweetly in thy Bosom bear.

5. Thou art my daily Bread ;
O Christ, thou art my Head :
Motion, Virtue, Strength to me,
Me, thy living Member flow ;
Nourish'd I, and fed by thee,
Up to Thee in all things grow.

6. Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect Will.
Never Mortal spake like thee,
Human Prophet like Divine ;
Loud and strong their Voices be,
Small and still and inward thine !

7. On thee, my Priest, I call,
Thy Blood aton'd for all.
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou standst before the Throne,
Ever off'ring up thy Pray'rs,
These presenting with thy own.

8. Jesu ! thou art my King,
From thee my Strength I bring !
Shadow'd by thy mighty Hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence ?
Faith supports, by Faith I stand
Strong as thy Omnipotence !

68 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

9. O Filial Deity,
Accept my New-born Cry !
See the Travail of thy Soul,
Saviour, and be satisfy'd ;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me hast dy'd !

Hymn to the Holy Ghost.

HEAR, Holy Spirit, hear,
My inward Comforter !
Loos'd by thee my stamm'ring Tongue
First essays to praise thee now,
This the new, the Joyful Song,
Hear it in thy Temple thou !

2. Long o'er my Formless Soul
The dreary Waves did roll ;
Void I lay, and sunk in Night :
Thou, the overshadowing Dove,
Call'dst the Chaos into Light,
Bad'st me Be, and live, and love.

3. Thee I exult to feel,
Thou in my Heart dost dwell :
There Thou bear'st thy Witness true,
Shed'st the Love of God abroad ;
I in Christ a Creature new,
I, ev'n I, am born of God !

4. Ere yet the Time was come
To fix in me thy Home,
With me oft thou didst reside :
Now, my God, thou *in* me art !
Here thou ever shalt abide ;
One we are, no more to part.

5. Fruit of the Saviour's Pray'r,
My promis'd Comforter !
Thee the World cannot receive,
Thee they neither know nor see,
Dead is all the Life they live,
Dark their Light, while void of thee.

6. Yet I partake thy Grace,
Through Christ my Righteousness ;
Mine the Gifts thou dost impart,
Mine the Uñction from above,
Pardon written on my Heart,
Light, and Life, and Joy, and Love.

7. Thy Gifts, best Paraclete,
I glory to repeat :
Sweetly Sure of Grace I am,
Pardon to *my* Soul apply'd,
Int'rest in the spotless Lamb ;
Dead for All, for *me* he dy'd.

8. Thou art thyself the Seal ;
I more than Pardon feel,
Peace, unutterable Peace,
Joy that Ages ne'er can move,
Faith's Assurance, Hope's Increase,
All the Confidence of Love !

70 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

9. Pledge of the Promise giv'n,
My Antepast of Heav'n ;
Earnest thou of Joys Divine,
Joys Divine on Me bestow'd,
Heav'n and Christ, and All is mine,
All the Plenitude of God.

10. Thou art my Inward Guide,
I ask no Help beside :
Arm of God, to Thee I call,
Weak as Helpless Infancy !
Weak I am---yet cannot fall
Stay'd by Faith, and led by thee !

11. Hear, Holy Spirit hear,
My inward Comforter !
Loos'd by thee my stamm'ring Tongue
First essays to praise thee now ;
This the new, the Joyful Song,
Hear it in thy Temple thou !

Praise. *From Herbert.*

O King of Glory, King of Peace,
Thee only will I love :
Thee, that my Love may never cease,
Incessant will I move !

2. For thou hast granted my Request,
For thou my Cries hast heard,
Mark'd all the Workings of my Breast,
And hast in Mercy spar'd.

3. Wherefore with all my Strength and Art
Thy Mercy's Praise I sing ;
To thee the Tribute of my Heart,
My Soul, my All I bring.

4. What though my Sins against me cry'd ?
Thou didst the Sinner spare :
In vain th'Accuser still reply'd,
For Love had charm'd thy Ear.

5. Thee sev'n whole Days, not one in sev'n,
Unweary'd will I praise,
And in my Heart, a little Heav'n,
Thy Throne triumphant raise.

6. Soften'd and vanquish'd by my Tears,
Thou couldst no more withstand,
But when stern Justice call'd for Fears,
Disarm'd her lifted Hand.

7. Small is it in this humble sort
Thy Mercy's Pow'r to raise :
For ev'n Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.

The Glance. *From the same.*

When first thy gracious Eye's survey,
Ev'n in the midst of Youth and Night,
Mark'd me, where sunk in Sin I lay ;
I felt a strange unknown Delight.

72 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

2. I seem'd in all my Pow'rs renew'd
By the Divine Physician's Art,
So swift the healing Look bedew'd,
Embalm'd, o'er-ran, and fill'd my Heart.
 3. Since then I many a bitter Storm
Have felt, and feeling sure had dy'd,
Had the malicious fatal Harm
Roll'd on its unmolested Tide :
 4. But working still, within my Soul,
Thy sweet Orig'nal Joy remain'd ;
Thy Love did all my Griefs controul,
Thy Love the Vict'ry more than gain'd.
 5. If the first Glance, but open'd now
And now seal'd up, so pow'rful prove,
What wond'rous Transports shall we know
When glorying in thy full-ey'd Love !
 6. When thou shalt look us out of Pain,
And raise us to thy Blissful Sight,
With open Face strong to sustain
The Blaze of thy unclouded Light !
-

Desiring to praise worthily.

From the German.

MOnarch of All, with lowly Fear
To whom Heaven's Hosts their Voices raise,
Ev'n Earth and Dust thy Bounties share :
Let Earth and Dust attempt thy Praise.

2. Before

2. Before thy Face, O Lord most High,
Sinks all created Glory down :
Yet be not wroth with me, that I
Vile Worm, draw near thy awful Throne.

3. Of all Thou the Beginning art,
Of all things Thou alone the End :
On thee still fix my stedfast Heart,
To thee let all my Actions tend.

4. Thou, Lord, art Light : Thy Native Ray
No Shade, no Variation knows :
On my dark Soul (Ye Clouds away)
The Brightness of thy Face disclose.

5. Thou, Lord, art Love : from thee pure Love
Flows forth in unexhausted Streams ;
Let me its quickning Influence prove,
Fill my whole Heart with Sacred Flames.

6. Thou, Lord, art Good, and Thou alone :
With eager Hope, with warm Desire,
Thee may I still my Portion own,
To thee in ev'ry Thought aspire.

7. So shall my ev'ry Power to thee
In Love, Thanks, Praise incessant rise,
Yea my whole Soul and Flesh shall be
One Holy, Living Sacrifice.

8. Lord God of Armies, ceaseless Praise
In Heaven thy Throne to Thee is giv'n,
Here as in Heaven thy Name we raise,
For where thy Presence shines, is Heav'n.

Free Grace.

AND can it be, that I should gain
An Int'rest in the Saviour's Blood !
Dy'd he for me?---who caus'd his Pain !

For me?---who him to Death pursu'd.
Amazing Love ! how can it be
'That thou my God shouldst die for me ?

2. 'Tis Myst'ry all ! th'Immortal dies !

Who can explore his strange Design ?
In vain the first-born Seraph tries

To found the Depths of Love Divine :
'Tis Mercy all ! let Earth adore ;
Let Angel Minds enquire no more.

3. He left his Father's Throne above,
(So free, so infinite his Grace !)

Empty'd himself of All but Love,
And bled for *Adam's* helpless Race :

'Tis Mercy all, immense and free !
For, O my God ! it found out *me* !

4. Long my imprison'd Spirit lay,
Fast bound in Sin and Nature's Night :
'Thine Eye diffus'd a quickning Ray ;

I woke ; the Dungeon flam'd with Light ;
My Chains fell off, my Heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5. Still

5. Still the small inward Voice I hear,
 That whispers all my Sins forgiv'n ;
 Still the atoning Blood is near,
 That quench'd the Wrath of hostile Heav'n :
 I feel the Life his Wounds impart ;
 I feel my Saviour in my Heart.

6. No Condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine :
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And cloath'd in Righteousness Divine,
 Bold I approach th'Eternal Throne,
 And claim the Crown, through Christ my own.

The Call. *From* Herbert.

COME, O my Way, my Truth, my Life !
 A Way that gives us Breath,
 A Truth that ends its Follower's Strife,
 A Life that conquers Death !

2. Come, O my Light, my Feast, my Strength !
 A Light that shews a Feast ;
 A Feast that still improves by Length,
 A Strength that makes the Guest !

3. Come, O my Joy, my Love, my Heart !
 A Joy that none can move ;
 A Love that none can ever part,
 A Heart that Joys in Love !

True Praise.

WHEN first my feeble Verse essay'd,
 Of heav'nly Joys to sing,
 Fancy was summon'd to my Aid
 Her choicest Stores to bring,

2. With study'd Words each rising Thought
 I deck'd, with nicest Art,
 And shining Metaphors I fought
 To burnish ev'ry Part.

3. Thousands of Notions swift did run,
 And fill'd my lab'ring Head ;
 I blotted oft' what I begun,
 This was to flat, that dead.

4. To cloath the Sun, no Dress too fine
 I thought, no Words too gay,
 Much less the Realms that glorious shine
 In one Eternal Day.

5. Mean while I whispering heard a Friend,
 " Why all this vain Pretence?
 " Love has a Sweetness ready penn'd,
 " Take that, and save Expence.

The Dialogue. *From the same.*

SAVIOUR, if Thy precious Love
 Could be merited by mine,
 Faith these Mountains would remove ;
 Faith would make me ever thine .
 But when all my Care and Pains,
 Worth can ne'er create in Me,
 Nought by me thy Fulness gains ;
 Vain the Hope to purchase thee.

2. C. Cease, my Child, thy Worth to weigh,
 Give the needless Contest o'er :
 Mine thou art ! while thus I say,
 Yield thee up, and ask no more.
 What thy Estimate may be,
 Only can by him be told,
 Who to ransom wretched thee,
 Thee to gain, himself was sold:

3. S. But when all in me is Sin,
 How can I thy Grace obtain ?
 How presume Thyself to win ?
 God of Love, the Doubt explain---
 Or if thou the Means supply,
 Lo ! to thee I All resign !
 Make me, Lord, (I ask not why,
 How, I ask not) ever thine !

4. C. This I would---That humbly still
Thou submit to my Decree,
Gladly subjecting thy Will,
Meekly copying after Me :
That as I did leave my Throne ;
Freely from my Glory part ;
Die, to make thy Heart my own——
S. Ah ! no more---thou break'st my Heart !
-

Subjection to Christ. *From the German.*

JESU, to thee my Heart I bow,
Strange Flames far from my Soul remove ;
Fairest among ten thousand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.

2. All Heav'n thou fill'st with pure Desire ;
O shine upon my frozen Breast ;
With sacred Warmth my Heart inspire,
May I too thy hid Sweetness taste.

3. I see thy Garments roll'd in Blood,
Thy streaming Head, thy Hands, thy Side :
All hail, thou Suffering, conquering God !
Now Man shall live, for God hath dy'd.

4. O kill in me this Rebel Sin,
And triumph o'er my willing Breast :
Restore thy Image, Lord, therein,
And lead me to my Father's Rest.

5. Ye earthly Loves, be far away !
Saviour, be thou my Love alone ;
No more may mine usurp the Sway,
But in me thy great Will be done !
 6. Yea Thou true Witness, spotless Lamb,
All Things for thee I count but Loss ;
My sole Desire, my constant Aim,
My only Glory be thy Cross !
-

Renouncing all for Christ. *From the French.*

COME, Saviour Jesu, from above,
Assist me with thy Heav'nly Grace,
Withdraw my Heart from Worldly Love,
And for Thyself prepare the Place.

2. O let thy sacred Presence fill
And set my longing Spirit free,
Which pants to have no other Will,
But Night and Day to feast on thee.
3. While in these Regions here below,
No other Good will I pursue ;
I'll bid this World of Noise and Show
With all it's flatt'ring Snares adieu.
4. That Path with humble Speed I'll seek
Wherein my Saviour's Footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other Love than thine.

80 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

5. To thee my earnest Soul aspires,
To thee I offer all my Vows,
Keep me from false and vain Desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.
6. Henceforth may no profane Delight
Divide this consecrated Soul ;
Possess it Thou, who hast the Right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
7. Wealth, Honour, Pleasure, or what else
This short enduring World can give,
Tempt as you will, my Heart repels,
To Christ alone resolv'd to live.
8. Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With holy Peace and inward Bliss ;
To find thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a Happiness is this !
9. Nor Heav'n, nor Earth do I desire
But thy pure Love within my Breast,
This, this I always will require,
And freely give up all the rest.
10. Thy Gifts, if call'd for, I resign,
Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to restore ;
Gifts are thy Work ; it shall be mine
The Giver only to adore.
-

The Invitation. *From* Herbert.

COME hither all, whose grov'ling Taste
Inslaves your Souls, and lays them waste ;
Save

Save your Expence, and mend your Cheer :
Here God himself's prepar'd and drest,
Himself vouchsafes to be your Feast,
In whom alone all Dainties are.

2. Come hither All, whom tempting Wine
Bows to your Father *Belial's* Shrine,
Sin all your Boast, and Sense your God :
Weep now for what you've drank amiss,
And lose your Taste for sensual Bliss
By drinking here your Saviour's Blood.

3. Come hither All, whom searching Pain,
Whom Conscience's loud Cries arraign,
Producing all your Sins to view :
Taste ; and dismiss your guilty Fear,
O taste and see that God is here
To heal your Souls and Sin subdue.

4. Come hither All, whom careless Joy
Does with alluring Force destroy,
While loose ye range beyond your Bounds :
True Joy is here, that passes quite,
And all your transient mean Delight
Drowns, as a Flood, the lower Grounds.

5. Come hither All, whose Idol-Love,
While fond the pleasing Pain ye prove,
Raises your foolish Raptures high :
True Love is here ; whose dying Breath
Gave Life to us : who tasted Death,
And tasting once no more can die.

6. Lord, I have now invited All,
And instant still the Guests shall call,

Still

Still shall I All invite to thee:

For, O my God, it seems but right

In mine, thy meanest Servant's Sight,

That where All Is, there All should be!

The Banquet. *From the same.*

Welcome, delicious Sacred Cheer,
 Welcome, my God, my Saviour dear,
 O with me, In me live and dwell!
 Thine, Earthly Joy surpasses quite,
 The Depths of thy supreme Delight
 Not Angel Tongues can taste or tell.

2. What Streams of Sweetness from the Bowl
 Surprise and deluge all my Soul,
 Sweetness that is, and makes Divine!
 Surely from God's right Hand they flow,
 From thence deriv'd to Earth below,
 To cheer us with immortal Wine.

3. Soon as I taste the Heav'nly Bread,
 What Manna o'er my Soul is shed,
 Manna that Angels never knew!
 Victorious Sweetness fills my Heart,
 Such as my God delights t'impart,
 Mighty to save, and Sin subdue.

4. I had forgot my Heav'nly Birth,
My Soul degen'rate clave to Earth,
In Sense, and Sin's base Pleasure drown'd :
When God assum'd Humanity,
And spilt his Sacred Blood for me,
To find me grov'ling on the Ground.

5. Soon as his Love has rais'd me up,
He mingles Blessings in a Cup,
And sweetly meets my ravish'd Taste:
Joyous I now throw off my Load,
I cast my Sins, and Care, on God,
And Winē becomes a Wing at last.

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

7. O let thy wondrous Mercy's Praise
Inspire, and consecrate my Lays,
And take up all my Lines, and Life ;
Thy Praise my ev'ry Breath employ :
Be all my Business, all my Joy
To strive in this, and love the Strife !

Therefore with Angels, &c.

LORD and God of Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Theirs---yet Oh! benignly ours,
Glorious

84 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

Glorious King let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chunt thy Name.

2. Thee to laud, in Songs Divine
Angels and Archangels join !
We with them our Voices raise,
Echoing thy Eternal Praise :

3. Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd !
Full of thee, they ever cry
Glory be to God most High !

Glory be to God on high. &c.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose Glory fills the Sky :
Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,
Man, the Well-belov'd of Heav'n !

2. Sov'reign Father, Heav'nly King !
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad thine Attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

3. Hail ! by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail ! the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove
Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love.

4. Christ

4. Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son !
Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Saviour of offending Man !

5. Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear, the World's Atonement thou !
Jesu, in thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our Sins away.

6. Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy Blood !
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement Thou !

7. Hear ; for Thou, O Christ alone
With thy gracious Sire art One !
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One Supreme, Eternal Three.

Hymn to Christ. *Altered from Dr.*
Hickes's Reform'd Devotions.

JESU, behold the Wise from far
Led to thy Cradle by a Star,
Bring Gifts to Thee their God and King !
O guide us by thy Light, that we
The Way may find, and still to Thee
Our Hearts, our All for Tribute bring.

86 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

2. Jesu, the pure, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the Temple humbly came
Duteous the Legal Rights to pay :
O make our proud, our stubborn Will
All thy wise, gracious Laws fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious Nature say.

3. Jesu, who on the fatal Wood
Poured'st out thy Life's last Drop of Blood,
Nail'd to th'accursed shameful Cross :
O may we bless thy Love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee
All Shame, all Grief, all Pain, all Loss.

4. Jesu, who by thine own Love slain,
By thine own Pow'r took'st Life again,
And Conqueror from the Grave didst rise :
O may thy Death our Souls revive,
And ev'n on Earth a New Life give,
A glorious Life that never dies.

5. Jesu, who to thy Heav'n again
Return'dst in Triumph, there to reign
Of Men and Angels Sov'reign King :
O may our parting Souls take Flight
Up to that Land of Joy and Light,
And there for ever grateful sing.

6. All Glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
All Honour, Pow'r, and Love and Praise ;
Still may thy blessed Name shine bright
In Beams of uncreated Light,
Crown'd with its own eternal Rays.

On the Crucifixion.

BEhold the Saviour of Mankind
Nail'd to the shameful Tree !
How vast the Love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for Thee !

2. Hark how he groans ! while Nature shakes,
And Earth's strong Pillars bend !
The Temple's Veil in sunder breaks,
The solid Marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done ! the precious Ransom's paid ;
Receive my Soul, he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred Head !
He bows his Head and dies !

4. But soon he'll break Death's envious Chain,
And in full Glory shine !
O Lamb of God, was ever Pain,
Was ever Love like Thine !

*Part of the lxiij Chapter of Isaiah.
Altered from Mr. Norris.*

NO common Vision this I see
In more than human Majesty !

Who is this mighty Hero, who,
 With glorious Terror on his Brow?
 His deep dy'd Crimson Robes outvie
 The Blushes of the Morning Sky:
 Lo, how triumphant he appears
 And Vict'ry in his Visage bears!

2. How strong, how stately does he go!
 Pompous and solemn in his Pace,
 And full of Majesty his Face,
 Who is this mighty Hero, who?
 'Tis I, who to my Promise stand:
 I, who Sin, Death, Hell, and the Grave
 Have foil'd with this all-conqu'ring Hand:
 'Tis I, the Lord mighty to save.

3. Why wear'st thou then this Crimson Dye;
 Say, Thou all-conquering Hero, why?
 Why do thy Garments look all red
 Like them that in the Wine Vat tread?
 The Wine-press I alone have trod,
 That pond'rous Mass I ply'd alone:
 And with me to assist was none:
 A Task, worthy the Son of God!

4. Angels stood trembling at the Sight,
 Inrag'd I put forth all my Might,
 And down the Engine prest; the Force
 Put frightened Nature out of Course;
 The Blood gush'd out, and chequer'd o'er
 My Garments with its deepest Gore:
 With glorious Stains bedeck'd I stood,
 And writ my Victory in Blood.

5. The Day, the signal Day is come
 Vengeance of all my Foes to take;

The Day, when Death shall have its Doom,
And the dark Kingdom's Pow'rs shall shake.
I look'd, who to assist stood by :
Trembled Heav'n's Hosts nor ventur'd nigh :
Ev'n to my Father did I look
In Pain : My Father me forsook !

6. A while amaz'd I was to see
None to uphold or comfort me :
Then I arose in Might array'd,
And call'd my Fury to my Aid ;
My single Arm the Battle won,
And strait th'acclaiming Hosts above
Hymn'd, in new Songs of Joy and Love,
Jehovah and his conquering Son.

The Magnificat.

MY Soul extols the mighty Lord,
In God the Saviour joys my Heart :
Thou hast not my low State abhorr'd ;
Now know I, Thou *my* Saviour art.

2. Sorrow and Sighs are fled away,
Peace now I feel, and Joy and Rest :
Renew'd I hail the Festal Day,
Henceforth by endless Ages blest.

3. Great are the Things which Thou has done,
How holy is thy Name, O Lord !
How wondrous is thy Mercy shewn
To all that tremble at thy Word !

90 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

4. Thy conqu'ring Arm with Terror crown'd,
Appear'd the Humble to sustain :
And all the Sons of Pride have found
Their boasted Wisdom void and vain.
 5. The Mighty from their native Sky,
Cast down, Thou hast in Darknes bound :
And rais'd the Worms of Earth on high,
With Majesty and Glory crown'd.
 6. The Rich have pin'd amidst their Store,
Nor e'er the Way of Peace have trod ;
Mean while the hungry Souls thy Pow'r
Fill'd with the Fulness of their God.
 7. Come, Saviour, come, of old decreed !
Faithful and true be Thou confest :
By all Earth's Tribes, in *Abraham's* Seed,
Henceforth through endless Ages blest.
-

Psalm XLVI.

ON God supreme our Hope depends,
Whose omnipresent Sight
Ev'n to the pathless Realms extends
Of uncreated Night.

2. Plung'd in th'Abyfs of deep Distress,
To him we rais'd our Cry :
His Mercy bad our Sorrows cease,
And fill'd our Tongue with Joy.

3. Tho'

3. Tho' Earth her ancient Seat forsake,
By Pangs convulsive torn,
Though her self-balanc'd Fabrick shake,
And ruin'd Nature mourn :
 4. Tho' Hills be in the Ocean lost
With all their trembling Load,
No Fear shall e'er disturb the Just,
Or shake his Trust in God.
 5. Nations remote and Realms unknown
In vain resist his Sway ;
For lo ! *Jehovah's* Voice is shewn,
And Earth shall melt away.
 6. Let War's devouring Surges rise
And swell on ev'ry Side :
The Lord of Hosts our Safeguard is,
And *Jacob's* God our Guide.
-

Pfalm CXIII.

YE Priests of God, whose happy Days
Are spent in your Creator's Praise,
Still more and more his Fame express !
Ye pious Worshippers proclaim
With Shouts of Joy his holy Name ;
Nor satisfy'd with praising, bless.

92 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

2. Let God's high Praises still resound
Beyond old Time's too scanty Bound,
And thro' eternal Ages pierce,
From where the Sun first gilds the Streams
To where he sets with purpled Beams,
Through all the wide-stretch'd Universe.

3. The various Tribes of Earth obey
Thy awful and imperial Sway ;
Nor Earth thy sov'reign Pow'r confines ;
Above the Sun's all-cheering Light,
Above the Stars, and far more bright
Thy pure essential Glory shines.

4. What Mortal form'd of fading Clay,
What Native of eternal Day
Can with the God of Heav'n compare ?
Yet Angels round thy glorious Throne
Thou stoop'st to view : Nor they alone ;
Ev'n Earth-born Men thy Goodness share.

5. The Poor Thou liftest from the Dust ;
The Sinner, if in Thee he trust,
From Depths of Guilt and Shame Thou'lt
raise ;
That he, in Peace and Safety plac'd,
With Pow'r and Love and Wisdom grac'd,
May sing aloud his Saviour's Praise.

Pfalm CXVI.

O Thou, who when I did complain,
 Didst all my Griefs remove,
 O Saviour, do not now disdain
 My humble Praise and Love.

2. Since thou a pitying Ear didst give,
 And hear me when I pray'd,
 I'll call upon thee while I live,
 And never doubt thy Aid.

3. Pale Death, with all his ghastly Train,
 My Soul encompass round,
 Anguish and Sin, and Dread, and Pain
 On ev'ry Side I found.

4. To thee, O Lord of Life, I pray'd,
 And did for Succour flee :
 O save (in my Distress I said)
 The Soul that trusts in Thee!

5. How good thou art ! How large thy Grace !
 How easy to forgive !
 The helpless thou delight'ft to raise :
 And by thy Love I live.

6. Then, O my Soul, be never more
 With anxious Thoughts distressed,
 God's bounteous Love doth thee restore
 To Ease and Joy and Rest.

7. My

94 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

7. My Eyes no longer drown'd in Tears,
My Feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from Death, and guilty Fears
O Lord, I'll live to thee !

Psalm CXVII.

YE Nations, who the Globe divide,
Ye num'rous Nations scatter'd wide,
To God your grateful Voices raise :
To all his boundless Mercy's shown,
His Truth to endless Ages known
Require our endless Love and Praise.

2. To him who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die
Our Guilt and Errors to remove ;
To that blest Spirit who Grace imparts,
Who rules in all Believing Hearts,
Be ceaseless Glory, Praise, and Love !

Trust in Providence. *From the German.*

COMmit thou all thy Griefs
And Ways into his Hands ;
To his sure Truth and tender Care,
Who Earth and Heav'n commands.

2. Who

2. Who points the Clouds their Course,
Whom Winds and Seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandring Feet,
He shall prepare thy Way.

3. Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his Work thy stedfast Eye,
So shall Thy Work be done.

4. No Profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming Care ;
To him commend thy Cause ; his Ear
Attends the softest Pray'r.

5. Thy everlasting Truth,
Father, thy ceaseless Love
Sees all thy Children's Wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6. And whatsoe'er thou wilt,
Thou dost, O King of Kings ;
What thy unerring Wisdom chose
Thy Pow'r to Being brings.

7. Thou ev'ry where hast Way,
And all things serve thy Might ;
Thy ev'ry Act pure Blessing is,
Thy Path unfully'd Light.

8. When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy Work withstand ?
When all thy Children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay thy Hand ?

9. Give to the Winds thy Fears ;
Hope, and be undismay'd ;

96 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

God hears thy Sighs, and counts thy Tears,
God shall lift up thy Head.

10. Thro' Waves, and Clouds, and Storms
He gently clears thy Way ;
Wait thou his Time, so shall this Night
Soon end in joyous Day.

11. Still heavy is thy Heart ?
Still sink thy Spirits down ?
Cast off the Weight, let Fear depart,
And ev'ry Care be gone.

12. What tho' thou rulest not ?
Yet Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the Throne,
And ruleth all things well !

13. Leave to his Sov'reign Sway
To choose, and to command ;
So shalt thou wondring own, his Way
How wise, how strong his Hand.

14. Far, far above thy Thought
His Counsel shall appear,
When fully He the Work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless Fear.

15. Thou seest our Weakness, Lord,
Our Hearts are known to thee ;
O lift Thou up the sinking Hand,
Confirm the feeble Knee !

16. Let us in Life, in Death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish with our latest Breath
Thy Love and Guardian Care !

In Affliction.

ETernal Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted Love,
In whom the Father's Glories shine,
Thro' Earth beneath, and Heav'n above !

2. Jesu ! the weary Wand'rer's Rest ;
Give me Thy easy Yoke to bear,
With steadfast Patience arm my Breast,
With spotless Love, and lowly Fear.

3. Thankful I take the Cup from Thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by Thy Skill :
Tho' bitter to the Taste it be,
Pow'rful the wounded Soul to heal.

4. Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh :
So shall each murmur'ing Thought be gone,
And Grief, and Fear, and Care shall fly,
As Clouds before the Mid-day Sun.

5. Speak to my warring Passions, " Peace ;
Say to my trembling Heart, " Be still :
Thy Pow'r my Strength and Fortress is,
For all things serve Thy Sov'reign Will.

6. O Death, where is thy Sting ? Where now
Thy boasted Victory, O Grave ?
Who shall contend with God : Or Who
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

In Affliction or Pain. *From the*
German.

THOU Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,
For Thee my thirsty Soul doth pine !
My longing Soul implores Thy Grace,
O make in me Thy Likeness shine.

2. With fraudless, even, humble Mind,
Thy Will in all Things may I see :
In Love be ev'ry Wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole Heart to Thee.

3. When Pain o'er my weak Flesh prevails,
With Lamb-like Patience arm my Breast ;
When Grief my wounded Soul assails,
In lowly Meekness may I rest.

4. Close by Thy Side still may I keep,
Howe'er Life's various Current flow ;
With stedfast Eye mark ev'ry Step,
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

5. Thou, Lord, the dreadful Fight hast won ;
Alone Thou hast the Wine-press trod :
In me Thy strengthening Grace be shown,
O may I conquer through Thy Blood !

6. So when on *Sion* Thou shalt stand,
And all Heav'n's Host adore their King,
Shall I be found at Thy right Hand,
And, free from Pain, Thy Glories sing.

Another.

Another. From the same.

ALL Glory to th'Eternal Three,
Of Light and Love th'unfathom'd Sea!
Whose boundless Pow'r, whose saving Grace,
Reliev'd me in my deep Distress.

2. Still, Lord, from thy exhaustless Store
Pure Blessing and Salvation show'r;
Till Earth I leave, and soar away
To Regions of unclouded Day.

3. My Heart from all Pollution clean,
O purge it, tho' with Grief and Pain:
To Thee lo! I my All resign,
Thine be my Will, my Soul be Thine.

4. O guide me, lead me in Thy Ways:
'Tis Thine the sinking Hand to raise.
O may I ever lean on Thee:
'Tis Thine to prop the feeble Knee.

5. O Father, sanctify this Pain,
Nor let one Tear be shed in vain!
Soften, yet arm my Breast: No Fear,
No Wrath, but Love alone be there.

6. O leave not, cast me not away
In fierce Temptation's dreadful Day:
Speak but the Word; instant shall cease
The Storm, and all my Soul be Peace!

Blessed are they that mourn.

GRACIOUS Soul! to whom are given
 Holy Hung'rings after Heaven,
 Restless Breathings, earnest Moans,
 Deep unutterable Groans,
 Agonies of strong Desire,
 Love's Supprest unconscious Fire ;

2. Turn again to God thy Rest,
 Jesus hath pronounc'd Thee blest :
 Humbly to Thy Jesus turn
 Comforter of all that mourn :
 Happy Mourner, hear and see,
 Claim the Promise made to Thee.

3. Lift to Him thy weeping Eye,
 Heav'n behind the Cloud descry,
 If with Christ thou suffer here.
 When his Glory shall appear,
 Christ his suff'ring Son shall own,
 Thine the Cross, and thine the Crown.

4. Just thro' Him, behold thy Way
 Shining to the perfect Day ;
 Dying thus to all beneath,
 Fashion'd to thy Saviour's Death,
 Him the Resurrection prove,
 Rais'd to all the Life of Love.

5. What

5. What if here a while thou grieve,
God shall endless Comfort give :
Sorrow may a Night endure,
Joy returns as Day-light sure :
Praise shall then thy Life employ,
Sown in Tears, and reap'd in Joy.

6. Doth thy Lord prolong His Stay ?
Mercy wills the kind Delay :
Hides He still his lovely Face ?
Lo ! He waits to shew his Grace :
Seems He absent from thy Heart ?
'Tis, that He may ne'er depart.

7. Gently will He lead the Weak,
Bruised Reeds He ne'er will break,
Touch'd with sympathizing Care,
Thee He in his Arms shall bear,
Bless with late, but lasting Peace,
Fill with all His Righteousness.

8. Could'st thou the Redeemer see,
How His Bowels yearn on thee !
How He marks with pitying Eye,
Hears his New-born Children cry,
Bears what ev'ry Member bears,
Groans their Groans, and weeps their Tears !

9. Could'st thou know, as thou art known,
Jesus would appear thy own ;
Most abandon'd tho' it seem,
Darkly safe thy Soul with Him,
Farthest when from God remov'd,
Nearest then, and most lov'd.

10. Feebly then thy Hands lift up,
Hope, amidst despairing, hope :
Stand beneath thy Load of Grief,
Stagger not thro' Unbelief,
Make thy own Election sure,
Faithful to the End endure.

11. God, to keep thee safe from Harms,
Spreads his Everlasting Arms,
Feeds with secret Strength Divine,
Waits to whisper "Thou art Mine!"
His that thou may'st ever be,
Now he hides Himself from thee.

12. Meekly then persist to mourn,
Soon he will, He must return :
Call on Him ; He hears thy Cry :
Soon he will, He must draw nigh :
This thy Hope which nought can move,
God is Truth, and God is Love !

In Temptation.

SINK'ing underneath my Load,
Darkly feeling after Thee,
Let me ask, my God, my God !
Why hast Thou forsaken me !
Why, O why am I forgot !
Lord I seek, but find Thee not.

2. Still I ask, not yet receive,
Knock at the unopen'd Door,

Still

Still I struggle to believe,
 Hope, tho' urg'd to hope no more,
 Bearing what I cannot bear,
 Yielding, fighting with Despair.

3. Hear in Mercy my Complaint,
 Hear, and hasten to my Aid,
 Help, or utterly I faint,
 Fails the Spirit Thou hast made ;
 Save me, or my Foe prevails,
 Save me, or Thy Promise fails.

4. Struggling in the Fowler's Snare,
 Lo ! I ever look to Thee :
 Tempted more than I can bear—
 No, my Soul, it cannot be,
 True and faithful is the Word,
 Sure the coming of thy Lord.

5. Come then, O my Saviour, come,
 God of Truth, no longer stay,
 God of Love, dispel the Gloom,
 Point me out the promis'd Way,
 Let me from the Trial fly,
 Sink into Thy Arms, and die !

6. Waft me to that happy Shore,
 Port of Ease, and End of Care ;
 All Thy Storms shall there be o're,
 Sin shall never reach me there,
 Surely of my God posses't,
 Safe in my Redeemer's Breast !

In Desertion or Temptation.

AH! my dear Lord, whose changeless Love
 To me nor Earth nor Hell can part;
 When shall my Feet forget to rove?
 Ah, what shall fix this faithless Heart?

2. Why do these Cares my Soul divide,
 If Thou indeed hast set me free?
 Why am I thus, if God hath dy'd;
 If God hath dy'd to purchase me?

3. Around me Clouds of Darkness roll,
 In deepest Night I still walk on;
 Heavily moves my fainting Soul,
 My Comfort, and my God are gone.

4. Cheerless, and all forlorn I droop;
 In vain I lift my weary Eye;
 No Gleam of Light, no Ray of Hope
 Appears throughout the darken'd Sky.

5. My feeble Knees I bend again,
 My drooping Hands again I rear:
 Vain is the Task, the Effort vain,
 My Heart abhors the irksome Pray'r.

6. Oft with thy Saints my Voice I raise,
 And seem to join the tasteless Song:
 Faintly ascend th'imperfect Praise,
 Or dies upon my thoughtless Tongue.

7. Cold

7. Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead
To thy dread Courts I oft repair ;
By Conscience drag'd, or Custom led,
I come ; nor know that God is there !
8. Nigh with my Lips to Thee I draw,
Unconscious at Thy Altar found ;
Far off my Heart : Nor touch'd with Awe,
Nor mov'd—tho' Angels tremble round.
9. In All I do, Myself I feel,
And groan beneath the wonted Load,
Still unrenew'd, and carnal still,
Naked of Christ, and void of God.
10. Nor yet the Earthly *Adam* dies,
But lives, and moves, and fights again,
Still the fierce Gusts of Passion rise,
And rebel Nature strives to reign.
11. Fondly my foolish Heart essays
T'augment the Source of perfect Bliss,
Love's All-sufficient Sea to raise
With Drops of Creature-Happiness.
12. O Love ! thy Sov'reign Aid impart,
And guard the Gifts Thyself hast giv'n :
My Portion Thou, my Treasure art,
And Life, and Happiness, and Heav'n.
13. Would ought with Thee my Wishes share,
Tho' dear as Life the Idol be,
The Idol from my Breast I'd tear,
Resolv'd to seek my All from Thee.
14. Whate'er

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

Justified, *but not* Sanctified.

MY God, (if I may call Thee Mine
 From Heav'n and Thee remov'd so far)
 Draw nigh ; Thy pitying Ear incline,
 And cast not out my languid Pray'r,
 Gently the Weak Thou lov'st to lead,
 Thou lov'st to prop the feeble Knee,
 O break not then a bruised Reed,
 Nor quench the smoking Flax in me.

2. Bury'd in Sin, Thy Voice I hear,
 And burst the Barriers of my Tomb,
 In all the Marks of Death appear,
 Forth at thy Call, tho' bound I come.
 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
 Thy Resurrection's Pow'r to know ;
 Free me indeed ; pronounce the Word,
 And loose my Bands, and let me go.

3. Fain would I go to Thee, my God,
 Thy Mercies, and my Wants to tell :
 I feel my Pardon seal'd in Blood ;
 Saviour, Thy Love I wait to feel.
 Freed from the Pow'r of cancel'd Sin ;
 When shall my Soul triumphant prove ?
 Why breaks not out the Fire within
 In Flames of Joy, and Praise, and Love ?

4. When

4. When shall my Eye affect my Heart,
 Sweetly dissolv'd in gracious Tears !
 Ah, Lord, the Stone to Flesh convert !
 And till thy lovely Face appears,
 Still may I at thy Footstool keep,
 And watch the Smile of op'ning Heav'n :
 Much would I pray, and love, and weep ;
 I would ; for I have much forgiv'n.

5. Yet O ! ten thousand Lusts remain,
 And vex my Soul absolv'd from Sin,
 Still rebel Nature strives to reign,
 Still am I all unclean, unclean !
 Assail'd by Pride, allur'd by Sense,
 On Earth the Creatures court my Stay ;
 False flatt'ring Idols get ye hence,
 Created Good be far away !

6. Jesu, to Thee my Soul aspires,
 Jesu, to Thee I plight my Vows,
 Keep me from Earthly base Desires,
 My God my Saviour and my Spouse.
 Fountain of all-sufficient Bliss,
 Thou art the Good I seek below ;
 Fulness of Joys in 'Thee there is,
 Without 'tis Mis'ry all and Woe.

7. Take this poor wandring, worthless Heart,
 Its Wandrings all to Thee are known,
 May no false Rival claim a Part,
 Nor Sin disseize Thee of Thine own.
 Stir up Thy interposing Pow'r,
 Save me from Sin, from Idols save,
 Snatch me from fierce Temptation's Hour,
 And hide, O hide me in the Grave !

8. I *know* Thou wilt accept me Now,
 I *know* my Sins are now forgiv'n!
 My Head to Death O let me bow,
 Nor keep my Life to lose my Heav'n.
 Far from this Snare my Soul remove,
 This only Cup I would decline,
 I deprecate a Creature-Love,
 O take me, to secure me Thine.
9. Or if thy Wiser Will ordain
 The Trial, I would die to shun,
 Welcome the Strife, the Grief, the Pain,
 Thy Name be prais'd, Thy Will be done!
 I from thy Hand the Cup receive,
 Meekly submit to thy Decree,
 Gladly for Thee consent to live!
 Thou, Lord, hast liv'd, hast died for me!
-

ISAIAH xliii. 1, 2, 3.

PEace, doubting Heart—my God's I am!
 Who form'd me Man forbids my Fear:
 The Lord hath call'd me by my Name,
 The Lord protects for ever near:
 His Blood for me did once atone,
 And still he loves, and guards his own.

2. When passing thro' the Watry Deep
 I ask in Faith his promis'd Aid,
 The Waves an awful Distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted Head:
 Fearless their Violence I dare:
 They cannot harm, for God is there!

3. To

3. To Him my Eye of Faith I turn,
And thro' the Fire pursue my Way ;
The Fire forgets its Pow'r to burn,
The lambent Flames around me play :
I own his Pow'r, accept the Sign,
And shout to prove *the Saviour mine*.

4. Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce Temptation's Hour ;
Hide in the Hollow of Thy Hand,
Shew forth in me thy saving Pow'r :
Still be Thy Arm my sure Defence:
Nor Earth, nor Hell shall pluck me thence.

5. Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
(Good as Thou art, and strong to save)
I'll walk o'er Life's tempestuous Sea,
Upborn by the unyielding Wave ;
Dauntless, tho' Rocks of Pride be near,
And yawning Whirlpools of Despair.

6. When Darkneſs intercepts the Skies,
And Sorrow's Waves around me roll ;
When high the Storms of Paſſion riſe,
And half o'erwhelm my ſinking Soul ;
My Soul a ſudden Calm ſhall feel,
And hear a Whiſper, " Peace be ſtill."

7. Tho' in Affliction's Furnace tried,
Unhurt on Snareſ, and Deaths I'll tread ;
Tho' Sin aſſail, and Hell thrown wide
Pour all its Flames upon my Head,
Like *Mofes's* Buſh I'll mount the higher,
And flouriſh unconſum'd in Fire.

*The Believer's Support. From the
German.*

O Thou, to whose all-searching Sight
The Darkneſs ſhineth as the Light,
Search, prove my Heart ; it pants for Thee :
O burſt theſe Bands, and ſet it free.

2. Waſh out its Stains, refine its Droſs,
Nail my Affections to the Croſs !
Hallow each Thought : Let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3. If in this darkſome Wild I ſtray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way :
No Foes, no Violence I fear,
No Fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4. When riſing Floods my Head o'erflow,
When ſinks my Heart in Waves of Woe,
Jeſu, Thy timely Aid impart,
And raiſe my Head, and chear my Heart.

5. Saviour, where'er Thy Steps I ſee,
Dauntleſs, untir'd I follow Thee :
O let Thy Hand ſupport me ſtill,
And lead me to Thy Holy Hill.

6. If rough and thorny be my Way,
My Strength proportion to my Day :
Till Toil, and Grief, and Pain ſhall ceaſe,
Where all is Calm, and Joy, and Peace.

God's

God's Love to Mankind. *From the same.*

O God, of Good th'unfathom'd Sea,
 Who would not give his Heart to Thee?
 Who would not love Thee with his Might?
 O Jesu, Lover of Mankind,
 Who would not his whole Soul, and Mind,
 With all his Strength, to Thee unite?

2. Thou shin'st with everlasting Rays;
 Before the unsufferable Blaze
 Angels with both Wings veil their Eyes:
 Yet free as Air thy Bounty streams
 On all Thy Works; Thy Mercy's Beams
 Diffusive, as Thy Sun's, arise.

3. Astonish'd at Thy frowning Brow,
 Earth, Hell, and Heav'ns strong Pillars bow,
 Terrible Majesty is Thine!
 Who then can that vast Love express
 Which bows thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till thou art mine?

4. High-thron'd on Heav'ns Eternal Hill,
 In Number, Weight and Measure still
 Thou sweetly ord'rest all that is:
 And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my Steps, that I with Thee
 Enthron'd, may reign in endless Bliss.

5. Fountain of Good, all Blessing flows
 From Thee: no Want thy Fulness knows:

112 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

What but Thyself cast Thou desire ?
Yes : Self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless Heart,
This, only this Thou dost require.

6. Primeval Beauty ! in Thy Sight
The first-born, fairest Sons of Light
See all their brightest Glories fade :
What then to me thy Eyes could turn,
In Sin conceiv'd, of Woman born,
A Worm, a Leaf, a Blast, a Shade ?

7. Hell's Armies tremble at Thy Nod,
And trembling own th' Almighty God
Sov'reign of Earth, Air, Hell, and Sky.
But who is This that comes from far,
Whose Garments roll'd in Blood appear ?
'Tis God made Man, for Man to die !

8. O God, of Good the unfathom'd Sea,
Who would not give his Heart to Thee ?
Who would not love Thee with his Might ?
O Jesu, Lover of Mankind,
Who would not his whole Soul, and Mind,
With all his Strength, to Thee unite ?

Hymn on the Titles of Christ.

A Rise, my Soul, arise
Thy Saviour's Sacrifice !
All the Names that Love could find,
All the Forms that Love could take,

Jesu

Jesus in himself has joyn'd,
Thee, my Soul, his own to make.

2. Equal with God, most High,
He laid his Glory by :
He, th'Eternal God, was born,
Man with Men He deign'd t'appear,
Object of his Creature's Scorn,
Pleas'd a Servant's Form to wear.

3. Hail Everlasting Lord,
Divine, Incarnate *Word* !
Thee let all my Pow'rs confess,
Thee my latest Breath proclaim ;
Help, ye Angel Choirs, to bless,
Shout the lov'd *Immanuel's* Name.

4. Fruit of a Virgin's Womb,
The Promis'd Blessing's come :
Christ the Father's Hope of old,
Christ the *Woman's* conqu'ring *Seed*,
Christ the Saviour ! long foretold,
Born to bruise the Serpent's Head.

5. Refulgent from afar,
See the bright *Morning-star* !
See the *Day-spring* from on high
Late in deepest Darkness rise,
Night recedes, the Shadows fly,
Flame with Day the Op'ning Skies !

6. Our Eyes on Earth survey
The dazling *Shechinah* !
Bright, in endless Glory bright,
Now in Flesh He stops to dwell ;
God of God, and Light of Light,
Image of th'Invisible.

7. He shines on Earth ador'd,
The *Presence of the Lord* :
God, the Mighty God and true,
God by highest Heav'n confest,
Stands display'd to Mortal View,
God Supreme for ever blest.

8. Jesu! to Thee I bow,
Th' Almighty's *Fellow* Thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son;
Pleas'd He ever is in Thee,
Just, and Holy, Thou alone,
Full of Grace, and Truth—for Me.

9. High above ev'ry Name
Jesus, the Great *I AM!*
Bows to Jesus ev'ry Knee,
Things in Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell,
Saints adore Him, Demons flee,
Fiends, and Men, and Angels feel.

10. He left his Throne above,
Emptied of all, but Love:
Whom the Heav'ns cannot contain
God vouchsaf'd a Worm t'appear,
Lord of Glory, *Son of Man*,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

11. His own on Earth He sought,
His own receiv'd him not:
Him, a Sign by All blasphem'd,
Outcast and despis'd of Men,
Him they all a Madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the *Nazarene*.

12. Hail *Galilean King* !

Thy humble State I sing ;
Never shall my Triumphs end,
Hail derided Majesty,
Jesus, hail ! the Sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans—and Me !

13. Thine Eye observ'd my Pain

Thou God *Samaritan* !
Spoil'd I lay, and bruis'd by Sin,
Gasp'd my faint, expiring Soul :
Wine and Oil Thy Love pour'd in,
Clos'd my Wounds, and made me whole.

14. Hail the Life-giving Lord,

Divine, Engrafted Word !
Thee the *Life* my Soul has found,
Thee the *Resurrection* prov'd :
Dead I heard the Quick'ning Sound,
Own'd thy Voice ; Believ'd and Lov'd !

15. With Thee gone upon high

I live, no more to die :
First and Last, I feel Thee now,
Witness of thy Empty Tomb,
Alpha and Omega Thou
Wast, and Art, and Art to come !

Second Hymn to Christ.

Saviour, the World's and Mine,
Was ever Grief like Thine !
Thou my Pain, my Curse hast took,
All my Sins were laid on Thee ;

[Help

Help me, Lord; to Thee I look,

Draw me, Saviour, after Thee.

2. 'Tis done! My God hath died,
My Love is crucify'd!

Break this stony Heart of mine,

Pour my Eyes a ceaseless Flood,

Feel, my Soul, the Pangs Divine,

Catch, my Heart, the issuing Blood!

3. When, O my God, shall I
For Thee submit to die?

How the mighty Debt repay,

Rival of Thy Passion prove?

Lead me in Thyself the Way,

Melt my Hardness into Love.

4. To love is all my Wish,
I only live for This:

Grant me, Lord, my Heart's Desire,

There by Faith for ever dwell:

This I always will require,

Thee, and only Thee, to feel.

5. Thy Pow'r I pant to prove,
Rooted, and fixt in Love,

Strengthened by Thy Spirit's Might,

Wise to fathom Things Divine;

What the Length, and Breadth, and Height,

What the Depth of Love like Thine.

6. Ah! give me This to know,
With all Thy Saints below.

Swells my Soul to compass Thee,

Gasps in Thee to live and move,

Fill'd with All the Deity,

All immerst and lost in Love!

Third Hymn to Christ.

STILL, O my Soul, prolong
The never-ceasing Song !
Christ my Theme, my Hope, my Joy ;
His be all my happy Days,
Praise my ev'ry Hour employ,
Ev'ry Breath be spent in Praise.

2. His would I wholly be
Who liv'd and died for me :
Grief was all his Life below,
Pain and Poverty and Loss :
Mine the Sins that bruis'd Him so,
Scourg'd, and nail'd him to the Cross.

3. He bore the Curse of All,
A Spotless Criminal :
Burden'd with a World of Guilt,
Blacken'd with *imputed* Sin,
Man to save His Blood He spilt,
Died, to make the Sinner clean.

4. Join Earth and Heav'n to bless
The Lord our *Righteousness* !
Mystr'y of Redemption this,
This the Saviour's strange Design,
Man's Offence was counted His,
Ours is Righteousness Divine.

5. Far as our Parent's Fall,
The Gift is come to All :

118 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

Sinn'd we All, and died in One ?

Just in One we All are made,

Christ the Law fulfill'd alone,

Dy'd for All, for All Obey'd.

6. In Him compleat we shine,

His Death, His Life is Mine.

Fully am I justify'd,

Free from Sin, and more than free ;

Guiltless, since for Me He dy'd,

Righteous, since He Liv'd for Me !

7. Jesu ! to Thee I bow,

Sav'd to the utmost now.

O the Depth of Love Divine !

Who thy Wisdom's Stores can tell ?

Knowledge infinite is Thine,

All Thy Ways unsearchable !

Hymn to Christ *the* King.

JESU, my God and King,
Thy Regal State I sing.

Thou, and only Thou art great,

High Thine everlasting Throne ;

Thou the Sov'reign Potentate,

Blest, Immortal Thou alone.

2. Essay your choicest Strains,

The King *Messiah* reigns !

Tune your Harps, Celestial Quire,

Joyful all, your Voices raise,

Christ than Earth-born Monarchs higher,

Sons of Men and Angels praise.

3. Hail

3. Hail your dread Lord and Ours,
Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs!
Source of Pow'r He rules alone:
Veil your Eyes, and prostrate fall,
Cast your Crowns before his Throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

4. Let Earth's remotest Bound
With ecchoing Joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire:
Praise doth all to Christ belong;
Shout ye first-born Sons of Fire,
Earth repeat the Glorious Song.

5. Worthy, O Lord, art Thou,
That ev'ry Knee should bow,
Ev'ry Tongue to Thee confess,
Universal Nature join
Strong and Mighty Thee to bless,
Gracious, Merciful, Benign!

6. Wisdom is due to Thee,
And Might and Majesty:
Thee in Mercy rich we prove;
Glory, Honour, Praise receive,
Worthy Thou of all our Love,
More than all we pant to give.

7. Justice and Truth maintain
Thy everlasting Reign.
One with Thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal Throne,
King of Hearts, let all conspire,
Gratefully Thy Sway to own.

120 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

8. Prince of the Hosts of God,
Display Thy Pow'r abroad :
Strong, and high is Thy Right-hand,
Terrible in Majesty !
Who can in Thine Anger stand ?
Who the vengeful Bolt can flee ?

9. Thee when the Dragon's Pride
To Battle vain defy'd,
Brighter than the Morning-star
Lucifer, as Lightning fell,
Far from Heav'n, from Glory far,
Headlong hurl'd to deepest Hell.

10. Sin felt of old Thy Pow'r,
Thou Patient Conqueror !
Long he vex'd the World below,
Long they groan'd beneath his Reign ;
Thou destroy'dst the Tyrant Foe,
Thou redeem'dst the Captive, Man.

11. Trembles the King of Fears,
Whene'er thy Cross appears.
Once its dreaded Force he found :
Saviour, cleave again the Sky ;
Slain by an Eternal Wound,
Death shall then for ever die !

Second Hymn to Christ the King.

JESU, Thou art our King,
To me Thy Succour bring.
Christ the Mighty One art Thou,
Help, for all on Thee is laid :

This

This the Word ; I claim it now,
Send me now the Promis'd Aid.

2. High on Thy Father's Throne,
O look with Pity down !
Help, O help ! attend my Call,
Captive lead Captivity,
King of Glory, Lord of All,
Christ, be Lord, be King to Me !

3. I pant to feel Thy Sway,
And only Thee t'obey :
Thee my Spirit gasps to meet,
This my one, my ceaseless Pray'r,
Make, O make my Heart thy Seat,
O set up Thy Kingdom there !

4. Triumph, and reign in Me,
And spread Thy Victory :
Hell, and Death, and Sin controul,
Pride, and Self, and ev'ry Foe,
All subdue ; thro' all my Soul,
Conqu'ring, and to conquer go.

The Saviour glorified by All. *From the*
German.

THOU, Jesu, art our King,
Thy ceaseless Praise we sing :

M

Praise

122 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Praise shall our glad Tongue employ,
Praise o'erflow our grateful Soul,
While we vital Breath enjoy,
While eternal Ages roll.

2. Thou art th'Eternal Light,
That shin'st in deepest Night.
Wondring gaz'd th'Angelic Train,
While Thou bow'dst the Heav'ns beneath,
Ged with God wert Man with Man,
Man to save from endless Death.

3. Thou for our Pain didst mourn,
Thou hast our Sicknes born :
All our Sins on Thee were laid ;
Thou with unexampled Grace,
All the mighty Debt hast paid
Due from *Adam's* help'less Race.

4. Thou hast o'erthrown the Foe,
God's Kingdom fix'd below.
Conqu'ror of all Adverse Pow'r,
Thou Heav'n's Gates hast open'd wide :
Thou Thine own dost lead secure
In Thy Cross, and by Thy Side.

5. Enthron'd above yon Sky,
Thou reign'st with God most high.
Prostrate at Thy Feet we fall :
Pow'r supreme to Thee is giv'n ;
Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.

6. Cherubs

HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS. 123

6. Cherubs with Seraphs join,
And in Thy Praise combine :
All their Quires Thy Glories sing :
Who shall dare with Thee to vie ?
Mighty Lord, Eternal King,
Sov'reign both of Earth, and Sky !

7. Hail venerable Train,
Patriarchs, first-born of Men !
Hail Apostles of the Lamb,
By whose Strength ye faithful prov'd :
Join t'extol his sacred Name,
Whom in Life, and Death, ye lov'd.

8. The Church through all her Bounds,
With Thy high Praise resounds.
Confessors undaunted here
Unasham'd proclaim their King ;
Children's feeble Voices there
To Thy Name Hosanna's sing.

9. 'Midst Danger's blackest Frown,
Thee Hosts of Martyrs own.
Pain, and and Shame, alike they dare,
Firmly, singularly Good ;
Glorying thy Cross to bear,
Till they seal their Faith with Blood.

10. Ev'n Heathens feel Thy Power,
Thou suff'ring Conqueror !
Thousand Virgins, chaste and clean,
From Love's pleasing Witchcraft free,
Fairer than the Sons of Men,
Consecrate their Hearts to Thee.

124 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

11. Wide Earth's remotest Bound
Full of thy Praise is found :
And all Heav'ns eternal Day
With Thy streaming Glory flames :
All Thy Foes shall melt away
From th'insufferable Beams.

12. O Lord, O God of Love,
Let Us Thy Mercy prove !
King of all, with pitying Eye
Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel :
'Midst the Snares of Death we lie,
'Midst the banded Pow'rs of Hell.

13. Arise, stir up Thy Pow'r,
Thou deathless Conqueror !
Help us to obtain the Prize,
Help us well to close our Race ;
That with Thee above the Skies
Endless Joys we may possess.

A Morning Hymn.

“SEE the Day-spring from afar
“ Usher'd by the Morning-Star !
Haste ; to Him who sends the Light,
Hallow the Remains of Night.

2. Souls, put on your glorious Dress,
Waking into Righteousness :

Cloath'd

Cloath'd with Chrift aspire to fhine,
Radiance He of Light Divine;

3. Beam of the Eternal Beam,
He in God, and God in Him!
Strive we Him in Us to fee,
Transcript of the Deity.

4. Burft we then the Bands of Death,
Rais'd by His all-quickning Breath;
Long we to be loos'd from Earth,
Struggling into fecond Birth.

5. Spent at length is Nature's Night;
Chrift attends to give us Light,
Chrift attends Himfelf to give;
God we now may fee, and live:

6. Tho' the Outward Man decay;
Form'd within us Day by Day
Still the Inner Man we view,
Chrift creating all things New.

7. Turn, O turn us, Lord, again,
Raifer Thou of fallen Man!
Sin destroy, and Nature's Boaft,
Saviour Thou of Spirits Loft!

8. Thy great Will in Us be done:
Crucified, and dead Our own,
Ours no longer let us be;
Hide us from Ourfelves in Thee!

9. Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way;
Suffer us no more to stray;
Give us, Lord, and ever give
Thee to know, in Thee to live!

*A Morning Dedication of ourselves to
Christ. From the German.*

JESU, Thy Light again I view,
Again Thy Mercy's Beams I see,
And all within me wakes, anew
To pant for Thy Immensity:
Again my Thoughts to Thee aspire
In fervent Flames of strong Desire.

2. But O! what Offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of Earth and Skies?
My Spirit, Soul, and Flesh receive
A holy, living Sacrifice.
Small as it is, 'tis all my Store:
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

3. Now then, my God, Thou hast my Soul;
No longer mine, but Thine I am:
Guard Thou Thy own; possess it whole,
Chear it by Hope, with Love inflame.
Thou hast my Spirit; There display
Thy Glory, to the perfect Day.

4. Thou hast my Flesh; Thy hallow'd Shrine,
Devoted solely to Thy Will:
Here let Thy Light for ever shine,
'Tis House still let Thy Presence fill:
O Source of Life, live, dwell, and move
In Me, till all my Life be Love.

5. O never in these Veils of Shame,
 Sad Fruits of Sin, my Glorifying be !
 Cloath with Salvation, thro' Thy Name,
 My Soul, and may I put on Thee !
 Be living Faith my costly Dress,
 And my best Robe, Thy Righteousness !
6. Send down thy Likeness from above,
 And let this my Adorning be :
 Cloath me with Wisdom, Patience, Love,
 With Lowliness, and Purity,
 Than Gold, and Pearls, more precious far,
 And brighter than the Morning-star.
7. Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's Might,
 Since I am call'd by Thy great Name :
 In Thee my wandring Thoughts unite,
 Of all my Works be Thou the Aim:
 Thy Love attend me all my Days,
 And my sole Business be Thy Praise !
-

*Christ protecting and sanctifying.
 From the German.*

O Jesu, Source of calm Repose,
 Thy Like nor Man, nor Angel knows,
 Fairest among ten thousand fair !
 Ev'n those whom Death's sad Fetters bound,
 Whom thickest Darkness compass round,
 Find Light and Life, if Thou appear.

128 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

2. Effulgence of the Light Divine,
Ere rolling Planets knew to shine,
Ere Time its ceaseless Course began ;
Thou, when th'appointed Hour was come,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's Womb,
But God with God wert Man with Man.

3. The World, Sin, Death, oppose in vain,
Thou by Thy dying Death hast slain,
My great Deliv'rer and my God !
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all Hell its Pow'rs engage ;
None can withstand Thy conqu'ring Blood.

4. Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sov'reign Will,
To Thy dread Scepter will I bow :
With dateous Rev'rence at Thy Feet,
Like humble *Mary*, lo, I sit :
Speak, Lord, Thy Servant heareth now.

5. Renew thy Image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be ;
No Charms but these to Thee are dear :
No Anger may'st Thou ever find,
No Pride in my unruffled Mind,
But Faith and Heav'n-born Peace be there.

6. A patient, a victorious Mind,
That, Life and all Things cast behind,
Springs forth, obedient to Thy Call,
A Heart, that no Desire can move,
But still t'adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

Supplication for Grace. *From the same.*

O God of Gods, in whom combine
The Heights and Depths of Love Divine,
With thankful Hearts to Thee we sing !
To Thee our longing Souls aspire
In fervent Flames of strong Desire :
Come, and Thy sacred Unction bring.

2. All Things in Earth, and Air, and Sea,
Exist, and live, and move, in Thee ;
All Nature trembles at Thy Voice :
With Awe e'vn we Thy Children prove
Thy Pow'r : O let us taste Thy Love ;
So evermore shall we rejoice.

3. O pow'rful Love, to Thee we bow,
Object of all our Wishes Thou,
(Our Hearts are naked to Thine Eye)
To Thee, who from th'Eternal Throne
Cam'st, empty'd of Thy Godhead, down,
For Us, to groan, to bleed, to die.

. Grace we implore ; when Billows roll,
Grace is the Anchor of the Soul ;
Grace ev'ry Sickness knows to heal :
Grace can subdue each fond Desire,
And Patience in all Pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious Nature swell.

5. O Love, our stubborn Wills subdue,
Create our ruin'd Frame anew ;

Dispel

Dispel our Darknes by Thy Light :
 Into all Truth our Spirit guide,
 But from our Eyes for ever hide
 All Things displeasing in Thy Sight.

6. Be Heav'n ev'n now our Soul's Abode,
 Hid be our Life with Christ in God,
 Our Spirit, Lord, be one with Thine :
 Let all our Works in Thee be wrought,
 And fill'd with Thee be all our Thought,
 Till in us Thy full Likeness shine.

Hymn to the Holy Ghost.

COME Holy Ghost, all-quickning Fire;
 Come, and in Me delight to rest !
 Drawn by the Lure of strong Desire,
 O come, and consecrate my Breast :
 The Temple of my Soul prepare,
 And fix Thy sacred Presence there !

2. If now Thy Influence I feel,
 If now in Thee begin to live ;
 Still to my Heart Thyself reveal,
 Give me Thyself, for ever give :
 A Point my Good, a Drop my Store :
 Eager I ask, and pant for more.

3. Eager for Thee I ask and pant,
 So strong the Principle Divine
 Carries me out with sweet Constraint,
 Till all my hallow'd Soul be Thine :

Plung'd

Plung'd in the Godhead's deepest Sea,
And lost in Thy Immensity.

4. My Peace, my Life, my Comfort now,
My Treasure, and my All Thou art !
True Witness of my Sonship Thou,
Engraving Pardon on my Heart :
Seal of my Sins in Christ forgiv'n,
Earnest of Love, and Pledge of Heav'n.

5. Come then, my God, mark out Thy Heir,
Of Heav'n a larger Earnest give,
With clearer Light Thy Witness bear ;
More *sensibly within me live* :
Let all my Pow'rs Thy Entrance feel,
And deeper stamp Thyself the Seal.

6. Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning Fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest !
Drawn by the Lure of strong Desire,
O come, and consecrate my Breast :
The Temple of my Soul prepare,
And fix Thy sacred Presence there !

*On the Descent of the Holy Ghost at
Pentecost. Altered from Dr. H. More.*

WHEN Christ had left his Flock below,
The Loss his faithful Flock deplor'd :
Him in the Flesh no more they know,
And languish for their absent Lord.

132 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

2. Not long—for He gone up on high
Gifts to receive, and claim his Crown,
Behold them sorrowing, from his Sky,
And pour'd the Mighty Blessing down.

3. He, for the Presence of his Flesh,
The Spirit's sev'n-fold Gifts imparts,
And living Streams their Souls refresh,
And Joy Divine o'erflows their Hearts.

4. While all in sweet Devotion join'd,
Humbly to wait for God retire,
The promis'd Grace in rushing Wind
Descends, and cloven Tongues of Fire.

5. God's mighty Spirit fills the Dome,
The feeble Dome beneath him shook,
Trembled the Crowd to feel him come,
Soon as the Sons of Thunder spoke.

6. Father ! if justly still we claim
To Us, and Ours, the Promise made,
To Us be graciously the same,
And crown with living Fire our Head.

7. Our Claim admit, and from above.
Of Holiness the Spirit show'r,
Of wise Discernment, humble Love,
And Zeal, and Unity, and Pow'r.

The Spirit of convincing Speech,
Of Pow'r demonstrative impart,
Such as may ev'ry Conscience reach,
And sound the Unbelieving Heart.

9. The Spirit of refining Fire :
 Searching the Inmost of the Mind,
 To purge all fierce and foul Desire,
 And kindle Life more pure and kind.
10. The Spirit of Faith, in this Thy Day,
 To break the Pow'r of cancel'd Sin,
 Tread down its Strength, o'erturn its Sway,
 And still the Conquest more than win.
11. The Spirit breath of Inward Life,
 Which in our Hearts Thy Laws may write ;
 Then Grief expires, and Pain, and Strife,
 'Tis Nature all, and all Delight.
12. On all the Earth Thy Spirit show'r,
 The Earth in Righteousness renew ;
 Thy Kingdom come, and Hell's o'erpow'r,
 And to Thy Scepter all subdue.
13. Like mighty Wind, or Torrent fierce,
 Let in Opposers all o'er-run,
 And ev'ry Law of Sin reverse,
 That Faith and Love may make all one.
14. Yea, let Thy Spirit in ev'ry Place
 Its Richer Energy declare,
 While lovely Tempers, Fruits of Grace,
 The Kingdom of Thy Christ prepare.
15. Grant this, O Holy God, and True !
 The antient Seers Thou didst inspire :
 To us perform the Promise due,
 Descend, and crown us Now with Fire.

Publick Worship. *From the German.*

LO, God is here ! Let us adore,
 And own, how dreadful is this Place !
 Let all within us feel his Pow'r,
 And silent bow before his Face:
 Who know his Pow'r, his Grace who prove,
 Serve him with Awe, with Rev'rence love.

2. Lo, God is here ! Him Day and Night
 Th'united Quires of Angels sing:
 To Him enthron'd above all Height
 Heav'n's Hosts their noblest Praises bring :
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner Song,
 Who praise Thee with a stamm'ring Tongue.

3. Gladly the Toys of Earth we leave,
 Wealth, Pleasure, Fame, for Thee alone :
 To Thee our Will, Soul, Flesh we give ;
 O take, O seal them for Thy own.
 Thou art the God ; Thou art the Lord :
 Be Thou by all Thy Works ador'd !

4. Being of Beings, may our Praise
 Thy Courts with grateful Fragrance fill,
 Still may we stand before Thy face,
 Still hear and do Thy sov'reign Will.
 To Thee may all our Thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted Sacrifice !

5. In

5. In Thee we move. All Things of Thee
Are full, Thou Source of Life of All!

Thou vast, unfathomable Sea!

Fall prostrate, lost in Wonder, fall,

Ye Sons of Men; for God is Man!

All may we lose, so Thee we gain.

6. As Flow'rs their op'ning Leaves display,

And glad drink in the solar Fire,

So may we catch Thy ev'ry Ray,

So may Thy Influence us inspire:

Thou Beam of the Eternal Beam,

Thou purging Fire, Thou quickning Flame!

Prayer to Christ *before the Sacrament.*
From the same.

O Thou, whom Sinners love, whose Care
Does all our Sickness heal,

Thee we approach with Heart sincere,

Thy Pow'r we joy to feel,

To Thee our humblest Thanks we pay,

To Thee our Souls we bow;

Of Hell erewhile the helpless Prey,

Heirs of Thy Glory now.

2. As Incense to Thy Throne above

O let our Pray'rs arise!

O wing with Flames of Holy Love

Our living Sacrifice.

Stir up Thy Strength, O Lord of Might,

Our willing Breasts inspire:

136 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

Fill our whole Souls with heav'nly Light,
Melt with Seraphic Fire.

3. From thy blest Wounds our Life we draw ;
Thy all-atoning Blood
Daily we drink with trembling Awe ;
Thy Flesh our daily Food.
Come, Lord, Thy sov'reign Aid impart,
Here make Thy Likeness shine !
Stamp Thy whole Image on our Heart,
And all our Souls be Thine !

Hymn *after the* Sacrament.

SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th'accomplish'd Sacrifice !
Shout Your Sins in Christ forgiv'n,
Sons of God, and Heirs of Heav'n !

2. Ye that round our Altars throng,
Lift'ning Angels join the Song :
Sing with Us, ye Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Pardon, Grace, and Glory Ours !

3. Love's mysterious Work is done !
Greet we now th'accepted Son,
Heal'd and quickned by his Blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

4. Christ, of all our Hopes the Seal ;
Peace Divine in Christ we feel,
Pardon to our Souls apply'd :
Dead for All, for *me* He dy'd !

5. Sin

5. Sin shall tyrannize no more,
Purg'd its Guilt, dissolv'd its Pow'r;
Jesus makes our Hearts His Throne,
There He lives, and reigns alone.

6. Grace our ev'ry Thought controuls,
Heav'n is open'd in our Souls,
Everlasting Life is won,
Glory is on Earth begun.

7. Christ in Us; in Him we see
Fulness of the Deity,
Beam of the eternal Beam;
Life Divine we taste in Him!

8. Him we only taste below;
Mightier Joys ordain'd to know
Him when fully Ours we prove,
Ours the Heav'n of perfect Love!

ACTS ii. 41, &c.

THE Word pronounc'd, the Gospel-Word,
The Croud with various Hearts receiv'd:
In many a Soul the Saviour stirr'd,
Three thousand yielded, and believ'd.

2. These by th'Apostle's Counsels led,
With them in mighty Pray'rs combin'd;
Broke the commemorative Bread,
Nor from the Fellowship declin'd.

138 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

3. God from above, with ready Grace,
And Deeds of Wonder, guards his Flock,
Trembles the World before their Face,
By Jesus crush'd, their Conqu'ring Rock.
 4. The happy Band whom Christ redeems,
One only Will, one Judgment know :
None this contentious Earth esteems,
Distinctions, or Delights below.
 5. The Men of Worldly Wealth possess,
Their selfish Happiness remove,
Sell, and divide it to the Rest,
And buy the Blessedness of Love.
 6. Thus in the Presence of their God,
Jesus their Life, and Heav'n their Care,
With single Heart they took their Food,
Heighten'd by Eucharist, and Pray'r.
 7. God in their ev'ry Work was prais'd :
The People bless'd the Law benign :
Daily the Church, his Arm had rais'd,
Receiv'd the Sons of Mercy in.
-

To be sung at Work.

SON of the Carpenter, receive
This humble Work of mine ;
Worth to my meanest Labour give,
By joining it to Thine.

2. Servant of all, to toil for Man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy Majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.
 3. Thy bright Example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great Sacrifice.
 4. Careless thro' outwards Cares I go,
From all Distraction free:
My Hands are but engag'd below,
My Heart is still with Thee.
 5. O when wilt Thou my Life appear!
How gladly would I cry
'Tis done, the Work Thou gav'st one here,
'Tis finish'd, Lord—and die.
-

Another.

Summon'd my Labour to renew,
And glad to act my Part,
Lord, in Thy Name, my Task I do,
And with a single Heart.

2. End of my ev'ry Action Thou!
Thyself in All I see:
Accept my hallow'd Labour now;
I do it unto Thee.

3. Whate'er the Father views as Thine,
He views with gracious Eyes:
Jesus! this mean Oblation join
To Thy great Sacrifice.
 4. Stampt with an infinite Desert
My Work he then shall own;
Well-pleas'd in Me, when mine Thou art,
And I His fav'rite Son!
-

God with us. *From the German.*

ETernal Depth of Love Divine
In Jesu, God-with-Us, display'd,
How bright Thy beaming Glories shine!
How wide Thy healing Streams are spread!
With whom dost Thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile, and thankless Race:
O God! what Tongue aright can tell
How vast Thy Love, how great Thy Grace!

2. The Dictates of Thy Sov'reign Will
With Joy our grateful Hearts receive:
All Thy Delight in us fulfill,
Lo! all we are to Thee we give.
To Thy sure Love, Thy tender Care,
Our Flesh, Soul; Spirit we resign;
O! fix Thy sacred Presence there,
And seal th'Abode for ever Thine.

3. O King of Glory, Thy rich Grace
Our short Desires surpasses far!

Yea, ev'n our Crimes, tho' numberless,
 Less num'rous than Thy Mercies are.
 Still on Thee, Father, may we rest !
 Still may we pant Thy Son to know !
 Thy Spirit still breathe into our Breast,
 Fountain of Peace and Joy below !

4. Oft have we seen Thy mighty Pow'r,
 Since from the World Thou mad'st us free :
 Still may we praise Thee more and more,
 Our Heart more firmly knit to Thee !
 Still, Lord, Thy saving Health display,
 And arm our Souls with heav'nly Zeal :
 So, fearless shall we urge our Way
 Thro' all the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell !

God our Portion. *From the Spanish.*

O God, my God, my All Thou art ;
 E're shines the Dawn of rising Day,
 Thy sov'reign Light within my Heart,
 Thy all-enliv'ning Pow'r display.

2. For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant,
 While in this desert Land I live :
 And hungry as I am, and faint,
 Thy Love alone can Comfort give.

3. In a dry Land, behold I place
 My whole Desire on Thee, O Lord :
 And more I joy to gain thy Grace,
 Than all Earth's Treasures can afford.

4. In

142 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

4. In Holiness within thy Gates
Of old oft have I sought for Thee!
Again my longing Spirit waits
That Fulness of Delight to see.
5. More dear than Life itself, thy Love
My Heart and Tongue shall still employ,
And to declare thy Praise will prove
My Peace, my Glory, and my Joy.
6. In blessing Thee with grateful Songs
My happy Life shall glide away ;
The Praise that to thy Name belongs
Hourly with lifted Hands I'll pay.
7. Abundant Sweetness, while I sing
Thy Love, my ravish'd Soul o'erflows,
Secure in Thee, my God and King,
Of Glory, that no Period knows.
8. Thy Name, O Lord, upon my Bed
Dwells on my Lips, and fires my Thought,
With trembling Awe in midnight Shade,
I muse on all thy Hands have wrought.
9. In all I do I feel thy Aid ;
Therefore thy Greatness will I sing,
O God, who bid'st my Heart be glad
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing.
10. My Soul draws nigh, and cleaves to Thee ;
Then let or Earth or Hell assail,
Thy mighty Hand shall set me free,
For whom Thou sav'st, He ne'er shall fail.

Gratitude *for our* Conversion. *From*
the German.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love with all my Power,
In all my Works, and Thee alone !
Thee will I love, till the pure Fire
Fill my whole Soul with chaste Desire.

2. Ah ! why did I so late Thee know,
Thee lovelier than the Sons of Men !
Ah ! why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only Ease in Pain !
Aham'd I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to Thee did turn.

3. In Darkneſs willingly I ſtray'd ;
I ſought Thee, yet from Thee I rov'd :
For wide my wandring Thoughts were ſpread,
Thy Creatures more than Thee I lov'd.
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis thro' thy Light, and comes from Thee.

4. I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun,
That thy bright Beams on me have ſhin'd :
I thank Thee, who haſt overthrow'n
My Foes, and heal'd my wounded Mind :
I thank Thee, whoſe enliv'ning Voice
Bids my freed Heart in Thee rejoice.

144 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

5. Uphold me in the doubtful Race,
Nor suffer me again to stray :
Strengthen my Feet, with steady Pace
Still to press forward in thy Way.
My Soul and Flesh, O Lord, of Might,
Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly Light.
6. Give to my Eyes refreshing Tears,
Give to my Heart chaste, hallow'd Fires,
Give to my Soul with Filial Fears,
The Love that all Heav'n's Host inspires :
" That all my Pow'rs with all their Might
" In Thy sole Glory may unite.
7. Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown !
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !
Thee will I love, beneath thy Frown,
Or Smile, thy Scepter, or thy Rod :
What tho' my Flesh and Heart decay ?
Thee shall I love in endless Day !
-

Boldness *in the* Gospel. *From the*
same.

S Hall I, for fear of feeble Man,
Thy Spirit's Course in me restrain ?
Or undismay'd, in Deed and Word
Be a true Witness to my Lord ?

2. Aw'd by a Mortal's Frown, shall I
Conceal the Word of God most high?
How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy Anger bear?

3. Shall I, to sooth th'unholy Throng,
Soften thy Truths, and smoothe my Tongue?
To gain Earth's gilded Toys, or flee
The Cross endur'd, my God, by Thee?

4. What then is He, whose Scorn I dread?
Whose Wrath or Hate makes me afraid?
A Man! an Heir of Death, a Slave
To Sin! a Bubble on the Wave!

5. Yea let Man rage! since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing Wing around my Head:
Since in all Pain thy tender Love
Will still my sweet Refreshment prove.

6. Saviour of Men! thy searching Eye
Does all my inmost Thoughts descry:
Doth ought on Earth my Wishes raise;
Or the World's Favour, or its Praise?

7. The Love of Christ does me constrain
To seek the wandring Souls of Men:
With Cries, Intreaties, Tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping Grave.

8. For this let Men revile my Name,
No Cross I shun, I fear no Shame:
All hail, Reproach, and welcome Pain!
Only thy Terrors, Lord, restrain.

146 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

9. My Life, my Blood, I here present ;
If for thy Truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, Lord !
Thy Will be done ! thy Name ador'd !

10. Give me thy Strength, O God of Pow'r !
Then let Winds blow, or Thunders roar,
Thy faithful Witness will I be—
'Tis fix'd ! I can do all thro' Thee !

Hymn *for* Christmas-Day.

HARK how all the Welkin rings
“ Glory to the King of Kings,
“ Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
“ God and Sinners reconcil'd !

2. Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumph of the Skies,
Universal Nature say
“ Christ, the Lord, is born to Day !

3. Christ, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in Time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb.

4. Veil'd in Flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th'Incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear
Jesus, our *Immanuel* here !

5. Hail

5. Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to All he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

6. Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born—that Men no more may die,
Born—to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born—to give them second Birth.

7. Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in Us thy humble Home,
Rise, the Woman's Conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in Us the Serpent's Head.

8. Now display thy saving Pow'r,
Ruin'd Nature now restore,
Now in Mystic Union join
Thine to Ours, and Ours to Thine.

9. *Adam's* Likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place,
Second *Adam* from above,
Reinstate us in thy Love.

10. Let us Thee, tho' lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man:
O! to All Thyself impart,
Form'd in each Believing Heart.

Hymn for the Epiphany.

SONS of Men, behold from far
Hail the long-expected Star !
Jacob's Star that gilds the Night,
Guides bewilder'd Nature right.

2. Fear not hence that Ill should flow,
Wars or Pestilence below,
Wars it bids, and Tumults, cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of Peace.

3. Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the Shade of Death,
Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread Night,
Kindling Darkness into Light.

4. Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear !
Haste, for Him your Hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there !

5. There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring Eye-sight on your Eyes,
God in his own Light survey,
Shining to the perfect Day.

6. Sing, ye Morning-stars again,
God descends on Earth to reign,
Deigns for Man his Life t'employ ;
Shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy !

Hymn

Hymn *for* Easterday.

“CHRIST, the Lord, is ris’n to Day,”
 Sons of Men and Angels say,
 Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,
 Sing ye Heav’ns, and Earth reply.

2. Love’s Redeeming Work is done,
 Fought the Fight, the Battle won,
 Lo! our Sun’s Eclipse is o’er,
 Lo! He sets in Blood no more.

3. Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal;
 Christ has burst the Gates of Hell!
 Death in vain forbids his Rise:
 Christ has open’d Paradise!

4. Lives again our glorious King,
 Where, O Death, is now thy Sting?
 Dying once he All doth save,
 Where thy Victory, O Grave?

5. Soar we now, where Christ has led?
 Following our exalted Head,
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the Cross—the Grave—the Skies!

6. What tho’ once we perish’d All,
 Partners in our Parents Fall?
 Second Life we All receive,
 In our Heav’nly *Adam* live.

7. Ris’n

150 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

7. Ris'n with Him, we upward move,
Still we seek the Things above,
Still pursue, and kiss the Son
Seated on his Father's Throne ;

8. Scarce on Earth a Thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below,
Heav'n our Aim, and lov'd Abode,
Hid our Life with Christ in God !

9. Hid ; till Christ our Life appear,
Glorious in his Members here :
Join'd to Him, we then shall shine
All Immortal, all Divine !

10. Hail the Lord of Earth and Heav'n !
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n :
Thee we greet Triumphant now ;
Hail the Resurrection Thou !

11. King of Glory, Soul of Bliss,
Everlasting Life is This,
Thee to know, thy Pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love !

Hymn *for* Ascension-Day.

HAIL the Day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes ;
Corist awhile to Mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native Heav'n !

2. There the pompous Triumph waits,
“ Lift your Heads, Eternal Gates,
“ Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
“ Take the King of Glory in !

3. Circled round with Angel Pow’rs,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqu’ror over Death and Sin,
Take the King of Glory in !

4. Tho’ returning to his Throne,
Still he calls Mankind his own ;
Him tho’ highest Heav’n receives,
Still he loves the Earth he leaves.

5. See ! He lifts his Hands above !
See ! He shews the Prints of Love !
Hark ! His gracious Lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below !

6. Still for us his Death he pleads ;
Prevalent, He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our Place,
Harbinger of human Race.

7. Master, (will we ever say)
Taken from our Head to Day ;
See thy faithful Servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

8. Grant, tho’ parted from our Sight,
High above Son azure Height,
Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the Skies.

9. Ever

152 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

6. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after Home.

10. There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of thy endless Reign,
There thy Face unclouded see,
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in Thee!

Hymn for Whitsunday.

GRanted is the Saviour's Prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter ;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus to his Heav'n restor'd:

2. Christ ; who now gone up on high,
Captive leads Captivity,
While his Foes from him receive
Grace, that God with Man may live.

3. God, the everlasting God,
Makes with Mortals his Abode,
Whom the Heav'ns cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in Man.

4. Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of an humble Heart ;
Carrying on his Work within,
Striving till he cast out Sin.

5. *Thine*

5. There He helps our feeble Moans,
Deepens our imperfect Groans ;
Intercedes in Silence there,
Sighs th'Unutterable Prayer.

6. Come, Divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted Breast ;
Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel-Fire.

7. Crown the agonizing Strife,
Principle, and Lord of Life ;
Life Divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift, and Giver too !

8. Now descend and shake the Earth,
Wake us into Second Birth ;
Now thy quick'ning Influence give,
Blow—and these dry Bones shall live !

9. Brood Thou o'er our Nature's Night,
Darkness kindles into Light ;
Spread thy over-shadowing Wings,
Order from Confusion springs.

10. Pain and Sin, and Sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is Peace ;
Joy Divine in Thee we prove,
Light of Truth, and Fire of Love.

Grace before Meat.

PARENT of Good, whose plenteous Grace
O'er all thy Creatures flows,
Humbly we ask thy Pow'r to bless
The Food thy Love bestows.

2. Thy Love provides the sober Feast :
A Second Gift impart,
Give us with Joy our Food to taste,
And with a single Heart.

3. Let it for Thee new Life afford,
For Thee our Strength repair,
Blest by thine all-sustaining Word,
And sanctify'd by Prayer.

4. Thee let us taste ; nor toil below
For perishable Meat :
The Manna of thy Love bestow,
Give us Thy Flesh to eat.

5. Life of the World, our Souls to feed
Thyself descend from high !
Grant us of Thee the Living Bread
To eat, and never die !

At Meals.

FAther, our Eyes we lift to Thee,
And taste our daily Bread :
'Tis now thy Open Hand we see,
And on thy Bounty feed.

2. 'Tis now the meaner Creatures join
Richly thy Grace to prove ;
Fulfil thy primitive Design,
Enjoy'd by thankful Love.

3. Still, while our Mouths are fill'd with Good,
Our Souls to Thee we raise ;
Our Souls partake of nobler Food,
And banquet on thy Praise.

4. Yet higher still our farthest Aim ;
To mingle with the Blest,
T'attend the Marriage of the Lamb,
And Heav'ns Eternal Feast.

Grace after Meat.

BLeft be the God, whose tender Care
Prevents his Children's Cry,
Whose Pity providently near
Doth all our Wants supply.

156 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

2. Blest be the God, whose Bounty's Store
These chearing Gifts imparts ;
Who veils in Bread, the secret Power
That feeds and glads our Hearts.

3. Fountain of Blessing, Source of Good,
To Thee this Strength we owe,
Thou art the Virtue of our Food,
Life of our Life below,

4. When shall our Souls regain the Skies !
Thy Heav'nly Sweetness prove ?
Where Joys in all their Fulness rise,
And all our Food is Love.

Another.

Fountain of all the Good we see
Streaming from Heav'n above,
Saviour ! our Faith we act on Thee,
And exercise our Love.

2. 'Tis not the outward Food we eat
Doth this new Strength afford,
'Tis Thou, whose Presence makes it Meat,
Thou the Life-giving Word.

3. Man doth not live by Bread alone,
Whate'er Thou wilt, can feed ;
Thy Pow'r converts the Bread to Stone,
And turns the Stone to Bread.

4. Thou art our Food : we taste Thee now,
In Thee we move, and breathe,
Our Bodies' only Life art Thou,
And all besides is Death !

JOHN

JOHN xvi. 24.

*Ask, and ye shall recieve, that your Joy
may be full.*

RISE my Soul with Ardor rise,
Breath thy Wishees to the Skies;
Freely pour out all thy Mind,
Seek, and thou art sure to find;
Ready art thou to receive?
Readier is thy God to give.

2. Heav'nly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and shew Thou hear'st my Call;
Let my Cries thy Throne assail,
Entring now within the Veil;
Give the Benefits I claim—
Lord, I ask in Jesu's Name!

3. Friend of Sinners, King of Saints,
Answer my minutest Wants,
All my largest Thoughts require,
Grant me all my Heart's Desire,
Give me, till my Cup run o'er,
All, and infinitely more.

4. Meek and lowly be my Mind,
Pure my Heart, my Will resign'd!
Keep me dead to all below,
Only Christ resolv'd to know,
Firm and disengag'd and free,
Seeking all my Blis in Thee.

P

5. Suffer

158 HYMNS *and* SACRED POEMS.

5. Suffer me no more to grieve
Wanting what Thou long'st to give,
Shew me all thy Goodness Lord,
Beaming from th'incarnate Word,
Christ, in whom thy Glories shine,
Efflux of the Light Divine.

6. Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my Liberty,
Thee behold with open Face,
Triumph in thy saving Grace,
Thy great Will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect Love.

7. Since the Son hath bought my Peace,
Mine Thou art, as I am His :
Mine the Comforter I see,
Christ is full of Grace for me :
Mine (the Purchase of his Blood)
All the Plenitude of God.

8. Abba, Father ! hear thy Child
Late in Jesus reconcil'd !
Hear, and all the Graces shower,
All the Joy, and Peace, and Pow'r,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the Life and Heav'n of Love.

9. Lord, I will not let Thee go,
Till the Blessing Thou bestow :
Hear my Advocate Divine ;
Lo ! to his my Suit I join :
Join'd to His it cannot fail—
Bless me, for I *Will* prevail !

10. Stop

10. Stoop from thy Eternal Throne,
See, thy Promise calls Thee down!
High and lofty as Thou art,
Dwell within my worthless Heart!
Here a fainting Soul revive;
Here for ever walk and live.

11. Heav'nly *Adam*, Life Divine,
Change my Nature into Thine:
Move, and spread throughout my Soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now,
Living in the Flesh, but Thou.

12. Holy Ghost, no more delay,
Come, and in thy Temple stay;
Now thy Inward Witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear;
Spring of Life, Thyself impart,
Rise Eternal in my Heart!

ISAIAH li. 9, &c.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thy own immortal Strength put on;
With Terror cloath'd, the Nations shake,
And cast thy Foes, in Fury, down.
As in the antient Days appear!
The Sacred Annals speak thy Fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
Through endless Ages still the same.

2. Thy tenfold Vengeance knew to quell,
And humble haughty *Rahab's* Pride:

Groan'd

160 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Groan'd her pale Sons thy Stroke to feel,
The first-born Victims groan'd, and died !
The wounded Dragon rag'd in vain ;
While bold thine Utmost Plague to brave,
Madly he dar'd the parted Main,
And sunk beneath th'o'erwhelming Wave.

3. He sunk ; while *Israel's* chosen Race
Triumphant urge their wondrous Way :
Divinely led, the Favourites pass
Th'unwatry Deep, and emptied Sea.
At Distance heap'd on either Hand,
Yielding a strange, unbeaten Road,
In crystal Walls the Waters stand,
And own the Arm of *Israel's* God !

4. That Arm, which is not short'ned Now,
Which wants not Now the Pow'r to save :
Still present with thy People Thou
Bear'st them thro' Life's disparted Wave.
By Earth and Hell pursued in vain,
To Thee the ransom'd Seed shall come ;
Shouting their Heav'nly Sion gain,
And pass thro' Death triumphant home.

5. The Pain of Life shall there be o'er,
The Anguish and distracting Care ;
There sighing Grief shall weep no more,
And Sin shall never enter there !
Where pure essential Joy is found,
The Lord's Redeem'd their Heads shall raise,
With everlasting Gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with Love, and lost in Praise !

H F I N I S.

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