

## *Hymns and Sacred Poems (1747)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker List, #141]

### **Editorial Introduction:**

The first Methodist society in Ireland was established in Dublin in the summer of 1747 by Thomas Williams, one of the lay assistants of the Wesley brothers. In response to encouragement by Williams, John Wesley made his first visit later that year. It was a short visit, with John arriving at the port in Dublin on August 9 and departing August 23. But Charles Wesley was soon dispatched to spend extended time shepherding the emerging work. He touched land in Dublin on September 8, 1747 and stayed through March 20, 1748; leaving only after John had relieved him (arriving on March 8).

A prominent concern in providing for this new Methodist community was publication of hymn collections for their worship. This concern was initially overseen largely by Charles, since John had little time to devote to it during his short visit. Charles cultivated a relationship with Samuel Powell, a printer, soon after his arrival. His *MS Journal* records dining at Powell's house on September 17, 1747. In a journal letter he speaks of spending the entire evening at Powell's the next week and of receiving a bill for printing on October 13.

Among items that Powell issued in 1747, which may have been covered in this bill, were Dublin editions of several specialized collections that Charles had published in England in recent years—see *Nativity Hymns* (1745); *Funeral Hymns* (1746); *Resurrection Hymns* (1746); *Ascension Hymns* (1746); *Whitsunday Hymns* (1746); *Gloria Patri* (1746); *Graces* (1746); and *Redemption Hymns* (1747) elsewhere on this website. But there was also one publication which, while under a familiar title, was a distinctive collection. Sometime in the latter third of 1747 Powell issued a volume in the name of John and Charles Wesley titled *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. This was not a Dublin printing of the combined form of *HSP* (1739) and *HSP* (1740) currently circulating in England. It was a much shorter selection of thirty-seven hymns, mostly drawn from *HSP* (1739). Its size reflected the desire to get a short and inexpensive collection in print for emerging Methodist worship in Ireland. The selection and minor editorial revisions made in the collection most likely reflect the hand of Charles Wesley, but this cannot be established for certain.

Whoever shepherded the production of this shorter selection, it was not reprinted. Rather, in 1749 Powell issued a Dublin edition of *Collection of Hymns* (1742), an even shorter selection of hymns from *HSP* (1739) that the Wesley brothers had previously cooperated in producing for use among poorer Methodists.

### **Edition:**

John and Charles Wesley. *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. Dublin: [Samuel Powell], 1747.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: December 18, 2008.

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**HYMNS  
AND  
SACRED POEMS.**

**Psalm CXXII.<sup>2</sup>**

- 1 O how overjoy'd was I  
When the solemn hour drew nigh,  
Summon'd to the house of pray'r,  
Flew my soul to worship there:  
Come, my chearful brethren said,  
Let us go with holy speed;  
Let us haste with one accord,  
To the temple of our Lord.
  
- 2 Running at his kind command,  
There our ready feet shall stand,  
Still within the sacred gate  
Will we for his mercy wait:  
Love the channels of his grace,  
Reverence the hallow'd place  
Where our Lord records his name,  
Stay we in Jerusalem.

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<sup>2</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 87–88.

- 3 God hath built his church below,  
Labour'd all his art to shew,  
Each with each the parts agree,  
Fram'd in perfect symmetry:  
There the chosen tribes go up,  
Testify their gospel-hope,  
Praise and bless th' incarnate Word,  
Shout the name of Christ their Lord.
- 4 There are Aaron's mitred sons,  
There the apostolic thrones;  
Moses' legislative chair;  
God's great hierarchy is there.  
Pray, my friends, and never cease,  
Wrestle on for Sion's peace;  
Make her still your pious care,  
On your heart for ever bear.
- 5 Hail the venerable name,  
Lovely dear Jerusalem;  
Thee who bless shall blessed be,  
Prosper for their love to thee.  
Dwell within thy ramparts peace,  
Plenty deck thy palaces,  
Jesus send thee from above,  
All the treasures of his love.
- 6 For my friends' and brethren's sake,  
Thee my dearest charge I make;  
England's des'late church be mine;  
Sion, all my soul be thine!  
O thou temple of my God,  
For thy sake I spend my blood,  
Longing here thy rise to see,  
Glad to live and die for thee.

**John xv. 18, 19.**<sup>3</sup>

- 1   Where has my slumb'ring spirit been,  
      So late emerging into light!  
      So imperceptible, within,  
      The weight of this Egyptian night!
- 2   Where have they hid the *WORLD* so long,  
      So late presented to my view?  
      Wretch! Tho' myself increas'd the throng,  
      Myself a part I never knew.
- 3   Secure beneath its shade I sat,  
      To me were all its favours shewn:  
      I could not taste its scorn or hate;  
      Alas, it ever lov'd its own!
- 4   Jesus, if half discerning now,  
      From thee I gain this glimm'ring light,  
      Retouch my eyes, anoint them thou,  
      And grant me to receive my sight.
- 5   O may I of thy grace obtain  
      The world with other eyes to see:  
      Its judgments false, its pleasures vain,  
      Its friendship enmity with thee.
- 6   Delusive world, thy hour is past,  
      The folly of thy wisdom shew!  
      It cannot now retard my haste,  
      I leave thee for the holy few.

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<sup>3</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 24–26.

- 7 No! Thou blind leader of the blind,  
I bow my neck to thee no more!  
I cast thy glories all behind,  
And slight thy smiles, and dare thy pow'r.
- 8 Excluded from my Saviour's pray'r,  
Stain'd, yet not hallow'd with his blood,  
Shalt thou my fond affection share,  
Shalt thou divide my heart with God?
- 9 No! Tho' it rouze thy utmost rage,  
Eternal enmity I vow;  
Tho' hell with thine its pow'rs engage,  
Prepar'd I meet your onset now.
- 10 Load me with scorn, reproach and shame;  
My patient Master's portion give;  
As evil still cast out my name,  
Nor suffer such a wretch to live.
- 11 Set to thy seal that I am his;  
Vile as my Lord I long to be:  
My hope, my crown, my glory this,  
Dying to conquer sin and thee.

**Farewel to the World.<sup>4</sup>**

- 1 World adieu, thou real cheat!  
Oft have thy deceitful charms  
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,  
Foolish hopes and false alarms:

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<sup>4</sup>Source: Antoinette Bourignon. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 17–19.

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 Farewel honour's empty pride!  
Thy own nice, uncertain gust,  
If the least mischance betide,  
Lays thee lower than the dust;  
Worldly honours end in gall,  
Rise to day, to morrow fall.
- 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 over-past,  
Thro' 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.

**Discipline.**<sup>5</sup>

- 1        O throw away thy rod,  
          O throw away thy wrath!  
My gracious Saviour and my God,  
          O take the gentle path.
- 2        Thou seest 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        Altho' I fail, I weep;  
          Altho' 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 love is swift of foot,  
          Love is a man of war;  
Love can resistless arrows shoot,  
          And hit the mark from far.

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<sup>5</sup>Source: George Herbert. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 45–46. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 77–78.



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 tho' man frailties hath!  
Thou art my Saviour and my God!  
              O throw away thy wrath!

**A Prayer Under Convictions.<sup>6</sup>**

1          Father of light, 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 seest my wants! For help they call,  
              And ere<sup>7</sup> 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.

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<sup>6</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 85–86.

<sup>7</sup>Ori., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

- 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 burden groan;  
Abhor the pride that lurks within,  
Detest and loath myself and sin.
- 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 bus'ness 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.

**Heb[rews] xii. 2.<sup>8</sup>**  
**“Looking unto Jesus, the author  
and finisher of our faith.”**

- 1    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 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.

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<sup>8</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 91–92.

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

**Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Father.<sup>9</sup>**

- 1 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 kiss forgave me all:

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<sup>9</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 107–8.

Still the gracious words I hear,  
Words that made the Saviour mine,  
Haste, for him the robe prepare,  
His be righteousness divine.

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;  
Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

**The Invitation.  
From Herbert.<sup>10</sup>**

1    Come hither all, whose grov'ling taste  
Enslaves your souls, and lay them waste;  
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.

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<sup>10</sup>Source: George Herbert. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 125–26.

- 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 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!

**On the Crucifixion.**<sup>11</sup>

- 1     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.

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<sup>11</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 46–47. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 131–32.

- 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 LXIII Chapter of Isaiah,  
Alter'd from Mr. Norris.<sup>12</sup>**

- 1 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 is his pace,  
And full of majesty his face.  
Who is this mighty hero, who?  
'Tis I, who to my promise stand:  
I, who sin, death, hell, and the grave  
Have foil'd with this all-conqu'ring hand:  
'Tis I, the Lord, mighty to save.

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<sup>12</sup>Source: John Norris. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 24–25. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 132–33.

- 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 ponderous 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,  
Enrag'd, I put forth all my might,  
And down the engine press'd; 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 powers 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 straight th' acclaiming hosts above  
Hymn'd, in new songs of joy and love,  
Jehovah and his conqu'ring Son.



**The Magnificat.**<sup>13</sup>

- 1 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 Sorrows 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 hast done,  
How holy is thy name, O Lord!  
How wond'rous is thy mercy shewn  
To all that tremble at thy word!
- 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 darkness 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.

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<sup>13</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 134–35.

- 7 Come, Saviour, come, of old decreed!  
Faithful and true be thou confest;  
By all earth's tribes in Abraham's seed  
Henceforth thro' endless ages blest.

**The Believer's Support.**<sup>14</sup>

- 1 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 the 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 cheer 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.

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<sup>14</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 55–56. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 154–55.

- 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.

**Living by Christ.**<sup>15</sup>

- 1 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:  
O Jesu, nothing may I see,  
Nothing hear, feel or think but thee!
- 4 Unweary'd may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;  
Hourly within my breast renew  
This only<sup>16</sup> flame, this heav'nly fire;

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<sup>15</sup>Source: Paul Gerhardt. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 156–59.

<sup>16</sup>*HSP* (1739) original read “This holy flame ....”

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 shew'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 cheer, 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.  
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<sup>17</sup> knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursu'd:

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<sup>17</sup>Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on ev'ry side.

- 15 Still let thy love point out my way,  
    (How wond'rous things thy love hath wrought)  
Still lead me, lest I go astray,  
    Direct my work, inspire my thought:  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 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 dy'd!

**Hymn to Christ.**<sup>18</sup>

- 1 Saviour, the world's and mine,  
    Was ever grief like thine?  
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,  
    All my sins were laid on thee:  
Help me, Lord, to thee I look;  
    Draw me, Saviour, after thee.
- 2 'Tis done! My God hath dy'd,  
    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, th' issuing blood!

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<sup>18</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 168–69.

- 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 fix'd in love,  
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,  
              Wise to fathom things divine,  
What the length, and breadth, and height,  
              What the depth of love like thine.
- 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 immers'd and lost in love!

**Hymn to Christ the King.**<sup>19</sup>

- 1           Jesu, thou art our King,  
              To me thy succour bring.  
Christ, the mighty one art thou,  
              Help for all on thee is laid;  
This the word; I claim it now,  
              Send me now the 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.

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<sup>19</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 174–75.



**Prayer to Christ Before the Sacrament.**<sup>20</sup>

- 1 O thou, whom sinners love, whose care  
Does all our sickness heal,  
Thee we approach with hearts sincere,  
Thy pow'r we joy to feel.  
To thee our humblest thanks we pay,  
To thee our souls we bow;  
Of hell ere while 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:  
Fill our whole souls with heav'nly light,  
Melt with seraphic fire.
  
- 3 From thy blest wounds our life we draw;  
Thy all attoning 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!

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<sup>20</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 189–90.

**Hymn After the Sacrament.**<sup>21</sup>

- 1 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,  
List'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 quicken'd 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 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.

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<sup>21</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 190–92.

[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!

**Christ Protecting and Sanctifying.**<sup>22</sup>

1 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'd round,  
    Find light and life, if thou appear.

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.

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<sup>22</sup>Source: Johann Freylinghausen. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 38–39. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 181–82.

- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil  
Thy gracious Father's sov'reign will,  
To thy dread sceptre will I bow:  
With dut'ous rev'ence 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.

**Publick Worship.**<sup>23</sup>

- 1 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'ence love.

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<sup>23</sup>Source: Gerhard Tersteegen. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 188–89.

- 2    Lo, God is here! Him day and night  
      Th' united choirs 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 thee we move. All things of thee  
      Are full, thou source and life of all!  
      Thou vast, unfathomable sea!  
          Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall  
      Ye sons of men; for God is man!  
      All we may lose,<sup>24</sup> 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 quick'ning flame!

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<sup>24</sup>*HSP* (1739) read "All may we lose".

**Acts ii. 41, &c.**<sup>25</sup>

- 1 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' apostles' counsels led,  
With them in mighty pray'rs combin'd,  
Broke the commemorative bread,  
Nor from the fellowship declin'd.
- 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 possest,  
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.

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<sup>25</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 192–93.

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.

**Gratitude for Our Conversion.**<sup>26</sup>

1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tow'r,  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,  
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!  
Asham'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 wand'ring 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:

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<sup>26</sup>Source: Johann Scheffler. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 198–200.

I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:  
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice  
Bids my free heart in thee rejoice.

- 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 sceptre, or thy rod.  
What tho' my flesh and heart decay!  
Thee shall I love in endless day!

**Boldness in the Gospel.**<sup>27</sup>

- 1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,  
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or undismay'd, in deed and word  
Be a true witness to my Lord?

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<sup>27</sup>Source: Johann Joseph Winckler. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 65–66. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 200–201.



- 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 smooth 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 wand'ring 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.
- 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.**<sup>28</sup>

- 1 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.

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<sup>28</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 206–8.

- 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 the heav'n born Prince of Peace!  
      Hail the Sun of righteousness!  
      Light, and life, and all he brings,<sup>29</sup>  
      Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6    Mild he lays his glory by,  
      Born—that man no more may die,  
      Born—to raise the sons of earth,  
      Born—to give them second birth.
- 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.

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<sup>29</sup>*HSP* (1739) read “to all he brings.”

**Hymn for the Epiphany.**<sup>30</sup>

- 1 Sons of men, behold him 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!

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<sup>30</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 208–9.

**Hymn for Easter-Day.**<sup>31</sup>

- 1    “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 parent’s fall?  
      Second life we all receive,  
      In our heav’nly Adam live.

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<sup>31</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 209–11.

- 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.<sup>32</sup>**

- 1 Hail the day that sees him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;  
Christ a while to mortals giv'n,  
Re-ascends his native heav'n!

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<sup>32</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 211–13.

- 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.<sup>33</sup>
- 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 yon azure height,

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<sup>33</sup>*HSP* (1747) has inverted the first two lines and the second two lines of the *HSP* (1739) original in this stanza.

Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following thee beyond the skies.

- 9 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.**<sup>34</sup>

- 1 Granted is the Saviour's pray'r,  
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.

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<sup>34</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 213–15.



- 4 Never will he thence depart,  
Inmate of an humble heart;  
Carrying on his work within,  
Striving till he cast out sin.
- 5 There he helps our feeble moans,  
Deepens our imperfect groans;  
Intercedes in silence there,  
Sighs th' unutterable pray'r.
- 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.

**John xvi. 24.<sup>35</sup>**  
**“Ask, and ye shall receive,**  
**that your joy may be full.”**

- 1 Rise, my soul, with ardor rise,  
Breathe thy wishes to the skies;  
Freely pour out all thy mind,  
Seek, and thou art sure to find;  
Seek, and thou art sure to find;  
Ready art thou to receive?  
Readier is thy God to give.
- 2 Heav'nly Father, God of all,  
Hear, and shew thou hear'st my call;  
Let my cries thy throne assail  
Ent'ring 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 bliss in thee.

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<sup>35</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 219–21.

- 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 show'r,  
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 Stoop from thy eternal throne,  
See, thy promise calls thee down!  
High and lofty as thou art,  
Dwell within my worthless heart!  
Here,<sup>36</sup> 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!

**Longing.**<sup>37</sup>

- 1 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 complainings end?
- 2 Wither'd my heart, like barren ground  
Accurs'd of God; my head turns round,  
My throat is hoarse: I faint, I fall,  
Yet falling, still for pity call.

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<sup>36</sup>Ori., "Hear"; a misprint.

<sup>37</sup>Source: George Herbert. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 52–54. Appears here via *HSP* (1739), 73–75.

- 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 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 tarry'st, 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 in my 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.

**God's Love to Mankind.**<sup>38</sup>

- 1 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 th' unsufferable blaze

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<sup>38</sup>Source: Johann Scheffler. First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 159–61.

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'n's strong pillars bow,  
Terrible majesty is thine!  
Who then can that vast love express  
Which bows thee down to me, who less  
Than nothing am, till thou art mine?
- 4 High-thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,  
In number, weight, and measure still  
Thou sweetly order'st 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:  
What but thyself canst 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 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?

**Hymn on the Titles of Christ.**<sup>39</sup>

- 1 Arise my soul, arise  
Thy Saviour's sacrifice!  
All the names that love could find,  
All the forms that love could take,  
Jesus in himself has join'd,  
Thee, my soul, his own to make.
- 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.

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<sup>39</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 165–68.



4           Fruit of a virgin's womb  
              The promis'd blessing's come:  
Christ, the fathers' 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 dazzling *Shechinah*!  
Bright in endless glory bright;  
              Now in flesh he stoops 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,  
              Empty'd 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,  
              Out cast 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 good *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 up on high  
              I live, no more to die:  
*First* and *Last*, I feel thee now,  
              Witness of thy empty tomb,  
*Alpha* and *Omega* thou  
              Wast, and art, and art to come!

**Hymn to Christ.**<sup>40</sup>

1           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 dy'd 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.

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<sup>40</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 170–71.

- 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,  
          Dy'd, to make the sinner clean.
- 4           Join earth and heav'n to bless  
          The *LORD our righteousness!*  
Myst'ry 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:  
Sinn'd we all, and dy'd 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!

**[Lord, Not Unto Me.]**<sup>41</sup>

- 1 Lord, not unto me  
    (The whole I disclaim)  
All glory to thee  
    Thro' Jesus's name!  
Thy gifts and thy graces  
    Pour'd down from above,  
Demand all our praises,  
    Our thanks, and our love.
  
- 2 Thy faithfulness, Lord,  
    Each moment we find,  
So true to thy word,  
    So loving and kind;  
Thy mercy so tender  
    To all the lost race,  
The foulest offender  
    May turn, and find grace.
  
- 3 The mercy I feel,  
    To others I shew,  
I set to my seal  
    That Jesus is true;  
Ye all may find favour  
    Who come at his call;  
O! Come to my Saviour,  
    His grace is for all.
  
- 4 To save what was lost  
    From heaven he came:  
Come, sinners, and trust  
    In Jesus's name;  
He offers you pardon,  
    He bids you "Be free,  
If sin is your burden,  
    O! Come unto me!"

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<sup>41</sup>First appeared in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), 5–6. The first line is used as a title, since none is given in *HSP* (1747).

5 O let me commend  
My Saviour to you,  
The publican's friend  
And advocate too:  
For you he is pleading  
His merits and death  
With God interceding  
For sinners beneath.

6 Then let us submit  
His grace to receive,  
Fall down at his feet,  
And gladly believe;  
We all are forgiven  
For Jesus's sake,  
Our title to heaven  
His merits we take.

**[Justified, But Not Sanctified.]<sup>42</sup>**

1 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 smoaking flax in me.

2 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,  
And burst the barriers of my tomb,  
In all the marks of death appear,  
Forth at thy call, tho' bound, I come.  
Give me, O give me fully, Lord,  
Thy resurrection's pow'r to know:

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<sup>42</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 150–52, entitled “Justified, But Not Sanctified.” This title has been used above since *HSP* (1747) does not include a title for the hymn.

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 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 joy in thee there is,  
Without 'tis mis'ry all and woe.

- 7 Take this poor wand'ring, worthless heart,  
Its wand'rings 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 dy'd for me!

**Isaiah xliii. 1, 2, 3.**<sup>43</sup>

- 1 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,

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<sup>43</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 153–54.



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 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 tempest'ous sea,  
Up-born 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 try'd,  
Unhurt, on snares and deaths I'll tread;  
Tho' sin assail, and hell thrown wide  
Pour all its flames upon my head,  
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,  
And flourish unconsum'd in fire.

**Dialogue of Angels and Men.**<sup>44</sup>

- 1 Angels: Ye worms of earth our God admire,  
The God of angels praise;  
Men: Praise him for us ye angels choir,<sup>45</sup>  
The earth born sons of grace.<sup>46</sup>
- 2 Ang: His image view, in us display'd  
His nobler creatures view.  
Men: Lower than you our souls he made;  
But he redeem'd them too.
- 3 Ang: As gods we did in glory shine,  
Before the world began:  
Men: Our nature too becomes divine,  
And God himself is man.
- 4 Ang: He cloath'd us in these robes of light,  
The shadow of his Son:

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<sup>44</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 172–73.

<sup>45</sup>*HSP* (1742) read: "ye heavenly choir."

<sup>46</sup>*HSP* (1742) read "His earth-born sons."

- Men: We with transcendent glory bright  
Have Christ himself put on.
- 5 Ang: Spirits like him he made us be,  
A pure ethereal flame:  
Men: Join'd to the Lord, one spirit we  
With Jesus are the same.
- 6 Ang: We see him on his dazzling throne,  
Crowns he to us imparts:  
Men: To us the King of kings comes down  
And reigns within our hearts.
- 7 Ang: Pure as he did at first create,  
We angels never fell:  
Men: He saves us in<sup>47</sup> our lost estate,  
He rescues man from hell.
- 8 Ang: When others sinn'd,<sup>48</sup> we faithful prov'd,  
His love preserv'd us true:  
Men: Yet own that we are more belov'd,  
He never dy'd for you.
- 9 Ang: Worms of the earth, to you we own  
The nobler grace is giv'n:  
[Men]: Then praise with us the great Three One  
Till we all meet in heav'n.

**Free Grace.**<sup>49</sup>

- 1 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.

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<sup>47</sup>*HSP* (1742) read “saves us from.”

<sup>48</sup>*HSP* (1742) read “When others fell.”

<sup>49</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1739), 117–19.

Amazing love! How can it be  
That thou, my God, should'st 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 sound 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 quick'ning 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 the small inward voice I hear,  
That whispers all my sins forgiv'n:  
Still th' attoning 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, thro' Christ, my own.