

HYMNS
AND SACRED POEMS

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Let the word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another, in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the lord. (Col. 3:16)

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HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS (1739)

Editorial Introduction:

John Wesley's first two collections of religious song, *CPH* (1737) and *CPH* (1738), were designed to supplement regular patterns of Anglican worship, including public services. He continued a series with the title *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* throughout his life for this purpose.

In March 1739, the Wesley brothers issued the first in a new series of collected verse, titled *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. The switch from "psalms" to "poems" in the title reflects that this collection was intended less for formal Anglican worship and more for devotional use. The new collection was also the first to contain contributions by participants in the early Methodist revival — specifically, John Gambold and Charles Wesley (his earliest published verse). This made *HSP* (1739) more representative of the distinctive emphases of the Methodist movement. This characteristic grew in later volumes in the *HSP* series, rendering it more central than the *CPH* series to early Methodist worship in their homes and various group meetings. Reflecting its connection to the revival, *HSP* (1739) was the first collection that appeared with explicit attribution to either Wesley. While it bore the names of both brothers, printer records and diary entries make clear that John Wesley was the primary collector and editor of the work. John also authored the Preface to the volume.

Twenty-seven of the items in *HSP* (1739) were drawn from the earlier *CPH* volumes (indicated in the Table of Contents below in blue font). Wesley added nearly sixty additional selections from other identifiable authors, the majority coming from George George Herbert, John Gambold, and a German Moravian hymnal. Combined, these sources account for nearly two-thirds of the contents. Most of the remaining items are *likely* original contributions by John or Charles Wesley (and are indicated as such in the Table of Contents below by putting them in red font). The exact division in this regard is a bit unclear, as Wesley occasionally fails to identify the source when drawing on another writer. We have tried to locate these instances, but a few may remain unidentified.

The thornier issue is determining the specific authorship of the original contributions in this collection, because the Wesley brothers agreed from the beginning NOT to indicate individual authorship in their shared collections. In some cases the question can be settled by the survival of a particular item in Charles Wesley's manuscript collections of his work (indicated by adding [CW] after the title in the Table of Contents below). Beyond that, scholars are reduced to debating internal criteria for discerning when a poem might be by John rather than Charles. Two broad generalisations have emerged from this debate. First, unless there is strong evidence to the contrary (such as appearance in Charles' manuscript collections), scholars concur that John should be considered the author of the translations of German (and one Spanish) hymns. Second, scholars concur that the vast majority of the original contributions were penned by Charles, thus he should be considered the author unless compelling evidence is found to indicate otherwise. This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: August 20, 2012. 2 A sense of this debate can be gained by comparing Henry Bett, *The Hymns of Methodism in their Literary Relations* (London:

Epworth, 1920), 21–33; to Frank Baker, *Representative Verse of Charles Wesley* (New York: Abingdon, 1962).

Editions:

John and Charles Wesley. *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. London: Strahan, 1739.

2nd London: Strahan, 1739.

3rd London: Strahan, 1739.

4th Bristol: Farley, 1743 [incorporating *HSP* (1740)].

5th London, 1756 [incorporating *HSP* (1740)].

The second edition is significantly abridged, reducing the size of the volume by more than twenty percent. Among items removed are all of the selections from John Gambold, as well as Wesley's preface. The purpose of these revisions remains unclear. It should be noted that this edition also includes five new hymns, all likely by Charles Wesley. However, these hymns do not recur in the third edition, being moved instead to the distinct *HSP* (1740) collection. Readers will find them in that collection, with their earlier appearance noted. The third edition is a simple reprint of the first, with a few minor changes. The fourth and fifth editions of *HSP* (1739) incorporate a second volume in the series, *HSP* (1740). To accommodate the combined publication, about twenty-five items were eliminated from the original list, the majority being poems adapted from George George Herbert.

NOTE: John Wesley's personal copy of the 5th edition is present in the remnants of his personal library at Wesley's House, London (shelf mark, J. 23). Notations that he made in this copy are mentioned in the notes. The combined *HSP* (1739/40) was not reprinted after 1756 because Methodist worship relied increasingly on two alternative collections that John Wesley had introduced: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1753) and *Select Hymns, with Tunes Annexed* (1761). The most popular hymns from *HSP* (1739/40) were included in these collections.

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THE PREFACE

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

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

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

mention is made in the same chapter that when “there were added unto them three thousand souls,” “all that believed were together,” “and continued steadfastly” not only “in the apostles” doctrine,” but also “in fellowship and in breaking of bread,” and in praying “with one accord.”

Agreeable to which is the account the great Apostle gives of the manner which he had been taught of God, “for the perfecting of the saints”, “for the edifying of the body of Christ,” even to the end of the world. And according to Paul, “all” who will ever “come, in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ,” must together “grow up into him, from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted” (or strengthened) “by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love.” (Ephesians 4:15-16)

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

5. Directly opposite to this is the gospel of Christ. Solitary religion is not to be found there. “Holy solitaires” is a phrase no more consistent with the gospel than holy adulterers. The gospel of Christ knows of no religion but social; no holiness but social

holiness. “Faith working by love” is the length and breadth and depth and height of Christian perfection. “This commandment have we from Christ, that he who loveth God love his brother also;” and that we manifest our love “by doing good unto all men, especially to them that are of the household of faith.” And in truth, whosoever loveth his brethren not in word only, but as Christ loved him, cannot but be “zealous of good works.” He feels in his soul a burning, restless desire, of spending and being spent for them. “My father,” will he say, “worketh hitherto, and I work.” And at all possible opportunities he is, like his Master, “going about doing good.”

6. This then is the way. Walk ye in it, whosoever ye are that have believed in his name. Ye know, “Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ.” Ye feel that “by grace ye are saved through faith”; saved from sin by Christ formed “in your hearts,” and from fear by “his Spirit bearing witness with your spirit, that ye are the sons of God.” Ye are taught of God, “not to forsake the assembling of yourselves

together, as the manner of some is”; but to instruct, admonish, exhort, reprove, comfort, confirm, and every way build up one another. “Ye have an unction from the Holy One” that teacheth you to renounce any other or higher perfection than “faith working by love,” faith “zealous of good works,” faith “as it hath opportunity doing good unto all men.” “As ye have therefore received Jesus Christ the Lord, so walk ye in him; rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, and abounding therein” more and more. Only, “Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and

vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." For "ye are complete in him." "He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last." Only "continue in" him, "grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel." "And when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory!"

HYMNS

AND

SACRED POEMS

PART I.

Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator.

Samuel Wesley Sr

From the Greek

[1] Author of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Fullness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound:
Whether thee thy supplicants call
Truth, or good, or one, or all,
Ei or Iao; thee we hail
Essence that can never fail,
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same.

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

[3] Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced,
All, creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,
Sea, earth and air confess thee³ God:
Yet does thy powerful hand sustain

Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

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

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

[6] Source of light, thou bidst the sun
On his burning axles run;
The stars like dust around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky.
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So smooth his course, oblique or strait,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase her orb of light,
Imparted lustre; thus we see,
The solar virtue shines by thee.

[7] Eiresione we'll no more,
Imaginary power, adore;
Since oil, and wool, and cheering wine,
And life-sustaining bread are thine.

[8] Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains;
The olive, with fresh verdure crowned,
Rises pregnant from the ground;

At thy command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.
Minerva, only is thy mind,
Wisdom, and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
Herb and flower and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taste or smell or sight,
For food, for med'cine or delight;
Planted by thy parent care,
Spring and smile and flourish there.

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

[10] O ye immortal woods and groves,
Which the enamoured student loves;
Beneath whose venerable shade,
For thought and friendly converse made,
Famed Hecadem, old hero, lies,
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,
And Through the gloom of silent night
Projects from far its trembling light;
You, whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow;
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend:
Cedars and pines that wave above,
And the oak beloved of Jove.

[11] Omen, monster, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!
Whether various nature play,
Or re-inversed thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare
Famine, plague or wasteful war.
Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise
The threatening vengeance of the skies,
Whilst the pious, on his guard,
Undismayed is still prepared:
Life or death, his mind's at rest,
Since what thou sendest must needs be best.

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

[13] Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare!
Thou brak'st the haughty Persian's pride,
That dared old ocean's power deride;
Their shipwrecks strewed th' Eubean wave,
At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye blest Greeks who there expired,
For Greece with pious ardor fired,
What shrines or altars shall we raise
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die!

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

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

Solitude.

From the Latin.

[1] Solitude! Where shall I find
Thee, pleasing to the thoughtful mind!
Sweet delights to thee belong,
Untasted by the vulgar throughng.
Weary of vice and noise I flee,
Sweetest comforter, to thee.
Here the mild and holy dove

Peace inspires and joy and love.
Thy unmolested, silent shade
No tumultuous sounds invade:
No stain of guilt is seen in thee,
To soil thy spotless purity.
Here the smiling fields around
Softest harmony resound.
Here with angel quires combined,
The lord of his own peaceful mind
Glides Through life, from business far,
And noisy strife, and eating care.
Here, retired from pomp and state
(The envied torment of the great)
Innocent he leads his days,
Far from giddy thirst of praise.
Here his accounts with studious care
Preparing for the last great bar,
He weeps the stains of guilt away,
And ripens for eternal day.

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

[3] Ye rich, ye learned, ye great, confess
This in life is happiness,
To live (unknown to all abroad)
To myself only and my God.

The Mystery of Life.

John Gambold

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

2 So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice groveled far behind:
Oh, what is thought! And where withdraw

The glories which my fancy saw?

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

4 So many human souls divine,
Some at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship! Why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

5 So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardors from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! Why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

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

Epitaph.

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

Virtue.

Altered from George Herbert.

1 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,
Dazling the rash beholder's eye:
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 unnumbered 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 heaven a period find,
Begins a life that never dies!

Upon Listening to the Vibrations of a Clock.

John Gambold

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

Doomsday.

From George Herbert.

1 "Come to judgement, 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 judgement, come away!
This the last, the dreadful day.
Sovereign author, judge of all,
Dust obeys thy quickening call,
Dust no other voice will heed:
Thine the trump that wakes the dead.

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

4 Come to judgement, come away!
Wide disperst howe'er ye stray,
Lost in fire, or air, or main,
Kindred atoms meet again;
Sepulchred where'er ye rest,
Mixed with fish*, or bird, or beast.

5 Come to judgement, come away!
Help, O Christ, thy work's decay:
Man is out of order hurled,
Parceled out to all the world;
Lord, thy broken concert raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

Spiritual Slumber.

From the German.

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

2 Oh may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce throughhugh, dispel the shades of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:
With steps unwavering, undismayed
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With out-stretched 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 quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

6 Single of heart, Oh may I be,
Nothing may I desire but thee:
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from thy love!

Zeal.

1 Dead as I am, and cold my breast,
Untouched by thee, celestial zeal,
How shall I sing the unwonted guest?
How paint the joys I cannot feel?

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

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

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

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

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

7 Yet vain the fierce enthusiast's aim
With this to sanctify his cause;
To screen beneath this awful name
The persecuting sword he draws.

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

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

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

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

12 Now varied deaths their terrors spread,
Now threatening thousands rage — in vain!
Nor tortures can arrest its speed,
Nor worlds its energy restrain.

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

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

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

16 Come then, if mighty to redeem,
Christ purchased thee with blood divine:
Come, holy zeal! For thou through him,
Jesus himself through thee is mine!

On Reading Mon. de Renty's Life.

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

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

Vanity.

From George George Herbert.

1 The fleet astronomer travels o'er
The spheres with his sagacious mind,
Their stations views from door to door,
As if to purchase he designed:
Through all their circling orbs he goes,
And all their mazy wandrings knows.

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

3 The subtle chemist can divest
Gay nature of her various hue;
Stript of her thousand forms, confest
She stands, and naked to his view:

At distance other suitors stand;
Her inmost stores wait his command.

4 What has not man sought out and found,
But God? Who yet his glorious law
Plants in us; mellowing the ground
With showers and frost, with love and awe.
Poor, busy, foolish man! For death
In fire, and air, and sea, and land,
Throughugh heaven above, and earth beneath
Thou seekest; but missest life at hand.

Farewell to the World.

From the French.

1 World adieu, thou real cheat!
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Filled 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 renewed,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heaven above,
Object of the noblest love.

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

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 wandering 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.

Giddiness.

From George George Herbert.

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

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

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

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

5 Oh what were man, if his attire
Still varied with his varying mind!
If we his every new desire
Stamped on his altering form could find.

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

7 If God refuse our heart to turn,
Vain will his first creation be:
O make us daily! Or we spurn
Our own salvation, Lord, and thee!

To a Friend in Love.

John Gambold

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

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

[3] What art thou, love? Thou strange mysterious ill,
Whom none aright can know, though all can feel.
From careless sloth thy dull existence flows,
And feeds the fountain whence itself arose:
Silent its waves with baleful influence roll,
Damp the young mind, and sink th' aspiring soul
Poison its virtues, all its powers restrain,
And blast the promise of the future man.
To thee, curst fiend, the captive wretch consigned,
"His passions rampant, and his reason blind,"
Reason, heaven's great vicegerent, dares disown,
And place a foolish idol in its throne:
Or wildly raise his frantic raptures higher,
And pour out blasphemies at thy desire.
At thy desire he bids a creature shine,
He decks a worm with attributes divine;
Hers to angelic beauties dares prefer,
"Angels are painted fair to look like her!"
Before her shrine the lowly suppliant laid,
Adores the idol that himself has made:
From her almighty breath¹⁸ his doom receives,
Dies by her frown, as by her smile he lives.
Supreme she reigns in all-sufficient state,
To her he bows, from her expects his fate,
"Heaven in her love, damnation in her hate."
He rears unhallowed altars to her name,
Where lust lights up a black, polluted flame;
Where sighs impure, as impious incense rise,
Himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice:
And thus God's sacred word his horrid prayer supplies.

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

[5] But Oh forbear, presumptuous muse forbear,
Nor wound with rant profane the Christian ear:
A just abhorrence in my friend I see,
He starts from love, when love's idolatry.
"Give me thy heart," if the Creator cries,
"'Tis given the creature," what bold wretch replies?
Not so my friend — he wakes, he breathes again,
And "Reason takes once more the slackened rein."
In vain rebellious nature claims a part,
When heaven requires, he gives up all his heart:
("For love divine no partnership allows,
And heaven averse rejects divided vows")
Fixt though she be, he rends the idol thence,
Nor lets her power exceed omnipotence.
Commands his God, "Cut off th' offending hand?"
He hears, obedient to his God's command:
"Pluck out thine eye," let the Redeemer say;
He tears, and casts the bleeding orb away.
Victorious now to nobler joys aspires,
His bosom, touched with more than earthly fires:
He leaves rough passion for calm virtue's road,
Gives earth for heaven, and quits a worm for God.

1 Tim. 5:6, "She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth."

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

[2] A goddess here, she sees her voteries meet,
Crowd to her shrine, and tremble at her feet;
She hears their vows, believes their life and death

Hangs on the wrath and mercy of her breath;
Supreme in fancied state she reigns her hour,
And glories in her plenitude of power:
Herself the only object worth her care,
Since all the kneeling world was made for her.
[3] For her, creation all its stores displays,
The silkworms labour, and the diamonds blaze:
Air, earth, and sea conspire to tempt her taste,
And ransacked nature furnishes the feast.
Life's gaudiest pride attracts her willing eyes,
And balls, and theaters, and courts arise:
Italian songsters pant her ear to please,
Bid the first cries of infant reason cease,
Save her from thought, and lull her soul to peace.

[4] Deep sunk in sense th' imprisoned soul remains,
Nor knows its fall from God, nor feels its chains:
Unconscious still, sleeps on in error's night,
Nor strives to rise, nor struggles into light:
Heaven-born in vain, degenerate cleaves to earth,
(No pangs experienced of the second birth)
She only faln, yet unawakened found,
While all the enthralled creation groans around.

John 15:18-19, 21

1 Where has my slumbering 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! Though myself increased the throughng,
Myself a part I never knew.

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

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

5 Oh may I of thy grace obtain
The world with other eyes to see:
Its judgements false, its pleasures vain,

Its friendship enmity with thee.

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

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 power.

8 Excluded from my Saviour's prayer,
Stained, yet not hallowed, with his blood,
Shalt thou my fond affection share,
Shalt thou divide my heart with God?

9 No! Though it rouse thy utmost rage,
Eternal enmity I vow:
Though hell with thine its powers engage,
Prepared 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!

Hymn to Contempt.

1 Welcome, contempt! Stern, faithful guide,
Unpleasing, healthful food!
Hail pride-sprung antidote of pride,
Hail evil turned to good!

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

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

4 Present to end the doubtful strife,
Thy aid he soon shall feel;
Confirmed by thee, though warm in life,
Bid the vain world farewell.
5 Through thee he treads the shining way
That saints and martyrs trod,
Shakes off the frailty of his clay,
And wings his soul for God.

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

7 Sent by almighty pity down,
To thee alone 'tis given
With glorious infamy to crown
The favourites of heaven.

8 With thee heaven's favorite Son, when made
Incarnate, deigned to abide;
To thee he meekly bowed his head,
He bowed his head, and dyed.

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

10 Or firm Through him and undismayed,
Thy sharpest darts abide?
Sharp as the thorns that tore his head,
The spear that pierced his side.

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

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

The Agony.

From George Herbert.

1 Vain man has measured land and sea,

Fathomed the depths of states and kings,
O'er earth and heaven explored his way:
Yet there are two vast spacious things,
To measure which doth more behove,
Yet few that sound them! Sin and love.
2 Who would know sin, let him repair
To Calvary: there shall he see
A man so pained, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments bloody be!
Sin is that rack, which forces pain
To hunt its food Through every vein.

3 Wouldst thou know love? Behold the God,
The man, who for thy ransom dyed:
Go taste the sacred fount that flowed
Fast-streaming from his wounded side!
Love, is that liquor most divine,
God feels as blood, but I as wine.

The Thanksgiving.

From the Same [George Herbert]

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

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

3 Givest 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 music find: each string
Shall have his attribute to sing;
And every note accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.

5 Giv'st thou me knowledge? It shall still
Search out thy ways, thy works, thy will:
Yes, 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 [George Herbert].

1 Well have I weighed it, Lord, and find
Thy mighty passion mocks my skill:
Though I die for thee, I'm behind;
My sins deserve the death to feel.

2 Oh were I innocent, that I
Might bring thee offerings pure and free!
Still my attempt thy wounds defy,
For they require me dead for thee.

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!

Matins.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 I cannot open, Lord, mine eyes,
But thou art ready still to claim
My morning soul in sacrifice:
Thine then the foll'wing day I am.

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

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

4 To serve his God, is man's estate;
This glorious task asks all his care:
He did not earth and heaven create,

But may know him by whom they are.

5 Teach me at last thy love to know —
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman show:
A sun-beam lifts me then to thee!

Employment.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 The flower now blooms, now hangs its head,
So fleets my shortlived day!
O may my useful fragrance spread
Before I fade away!

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

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

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

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

The Elixir.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 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 senses' 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 unopposed may through it pass,
And heaven behind descry.

4 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

5 If done to obey thy laws,
Even servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

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

Grace Before Meat.

1 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 Oh 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 [Grace Before Meat].

1 Enslaved 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;
Changed they exert a fatal power,
And poison while they feed.

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

4 Grovelling on earth we still must lie
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ descending from on high
Infected nature heal.

5 Come then, our heavenly Adam, come!
Thy healing influence give;
Hallow our food, reverse 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 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.

1 Being of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

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

3 Heavenward our every 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 to embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill!

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.

On Clemens Alexandrinus's Description of a Perfect Christian.

John Gambold

1 Here from afar the finished height
Of holiness is seen:
But Oh what heavy tracts of toil,
What deserts lie between?

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

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

4 Learn thou the whole of mortal state
In stilness to sustain;
Nor sooth with false delights of earth
Whom God has doomed to pain.

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

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

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

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

Affliction.

From George Herbert.

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

2 I viewed thy furniture so fine,
So gay, so rich; and all for me!
Strongly it spoke the hand divine,
And lured my ravished soul to thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both heaven and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

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

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

5 My flesh chastised with torturing pain
My soul, and sickness clave my bones;

Pale agues dwelt in every vein,
And sadly tuned my breath to groans.
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce perceived,
But by the pains I suffered, that I lived.

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

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

8 Yet must I, though oppress, submit
Strongly my misery to sustain —
Or I will now the service quit,
And strait some other master gain —
Ah! My dear Lord, though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not!

Frailty.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

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

3 Oh brook not this; let not thy foes
Profane thy hallowed shrine:
Thine is my soul, by sacred vows
Of strictest union thine!
Hear then my just, though late request,
Once more the captive free;
Renew thy image in my breast,
And claim my heart for thee.

The Collar.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

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

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

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

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

6 Conscience and reason's power deride,
Let stronger nature draw,
Self be thy end, and sense thy guide,
And appetite thy law.

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

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

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

Grace.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 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 nightos captives: Oh 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.

6 Oh 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 [George Herbert].

1 Thou, who hast given so much to me,
O 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 given 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 sullyng all thy rooms;
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And still thy suppliant comes.

5 Yet thy unwearied love went on;
Allowed us all our noise;
Nay thou hast dignified 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 be thy praise!

The Method.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

2 Doubtless thy heavenly Father could
Give all thy suit does move;
For he is power: and sure he would
Give all; for he is love.

3 Go then the secret cause explore,
Go search thy inmost soul:
Let earth divide thy care no more,
Since heaven requires the whole.
4 Ha! What do I here written see?
It tells me "Yesterday
Cold I preferred my careless plea,
And only seemed to pray."

5 But stay — what read I written there?
"Something I would have done;
His Spirit moved 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 [George Herbert].

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

2 Then mirth be ever banished hence,
Since thou art pained 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 Oh! To exact thy due forbear,
And spare a feeble creature, spare!

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 Sigh.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

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

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

The Flower.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 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.
Refreshed I hail the gladsome day,
As flowers salute the rising spring.

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

3 These are thy wonders, Lord of power,

Killing and quickening! One short hour
Lifts up to heaven, and sinks to hell:
Thy will supreme disposes all;
We prove thy justice in our fall,
Thy mercy in our rise we feel.
4 Oh that my latest change were o'er!
O were I placed where sin no more
With its attendant grief, could come!
Stranger to change, I then should rise
Amidst the plants of paradise,
And flourish in eternal bloom.

5 Many a spring since here I grew,
I seemed my verdure to renew,
And higher still to rise and higher:
Watered by tears, and fanned by sighs,
I poured my fragrance Through the skies,
And heavenward ever seemed to 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 flowers that bloom and die!
Soon as this saving truth we see,
Within thy garden placed by thee,
Time we survive, and death defy.

Desertion.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 Joy of my soul, when thou art gone,
And I (which cannot be) alone;
(It cannot, Lord! For I on thee
Depend, and thou abidest in me.)

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

3 Oh what a damp and deadly shade,
What horrors then my soul invade!
Less ghastly lowers the gloomiest night
Than the eclipse that veils thy light.

4 Oh 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;
Pursued by sin's insulting boast,
That "I may seek — but thou art lost!"

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

A True Hymn.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 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.

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

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 moved;
And when it says with longing sighs
"O could I love!" God writeth "Loved!"

The Temper.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Same [The Temper].

[From George Herbert].

1 It cannot be! Is this the heart
That swelled so late with mighty joy?
Lord, if thou needs must use thy dart,
Spare thy own gifts, and sin destroy.

2 The greater world knows no decay;

But thy diviner world of grace
A new Creator every day
Thou suddenly dost rear or rase.

3 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
That all my powers thy sway may own:
For ah! My Lord, if thou depart,
Strait rebel nature mounts thy throne.

4 Though heaven be moved, may I remain
Stedfast, and centred firm on thee:
Here fix thy court, and still maintain
A standing majesty in me!

Bitter-Sweet.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 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.

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

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

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.⁴⁸

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 exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans;
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And laboring 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 possest, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

After Considering Some of His Friends.

John Gambold

1 Why do the deeds of happier men
Into a mind return,
Which can, opprest by bands of sloth,
With no such ardors burn?

2 God of my life and all my powers,
The everlasting friend!
Shall life so favoured in its dawn,
Be fruitless in its end?

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

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

5 Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood:
6 Thy dew came down — my heart was thine,
It knew nor doubt nor strife;
Cool now and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.

7 Full of myself I oft forsook
The now, the truth, and thee,
For sanguine hope, or sensual gust,
Or earth-born sophistry:

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

9 Still will I hope for voice and strength
To glorify thy name;
Though I must die to all thatos mine,
And suffer all my shame.

Religious Discourse.

Rev. John Gambold

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

[2] But who must talk? Not the mere modern sage
Who suits the softened gospel to the age;
Who ne'er to raise degenerate practice strives,
But brings the precept down to Christian's lives,
Not he, who maxims from cold reading took,
And never saw himself but Through a book:
Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace,
Soon sinks extinguished as a cometos blaze.
Nor he, who strains in scripture-phrase to abound
Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound:
But he, who silence loves; and never dealt

In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.

[3] Guilty you speak, if subtle from within
Blows on your words the self-admiring sin:
If unresolved to choose the better part,
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart,
But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind
Above self-seeking blest, on God reclined,
Feels him at once suggest unlaboured sense,
And ope a sluice of sweet benevolence.
Some high behasts of heaven you then fulfil,
Spring from his light your words, and issuing by his will.

[4] Nor yet expect so *mystically* long,
Till certain inspiration loose your tongue:
Express the precept runs, "Do good to all;"
Nor adds, "Whene'er you find an inward call."
'Tis God commands: no farther motive seek,
Speak or without, or with reluctance speak:
To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,
And kindle, till you catch the gospel-fire.

[5] Discoveries immature of truth decline,
Nor prostitute the gospel pearl to swine.
Beware, too rashly how you speak the whole,
The vileness, or the treasures of your soul.
If spurned by some, where weak on earth you lie,
If judged a cheat or dreamer, where you fly;
Here the sublimer strain, th' exerted air
Forego; you're at the bar, not in the chair.

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

[7] All rules are dead: 'tis from the heart you draw
The living lustre, and unerring law.
A state of thinking in your manner show,
Nor fiercely soaring, nor supinely low:

Others their lightness and each inward fault
Quench in the stilness of your deeper thought,
Let all your gestures fix attention draw,
And wide around diffuse infectious awe;
Present with God by recollection seem,
Yet present, by your chearfulness, with them.

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

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

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

[11] Some gentle souls, to gay indifference true,
Nor hope, nor fear, nor think the more for you.
Let love turn babbler here, and caution sleep,
Blush not for shallow speech, nor muse for deep;
These to your humour, not your sense attend,
'Tis not the advice that sways them, but the friend.
Others have large recesses in their breast,
With pensive process all they hear digest:
Here well-weighed words with wary foresight sow,
For all you say will sink, and every seed will grow.

[12] At first acquaintance press each truth severe,
Stir the whole odium of your character:
Let harshest doctrines all your words engross,
And nature bleeding on the daily cross.
Then to yourself th' ascetic rule enjoin,
To others stoop surprizingly benign;
Pitying, if from themselves with pain they part,
If stubborn nature long holds out the heart.

Their outworks now are gained; forbear to press
The more you urge them, you prevail the less;
Let speech lay by its roughness to oblige,
Your speaking life will carry on the siege:
By your example struck, to God they strive
To live, no longer to themselves alive.

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

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

[15] But lest reformed from each extremer ill,
They should but civilize old nature still,
The loftier charms and energy display
Of virtue modeled by the Godhead's ray;
The lineaments divine, perfection's plan,
And all the grandeur of the inner man.
Commences thus the agonising strife
Previous to nature's death, and second life:
Struck by their own inclement piercing eye,
Their feeble virtues blush, subside and die;
They view the scheme that mimic nature made,
A fancied goodness, and religion's shade;
With angry scorn they now reject the whole,
Unchanged their heart, undeified their soul;
Till indignation sleeps away to faith,
And God's own power and peace take root in sacred wrath.

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

Man's Medley.

From George Herbert.

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

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

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

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

5 His joys are double — and his pains;
While of two winters he complains,
The brute creation feels but one:
Round, and within him tempests roll;
Frost chills his veins, and thought his soul;
Two deaths he fears, and he alone.

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

Misery.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 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 awed by fear, nor charmed 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,
Unmarked 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 they haste, while nature leads,
To escape thee; but thy gracious Dove
Still mildly o'er their folly spreads
The wings of his expanded love:
Thou bring'st them back, nor sufferest 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 compared to thee.
Oh how shall sinful worms proclaim,
Shall man presume to speak thy name?
7 Man cannot serve thee: all his care
Engrossed 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 heaven thy soul prefers;

Careless the starry crown to seize,
By pleasure bound, or lulled by ease.

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

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 offering 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 lived; he lived to God alone:
His heart was love, his pulse was praise,
And light and glory decked his face.

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

The Sinner.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

2 Oh break my bonds, let sin enthrall
My struggling soul no more;
Hear thy fallen creature's feeble call,
Thine image Oh restore!
And though my heart senseless and hard
To thee can scarcely groan,

Yet Oh remember, gracious Lord,
Thou once didst write in stone!

Repentance.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

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

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

4 When thou for sin rebukest man,
His drooping heart is filled with pain;
Blasted his strength, his beauty too
Consumes away as morning dew.

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

Complaining.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1. Thou, Lord, my power and wisdom art,
O do not then reject my heart!
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust I am
That calls, Oh 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? — Shows thy word
Through every 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, Oh contract the wretched span;
So shall I mount from sorrow free,
And find relief and heaven in thee!

Home.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 Faint is my head, and sick my heart,
While thou dost ever, ever stay!
Fixed in my soul I feel thy dart,
Groaning I feel it night and day:
Come, Lord, and shew thyself to me,
Or take, Oh 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 flowed!
Come, Lord, and shew [thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take me up to thee!

3 When man was lost, *LOVE* looked about,
To see what help in earth or sky:
In vain; for none appeared without,
The help did in thy bosom lie!
Come, Lord, [and shew thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take me up to thee!

4 There lay thy Son: but left his rest
Thralldom and misery to remove
From those, who glory once possest,
But wantonly abused thy love.
Come, Lord, and show thyself to me,
Or take, Oh, take me up to thee!

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, and show thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take me up to thee!

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, [and shew thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take me up to thee!

7 Why should this weary world delight,
Or sense the immortal Spirit bind?
Why should frail beauty's charms invite,
The trifling charms of womankind?
Come, Lord, and show thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take me up to thee!

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, and show thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take me up to thee!

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 thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take me up to thee!

10 Idly we talk of harvests here,
Eternity our harvest is:
Grace brings the great sabbatic year,
When ripened into glorious bliss.
Come, Lord, and show thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take, me up to thee!

11 Oh loose this frame, life's knot untie,
That my free soul may use her wing;
Now pinioned with mortality,
A weak, entangled, wretched thing!
Come, Lord, and show thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take, me up to thee!

12 Why should I longer stay and groan?
The most of me to heaven is fled:
My thoughts and joys are thither gone;
To all below I now am dead.
Come, Lord, and show thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take, me up to thee!

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 show thyself to me,
Or take, Oh take, me up to thee!

Longing.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

2 Withered 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 not to the winds my prayer:
Thy name, thy hallowed 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 sufferings 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! — Every atom bids thee come!

8 'Tis thine to help! Forget me not!
O be thy mercy ne'er forgot!
Locked 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 stiled
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.

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

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 [George Herbert].

1 Whither, Oh whither art thou fled,
My Saviour and my love?
My searches are my daily bread,
Yet unsuccessful prove.
My knees on earth, on heaven mine eye
Is fixed; and yet the sphere,
And yet the centre 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 withered I decay.
Yet can I mark how stars above
With conscious lustre shine,
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,
Winged like an arrow; but my scout
Returned alas! In vain.
Another from my endless store
I turned into a groan,
Because 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, compared to this,
And heaven and hell conjoin.
Take then these bars, these lengths away,
Turn and restore my soul:
Thy love omnipotent display,
Approach! And make me whole.

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

Discipline.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 Oh, throw away thy rod,
Oh, throw away thy wrath!
My gracious Saviour and my God,
Oh 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 even 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 Oh then let wrath remove:
For love will do the deed!
Love will the conquest gain; with love
Even 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.

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 Oh throw away thy rod;
What though man frailties hath?
Thou art my Saviour and my God!
Oh throw away thy wrath!

Divine Love.

From the German.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, 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 though my will

Be fixed, yet wide my passions rove.
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

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 wandring 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 every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

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

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 power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love is all my choice!

Written at the Beginning of a Recovery from Sickness.

1 Peace, fluttering soul! The storm is o'er,

Ended at last the doubtful strife:
Respiring now, the cause explore
That bound thee to a wretched life.

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

3 'Twas not the searching pain within
That filled my coward flesh with fear;
Nor conscience of uncanceled sin;
Nor sense of dissolution near.

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

5 Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,
Could I his purer presence bear?
Unchanged, unhallowed, unrenewed
Could I before his face appear?

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

7 My nature re-exchange for thine;
Be thou my life, my hope, my gain;
Arm me in panoply divine,
And death shall shake his dart in vain.

8 When I thy promised Christ have seen,
And clasped him in my soul's embrace,
Possess of my salvation, then —
Then, let me, Lord, depart in peace!

After a Recovery from Sickness.

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

2 Wond'ring I ask, is this the breast

Struggling so late and torn with pain!
The eyes that upward looked for rest,
And dropped their weary lids again!

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

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

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

6 Jesus to my deliverance flew,
Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay:
Pale death his ancient conqueror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasped his prey!

7 The fever turned its backward course,
Arrested by almighty power;
Sudden expired its fiery force,
And anguish gnawed 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 power
I consecrate my lengthened days;
While marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

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

11 Be all my added life employed
Thy image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void;
Enlarge my heart to compass thee!

12 Oh 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:
Oh 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 heaven 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 promised 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 Conviction.

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

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 I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou knowest the baseness of my mind
Wayward, and impotent and blind,

Thou knowest how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill:
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed 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 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 business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

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 ecstasy unspeakable;
While the full power of FAITH I know,
And reign triumphant here below.

The 53rd Chapter of Isaiah.

1 Who hath believed the tidings? Who?
Or felt the joys our words impart?
Gladly confessed our record true,
And found the Saviour in his heart?
Planted in nature's barren ground,
And cherished by Jehovah's care,

There shall th' 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 despised of men,
A Man of Grievs, inured to woe;
His only intimate is pain,
And grief is all his life below.
We saw, and from the irksome sight
Disdainfully our faces turned;
Hell followed him with fierce despight,
And earth the humble abject⁷³ scorned.

4 Surely for us he humbled was,
And grieved with sorrows not his own:
Of all his woes were we the cause,
We filled his soul with pangs unknown.
Yet him the offender we esteemed,
Stricken by heaven's vindictive rod,
Afflicted for himself we deemed,
And punished by an angry God.

5 But Oh! With our transgressions stained,
For our offence he wounded was;
Ours were the sins that bruised and pained
And scourged, and nailed him to the cross.
The chastisement that bought our peace,
To sinners due, on him was laid:
Conscience be still! Thy terrors cease!
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid.

6 What though we all as wandring sheep
Have left our God, and loved to stray,
Refused his mild commands to keep,
And madly urged the downward way;
Father, on him thy bolt did fall,
The mortal law thy Son fulfilled,
Thou laid'st on him the guilt of all,
And by his stripes we all are healed.

7 Accused his mouth he opened not,
He answered not by wrongs oppressed;

Pure though he was from sinful spot
Our guilt he *silently* confessed!
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!

8 Who could his heavenly birth declare
When bound by man he silent stood,
When worms arraigned him at their bar,
And doomed to death th' eternal God!
Patient the sufferings to sustain
The vengeance to transgressors due,
Guiltless he groaned and died for man:
Sinners rejoice, he died for you!

9 For your *imputed* guilt he bled,
Made sin a sinful world to save;
Meekly he sunk among the dead:
The rich supplied an honoured grave?
For Oh! Devoid of sin, and free
From actual or intailed offence,
No sinner in himself was he,
But pure and perfect innocence.

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

11 His numerous seed he now shall see,
Scattered Through all the earth abroad,
Blest with his immortality,
Begot by him, and born of God.
Head to his church o'er all below
Long shall he here his sons sustain;
Their bounding hearts his power shall know,
And bless the loved Messiah's reign.

12 'Twixt God and them he still shall stand
The children whom his Sire hath given,
Their cause shall prosper in his hand
While RIGHTEOUSNESS looks down from heaven.
While pleased he counts the ransomed 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.
My righteous servant and my son
Shall each believing sinner clear,
And all, who stoop to 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 charged with all their guilt he stood,
Sinners from suffering to redeem,
For them he poured out all his blood,
Their substitute, he died for them.
He died; and rose his death to plead,
To testify their sins forgiven —
And still I hear him interceed,
And still he makes their claim to heaven!

Hebrews 12:2.

“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.

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

Galatians 3:22.

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

1 Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee
Lost and undone for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin —
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole,
Falen, till in me thine image shine,
And cursed I am till thou art mine.

3 Hear, Jesu, hear my helpless cry,
Oh save a wretch condemned to die!
The sentence in myself I feel,
And all my nature teems with hell.

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

5 Awake, the woman's conquering seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head,
Tread down thy foes, with power controul
The beast and devil in my soul.

6 The mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there!
'Tis this alone can make me clean,
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

7 Long have I vainly hoped and strove
To force my hardness into love,
To give thee all thy laws require;
And laboured in the purging fire.

8 A thousand specious arts essayed,
Called the deep *Mystic* to my aid:
His boasted skill the brute refined,
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! Constrained 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
Abandoned 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 damned — 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.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 My soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee her source my spirit flies,
My wants I mourn, my chains I see:
O let thy presence set me free!

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

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

4 In life's short day let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore:
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm from wandring 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,
Pleased from myself to set me free.

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

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

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 even now am blest.
10 When my warmed thoughts I fix on thee,
And plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
Then even on me thy face shall shine,
And quicken this dead heart of mine.

11 So even in storms my zeal shall grow;
So shall I thy hid sweetness know;
And feel (what endless age shall prove)
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love!

The Dawning.

From George Herbert.

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

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

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

4 Cheared by thy Saviour's sorrows rise;
He grieved, that thou mayst cease to grieve;
Dry with his burial clothes thine eyes,
He dyed himself, that thou mayst live!

Matthew 5:3.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

1 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,
Scattered 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 displicence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,

A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee.

4 For thee my spirit often pants,
Yet often in pursuing faints,
Drooping it soon neglects to aspire,
To fan the ever-dying fire:
No more thy glory's skirts are seen,
The world, the creature steals between;
Heavenward no more my wishes move,
And I forget that thou art love.

5 O sovereign love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die.
Save me from death, from hell set free,
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quickened by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possesst of thee, I am;
My life, my only heaven thou art:
And lo! I feel thee in my heart!

The Change.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 Jesu, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veiled before thy presence stand:
How shall weak eyes of flesh, weighed 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 silence speaks; and cries,
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"
I know thou canst not but be good!

How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace restrain?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so largely flowed
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!
Oh 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 thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray.
Let thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be,
My joy to endure, and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee!

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

HYMNS

AND

SACRED POEMS.

Part II.

Christ the Friend of Sinners.
Charles Wesley

1 Where shall my wondering soul begin?

How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
And sing my great Deliverer's praise!

2 Oh how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast showed,
That I, a child of wrath, and hell,
I should be called a child of God!
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

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

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 to 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 Oh 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 flowed
In pardons from his wounded side:

Languished for you th' eternal God,
For you the Prince of Glory dyed.
Believe; and all your guilt 's91 forgiven,
Only believe — and yours is heaven.

On the Conversion of a Common Harlot.

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

1 Sing, ye heavens, and earth rejoice,
Make to God a chearful noise,
He the work alone hath done,
He hath glorified his Son.

2 Sons of God exulting rise
Join the triumph of the skies,
See the prodigal is come,
Shout to bear the wanderer 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 throughugh ages all along,
This be still the joyous song,
Wide diffused o'er earth abroad,
Music in the ears of God.

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

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 heavens, and earth adore!

Hallelujah.

Romans 4:5.

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

1 Lord, if to me thy grace hath given,
A spark of life, a taste of heaven,
The gospel-pearl, the woman's seed,
The bruiser of the serpent's head;

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, o'erwhelmed, and lost in sin,
And seemingly extinct within,
Th' immortal seed unactive lies,
The heavenly Adam sinks and dies:

4 Dies, and revives the dying flame.
Cast down, but not destroyed I am,
'Midst thousand lusts I still respire,
And tremble, unconsumed in fire.

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

Acts 1:4.

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

1 Saviour of men, how long shall I
Forgotten at thy footstool lie!
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Yet groaning still to be renewed;

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

3 Darksome I still remain and void,
And painfully unlike my God,
Till thou diffuse a brighter ray,
And turn the glimmering 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 ransomed 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 promised 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 forgiven,
In Christ my life, my love, my heaven!

Hymn of Thanksgiving to the Father.

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

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 wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity looked me near:
Me thy bowels yearned 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:
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-pleased the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

Hymn to the Son.

1 Oh filial deity,
Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for *me*, for *me* hast dyed!

2 Of life thou art the tree,
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive,
Thou the true, the heavenly vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

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

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;
Nourished 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 atoned for all.
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my⁹⁸ prayers,
These presenting with thy own.

8 Jesu! Thou art my King,
From thee my strength I bring!
Shadowed by thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand
Strong as thy omnipotence.

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

Hymn to the Holy Spirit.

1 Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,
My inward Comforter!
Loosed by thee my stammering tongue
First essays to praise thee now,
This the new, the joyful song,
Hear it in thy temple thou!

2 Long o'er my formless soul
The dreary waves did roll;
Void I lay and sunk in night:
Thou, the overshadowing Dove,
Calledst 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, even 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 prayer,
My promised Comforter!
Thee the world cannot receive,
Thee they neither know nor see,
Dead is all the life they live,
Dark their light, while void of thee.

6 Yet I partake thy grace
Through Christ my righteousness;
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,
Mine the unction from above,
Pardon written on my heart,
Light, and life, and joy, and love.

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

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!

9 Pledge of thy promise given,
My antepast of heaven;
Earnest thou of joys divine,
Joys divine on me bestowed,
Heaven 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
Stayed by faith, and led by thee!

11 Hear, Holy Spirit, hear,
My inward Comforter!

Loosed by thee my stammering tongue
First essays to praise thee now;
This the new, the joyful song,
Hear it in thy temple thou!

Praise.

From George Herbert.

1 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,
Marked all the workings of my breast,
And hast in mercy spared.

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 cried?
Thou didst the sinner spare:
In vain the accuser still replied,
For love had charmed thy ear.

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

6 Softened and vanquished by my tears
Thou couldest no more withstand,
But when stern justice called for fears,
Disarmed her lifted hand.

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

The Glance.

From the Same [George Herbert].

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

2 My soul in all its powers renewed
Owned the divine Physician's art,
So swift the healing look bedewed,
Embalmed, o'er-ran and filled my heart.

3 Since then I many a bitter storm
Have felt, and feeling sure had dyed,
Had the malicious fatal harm
Rolled on its unmolested tide:

4 But working still, within my soul,
Thy sweet original joy remained;
Thy love did all my griefs controul,
Thy love the victory more than gained.

5 If the first glance, but opened now
And now sealed up, so powerful prove,
What wondrous transports shall we know
When glorying in thy full-eyed 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.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf,

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

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 every thought aspire.

7 So shall my every power to thee
In love, thanks, praise incessant rise,
Yes 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 given,
Here as in heaven thy name we raise,
For where thy presence shines, is heaven.

Free Grace.

Charles Wesley

1 And can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood!
Died he for me? — Who caused his pain!
For me? — Who him to death pursued.
Amazing love! How can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
Let angel minds enquire no more.

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

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

5 Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of hostile heaven:
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 clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, Through Christ, my own.

The Call.

From George Herbert.

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

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.

From the Same [George Herbert].

1 When first my feeble verse essayed,
Of heavenly joys to sing,

Fancy was summoned to my aid
Her choicest stores to bring.

2 With studied words each rising thought
/I decked, with nicest art,
And shining metaphors I sought
To burnish every part.

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

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

5 Meanwhile I whispering heard a friend,
"Why all this vain pretence?
Love has a sweetness ready penned,
Take that, and save expence."

The Dialogue.

From the Same [George Herbert].

Saint

1 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.

Christ

2 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.

Saint

3 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!

Christ
4 This I would — that humbly still
Thou submit to my decree,
Blindly 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 —

Saint
5 Ah! No more — thou breakest my heart!

Subjection to Christ.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 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 heaven thou fillest with pure desire;
Oh shine upon my frozen breast;
With sacred warmth my heart inspire,
May I too thy hid sweetness taste.

3 I see thy garments rolled in blood,
Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side:
All hail, thou suffering, conquering God!
Now man shall live; for God hath dyed.

4 Oh 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. Antoinette Bourignon

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

2 Oh 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 its flattering 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.

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 resolved to live.

8 Thee I can love and thee alone
With holy peace and inward bliss;
To find thou tak'st me for thy own,
Oh what a happiness is this!

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

10 Thy gifts, if called for, I resign,
Pleased to receive, pleased to restore;
Gifts are thy work; it shall be mine
The giver only to adore.

The Invitation.

From George Herbert.

1 Come hither all, whose grov'ling taste
Inslaves your souls, and lays them waste;
Save your expence, and mend your cheer:
Here God himself's prepared 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 drunk 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 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 [George Herbert].

1 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 derived to earth below
To cheer us with immortal wine.

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

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

5 Soon as his love has raised me up,
He mingles blessings in a cup,
And sweetly meets my ravished taste,
Joyous I now throw off my load,
I cast my sins and care on God,
And wine 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 Oh let thy wondrous mercy's praise
Inspire and consecrate my lays,
And take up all my lines and life;
Thy praise my every breath employ:
Be all my business, all my joy
To strive in this, and love the strife!

“Therefore with Angels, &c.”

1 Lord and God of heavenly powers,
Theirs — yet Oh! Benignly ours,
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant 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 heaven and earth adored!”
Full of thee, they ever cry
“Glory be to God most high!”

“Glory Be to God on High, &c.”

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

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

3 Hail! By all thy works adored,
Hail! The everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
Lord of power, and God of love.

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 attonement thou!
Jesu, in thy name we pray,
Take, Oh take, our sins away.

6 Powerful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's attonement thou!

7 Hear; for thou, O Christ alone
With thy glorious Sire art one!
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One supreme eternal Three.

Hymn to Christ.

William Birchley [i.e., John Austin]
Altered from Dr. Hickeys's *Reformed Devotions*.

1 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.

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
Pouredst out thy life's last drop of blood,
Nailed to th' accursed shameful cross:
Oh 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 power took'st life again,
And Conqueror from the grave didst rise:
O may thy death our souls revive,
And even on earth a new life give,
A glorious life that never dies.
5 Jesu, who to thy heaven again
Returnedst in triumph, there to reign
Of men and angels sovereign King:
O may our parting souls take flight
Up to that land of joy and light,
And there for ever grateful sing.

6 All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided deity,
All honour, power, and love and praise;
Still may thy blessed name shine bright
In beams of uncreated light,
Crowned with its own eternal rays.

On the Crucifixion.

Samuel Wesley Sr

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
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 63rd Chapter of Isaiah.

Altered from Mr. John Norris.

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 dyed crimson robes outvie
The blushes of the morning sky:
Lo, how triumphant he appears
And victory 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 foiled with this all-conquering hand:
'Tis I, the Lord mighty to save.

3 Why wearest thou then this crimson dye;
Say thou all-conquering hero, why?
Why do thy garments look all red
Like them that in the wine-fat tread?
The wine-press I alone have trod,
That ponderous mass I plyed alone:
And with me to assist was none:
A task, worthy the Son of God!

4 Angels stood trembling at the sight,
Inraged, I put forth all my might,
And down the engine prest; the force
Put frightened nature out of course;
The blood gushed out, and chequered o'er
My garments with its deepest gore.
With glorious stains bedecked 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 looked, who to assist stood by:
Trembled heaven's hosts nor ventured nigh:
Even to my Father did I look
In pain: my Father me forsook!

6 A while amazed I was to see
None to uphold or comfort me:
Then I arose in might arrayed,
And called my fury to my aid;
My single arm the battle won,

And strait th' acclaiming hosts above
Hymned, in new songs of joy and love,
Jehovah and his conquering Son.

The Magnificat.

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

2 Sorrow and sighs are fled away,
Peace now I feel, and joy and rest:
Renewed 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!

4 Thy conquering arm with terror crowned
Appeared 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 raised the worms of earth on high
With majesty and glory crowned.

6 The rich have pined amidst their store,
Nor e'er the way of peace have trod;
Mean while the hungry souls thy power
Filled with the fulness of their God.

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

Psalm 46.

David Lewis

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

2 Plunged in th' abyss of deep distress,
To him we raised our cry:
His mercy bad our sorrows cease,
And filled our tongue with joy.
3 Though earth her ancient seat forsake
By pangs convulsive torn,
Though her self-balanced fabrick shake,
And ruined nature mourn:

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

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 every side:
The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,
And Jacob's God our guide.

Psalm 113

Samuel Wesley Sr.

1 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 satisfied with praising, bless.

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

3 The various tribes of earth obey
Thy awful and imperial sway;
Nor earth thy sovereign power confines;
Above the sun's all-cheering light,

Above the stars, and far more bright
Thy pure essential glory shines.

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

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 placed,
With power and love and wisdom graced,
May sing aloud his Saviour's praise.

Psalm 116.

Samuel Wesley Sr.

1 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 prayed,
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 every side I found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, I prayed,
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 delightest 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 eyes no longer drowned in tears,
My feet from falling free,
Redeemed from death, and guilty fears
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

Psalm 117.

Samuel Wesley Sr.

1 Ye nations, who the globe divide,
Ye numerous nations scattered 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 enthroned on high,
To his dear Son, who deigned to die
Our guilt and errors to remove;
To that blest Spirit who grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be ceaseless glory, praise and love!

Prayer.

From George Herbert.

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

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

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

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

5 Oh how unbounded is thy love,
Which, when thou could'st not die,

Descending from thy throne above
Put on mortality!

6 Thou leavest thy Father's blissful face
Our guilt and curse to assume,
To burst the bars that stopped thy grace,
And make thy bounty room.

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

Trust in Providence.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

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

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

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast 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 prayer.

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

7 Thou every where hast way,

And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied 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 undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

10 Through 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 every care be gone.

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

13 Leave to his sovereign 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 caused 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 stedfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care!

In Affliction.

1 Eternal beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above!

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

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh:
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

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

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.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 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 every wish resigned,
And hallowed 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 every 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 heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

Another [In Affliction, or Pain].

From the Same [German].

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 All glory to the Eternal Three,
Of light and love th' unfathomed sea!
Whose boundless power, whose saving grace,
Relieved me in my deep distress.

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

3 My heart from all pollution clean,
Oh purge it, though with grief and pain:
To thee lo! I my all resign,
Thine be my will, my soul be thine.

4 Oh guide me, lead me in thy ways:
'Tis thine the sinking hand to raise.
Oh 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!

In Desertion or Temptation.

1 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 dyed;
If God hath died 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 throughhought the darkened 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 prayer.

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

7 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead
To thy dread courts I oft repair;
By conscience draged, 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 touched with awe,
Nor moved — though angels tremble round.

9 In all I do, myself I feel,

And groan beneath the wonted load,
Still unrenewed 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
To augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature-happiness.

12 O love! Thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast given:
My portion thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

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

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.

1 My God (if I may call thee mine
From heaven and thee removed so far)
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.
Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee,
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoldering 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, though bound, I come.
Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed; repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.

3 Fain would I go to thee my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell:
I feel my pardon sealed in blood;
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.
Freed from the power of canceled 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 dissolved in gracious tears?
Ah, Lord, the stone to flesh convert!
And till thy lovely face appears,
Still may I at thy footstool keep,
And watch the smile of opening heaven:
Much would I pray, and love, and weep;
I would; for I have much forgiven.

5 Yet Oh! Ten thousand lusts remain,
And vex my soul absolved from sin,
Still rebel nature strives to reign,
Still am I all unclean, unclean!
Assailed by pride, allured by sense,
On earth the creatures court my stay;
False flattering 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 misery all and woe.

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

8 I *know* thou wilt accept me now,
I *know* my sins are now forgiven!
My head to death O let me bow,
Nor keep my life, to lose my heaven.

Far from this snare my soul remove,
This only cup I would decline,
I deprecate a creature-love,
O take me, to secure me thine.

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

Isaiah 43:1-3.

1 Peace, doubting heart — my God's I am!
Who formed me man forbids my fear:
The Lord hath called 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 Through the watry deep
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare:
They cannot harm, for God is there!

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

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 power.
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, though 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 calm¹⁴⁵ shall feel
And hear a whisper "Peace, be still."

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

The Believer's Support.

From the German.¹⁴⁶

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

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 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 cheer my heart.

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

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.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

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 every 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 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 pain, in shame, hast showed;
For me on the accursed tree
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood:
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor ought shall the loved stamp efface.

6 More hard than marble is my heart,

And foul with sins of deepest stain:
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flowed 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 torturing pain
Armed by my sins, wrung from thy hands,
Thy feet, thy head, thy every vein:
That still my breast may heave with sighs,
Still tears of love o'erflow my eyes.

8 O that I as a little child
May follow thee, nor ever rest
Till sweetly thou hast poured thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast.
Nor may we ever parted be
Till I become one spirit with thee.

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

10 My health, my light, my life, my crown,
My portion and my treasure thou!
Oh 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 parched 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 viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued.
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

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

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

God's Love to Mankind.

From the Same [German].

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 O God, of good the unfathomed 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 Astonished at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow,
Terrible majesty is thine!

Who then can that vast love express
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine?

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

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 conceived, 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
Sovereign of earth, air, hell and sky.
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear?
'Tis God made man for man to die!

8 O God, of good th' unfathomed sea,
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesu, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind
With all his strength to thee unite?

God's Greatness.

From the Same [German].

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 O God, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice

Thy countless attributes to show:
Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea;
Void of true wisdom is my heart,
With love embrace and cover me.
While thee all-infinite I set
By faith before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight
O'erpowred I sink, I faint, I die.

2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast, ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars th' etherial blue:
Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word,
It lives and moves and is from thee.

3 Thy parent hand, thy forming skill
Firm fixed this universal chain;
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign:
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky
Or shuns or meets the wandring thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.
High is thy power above all height:
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom equal to thy might
Only to thee, O God, is known.

4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway;
Vain man! Thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What his dim eye could never see
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light thou dwell'st: light that no shade
No variation ever knew:
And heaven and hell stand all displayed
And open to thy piercing view.

5 Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth

The immortal armies of the sky:
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly.
With down-cast eye th' angelick choir
Appear before thy awful face,
Trembling they strike the golden lyre
And Through heaven's vault resound thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art:
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Imprest the image of its God.

6 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand;
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy with-holds thy lifted hand.
Each evening shews thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
"Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace."
To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe,
And all we have, and all we are
From thee, great source of being, flow.

7 Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distills,
And all in air, or sea, or land
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are,
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those thy daily favours share
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bid'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all who hate or bless thy sway
Thou bid'st descend the fruitful shower.

8 Yet while at length, who scorned thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright
Of those who to thy love aspire!
All creatures praise th' eternal name!
Ye hosts that to his courts belong,
Cherubic quires, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song.
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine,
And when created nature dies
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Hymn on the Titles of Christ.

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 joined,
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 deigned to appear,
Object of his creature's scorn,
Pleased a servanto's form to wear.

3 Hail everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate *Word*!
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved *Immanuel's* name.

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb
The promised blessing's come:
Christ the fathers' hope of old,
Christ the *Woman's* conquering *Seed*,
Christ the Saviour! Long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

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 opening skies!

6 Our eyes on earth survey
The dazling *Shekinah*!
Bright, in endless glory bright
Now in flesh he stoops to dwell
God of God, and light of light,
Image of the invisible.

7 He shines on earth adored

The *Presence of the LORD*:
God, the mighty God and true,
God by highest heaven confest,
Stands displayed to mortal view,
God supreme, for ever blest.
8 Jesu! To thee I bow
The Almighty's *Fellow* thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son;
Pleased he ever is in thee,
Just and holy thou alone
Full of grace and truth for me.

9 High above every name
Jesus, the great *I AM*!
Bows to *JESUS* every knee
Things in heaven, and earth and hell,
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends and men and angels feel.

10 He left his throne above
Emptied of all, but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain
God vouchsafed a worm to appear,
Lord of glory, *Son of man*,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

11 His own on earth he sought,
His own received him not:
Him, a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast and despised of men,
Him they all a madman deemed,
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 observed my pain
Thou good *Samaritan*!
Spoiled I lay and bruised by sin,
Gasped my faint, expiring soul,
Wine and oil thy love poured in,
Closed 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* proved:
Dead I heard the quickening sound,
Owned thy voice; believed, and loved!

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!

2nd Hymn to Christ.

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 died,
My love is crucified!
Break this stony heart of mine,
Pour my eyes a ceaseless flood,
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine,
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

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 power 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,
Filled with all the deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

3rd Hymn to Christ.

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 every hour employ,
Every breath be spent in praise.

2 His would I wholly be
Who lived and died for me:
Grief was all his life below,
Pain and poverty and loss:
Mine the sins that bruised him so,
Scourged and nailed him to the cross.

3 He bore the curse of all,
A spotless criminal:
Burdened with a world of guilt,
Blackened with imputed sin,
Man to save his blood he spilt,
Died, to make the sinner clean.

4 Join earth and heaven to bless
The *LORD our righteousness!*
Mystery of redemption this,
This the Saviour's strange design,
Man's offence was counted his,
Ours is righteousness divine.

5 Far as our parent's fall
The gift is come to all:
Sinned we all, and died in one?
Just in one we all are made,
Christ the law fulfilled alone,
Died for all, for all obeyed.

6 In him complete we shine,
His death, his life is mine.

Fully am I justified,
Free from sin, and more than free;
Guiltless, since for me he died,
Righteous, since he lived for me!

7 Jesu! To thee I bow,
Saved to the utmost now.
O the depth of love divine!
Who thy wisdom's stores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is thine,
All thy ways unsearchable!

Hymn to Christ the King.

1 Jesu, my God and King,
Thy regal state I sing.
Thou, and only thou art great,
High thine everlasting throne;
Thou the sovereign potentate,
Blest, immortal thou alone.

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 your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers!
Source of power he rules alone:
Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the cause, the Lord of all!

4 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound;
Christ to praise let all conspire:
Praise doth all to Christ belong;
Shout ye first-born sons of fire,
Earth repeat the glorious song.

5 Worthy, O Lord, art thou
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess,
Universal nature join
Strong and mighty thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign!

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.

8 Prince of the hosts of God
Display thy power abroad:
Strong and high is thy right-hand,
Terrible in majesty!
Who can in thine anger stand?
Who the vengeful bolt can flee?

9 Thee when the dragon's pride
To battle vain defied,
Brighter than the morning-star
Lucifer, as lightning fell,
Far from heaven, from glory far
Headlong hurled to deepest hell.

10 Sin felt of old thy power,
Thou patient Conqueror!
Long he vexed the world below,
Long they groaned beneath his reign;
Thou destroyedst the tyrant foe,
Thou redeemedst the captive, man.

11 Trembles the king of fears
Whene'er thy cross appears.
Once its dreadful force he found:
Saviour, cleave again the sky;
Slain by an eternal wound
Death shall then for ever die!

2nd Hymn to Christ the King.

1 Jesus, thou art our King,
To me thy succour bring.
Christ the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:

This the word; I claim it now,
Send me now the promised aid.

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 to obey.
Thee my spirit gasps to meet,
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, O make my heart thy seat,
O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory:
Hell and death, and sin controul,
Pride, and self, and every foe,
All subdue; Through all my soul
Conquering and to conquer go.

The Saviour Glorified by All.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 Thou, Jesus, art our King,
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongue employ,
Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou art th' eternal light,
That shinest in deepest night.
Wondring gazed the angelic train
While thou bowedst the heavens beneath,
God with God wert man with man,
Man to save from endless death.

3 Thou for our pain didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne:
All our sins on thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt hast paid

Due from Adam's helpless race.

4 Thou hast o'erthroughwn the foe,
God's kingdom fixed below.
Conqueror of all adverse power,
Thou heaven's gates hast opened wide:
Thou thine own dost lead secure
In thy cross, and by thy side.

5 Enthroned above yon sky
Thou reign'st with God most high.
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
Power supreme to thee is given;
Thee, the righteous judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

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,
Sovereign both of earth and sky!

7 Hail venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men!
Hail apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength ye faithful proved:
Join to extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death ye loved.

8 The church Through all her bounds
With thy high praise resounds.
Confessors undaunted here
Unashamed proclaim their King;
Children's feeble voices there
To thy name hosannas sing.

9 'Midst danger's blackest frown
Thee hosts of martyrs own.
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly, singularly good;
Glorying thy cross to bear,
Till they seal their faith with blood.

10 Even heathens feel thy power,
Thou suffering Conqueror!
Thousand virgins, chaste and clean,
From love's pleasing witchcraft free,
Fairer than the sons of men,
Consecrate their hearts to thee.

11 Wide earth's remotest bound
Full of thy praise is found:
And all heaven's eternal day
With thy streaming glory flames:
All thy foes shall melt away
From 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 powers of hell.

13 Arise, stir up thy power
Thou deathless Conqueror!
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with thee above the skies
Endless joys we may possess.

A Morning Hymn.

1 "See the day-spring from afar
Ushered by the morning-star!"
Haste; to him who sends the light,
Hallow the remains of night.
Souls, put on your glorious dress,
Waking into righteousness:
Cloathed with Christ aspire to shine,
Radiance he of light divine;
Beam of the eternal beam,
He in God, and God in him!
Strive we him in us to see,
Transcript of the deity.

2 Burst we then the bands of death,
Raised by his all-quickning breath;
Long we to be loosed from earth,
Struggling into second birth.
Spent at length is nature's night;
Christ attends to give us light,
Christ attends himself to give;
God we now may see, and live.
Though the outward man decay;
Formed within us day by day
Still the inner man we view,

Christ creating all things new.

3 Turn, O turn us, Lord, again,
Raiser thou of fallen man!
Sin destroy and nature's boast,
Saviour thou of spirits lost!
Thy great will in us be done:
Crucified and dead our own,
Ours no longer let us be;
Hide us from ourselves in thee!
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Suffer us no more to stray;
Give us, Lord, and ever give
Thee to know, in thee to live!

A Morning Dedication of Ourselves to Christ.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 Jesus, 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 Oh! 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 hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light for ever shine,
This house still let thy presence fill:
O source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

5 Oh never in these veils of shame,

Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation through 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 called 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 Same [German].

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 O Jesu, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man, nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass 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 Deliverer and my God!
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withstand thy conquering blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfill
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread scepter will I bow:

With duteous reverence 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 heaven-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 to adore, believe and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

Supplication for Grace.

From the Same [German].

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 O God of God, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to thee we sing!
To thee our longing souls aspire
In fervent flames of strong desire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring.

2 All things in earth and air and sea
Exist and live and move in thee;
All nature trembles at thy voice:
With awe even we thy children prove
Thy power. Oh let us taste thy love;
So evermore shall we rejoice.

3 O powerful 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
Camest, emptied of thy Godhead down
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

4 Grace we implore; when billows roll
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal:

Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

5 O love, our stubborn wills subdue,
Create our ruined frame anew;
Dispel our darkness by thy light:
Into all truth our spirit guide,
But from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in thy sight.

6 Be heaven even now our soul's abode,
Hid be our life with Christ in God,
Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine:
Let all our works in thee be wrought,
And filled with thee be all our thought,
Till in us thy full likeness shine.

Hymn to the Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening 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 hallowed soul be thine:
Plunged 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 forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come then, my God, mark out thy heir,

Of heaven a larger earnest give,
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live:
Let all my powers thy entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal.
6 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest!
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come, and consecrate my breast:
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

On the Descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost.

Altered from Dr. Henry More.

1 When Christ had left his flock below,
The loss his faithful flock deplored:
Him in the flesh no more they know,
And languish for their absent Lord.

2 Not long — for he gone up on high
Gifts to receive, and claim his crown,
Beheld them sorrowing from his sky,
And poured the mighty blessing down.

3 He, for the presence of his flesh,
The Spirit's seven-fold gifts imparts,
And living streams their souls refresh,
And joy divine o'erflows their hearts.

4 While all in sweet devotion joined
Humbly to wait for God retire,
The promised 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 shower,

Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal and unity and power.

8 The Spirit of convincing speech
Of power demonstrative impart,
Such as may every 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 power of canceled 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 shower,
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

13 Like mighty wind, or torrent fierce
Let it opposers all o'er-run,
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

14 Yes, let thy Spirit in every 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 ancient seers thou didst inspire:
To us perform the promise due,
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

Public Worship.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 Lo God is here! Let us adore

And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.
Who know his power, his grace who prove
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing:
To him enthroned above all height
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
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 adored!

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 sovereign 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 may we lose, so thee we gain!

6 As flowers their opening leaves display
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire:
Thou beam of the eternal beam,
Thou purging fire, thou quickning flame!

Prayer to Christ Before the Sacrament.

From the Same [German].

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 O thou, whom sinners love, whose care
Does all our sickness heal,
Thee we approach with heart sincere,

Thy power we joy to feel.
To thee our humblest thanks we pay
To thee our souls we bow;
Of hell erewhile the helpless prey,
Heirs of thy glory now.
2 As incense to thy throne above
Oh let our prayers arise!
O wing with flames of holy love
Our living sacrifice.
Stir up thy strength, O Lord of might,
Our willing breasts inspire:
Fill our whole souls with heavenly light,
Melt with seraphic fire.

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 sovereign aid impart,
Here make thy likeness shine!
Stamp thy whole image on our heart,
And all our souls be thine!

Hymn After the Sacrament.

1 Sons of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplished sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!

2 Ye that round our altars throughng,
Listening angels join the song:
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!

3 Love's mysterious work is done!
Greet we now th' accepted Son,
Healed and quickened by his blood,
Joined to Christ, and one with God.

4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal;
Peace divine in Christ we feel,
Pardon to our souls applied:
Dead for all, for me he died!

5 Sin shall tyrannise no more,
Purged its guilt, dissolved its power;
Jesus makes our hearts his throne,
There he lives, and reigns alone.

6 Grace our every thought controuls,
Heaven is opened 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 ordained to know
Him when fully ours we prove,
Ours the heaven of perfect love!

Acts 2:41, &c.

1 The word pronounced, the gospel-word,
The crowd with various hearts received:
In many a soul the Saviour stired,
Three thousand yielded, and believed.

2 These by the apostles' counsels led,
With them in mighty prayers combined,
Broke the commemorative bread,
Nor from the fellowship declined.

3 God from above, with ready grace
And deeds of wonder, guards his flock,
Trembles the world before their face,
By Jesus crushed, their Conquering Rock.

4 The happy band whom Christ redeems,
One only will, one judgement 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 heaven their care,
With single heart they took their food
Heightened by Eucharist and prayer.

7 God in their every work was praised:
The people blessed the law benign:
Daily the church, his arm had raised,
Received the sons of mercy in.

To Be Sung at Work.

1 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 employed 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 through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free:
My hands are but engaged 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 gavest one here,
'Tis finished Lord" — and die.

Another [To Be Sung at Work].

1 Summoned 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 every action thou!
Thyself in all I see:
Accept my hallowed 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 Stamped with an infinite desert
My work he then shall own;
Well-pleased in me, when mine thou art,
And I his favourite son!

God with Us.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 Eternal depth of love divine
In Jesus, God-with-us, displayed,
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!
With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile, a thankless race.
O God! What tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

2 The dictates of thy sovereign 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!
Yes, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.
Still on thee, Father, may we rest!
Still may we pant thy Son to know!
Thy Spirit still breathe into our breast,
Fountain of peace and joy below!

4 Oft have we seen thy mighty power
Since from the world thou mad'st us free:
Still may we praise thee more and more,
Our hearts more firmly knit to thee!
Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal:
So, fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell!

God Our Portion.

From the Spanish.

Daniel Israel Lopez Laguna

1 O God, my God, my all thou art;
Ere shines the dawn of rising day
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

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 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 ravished 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 savest, he ne'er shall fail.

Gratitude for Our Conversion.

From the German.

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

1 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!
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved.
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis Through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined:
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind.
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed 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 heavenly light.

6 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
Give to my soul with filial fears
The love that all heaven's host inspires:
"That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite."

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 though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

Boldness in the Gospel.

From the Same [German].

Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf

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

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy anger bear?

3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throughng
Softens thy truths, and smooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, 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 Yes, let man rage! Since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.

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.

9 My life, my blood I here present;
If for thy truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done! Thy name adored!

10 Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be —
'Tis fixed! I can do all Through thee!

Acts 4:29.

1 Captain of my salvation, hear!
Stir up thy strength and bow the skies
Be thou the God of battles near;
In all thy majesty arise!

2 The day, the dreadful day's at hand!
In battle cover thou my head:
Past is thy word: I here demand,
And confident expect thine aid.

3 Now arm me for the threatning fight
Now let thy power descend from high,
Triumphant in thy Spirit's might
So shall I every foe defy.

4 I ask thy help; by thee sent forth
Thy glorious gospel to proclaim,
Be thou my mouth, and shake the earth,
And spread by me thy awful name.

5 Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace,

Arm me with all thy armour now,
Set like a flint my steady face,
Harden to adamant my brow.

6 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold
My high commission to perform,
Nor shrink thy harshest truths to unfold,
But more than meet the gathering storm.

7 Adverse to earth's rebellious throughng,
Still may I turn my fearless face,
Stand as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.

8 Give me thy might, thou God of power;
Then let or men or fiends assail!
Strong in thy strength, I'll stand a tower
Impregnable to earth or hell.

Congratulation to a Friend, Upon Believing in Christ.

1 What morn on thee with sweeter ray,
Or brighter lustre e'er hath shined?
Be blest the memorable day
That gave thee Jesus Christ to find!
Gave thee to taste his perfect grace,
From death to life in him to pass!

2 O how diversified the scene,
Since first that heart began to beat!
Evil and few thy days have been:
In suffering, and in comfort, great,
Oft hast thou groaned beneath thy load,
And sunk — into the arms of God!

3 Long did all hell its powers engage,
And filled thy darkened soul with fears:
Baffled at length the dragon's rage,
At length the atoning blood appears:
Thy light is come, thy mourning's o'er,
Look up; for thou shalt weep no more!

4 Blest be the name that sets thee free,
The name that sure salvation brings!
The Sun of righteousness on thee
Has rose with healing in his wings.
Away let grief and sighing flee;
Jesus has died for thee — for thee!

5 And will he now forsake his own,

Or lose the purchase of his blood?
No! For he looks with pity down,
He watches over thee for good;
Gracious he eyes thee from above,
And guards and feeds thee with his love.
6 Since thou wast precious in his sight,
How highly favoured hast thou been!
Upborn by faith to glory's height,
The Saviour-God thine eyes have seen,
Thy heart has felt its sins forgiven,
And tastes anticipated heaven.

7 Still may his love thy fortress be
And make thee still his darling care,
Settle, confirm, and stablish thee,
On eagle's wings thy spirit bear:
Fill thee with heaven, and ever shed
His choicest blessings on thy head.

8 Thus may he comfort thee below,
Thus may he all his graces give:
Him but in part thou here canst know:
Yet here by faith submit to live;
Help me to fight my passage Through,
Nor seize thy heaven, till I may too.

9 Or if the sovereign wise decree
First number thee among the blest,
(The only good led envy thee)
Translating to an earlier rest;
Near in thy latest hour may I
Instruct, and learn of thee, to die.

10 Mixed with the quires that hover round
And all the adverse powers controul,
Angel of peace may I be found
To animate thy parting soul,
Point out the crown, and smooth thy way
To regions of eternal day.

11 Fired with the thought, I see thee now
Triumphant meet the king of fears!
Steadfast thy heart, serene thy brow;
Divinely confident appears
Thy mounting soul, and spreads abroad,
And swells to be dissolved in God.

12 Is this the soul so late weighed down
By cares and sins, by griefs and pains!
Whither are all thy terrors gone?

Jesus for thee the victory gains;
And death, and sin and Satan yield
To faith's unconquerable shield.

13 Blest be the God, that calls thee home;
Faithful to thee his mercies prove:
Through death's dark vale he bids thee come,
And more than conquer in his love;
Robes thee in righteousness divine,
And makes the crown of glory thine!

Hymn for Christmas-Day.

Charles Wesley

1 Hark how all the welkin rings
"Glory to the King of kings,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

[Opening lines changed by George Whitefield in
Hymns for Social Worship (1753), p. 24, to:

Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King!"]

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 heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

5 Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen 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 conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

8 Now display thy saving power,
Ruined 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, though lost, regain,
Thee, the life, the inner man:
O! To all thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.

Hymn for the Epiphany.

1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below,
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shade of death,
Scattering 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 to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

Hymn for Easter-Day.

1 "Christ the Lord is risen to day,"
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply.

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 opened 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 though once we perished all,
Partners in our parentos fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Risen 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,
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God!

9 Hid; till Christ our life appear,
Glorious in his members here:
Joined to him, we then shall shine
All immortal, all divine!

10 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail the resurrection thou!

11 King of Glory, soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

Hymn for Ascension-Day.

1 Hail the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes;
Christ awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven!

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 powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

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, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
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 heaven of heavens in thee!

Hymn for Whitsunday.

1 Granted is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus to his heaven restored:

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 heavens 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 There he helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans;
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs the 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 quickening 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.

1 Parent of good, whose plenteous grace
O'er all thy creatures flows,
Humbly we ask thy power 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 sanctified 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.

1. 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,
Enjoyed by thankful love.

3 Still, while our mouths are filled 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,
TO attend the marriage of the Lamb,
And heaven's eternal feast.

Grace After Meat.

1 Blest be the God, whose tender care
Prevents his children's cry,
Whose pity providently near
Doth all our wants supply.

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 blessings, 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 heavenly sweetness prove?
Fulness of joys shall there arise,
And all our food be love.

Another [Grace After Meat].

1 Fountain of all the good we see
Streaming from heaven 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 power 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 16:24. "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;
Ready art thou to receive?
Readier is thy God to give.

2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and show thou hear'st my call;
Let my cries thy throne assail
Entering now within the veil:
Give the benefits I claim —
Lord, I ask in Jesu's name!

3 Friend of sinners, King of saints,
Answer my minutest wants,
All my largest thoughts require,
Grant me all my heartos 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 resigned!
Keep me dead to all below,
Only Christ resolved to know,
Firm and disengaged and free,
Seeking all my bliss in thee.

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 reconciled!
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

9 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till THE BLESSING thou bestow:
Hear my advocate divine;
Lo! To his my suit I join:
Joined 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 a fainting soul revive;

Here for ever walk and live.

11 Heavenly Adam, life divine,
Change my nature into thine:
Move and spread throughhought 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!

Is. 51:9, &c.

1 Arm of the Lord awake, awake!
Thy own immortal strength put on.
With terror clothed 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.
Groaned her pale sons thy stroke to feel,
The first-born victims groaned and died!
The wounded dragon raged in vain;
While bold thine utmost plague to brave,
Madly he dared the parted main
And sunk beneath the 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 heaped on either hand,
Yielding a strange unbeaten road,
In chrystal walls the waters stand,
And own the arm of Israel's God!

4 That arm which is not shortened now,
Which wants not now the power to save.
Still present with thy people thou
Bear'st them Through life's disparted wave.

By earth and hell persued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass Through 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 redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise!