E. 1354.
TWELVE

HYMNS

The Words by

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Set to Musick by

Mr. JONATHAN BATTISHILL.

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The Favourite Songs in the Opera of Almena.

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HYMN I

1. O God thy Righteousness we own, Judgment is at thy House begun, With humble Awe thy Rod we bear, And guilty appear, We cannot in thy Judgment stand, But it o'er us sink beneath thy mighty Hand.

2. In thy Sight appear, We cannot in thy Judgment stand, But it o'er us sink beneath thy mighty Hand.

3. Unworthy to behold thy Face, And done thy loving Spirit Despite, Unfaithful Stewards of thy Grace, And sinned against the clearest Light, Our Sin and Wickedness we own, Brought back thine agonizing Pain, And deeply for Acceptance groan, And nail'd thee to thy Cross again.

4. Yet do not drive us from thy Face, A stiff-neck'd and hard-hearted Race, But O! in tender Mercy break The Iron Sinew in our Neck, The softening Power of Love impart, And melt the Marble of our Heart.
HYMN II

Who is that fearful Sinner, who, That owns Eternal Death his

Due, Waiting his fearful Doom to feel, And hanging o'er the Mouth of Hell

Peace troubl'd Soul Thou needst not fear, Thy Jesus cries, Be of good cheer, Only on Jesus' Blood rely, He died that Thou mightst never die.

HYMN III, For a Minister at his Departure.

Forth in thy Name, O Jesus, send The Man we to thy Grace come

mend, Our Faithful Minister secure, And make him to the Day endure, When all thy Flock shall meet in One Triumphant round thy Glorious Throne.
HYMN IV

Thou very present Aid, In Suffering & Distress, The Soul, which
still on Thee is stay'd, Is kept in perfect Peace; The Soul by Faith, and in the
his Redeemer's Breast, Midst raging storms exults to find An everlasting Ref-

2 Sorrow and Fear are gone, * Peace to the troubled Heart,
When'er thy Face appears, * Health to the sick Mind,
It stills the sighing Orphans Moan, * The wounded Spirit's Balm Thou gi
And dries the Widow's Tears, * The healer of Mankind:
It hallow's every Cross, * In deep Affliction blest,
It sweetly comforts me, * With Thee I mount above,
It makes me now forget my Loss, * And sing triumphantly distrest,
And lose myself in Thee. 4 Thine all-sufficient Love.

Jesus to whom I fly,
Doth all my Wishes fill,
In vain the Creature, Streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still,
Stript of my Earthly Friends
I find them all in One,
And Peace, and Joy, that never ends,
And Heaven in Christ alone!
HYMN V

Epitaph on Mrs Susanna Wesley


True Daughter of Affliction she, * The Father then revealed his Son,
Enured to Pain and Misery, * Him in the broken Bread made known,
Mourn'd a long Night of Griefs & fears, She knew and felt her Sins forgiven,
A Legal Night of Seventy Years. * And found the Earnest of her Heaven.

Meet for the Fellowship above,
She heard the Call, "Arise my Love;
I come, her dying Looks replied,
And Lamb-like as her Lord she died."
HYMN VI. For a Family.

I. Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling Love
Ev'ry Stumbling block remove.

Each to Each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy Banner here.

2. Make us of one Heart and Mind,*
Free from Anger, and from Pride,
Courtious, pitiful, and kind,*
Let us thus in God abide,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,*
All the Depth of Love express,
Altogether like our Lord.*
All the Height of Holiness.
Let us Each for Other care,*
Let us then with Joy remove
Each his Brother's Burthen bear,*
To thy Family above,*
To thy Church the Pattern give,*
On the Wings of Angels fly,*
Shew how true Believers live.*
Shew how true Believers die.*
HYMN VII. On the Death of a Friend.

Farewell! thou once a Sinner, My poor Departed Friend! Thy Lord, thy Faith's Beginner, Is now its glorious End! The Author of thy Being, Hath summon'd thee a way, And Faith is lost in Seeing, and Night in endless Day, and Faith is lost in Seeing, and

Thy Days of Pain and Mourning, * Thy Punishment is past, * And to thy God returning * Thy Soul is sav'd at last: * Sav'd from a World of Evils, * With Jesus Christ shut in, * Beyond the Range of Devils, * Beyond the Reach of Sin. *

No more o'erwhelm'd with Terrors, Or rack'd with Doubts thou art, No more th'Almighty's Arrows Transfix thy bleeding Heart: No more thy wounded Spirit Paints under its full Load, Or cries "What Man can bear it, "The heavy Wrath of God!"
The Waves and Storms of Passion
Are all past o’er thy Head, *Thine earthly Course is ended, 7
From Trouble and Temptation *Thou hast obtain’d the Prize,
Thou livest forever freed: *Triumphantly ascended
No Loss of Friends shall grieve thee *To God thy Paradise:
While all thy Eden share, *From all thy Care and Sorrow
They cannot, cannot leave thee, *Thou art escap’d to Day.
Thy kind Companions there. *And I shall mount to morrow,
With those that went before thee, *And I shall soar away.
The Saints of antient Days, *Jesus, my Hope of Glory,
Who shine in sacred Story, *I owe it to thy Grace,
Thy Soul hath found its Place; *That I soon ad’r thee,
Acquainted with their Sadness, *And see Thee Face to Face:
While in the weeping Vale, *Fulfil my Expectation,
Thou sharest now their Gladness, *And O! to take me home,
And Joys that never fail. *With all thy great Salvation,

HYMN VIII. For a Minister coming to a Place.

Glory, Lord, to Thee we give, Who hearst thy People’s Prayer, Thankful
at thy Hands receive, Thy welcome Messenger. Thee we Praise,
on Thee we call, Jesus, with thy Servant come. Fix in Him, in
No, I will not cease from crying,
Not 'till Tophet takes me in,
Still I pray, tho' sinking, dying,
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin,
Bring me thro' my sore Temptation;
Or if I must see the Pit,
Perish in thine Indignation,
Let me perish at thy Feet.
HYMN X.

The Earth is the Lords And all it con-

ains. The Truth of his Word for ever re-

ains, The Saints have a Mountain of Blessings in

Him, His Grace is the Fountain his Peace is the Stream.

To Him our Request We now have made known,
Who sees what is best For Each of his own:
Our heathenish Care We cast it aside,
He heareth the Prayer, And God shall provide.

The Modest and Meek This Earth shall possess:
The Kingdom who seek Of Jesus's Grace,
That Power of his Spirit shall joyfully own,
And all Things inherit In Virtue of One.

Whatever we need His Bount shall give,
And hallow the Bread We daily receive;
We live by his Blessing (That Bread from above)
All Purity possessing In Jesus's Love.
HYMN XI.

Again my mournful Sighs, Prevent e'ry rising

Morn, Again my wishful Eyes, Look out for His Return: again my wishful

Eyes -- look out for His return: I weep, and languish, And

long my Lord to find, and long my Lord to find, and long... my Lord to
2
O Depth of sad Distress,
When shall my Sorrows end?
When will the Prince of Peace
Declare Himself my Friend?
Or must I thus forever cry
In hopeless Misery,
My God, my God, and Saviour, why
Hast Thou forsaken me!

3
Is there no Balm of Love
Within thy Bosom found,
My Anguish to remove,
And heal my Spirit's Wound?
Or wilt Thou, Lord, my Cure disclaim,
Who need of Healing have?
Because the Sinner's Chief I am,
Wilt Thou refuse to save?

4
Most helpless is my Soul
Of all the Sick Race,
Thou therefore make it whole,
In Honour of thy Grace:
More Honour will thy Grace receive
By freely pard'ning me,
Than if ten thousand Sinners live,
Converted all to Thee.

5
Come then, and shew thine Art,
Physician most Divine,
Bind up my Broken Heart,
Pour in thy Oil and Wine,
Into my Heart the Spirit pour
Of Love, and Joy, and Peace,
To perfect Health my Soul restore,
To perfect Holiness.
To Thee great God of Love I bow, And prostrate in thy Sight a.

I cannot see thy Face, and live!

Then let me see thy Face, and die:

Now, Lord, my gasping Spirit receive;

Give me on Eagle's Wings to fly,

With Eagle's Eyes on Thee to gaze,

And plunge into the Glorious Blaze.

Moses thy Backward Parts might view,

But not a perfect Sight obtain:

The Gospel doth thy Pulfness shew,

To us by the Commandment shewn;

The Dead to Sin shall find the Grace;

* The Pure in Heart shall see thy Face.

* More favor'd than the Saints of old!

* Who now thro' Faith approach to Thee

* Shall all with open Face behold

* In Christ the Glorious Deity,

* Shall see, and put the Godhead on,

* The Nature of thy Sinless Son.

* This, this is our high Calling's Prize:

* Thine Image in thy Son I claim,

* And still to higher Glories rise

* Till all transform'd I know thy Name.

* What, but one Drop! One transient Sight

* And glide to all my Heaven above,

* My highest Heaven of Jesu's Love.

The Pulfness of my great reward

A bleft Eternity shall be;

But hast Thou not on Earth prepar'd

Some Better thing than This for me?

I want a Sun, a Sea of Light.