

Wesley hymn

[Hymn 14.] Another.

1 O all-atoning Lamb,
O Saviour of mankind,
If ev'ry soul may in thy name
With me salvation find;
If thou hast chosen me,
To testify thy grace
(That vast unfathomable sea
Which covers all our race:)

2 Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My simple upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright!
Control my every thought,
My whole of self remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind:
Meek Lamb, that was in thee,
And let my knowing zeal be joined
To fervent charity:
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

4 O! Do not let me trust
In any arm but thine,
Humble, O humble to the dust
This stubborn soul of mine;
Cast all my reeds aside,
Captivate every thought,
And drain me of my strength and pride,
And bring me down to nought.

5 Thou dost not stand in need
Of me to prop thy cause,
T' assert thy general grace, or spread
The vict'ry of thy cross;
A feeble thing of nought
With humble shame I own,

The help which upon earth is wrought
Thou dost it all alone.

6 Little, and base, and mean,
And vile in mine own eyes,
A lump of misery and sin
At thy command I rise;
I rise at thy command,
I answer to thy call,
A witness of thy grace I stand,
Thy grace which is for all.

7 O may I love like thee,
And in thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made;
O may I learn thy art
With meekness to reprove,
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

8 Increase (if that can be)
The perfect hate I feel
To Satan's HORRIBLE DECREE,
That genuine child of hell;
Which feigns thee to pass by
The most of Adam's race,
And leave them in their blood to die,
Shut out from saving grace.

9 To most, as devils teach,
(Get thee behind me, fiend!)
To most thy mercies never reach,
Whose mercies never end:
"Millions of souls thy will
Delighted to ordain
"Inevitable death to feel,
And everlasting pain."

10 In vain thy written word
The hellish tale gainsays,
Bids all receive their common Lord,
And offers all thy grace:
Prophets, apostles join,
And saints and angels call;
And Christ attests the love divine,

That sent him down for all.

11 Yet still, alas! There are
Who give their God the lie,
The Saviour of the world they dare
With all his truths deny;
A monstrous two-fold will
To God the just they give,
“His secret one ordained to kill,
Whom his declared bids live.

12 “The God of truth commands
All sinners to repent,
And mocks the work of his own hands,
By what he never meant:
Commands them to believe
An unavailing lie,
Him for their Saviour to receive,
For them who did not die.”

13 Loving to every man,
Of tend’rest pity full,
Did God the good, the just, ordain
To damn one helpless soul?
“He did! The just, the good,”
(Hell answers from beneath)
“Spite of his word, his oath, he would,
He wills the sinner’s death.”

14 Like as a father feels
His suffering children’s care,
In God such kind compassion dwells,
For all his offspring are:
“He loves his little ones,”
(As Satan speaks) “so well,
To dash their brains against the stones,
And shut them up in hell.”

15 “He gives them damning grace
To raise their torments higher,
And makes his shrieking children pass
To Molock through the fire;
He doomed their souls to death
From all eternity.”
This is that wisdom from beneath,
That HORRIBLE DECREE!

16 My soul it harrows up,
It freezes all my blood,
My tingling ears I fain would stop
Against their hellish god,
Constrained, alas! To hear
His reprobating roar,
And see him horribly appear
All stained with human gore.

17 'Tis thus, thou loving Lamb,
Thy creatures picture thee,
I blush to own my nature's shame,
That nature is in me:
But let it not remain,
The dire reproach efface;
Arise, O God, thy truth maintain,
Thy all-redeeming grace.

18 Defend thy mercy's cause:
Men have blasphemed their God,
Thrown down the altar of thy cross,
And trampled on thy blood;
Thy truth and righteousness
Their impious schemes disprove
And rob thee of thy fav'rite grace,
Thine universal love.

19 Ah! Foolish souls, and blind!
If your report be true,
If mercy is not unconfined,
What mercy were for you!
Who all his truth blaspheme,
Who all his grace deny;
Fury, ye worms, is not in him,
Or he would you pass by.

20 Jesus, forgive the wrong,
But O! Thy foes restrain,
Silence the lewd, opprobrious tongue,
That scourges thee again:
They put thee, Lord, to shame,
Again to death pursue;
Yet O forgive them, gentle Lamb,
They know not what they do.

21 Some men of simple heart
The devil's tale believe,
Beguiled by the old serpent's art,
His saying they receive:
For fear of robbing thee
They rob thee of thy grace,
And (O good God) to prove it free,
Damn almost all the race.

22 Pity their simpleness,
O Saviour of mankind,
Scatter the clouds of smoke that press
Their weak, bewildered mind;
The other gospel chase
To hell from whence it came;
And let them taste thy gen'ral grace,
And let them know thy name.

23 O all-redeeming Lord,
Our common friend and head,
Thine everlasting gospel-word
In their behalf we plead!
If they have drank their bane,
Do thou the death remove,
The ven'mous thing drive out again
By universal love.

24 Let it not plunge their soul
In all th' extremes of ill,
The fatal mischief, Lord, control,
Nor suffer it to kill;
Thou wouldst that none should die,
O bring them back to God,
Thy sov'reign antidote apply,
Thine all-atoning blood.

25 Avenge us of our foe,
And crush the serpent's head,
Nor longer suffer him to sow
On earth the deadly seed;
The trampler on thy grace
Bruise him beneath our feet,
To hell the old deceiver chase,
And seal the burning pit.

26 Then shall thy saints rejoice,

The song of Moses sing,
With angel-choirs lift up their voice,
And praise their heav'nly King.
"Th' accuser is subdued,
And put to endless shame,
Cast down by the all-cleansing blood
Of the victorious Lamb."