

from An Essay on Criticism

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744)

lines 218-221

A *little Learning* is a dang'rous Thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian Spring*;
There *shallow Draughts* intoxicate the Brain,
And drinking *largely* sobers us again.

—
lines 300-304

True Wit is *Nature* to Advantage drest,
What oft was *Thought*, but ne'er so well *Exprest*;
Something, whose *Truth* convinc'd at Sight we find,
That gives us back the Image of our Mind.

—
lines 525-530

Good-Nature and *Good-Sense* must ever join;
To Err is *Humane*; to Forgive, *Divine*.
But if in *Noble Minds* some Dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of Spleen and sow'r Disdain,
Discharge that Rage on more provoking Crimes,
Nor fear a Dearth in these Flagitious Times.

Pierian Spring: Pieria was the birthplace of the Muses.

humane: human

flagitious: Wicked; villainous; atrocious. (Samuel Johnson's Dictionary)

Text: Eighteenth-Century Poetry Archive

Notes: AFM

from An Essay on Man

Epistle I, lines 87-94

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744)

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest;
The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
Rests, and expatiates, in a life to come.

expatiate: To range at large; to rove without any prescribed limits.
(Samuel Johnson's Dictionary)

Text: Eighteenth-Century Poetry Archive

Man Frail and God Eternal

Psalm XC. 1–5

ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748)

Our God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

Before the Hills in order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless Years the same.

Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
Return, ye Sons of Men:
All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Evening gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the rising Sun.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood
With all their Lives and Cares
Are carried downwards by thy Flood,
And lost in following Years.

Time like an ever-rolling Stream
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly forgotten as a Dream
Dies at the opening Day.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand
Pleas'd with the Morning-light;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Ly withering e'er 'tis Night.

Our God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

Text: Psalms of David Imitated (1719), via *Hymnology Archive*

When I survey the wondrous cross

ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748)

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down;
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
spreads o'er his body on the tree;
then am I dead to all the globe,
and all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Text: A Panorama of Christian Hymnody

And can it be, that I should gain

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788)

And can it be, that I should gain
an interest in the Savior'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?

'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.

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!

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.

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 Savior in my heart.

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!

Text: A Panorama of Christian Hymnody

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788)

Come Thou long-expected JESUS,
Born to set thy People free,
From our Fears and Sins relieve us,
Let us find our Rest in Thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the Earth Thou art,
Dear Desire of every Nation,
Joy of every longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King,
Born to reign in Us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring;
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our Hearts alone,
By thine all-sufficient Merit
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

Text: Hymns for the Nativity of Our Lord (1745), via Hymnology Archive

Hymn for Easterday

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788)

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

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.

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

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

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!

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

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

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

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

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

Neoclassical Age: Pope, Watts, Wesley, Williams, Perronet, Newton, Robinson

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

Text: Hymns and Sacred Poems (1739), via Hymnology Archive

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah

WILLIAM WILLIAMS (1717–1791) and
PETER WILLIAMS (1723–1796)

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow
let the fiery cloudy pillar
guide me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death, and hell’s destruction,
land me safe on Canaan’s side;
songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

Musing on my habitation,
musing on my heavenly home,
fills my soul with holy longings:
Come, my Jesus, quickly come;
vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with thee!

Text: Panorama of Christian Hymnody

On the Resurrection

The LORD is KING!

EDWARD PERRONET (1721–1792)

All hail the power of JESU's name!
Let Angel's prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him LORD of All.

Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him LORD of All.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of ISRAEL's might,
And crown Him LORD of All.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your GOD,
Who from His ALTAR call;
Extol the stem of JESSE's rod,
And crown Him LORD of All.

Ye seed of ISRAEL's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him LORD of All.

Hail Him, ye heirs of DAVID's line,
Whom David LORD did call;
The GOD incarnate, Man DIVINE;
And crown Him LORD of All.

SINNERS! whose love can ne'er forget
The WORMWOOD and the GALL,
Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown him LORD of All.

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound Creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The CROWNED LORD of ALL!

Text: "On the Resurrection" (booklet, 1779), via Hymnology Archive

A stanza was added by John Rippon (1751–1836) in A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors (1787):

O that with yonder sacred Throng,
WE at his Feet may fall;
WE'LL join the *everlasting* Song,
And crown him LORD of All.

Neoclassical Age: Pope, Watts, Wesley, Williams, Perronet, Newton, Robinson

Faith's review and expectation

I. Chronicles. Chap. xvii. 16, 17

JOHN NEWTON (1725–1807)

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

within the veil: "within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus" (Hebrews 6:19–20, KJV)

Text: Olney Hymns (1779), via *Wikisource*

Notes: AFM

A stanza was added in Collection of Sacred Ballads (1790):

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

Zion, or the city of God

Isaiah. Chap. xxxiii. 20. 21.

JOHN NEWTON (1725–1807)

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Psalm lxxxviii. 3.

*Psalm cxxxii. 14.
Matt. xvi. 16.*

Isaiah xxvi. 1.

See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love;
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Psalm xli. 4.

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Shewing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the Manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

Isaiah iv. 5,6.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

Rev. i. 6.

Savior, if of Zion's city,
I thro' grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

Text and notes: Olney Hymns (1779)

*Isaiah. Chap. xxxiii. 27,28 emended to Isaiah. Chap. xxxiii. 20. 21.
following the 1807 edition.*

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing

ROBERT ROBINSON (1735–1790)

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing,
Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace:
Streams of Mercy, never ceasing,
Call for Songs of loudest Praise:
Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above;
Praise the Mount, I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging Love.

Here I raise my *Eben-ezer*,
Hither by thy Grace I'm come;
So I hope by thy good Pleasure,
Shortly to arrive at Home:
Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God;
He to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O! to Grace how great a Debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
Let that Grace now like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave that God I love;
Take my Heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy Courts above.

O that Day when freed from Sinning,
I shall see thy lovely Face;
Cloathed then in blood-wash'd Linnen,
How I'll sing thy sov'reign Grace:
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my ransom'd Soul away;
Send thine Angels now to carry
Me to Realms of endless Day.

Eben-ezer: "Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." (1 Samuel 7:12 KJV)

*Text: A Collection of Hymns for the Use of the Church of Christ:
Meeting in Angel-Alley (1759), via Hymnology Archive
Note: AFM*