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Cup 408 pp 35

H Y M N S  
O N  
God's Everlasting Love.

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*To which is added,*

*The Cry of a Reprobate.*

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B R I S T O L :

Printed by S. and F. Farley, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in  
*Castle-Green*, 1741.







A

## Collection of HYMNS.



FATHER, whose *Everlasting Love*  
Thy only Son for Sinners gave,  
Whose Grace to *All* did *freely* move,  
And sent Him down a *World* to save;

Help Us thy Mercy to extol:  
Immense, Unfathom'd, Unconfin'd;  
To praise the Lamb who *died* for *All*,  
The *General Saviour* of *Mankind*.

Thy *Undistinguishing* Regard  
Was cast on *Adam's* fallen Race:  
For *All* Thou hast in *CHRIST* prepar'd  
*Sufficient, Sovereign, Saving* Grace.

JESUS hath said, We *All shall* hope:  
Preventing Grace for *All* is free:  
"And I, if I be lifted up,  
I will draw *All Men* after Me."

What Soul those Drawings never knew?  
With whom hath not thy Spirit strove?  
We *All* must own that *GOD* is True,  
We *All* may feel, that *GOD* is Love.

A 2.

O *all ye Ends of Earth* behold  
 The bleeding, All-atoning Lamb!  
 Look unto *Him* for Sinners fold,  
 Look and *be sav'd thro'* JESU'S Name.

Behold the Lamb of GOD, who takes  
 The Sins of All the World away!  
 His Pity no Exceptions makes;  
 But All that *will* receive Him, *may*.

*A World* He suffer'd to redeem;  
 For *All* He hath th'Atonement made:  
 For those that *will not* come to Him  
 The Ransom of his Life was paid.

Their Lord unto *His own* He came;  
*His own* were who *receiv'd Him not*,  
 Denied and trampled on His Name  
 And Blood by which themselves were brought.

Who underfoot their Saviour trod,  
 Expos'd *afresh* and *crucified*,  
 Who trampled on the SON of GOD,  
 For Them, for Them, their Saviour died.

For Those who at the Judgment Day  
 On *Him* they *pierc'd* shall look with Pain;  
 The Lamb for every *Castaway*,  
 For *Every Soul of Man* was slain.

Why then, Thou Universal Love,  
 Should any of thy Grace despair?  
 To All, to All, thy Bowels move,  
 But straitned in our own We are.

'Tis We, the wretched Objects We,  
 Our Blasphemies on Thee translate:  
 We think that Fury is in Thee,  
 Horribly think that GOD is Hate.

“ Thou

" Thou hast compell'd the Lost to die,  
 " Hast *reprobated* from thy Face;  
 " Hast Others fav'd, but Them *past by*;  
 " Or help'd with only *Damning* Grace."

How long, thou jealous GOD! how long  
 Shall impious Worms thy Word disprove?  
 Thy Justice stain, Thy Mercy wrong,  
 Deny Thy Faithfulness and Love?

Still shall the Hellish Doctrine stand?  
 And Thee for its dire Author claim?  
 No—— let it sink at thy Command—  
 Down to the Pit from whence it came.

Arise, O GOD, maintain Thy Cause!  
 The Fulness of the Gentiles call:  
 Lift up the Standard of thy Cross,  
 And All shall own Thou died'st for All:



**L**ORD, not unto Me  
 (The Whole I disclaim)  
 All Glory to Thee  
 Thro' JESUS' Name!  
 Thy Gifts, and thy Graces  
 Pour'd down from above,  
 Demand all our Praises,  
 Our Thanks, and our Love.

Thy Faithfulness, LORD,  
 Each Moment we find,  
 So true to thy Word,  
 So Loving, and Kind;  
 Thy Mercy so tender  
 To all the lost Race,  
 The foulest Offender  
 May turn, and find Grace.

The

The Mercy I feel,  
 To Others I shew,  
 I fet to my Seal  
 That JESUS is True;  
 Ye all may find Favour  
 Who come at his Call:  
 O! come to my Saviour,  
 His Grace is for All.

To save what was lost,  
 From Heaven He came:  
 Come Sinners, and trust  
 In JESUS' Name:  
 He offers you Pardon,  
 He bids you " Be free "  
 " If Sin is your Burden,  
 " O! come unto Me!

O let me commend  
 My Saviour to you,  
 The Publican's Friend  
 And Advocate too;  
 For you He is pleading  
 His Merits and Death,  
 With God interceding  
 For Sinners beneath.

Then let Us submit  
 His Grace to receive,  
 Fall down at his Feet,  
 And gladly believe:  
 We all are forgiven  
 For JESUS' Sake,  
 Our Title to Heaven  
 His Merits we take.

**O** All that pass by  
 To JESUS draw near!  
 He utters a Cry,  
 Ye Sinners give Ear ;  
 From Hell to retrieve you,  
 He spreads out his Hands,  
 Now, now to receive you  
 He graciously stands.

" If any Man thirst,  
 " And Happy would be,  
 " The Vilest and Worst  
 " May come unto Me,  
 " May drink of my Spirit,  
 " (Excepted is none)  
 " Lay claim to my Merit,  
 " And take for his own. "

Whoever receives  
 The Life-giving Word,  
 In JESUS believes  
 His GOD and his LORD ;  
 In Him a pure River  
 Of Life shall arise,  
 Shall in the Believer  
 Spring up to the Skies.

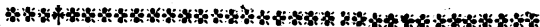
My GOD, and my LORD,  
 Thy Call I obey,  
 My Soul on thy Word  
 Of Promise I stay ;  
 Thy kind Invitation  
 I gladly embrace,  
 A thirst for Salvation,  
 Salvation by Grace.

**O** hasten the Hour,  
 Send down from above

The

The Spirit of Power,  
 Of Health and of Love,  
 Of Filial Fear,  
 Of Knowledge and Grace,  
 Of Wisdom, of Prayer,  
 Of Joy and of Praise.

The Spirit of Faith,  
 Of Faith in thy Blood,  
 Which saves Us from Wrath,  
 And brings Us to GOD;  
 Removes the huge Mountain  
 Of indwelling Sin,  
 And opens a Fountain  
 That washes Us clean.



**O** *Saviour of all*  
 In *Adam* that fell,  
 Attend to our Call  
 And set to thy Seal:  
 Our thankful Rehearfal,  
 If thou dost approve,  
 Of Grace universal,  
 And infinite Love.

For whom didst thou die,  
 Thou meek Lamb of GOD?  
 With all Men may I  
 Lay claim to Thy Blood?  
 Me, me thou redeemest,  
 Who *for the unjust*  
 Hast *suffer'd, and camest*  
 To *save what was lost.*

If *all Men were dead,*  
 And fell in the Fall

Of

Of *Adam* our Head,  
 The Type of Us all;  
 Our *Adam* from Heaven  
 The Loss doth retrieve:  
*For all thou wast given,*  
*That all might believe.*

If all Men have stray'd,  
 Of every one  
 The Sins GOD hath laid  
 On Thee, His dear Son:  
 And all may find Pardon  
 For Pardon who call:  
 Thou beared'st the Burden,  
 The Guilt of Us all.

In *Adam* we died,  
 In Thee we may live;  
 Thy Merits applied  
 We all may receive:  
*The Common Salvation*  
 To all doth belong;  
 To every Nation  
 And People and Tongue.

Our Faith is not vain,  
 But *Death* thou didst taste  
 For every Man:  
 'Tis finish'd: 'Tis past!  
 The World is forgiven,  
 For JESUS's Sake;  
*The Kingdom of Heaven*  
 By Force we may take.

O Bowels of Love!  
 O infinite Grace!  
 So freely to move  
 To All the lost Race!  
 O wondrous Compassion!  
 O Mercy divine!

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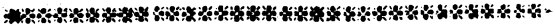
Eternal



Eternal Salvation,  
Thro' JESUS, is mine.

Dear Saviour of all,  
Attend while we sing:  
On Thee do we call  
Thy Witness to bring:  
Whose Arms were extended  
A World to embrace,  
Whose Love never ended  
*Would save the whole Race:*

Great Witness of God!  
To Thee we appeal!  
His Love shed abroad  
His Counsel reveal:  
If *all* may find Favour,  
Pure Love if thou art,  
Speak inwardly, Saviour,  
Amen to my Heart.



**T**O the meek and gentle Lamb  
I pour out my Complaint,  
Will not hide from Thee my Shame,  
But tell Thee what I want:  
I am full of Self, and Pride  
I am all unclean, unclean,  
Till thy Spirit here abide,  
I cannot cease from Sin.

Clearly do I see the Way,  
My Foot is on the Path;  
*Now*, this Instant, *now* I may  
Draw near by simple Faith:  
Thou art not a distant God,  
Thou art still to Sinners near,  
Every Moment, if I would,  
My Heart might feel Thee near.

Free

Free as Air Thy Mercy streams,  
 Thy univerfal Grace  
 Shines with undistinguish'd Beams  
 On all the fallen Race :  
 All from Thee a Power receive  
 To reject, or hear Thy Call,  
 All *may* chuse to die, or live;  
 Thy Grace is free for all.

All the Hindrance is in me ;  
 Thou ready art to save,  
 But I will not come to Thee  
 That I thy Life may have:  
 Stubborn and rebellious still,  
 From thy Arms of Love I fly,  
 Yes, I will be lost, I will,  
 In Spight of Mercy, die.

Holy, meek, and gentle Lamb,  
 With me what canst thou do ?  
 Tho' thou leav'ft me as I am,  
 I own thee good and true.  
 Thou wouldst have me Life embrace,  
 Thou for me and All wast slain :  
 Thou hast offer'd me thy Grace ;  
 'Twas I that made it vain.

O that I might yield at last,  
 By dying Love subdu'd !  
 Lord, on Thee my Soul is cast,  
 The Purchase of thy Blood :  
 If thou wilt the Sinner have,  
 Thou canst work to will in me ;  
 When, and as thou pleafest save :  
 I leave it all to Thee.

Glorious

**G**lorious Saviour of my Soul,  
 I lift it up to thee;  
 Thou hast made the Sinner whole;  
 Hast set the Captive free.  
 Thou my Debt of Death hast paid;  
 Thou hast rais'd me from my Fall:  
 Thou hast an Atonement made;  
 My Saviour dy'd for ALL.

What could my Redeemer move  
 To leave his Father's Breast?  
 Pity drew him from Above,  
 And would not let him rest.  
 Swift to succour sinking Man,  
 Sinking into endless Woe,  
**JESUS** to our Rescue ran,  
 And man appear'd below.

**GOD** in this dark Vale of Tears,  
 A Man of Griefs was seen,  
 Here for three-and-thirty Years  
 He dwelt with sinful Men.  
 Did they know the Deity?  
 Did they own him who he was?  
 See, the Friend of Sinners, see!  
 He hangs on yonder Cross!

Who hath done the direful Deed,  
 And crucified my **GOD**?  
 Curfes on his guilty Head  
 That spilt that precious Blood:  
 Worthy is the Wretch to die,  
 Self-condemn'd, alas! is he!  
 I have sold my Saviour, I  
 Have nail'd him to the Tree.

Yet Thy Wrath I cannot fear,  
 Thou gentle bleeding Lamb;

By

By thy Judgment I am clear,  
 Heal'd by thy Stripes I am :  
 Thou for me a Curse wast made,  
 That I might in Thee be blest :  
 Thou hast my full Ransom paid,  
 And in thy Wounds I rest.

How shall I commend the Grace  
 Which All with me may prove  
 Magnify thy Mercy's Praise,  
 Thy all-redeeming Love !  
 O 'tis more than Tongue can tell :  
 Who the Myſtery ſhall explain ?  
 Angels that in Strength excell,  
 Would ſearch it out in vain.

Far above their nobleſt Songs,  
 Thy glorious Mercies riſe ;  
 Praise ſits ſilent on their Tongues,  
 And Wonder lulls the Skies !  
 O might I with them be One,  
 Loſt in Speechleſs Rapture fall,  
 Caſt my Crown before thy Throne,  
 Thou Lamb that dieſt for All !

**J**ESU, hear! In Bitterneſs  
 Of Spirit hear me cry!  
 See me in my laſt Diſtreſs,  
 And at the Point to die!  
 Save Me, or I Perish, Lord!  
 I ſink into the Gulph beneath :  
 To the tempted Help afford,  
 And ſnatch my Soul from Death.

Compas'd with an Hoſt of Foes,  
 Defenceleſs, and alone,  
 I have neither Strength t'oppoſe,  
 Nor Swiftneſs to out run :

C

Or

Or could I their Rage evade,  
 I cannot 'scape the Foe within,  
 Sold to Evil, and betray'd,  
 By my own Bosom Sin.

Lord, as with my latest Breath,  
 I ask, what shall I do?  
 Only Ruin, Sin and Death,  
 And Hell are in my View.  
 No Way to escape I see  
 From the Infernal Fowler's Snare,  
 Everlasting Misery,  
 And Blackness of Despair.

See me looking for my Doom,  
 When Sin shall claim its Prey:  
 When the next Temptation come,  
 And I am cast away.  
 I have neither Will nor Power,  
 Temptation to resist or fly:  
 Jesu! save me from this Hour!  
 O save me, or I die!

Once Thou didst my Doom revoke,  
 And set my Spirit free:  
 Free from Sin's *Egyptian* Yoke,  
 I liv'd awhile to Thee.  
 But alas I did not stand;  
 To Thee I did not faithful prove  
 Safely slighted thy Command,  
 And left my former Love.

I am into Bondage brought;  
 Again entangled, I  
 Yield to Sin in every Thought,  
 And cannot but comply.  
 Trembling I expect the Time,  
 Which shall my full Damnation seal

When

When some horrid, horrid Crime  
Shall shut me up in Hell.

Yet, O Lord, I still believe  
Thou *canst* my Soul restore:  
Thou art ready to forgive,  
And bid me sin no more:  
Still Salvation *might* be found,  
If I would on my Saviour call:  
Grace doth more than Sin abound,  
Thy Grace is free for All.

Thou art willing to forgive;  
But, O my curst Heart  
Cannot, will not, yet believe,  
Nor with its Idols part.  
No, I would not, tho' I might,  
Accept of perfect Liberty:  
Darkness rather than the Light  
I love, and Sin than Thee.

Yet I *may* be sav'd I know,  
I feel thy Spirit strive:  
Whether I Repent, or no,  
I *may* Repent and live.  
I have Choice of Death, or Life,  
They both on *Instant Now* depend:  
Who shalt tell Me, if the Strife  
In Heaven or Hell shall end?

Whether I shall ever yield,  
Only to GOD is known:  
If I fall, 'tis un-compell'd,  
The Deed is all my own:  
All the Blame be on my Head,  
The Saviour from my Blood is pure:  
I, and only I, have made  
My own Damnation sure.

No Decree of His confign'd  
 My Unborn Soul to Hell:  
 GOD was merciful and kind,  
 But I would still rebel.  
 Still self-harden'd I remain'd,  
 Would not receive Salvation's Cup,  
 Griev'd his Spirit, and constrain'd  
 At last to give me up.

GOD forbid that I should dare  
 To charge my Death on Thee:  
 No, thy Truth and Mercy tear  
 The **Horrible Decree!**  
 Tho' the Devil's Doom I meet,  
 The Devil's Doctrine, I disclaim:  
 Let it sink into the Pit  
 Of Hell from whence it came.

I this Record leave behind,  
 Tho' Damn'd, I was forgiven:  
 Every Soul may Mercy find,  
 Believe, and enter Heaven.  
 All the Heavenly Drawings prove,  
 And All alike are free t' embrace  
*Special, Sovereign, saving Love,*  
 And *all-sufficient Grace.*

Sinners, hear my dying Call,  
 Ye All are bought with Blood!  
 Take ye Warning by my Fall,  
 Nor trample on your GOD.  
 Life to All his Death imparts,  
 Receive what He doth freely give:  
 Harden, not like Me, your Hearts,  
 But turn, O turn and live.

GOD, the Good, the Just, I clear:  
 He did not die in vain:  
 Grace hath brought Salvation near  
 To every Soul of Man.

I would not be sav'd from Death ;  
 And self-destroyed I justly Fall,  
 Publishing with my last Breath  
 The Saviour died for All.

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**F**ATHER of JESUS CHRIST the Just,  
 My Friend and Advocate with Thee,  
 If I have sinn'd, in Him I trust  
 Who ever lives to pray for Me:  
 Behold the Lamb! for Me He bleeds,  
 For Me his great Attonement pleads!

For All the Sins of all Mankind  
 He once a perfect Offering made,  
 For All his precious Life resign'd,  
 For all a bleeding Ransom paid :  
 He bow'd his Head upon the Tree:  
 'Tis finish'd! He hath died for Me!

This Last, and every Sin of mine,  
 Did He not in his Body bear?  
 Was it not purg'd with Blood Divine?  
 Behold the Bond hangs cancell'd there!  
 'Tis nail'd to the accursed Wood,  
 'Tis blotted out with JESU'S Blood.

The Sin on Him which was not laid,  
 For which He hath not satisfied,  
 Punish it, Father, on my Head,  
 Here let it with thy Wrath abide:  
 But if He paid my utmost Pain,  
 Thou canst not ask the Debt again.

Lo! in the Gap my Surety stands,  
 To turn away Thy vengeful Ire!  
 Am I not written on his Hands?  
 What can thy Justice more require?

No



No other Sacrifice I seek ;  
Thou hear'st the Blood of sprinkling speak.

It speaks me Justified from all  
My Sins in Thought, or Word, or Deed :  
It speaks my Soul redeem'd from Thrall ;  
From Sin and Satan's Prison freed ;  
It speaks into my Heart a Power,  
Which makes Me more than Conqueror.

Father, behold thy favourite Son,  
And hear Him for his Murderer pray :  
The Face of Thine Anointed One,  
I know, Thou canst not turn away :  
I leave my Cause to Him, and Thee,  
Give me the Thing He asks for Me !

---

**O**'Tis enough, my GOD my GOD,  
Here let me give my Wand'rings o're :  
No longer trample on thy Blood,  
And grieve thy Gentleness no more ;  
No more thy lingering Anger move,  
Or Sin against thy Light, and Love.

I loath Myself in my own Sight,  
Adjudge my guilty Soul to Hell ;  
How could I do Thee such Despight,  
So long against thy Love rebel :  
Despise the Riches of thy Grace,  
And dare provoke Thee to thy Face !

But O! if Mercy is with Thee,  
Now let it All on me be shewn,  
On Me, the Chief of Sinners, Me  
Who humbly for thy Mercy groan :  
Me to thy Father's Grace restore,  
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more.

Fountain

Fountain of unexhausted Love,  
 Of infinite Compassion, hear;  
 My Saviour, and my Prince above,  
 Once more in my Behalf appear:  
 Repentance, Faith, and Pardon give;  
 O let me turn again, and live.

But if my gracious Day is past,  
 And I am banish'd from thy Sight,  
 When into utter Darkness cast,  
 My Judge I'll own hath done me right,  
 Adore the Hand whose Stroke I feel,  
 Nor Murmur when I sink to Hell.

No dire Decree of Thine is here  
 That pre-ordain'd my damn'd Estate;  
 JESUS the merciful I clear;  
 JESUS the Just I vindicate:  
 He swore he would not have me die,  
 Why Sinner wilt Thou perish, why?

Because I wou'd not come to Him,  
 That I his proffer'd Life might have:  
 JESUS was willing to redeem,  
 I wou'd not suffer him to save.  
 I now his Truth and Justice prove,  
 I now am damn'd, but GOD is Love.

O GOD, if Thou art Love indeed,  
 Let it once more be prov'd in me,  
 That I thy Mercy's Praise may spread  
 For every Child of Adam free:  
 O let me now the Gift embrace,  
 O let me now be sav'd by Grace.

If all Long-suffering Thou hast shewn  
 On me, that Others may believe;  
 Now make thy Loving-kindness known;  
 Now the all conquering Spirit give,

Spirit

Spirit of Victory and Power,  
That I may never grieve Thee more.

Grant my importunate Request,  
It is not my Desire, but Thine;  
Since Thou wouldst have the Sinner blest,  
Now let me in thine Image shine;  
Nor ever from thy Footsteps move,  
But more than conquer in thy Love.

Be it according to thy Will;  
Set my imprison'd Spirit free,  
The Counsel of thy Grace fulfil:  
Into the Glorious Liberty  
My Spirit, Soul, and Flesh restore,  
And I shall never grieve Thee more.

## JESUS CHRIST, *the Saviour of all Men.*

**S**EE, Sinners, in the Gospel-Glass,  
The Friend, and Saviour of Mankind!  
Not One of all th' Apostate Race,  
But may in Him Salvation find.  
His Thoughts, and Words, and Actions prove  
His Life, and Death—that GOD is Love!

Behold the Lamb of GOD, who bears  
The Sins of all the World away!  
A Servant's Form he meekly wears,  
He sojourns in an House of Clay;  
His Glory is no longer seen,  
But GOD with GOD is Man with Men.

See where the GOD Incarnate stands,  
And calls his wand'ring Creatures home!  
all Day long spreads out his Hands,  
“ Come, weary Souls, to JESUS come!

Ye

“ Ye all may hide you in my Breast,  
 “ Believe, and I will give you Rest.

“ Ah! do not of my Goodness doubt,  
 ‘ My saving Grace for All is free;  
 ‘ I will in no wise cast him out  
 ‘ Who comes, a Sinner, unto Me,  
 ‘ I can to none Myself deny:  
 ‘ Why, Sinners, *will ye* perish, why?

(The mournful Cause let JESUS tell)  
 ‘ They *will* not come to Me, and live:  
 ‘ I did not force them to rebel,  
 ‘ Or call, when I had nought to give,  
 ‘ Invite them to believe a Lie,  
 ‘ Or any Soul of Man *pass by*.

Sinners, believe the Gospel-Word,  
 JESUS is come, your Souls to save!  
 JESUS is come, your Common LORD!  
 Pardon ye All in Him may have;  
 May now be saved, whoever will:  
 This Man receiveth Sinners still.

See where the Lame, the Halt, the Blind,  
 The Deaf, the Dumb, the Sick, the Poor.  
 Flock to the Friend of Humankind,  
 And freely all accept their Cure:  
 To whom doth He his Help deny?  
 Whom in his Days of Flesh *pass by*?

Did not his Word, the Fiends expel?  
 The Lepers cleanse, and raise the Dead?  
 Did He not all their Sickness heal,  
 And satisfy their every Need?  
 Did He reject his helpless Clay,  
 Or send them sorrowful away?

D

Nay,

Nay, but his Bowels yearn'd to see  
 The People hungry, scatter'd, faint:  
 Nay but He utter'd over Thee  
 Jerusalem, a True Complaint:  
 Jerusalem, who shed'st his Blood,  
 That, with his Tears, for Thee hath flow'd.

How oft for thy Hardheartedness  
 Did JESUS in his Spirit groan!  
 The Things belonging to thy Peace,  
 Hadst Thou, O bloody City, known,  
 Thee, turning in thy gracious Day,  
 He never would have cast away.

He wept, because Thou *wouldst* not see  
 The Grace which sure Salvation brings:  
 How oft would He have gather'd Thee,  
 And cherish'd underneath his Wings;  
 But Thou *wouldst not* — unhappy Thou!  
 And justly art Thou harden'd now.

Would JESUS have the Sinner die?  
 Why hangs He then on yonder Tree?  
 What means that strange expiring Cry?  
 (Sinners He prays for You and Me)  
 ' Forgive them, Father, O forgive,  
 ' They know not that by me they live!

He prays for Those that shed his Blood:  
 And who from JESUS's Blood is pure?  
 Who hath not crucify'd his GOD?  
 Whose Sins did not his Death procure?  
 If all have sinn'd thro' Adam's Fall,  
 Our second Adam died for all.

Adam descended from above,  
 Our Loss of Eden to retrieve,  
 Great GOD of Universal Love,  
 If all the World in Thee *may* live,

In Us a quick'ning Spirit be,  
And Witness, Thou hast died for Me!

Extend to Me the cleansing Tide  
Which freely flow'd for all Mankind,  
Open the Fountain of thy Side,  
In Thee may I Redemption find,  
Give *me* Redemption in thy Blood:  
For me, and all Mankind it flow'd.

Dear, loving, all-attoning Lamb,  
Thee by thy painful Agony,  
Thy bloody-Sweat, thy Grief and Shame,  
Thy Cross and Passion on the Tree,  
Thy precious Death, and Life, I pray  
Take all, take all my Sins away!

O let me kiss thy bleeding Feet,  
And bath, and wash them with my Tears,  
The Story of thy Love repeat  
In every drooping Sinner's Ears,  
That all may hear the quick'ning Sound.  
If I, ev'n I have Mercy found!

O let thy Love my Heart constrain,  
Thy Love for every Sinner free,  
That every fallen Soul of Man  
May taste the Grace that found out me,  
That All Mankind with me may prove  
Thy Sovereign Everlasting Love.

The

*The Cry of a REPROBATE.*

**G**O wretched Soul to meet thy Doom,  
 Thou neither canst escape, nor fly :  
 The Day, the fatal Day is come,  
 And Thou with all thy Hopes must die.

The dire Occasion of my Fall  
 Is present to my closest View,  
 Shorn of my Strength, I give up all,  
 And bid the World of Grace adieu!

The Philistines at last have found  
 The Way t'afflict their baffled Foe,  
 By my own Sin betray'd and bound,  
 A Sheep I to the Slaughter go.

I saw my Death with stony Eye,  
 While I the Way of Life could find,  
 But would not then from Ruin fly,  
 And now my harden'd Heart is blind.

I cannot from Destruction turn,  
 Nor wish it might from me depart,  
 Down the swift Stream of Nature born,  
 I sin with all my wretchless Heart.

My greedy Soul knows no Remorse  
 (While Conscience fear'd no longer cries)  
 Impetuous, as the Headlong Horse  
 Rushes into the Fight, and dies.

I hasten where the deepest Hell  
 Is mov'd to meet Me from beneath,  
 Where damn'd Apostate Spirits yell,  
 And gnaw their Tongues, and gnash their Teeth.  
Tophet

Tophet is for the King prepar'd,  
 But I must have the hottest Place:  
 I claim it as my just Reward,  
 For such an endless Waste of Grace.

Dives, and I, and Judas there  
 With gauling Chains of Darkness bound,  
 Shall howl in blasphemous Despair,  
 And Fiends return the doleful Sound.

A real fiery sulph'rous Hell  
 Shall prey upon our outward Frame;  
 But forer Pangs the Soul shall feel  
 Tormented in a fiercer Flame.

The dreadful Sin-consuming Fire  
 GOD shall into our Spirits breathe  
 A Brimstone Stream of vengeful Ire,  
 And slay them with a Living Death.

Conscience, the Worm that never dies,  
 Shall gnaw and tear us Day and Night,  
 Forever banish'd from the Skies  
 And cast out of the Saviour's Sight.

Back to the Prefence of the LORD,  
 O're the vast Gulph we cannot pass;  
 We cannot, cannot be restor'd  
 To see the Glories of his Face.

Horror of Horrors! Hell of Hell!  
 This makes the Cup of Wrath run o're,  
 Far from my LORD with Fiends to dwell,  
 And never, never see Him more.

O Death! this is thy Sting! O Grave  
 Of Souls, this is thy Victory!  
 The Saviour can no longer save,  
 A Gulph is fix'd 'twixt Him and Me.

E

No



No Ray of Light, no Gleam of Hope  
 The dismal Regions can allow;  
 'Tis here I must my Eyes lift up,  
 The Pains of Hell surround me now.

Hopeless my damn'd Estate I mourn,  
 GOD's Wrath is dropt into my Soul;  
 His fiery Wrath in me shall burn,  
 Long as eternal Ages roll.

Hear Sinners, hear an human Fiend,  
 And shudder at my horrid Tale,  
 Consign'd to Woes that never end  
 Before my Time, I weep, and wail.

As Dives, would his Brethren warn,  
 Left they should share his dreadful Doom,  
 Sinners (I cry) to JESUS turn,  
 Nor to my Place of Torment come.

Hear an incarnate Devil preach,  
 Nor throw like me your Souls away,  
 While heavenly Bliss is in your reach,  
 And GOD prolongs your gracious Day.

Whom I reject, do you receive,  
 The Saviour of Mankind embrace:  
 He tasted Death for All, believe,  
 Believe, and ye are fav'd by Grace.

Ye are, and I was once forgiven;  
 JESUS's Doom did mine repeal;  
 I might with you have come to Heaven,  
 Sav'd by the Grace from which I fell.

A Ransom for my Soul was paid;  
 For mine, and every Soul of Man  
 The Lamb a full Attonement made,  
 The Lamb for me, and Judas slain.

Before

Before I at his Bar appear,  
 Thence into outer-Darkness thrust,  
 The Judge of all the Earth I clear  
 JESUS, the merciful, and just.

By my own Hands, not His, I fall,  
 The hellish Doctrine I disprove;  
 Sinners, his Grace is free for All;  
 Tho' I am damn'd, yet GOD is Love!

S AVIOUR, and Friend of Sinners, see  
 The most rebellious of thy Foes,  
 If Grace, unbounded Grace, from Thee  
 In streams of endless Pity flows,  
 O let it now my Soul embrace,  
 Orewhelm me now with pard'ning Grace.

Hear, JESU, hear my dying Call,  
 Me in a Way of Mercy meet:  
 Self-loathing, self-condemn'd I fall  
 A Sinner at my Saviour's Feet,  
 Unless Thou cast a pitying Eye,  
 The Sinner at thy Feet must die.

I own my Punishment is just,  
 If now Thou drive me from thy Face,  
 Down into outer-Darkness thrust,  
 And quite exclude me from thy Grace,  
 And leave me to my fearful Doom:  
 I now am ripe for Wrath to come.

I know my Soul is foul as Hell,  
 The hottest Hell my Deeds require,  
 There only am I fit to dwell  
 With Fiends in everlasting Fire:  
 But why, Redeemer, didst Thou die?  
 O let thy Bowels answer why!

Was it to save, or to condemn  
 The World that nail'd Thee to the Tree?  
 Say didst Thou only die for Them,  
 Thy Murd'ers, LORD, and pass by me?  
 But hast Thou for thy Murd'ers died?  
 Then I my GOD have crucified!

Wherefore my GOD hath tasted Death  
 For me, and every Soul of Man,  
 To pluck us from the Lion's Teeth,  
 To save us from infernal Pain,  
 That Every Soul from Sin set free  
 Might Witness, GOD hath died for me!

**M**Y dear Redeemer, and my GOD,  
 I stake my Soul on thy Free Grace,  
 Take back my Interest in thy Blood,  
 Unless it stream'd for All the Race:  
 I stake my Soul on This alone,  
 THY BLOOD DID ONCE FOR ALL ATONE.

Gracious, and true, set too thy Seal,  
 Preach the glad Tidings to my Heart,  
 Now let my new-born Spirit feel  
 Pure universal Love Thou art,  
 In mine, in all our Bosoms move,  
 And testify, that GOD is Love.

Enlarge my Heart to all Mankind,  
 The Purchase of thy dying Groans,  
 O let me by this Token find  
 They All are thy redeemed Ones;  
 For if I lov'd, whom GOD abhor'd,  
 The Servant were above his LORD.

Thus let me thy free Mercy prove  
 To All, who thy pure Truths oppose,

IF

If I my fiercest Foes can love,  
 If I, to save my fiercest Foes,  
 To die myself, would not deny,  
 For whom could Thou refuse to die?

Dear dying LORD, thy Spirit breath,  
 Kindle in us the living Fire,  
 JESU, conform us to thy Death,  
 The Fulness of thy Life inspire,  
 O manifest in us thy Mind  
 Benevolent to all Mankind,

Now, LORD, into our Souls bring in  
 Thine everlasting Righteousness,  
 A Period make of Guilt and Sin,  
 And call us forth thy Witnesses,  
 That all Mankind with us may prove  
 Thy infinite, and perfect Love.

### *GOD's sovereign, everlasting Love.*

**O** All redeeming LORD,  
 Thy Kindness I record,  
 Me thy Kindness hath allur'd,  
 Call'd, and drawn me from above,  
 Sweetly am I thus assur'd,  
 Of thy Everlasting Love.

But is thy Grace less free  
 For Others, than for me?  
 LORD, I have not learnt Thee so:  
 Good to Every Man Thou art,  
 Free as Air thy Mercies flow;  
 So I feel it in my Heart.

Thee every Soul may find  
 Loving to all Mankind,

All have once thy Drawings prov'd,  
 Every Soul may say with me,  
 Me, the Friend of Sinners lov'd,  
 Lov'd from all Eternity.

Before his Name I knew,  
 Me to Himself He drew,  
 My unconscious Heart inclin'd  
 To pursue some Good Unknown,  
 Happiness I long'd to find,  
 Happiness is GOD alone.

GOD is the Thing I fought,  
 But then I knew it not,  
 Who shall shew me any Good?  
 (With the Many still I cried)  
 Rest was only in thy Blood,  
 Who for me, for All hadst died.

The World's Desire, and Hope,  
 For this was lifted up,  
 LORD, Thou didst hereby engage,  
 To draw all Men unto Thee,  
 All in every Place and Age:  
 Grace for all Mankind is free!

The Spirit of thy Love  
 With every Soul hath strove,  
 Every fallen Soul of Man,  
 May recover from his Fall,  
 See the Lamb for Sinners slain,  
 Feel that He hath died for All.

Thou dost not mock our Race  
 With Insufficient Grace;  
 Thou hast reprobated none,  
 Thou from Pharaoh's Blood art free,  
 Thou didst once for All atone,  
 Judas, Esau, Cain, and me.

Father

**F**Ather, if I have sinn'd, with Thee  
 An Advocate I have:  
**JESUS** the Just shall plead for me,  
 The Sinner **CHRIST** shall save.

Pardon and Peace in him I find;  
 But not for me alone  
 The Lamb was slain; for all Mankind  
 His Blood did once atone.

My Soul is on Thy Promise cast,  
 And lo! I claim my Part:  
 The universal Pardon's past;  
 O seal it on my Heart.

Thou canst not now Thy Grace deny;  
 Thou canst not but forgive:  
**LORD**, if Thy Justice asks me why—  
 In **JESUS** I believe!

---

**S**aviour of all, by **GOD** design'd  
 Our Loss of *Eden* to retrieve,  
 Mighty Restorer of Mankind,  
 In whom we All, tho' dead, may live.

In Rapture lost, on Thee I gaze,  
 Thy Universal Goodness prove,  
 Adore the Riches of Thy Grace,  
 And triumph in Thy Boundless Love.

Rest to my Soul I now have found,  
 My Interest in Thy Blood I see;  
 On this my Confidence I ground,  
 Who died for All, hath died for *me*.

For *me*, for *me* the Saviour died!  
 Surely Thy Grace for all is free:

I feel it now by Faith applied:  
Who died for All, hath died for me!

No dire Decree obtain'd thy Seal,  
Or fix'd th' unalterable Doom,  
Consign'd my unborn Soul to Hell,  
Or damn'd me from my Mother's Womb.

Who that beholds Thy Lovely Face,  
Can doubt, if All Thy Grace may share :  
So strong the Lines of General Grace ———  
Grace, Grace is All that's written there.

Loving to every Man Thou art !  
Sinners, ye all his Grace may prove ;  
He bears you all upon His Heart :  
GOD is not HATE, but GOD is LOVE.

**B**REAK forth into Joy,  
Your Comforter sing,  
Ye Sinners employ  
Your All for your King :  
Rejoice ye waste Places,  
Your Saviour proclaim,  
Bestow all your Praises,  
And Lives on his Name.

For JESUS the LORD  
Hath comforted Man,  
The Sinner restor'd,  
Nor suffer'd in vain:  
To bring us to Heaven  
When rais'd from our Fall  
His Life He hath given  
A Ransom for All.

His Arm He hath bare'd,  
His Mercy and Grace  
Hath Pardon prepar'd

For

For All the lost Race:  
 His uttermost Merit  
 Display'd in our Sight  
 We all may inherit,  
 And claim as our Right.

The Gentiles shall hear  
 The Life-giving Call,  
 His Grace shall appear,  
 And visit them All:  
 The Common Salvation  
 To All doth belong,  
 To Every Nation,  
 And People, and Tongue.

### The Horrible Decree.

**A**H! gentle gracious Dove,  
 And art Thou griev'd in me,  
 That Sinners should restrain thy Love,  
 And say, ' It is not free:  
 " It is not free for *All*:  
 " The *Most*, Thou *pass'est* by,  
 " And mockest with a fruitless Call  
 " Whom Thou hast doom'd to die

They think Thee *not sincere*  
 In giving Each His Day,  
 " Thou only draw'st the Sinner near  
 " To cast him quite away,  
 To aggravate his Sin,  
 His *sure Damnation Seal*:  
 Thou shew'st him Heaven, and say'st, go in:  
 And thrust'st him into Hell.

O Horrible Decree  
 Worthy of whence it came!

F.

Forgive



Forgive their hellish Blasphemy  
 Who charge it on the Lamb:  
 Whose Pity him inclin'd  
 To leave his Throne above,  
 The Friend, and Saviour of Mankind,  
 The GOD of Grace, and Love.

O gracious, loving LORD,  
 I feel thy Bowels yearn;  
 For those who slight the Gospel-Word  
 I share in thy Concern:  
 How art Thou griev'd to be  
 By ransom'd Worms withstood!  
 How dost Thou bleed afresh to see  
 Them trample on thy Blood!

To limit Thee they dare,  
 Blaspheme Thee to thy Face,  
 Deny their Fellow-Worms a Share  
 In thy redeeming Grace:  
 All for their own they take,  
 Thy Righteousness engross,  
 Of none Effect to most they make  
 The Merits of thy Cross.

Sinners, abhor the Fiend,  
 His other Gospel hear,  
*The GOD of Truth did not intend  
 The Thing his Words declare,  
 He offers Grace to All,  
 Which most cannot embrace  
 Mock'd with an ineffectual Call,  
 And insufficient Grace.*

*The righteous GOD consign'd  
 Them over to their Doom,  
 And sent the Saviour of Mankind  
 To damn them from the Womb;  
 As damn for falling short,*

*Of what they could not do,  
For not believing the Report  
Of that which was not true.*

*The GOD of Love pass'd by  
The most of those that fell,  
Ordain'd poor Reprobates to die,  
And forc'd them into Hell.  
He did not do the Deed  
[Some have more mildly sav'd]  
He did not damn them—but decreed  
They never should be sav'd.*

*He did not Them bereave  
Of Life, or stop their Breath,  
His Grace He only would not give,  
And starv'd their Souls to Death.  
Satanick Sophistry!  
But still All-gracious GOD,  
They charge the Sinner's Death on Thee,  
Who bought'st him with thy Blood.*

*They think with Shrieks and Cries  
To please the LORD of Hosts,  
And offer Thee, in Sacrifice  
Millions of slaughter'd Ghosts:  
With New-born Babes they fill  
The dire infernal Shade,  
For such they say, was thy Great Will,  
Before the World was made.*

*How long, O GOD, how long  
Shall Satan's Rage proceed!  
Wilt Thou not soon avenge the Wrong,  
And crush the Serpent's Head!  
Surely Thou shalt at last  
Bruise him beneath our Feet:  
The Devil, and his Doctrine cast  
Into the burning Pit.*

Arise, O GOD, arise,  
 Thy glorious Truth maintain,  
 Hold forth the Bloody Sacrifice  
 For every Sinner slain!  
 Defend thy Mercy's Cause,  
 Thy Grace divinely free,  
 Lift up the Standard of thy Cross  
 Draw all Men unto Thee.

O vindicate thy Grace  
 Which every Soul may prove,  
 Us in thy Arms of Love embrace,  
 Of Everlasting Love.  
 Give the pure Gospel-Word,  
 Thy Preachers multiply,  
 Let all confess their Common LORD,  
 And dare for Him to die.

My Life I here present,  
 My Heart's last Drop of Blood;  
 O let it all be freely spent  
 In Proof that Thou art Good,  
 Art Good to all that breathe,  
 Who All may Pardon have:  
 Thou willest not the Sinner's Death,  
 But all the World *wouldst* save.

O take me at my Word,  
 But arm me with thy Power,  
 Then call me forth to suffer, LORD,  
 To meet the fiery Hour:  
 In Death will I proclaim  
 That All *may* hear thy Call,  
 And clap my Hands amidst the Flame,  
 And Shout—HE DIED FOR ALL.

F I N I S.











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