

Here you will find hymns from *The United Methodist Hymnal* and from Charles Wesley that go with the Gospel readings for the Sundays from Easter to Pentecost

### **Hymns for Singing and Praying from Easter to Pentecost**

The following hymn texts are offered as companions to the Gospel readings from Easter through Pentecost. Some of them are in our congregations' repertoires and in the current *United Methodist Hymnal*. We also have attempted to provide additional hymns from the Wesleys that might be sung or prayed. Where possible, we have identified suggested tunes. Unfortunately, Charles Wesley's poetic creativity often resulted in texts not easily set to tunes. But whether we sing them or not, they provide texts that can shape our prayer and meditation. (See *Praying with Scripture* elsewhere in these resources.)

We have limited ourselves to hymn texts that are in the public domain and which, therefore, do not require further copyright permissions. The historic Wesley texts are all from the online collection of Charles Wesley's published verse at Duke Divinity School (<https://divinity.duke.edu/initiatives/cswt/charles-published-verse>).

#### **Easter Sunday—John 20.1-18**

*Christ the Lord is risen today* (UMH 302, *Easter Hymn*)

1 Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia!  
Earth and heaven in chorus say, Alleluia!  
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply, Alleluia!

2 Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!  
Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia!  
Death in vain forbids him rise, Alleluia!  
Christ has opened paradise, Alleluia!

3 Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!  
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!  
Once he died our souls to save, Alleluia!  
Where's thy victory, boasting grave? Alleluia!

4 Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!  
Following our exalted Head, Alleluia!  
Made like him, like him we rise, Alleluia!  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia!

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven, Alleluia!  
Praise to thee by both be given, Alleluia!  
Thee we greet triumphant now, Alleluia!  
Hail the Resurrection, thou, Alleluia!

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

Charles Wesley, *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739

*The Day of Resurrection* (UMH 303, *Lancashire*)

1 The day of resurrection!  
Earth, tell it out abroad;  
the passover of gladness,  
the passover of God.  
From death to life eternal,  
from earth unto the sky,  
our Christ hath brought us over,  
with hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
that we may see aright  
the Lord in rays eternal  
of resurrection light;  
and listening to his accents,  
may hear, so calm and plain,  
his own "All hail!" and, hearing,  
may raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!  
Let earth the song begin!  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
and all that is therein!  
Let all things seen and unseen  
their notes in gladness blend,  
for Christ the Lord hath risen,  
our joy that hath no end.

St. John of Damascus, 8<sup>th</sup> cent.; trans. John Mason Neale

## **Second Sunday of Easter—John 20.19-31**

*O sons and daughters let us sing* (UMH 317, sts. 1, 6-9, *O filii et filiae*)

The two halves of this hymn narrate the story of Thomas on Easter evening and the following week. The gospel reading for this Sunday tells the second half of the story.

Alleluia, alleluia,  
alleluia, alleluia!

1 O sons and daughters let us sing,  
The King of heaven, the glorious King,  
o'er death and hell rose triumphing.  
Alleluia!

6 When Thomas first the tidings heard  
that some had seen the risen Lord,  
he doubted the disciples' word.  
Alleluia!

7 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see,  
my hands, my feet, I show to thee;  
not faithless but believing be."  
Alleluia!

8 No longer Thomas then denied;  
he saw the feet, the hands, the side.  
"You are my Lord and God!" he cried.  
Alleluia!

9 How blest are they who have not seen  
and yet whose faith has constant been,  
for they eternal life shall win.  
Alleluia!

Final Ending:  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

*Come ye that seek the Lord*

1 Come ye that seek the Lord,  
Him that was crucified,  
Come listen to the gospel-word,  
And feel it now applied:  
To every soul of man  
The joyful news we show,  
Jesus for every sinner slain,  
Is ris'n again for you.

2 The Lord is ris'n indeed,  
And did to us appear,  
He hath been seen, our living head,  
By many a Peter here:  
We, who so oft denied  
Our Master and our God,  
Have thrust our hand into his side,

And felt the streaming blood.

3 Raised from the dead we are  
The members with their Lord,  
And boldly in his name declare  
The soul-reviving word;  
Salvation we proclaim  
Which every soul may find,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus' name,  
And life for all mankind.

Charles Wesley, *Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection*, 11.1-3

### **Third Sunday of Easter—Luke 24.13-25**

*We walk by faith, and not by sight (Martyrdom, UMH 294, text and tune in TFWS 2196)*

1 We walk by faith, and not by sight;  
no gracious words we hear  
from Him who spoke as none e'er spoke,  
but we believe Him near.

2 We may not touch His hands and side,  
nor follow where He trod;  
but in His promise we rejoice  
and cry, "My Lord and God!"

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;  
and may our faith abound  
to call on You when You are near  
and seek where You are found.

4 That, when our life of faith is done,  
in realms of clearer light,  
may we behold You as You are,  
with full and endless sight.

Henry Alford, 1844

*Come then, thou prophet of the Lord*  
1 Come then, thou prophet of the Lord,  
Thou great interpreter divine,  
Explain thine own transmitted word;  
To teach, and to inspire is thine,  
Thou only canst thyself reveal,  
Open the book, and loose the seal.

2 Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke  
Concerning thee, O Christ, make known,  
Sole subject of the sacred book,  
Thou fillest all, and thou alone;  
Yet there our Lord we cannot see,  
Unless thy Spirit lends the key.

3 Now, Jesu, now the veil remove,  
The folly of our darkened heart,  
Unfold the wonders of thy love,  
The knowledge of thyself impart;  
Our ear, our inmost soul we bow;  
Speak, Lord; thy servants hearken now.

4 Make not as thou wouldst farther go,  
Our friend, and counsellor, and guide,  
But stay, the path of life to show,  
Still with our souls vouchsafe t' abide,  
Constrained by thy own mercy stay,  
Nor leave us at our close of day.

5 Come in, with thy disciples sit,  
Nor suffer us to ask in vain,  
Nourish us, Lord, with living meat,  
Our souls with heavenly bread sustain;  
Break to us now the mystic bread,  
And bid us on thy body feed.

6 Honour the means ordained by thee,  
The great unbloody sacrifice,  
The deep tremendous mystery;  
Thyself in our enlightened eyes  
Now in the broken bread make known,  
And show us thou art all our own.

Charles Wesley, *Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection*, 6.

Possible tunes for singing: Carey's (Surrey), UMH 570; St. Petersburg, UMH 153

#### **Fourth Sunday of Easter—John 10.1-10**

*God, whose mercies never end*  
1 God, whose mercies never end,  
Thy gracious promise keep,  
Raise the shepherd up, and send  
To seek the wand'ring sheep,

A lost race to save and feed  
When in one fold together joined,  
Joined in spirit to our head  
The shepherd of mankind.

2 The true heavenly David give,  
The just and loving one,  
After thine own heart, to live,  
And fix in us his throne:  
When on every soul bestowed,  
He comes, and saves us from our sins,  
Father, then thou art our God,  
And Jesus is our Prince.

Charles Wesley, *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, vol. 2, 1261  
(1762)

*The King of love my shepherd is* (UMH 138)

1 The King of love my shepherd is,  
whose goodness faileth never.  
I nothing lack if I am his,  
and he is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,  
my ransomed soul he leadeth;  
and where the verdant pastures grow,  
with food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,  
but yet in love he sought me;  
and on his shoulder gently laid,  
and home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,  
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight;  
thy unction grace bestoweth;  
and oh, what transport of delight  
from thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,  
thy goodness faileth never;

Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
within thy house forever.

Henry Williams Baker, 1868

**Fifth Sunday of Easter—John 14.1-14**

*Jesus, we long to know thy name*

1 Jesus, we long to know thy name,  
Today, as yesterday the same  
Our Lord and Saviour be,  
That comfort of the troubled heart  
That gift unspeakable impart,  
That faith which is in thee.

2 Surely we do in God believe;  
Yet O! We still must fear and grieve  
Till thou the secret tell,  
The end of thy departure show,  
The heaven-ensuring faith bestow,  
And all thy love reveal.

3 Us by thy Spirit certify,  
That we, e'en we shall in the sky  
Our happy mansions find,  
There is thy Father's house above,  
Celestial thrones of glorious love  
For us, and all mankind.

4 Art thou not our forerunner gone  
To claim the kingdom for thine own,  
Through thee to all men given,  
To challenge and prepare a place  
For us, and every child of grace  
And write our names in heaven?

5 Yes, thou art surely gone before;  
We see thee, Lord, on earth no more,  
And for thy absence mourn;  
But lo! We on thy word depend;  
Our griefs and miseries to end  
Thou wilt at last return.

6 Soon as thou hast our place prepared,  
And made us meet for our reward,  
Thou wilt come back again,

Wilt to thyself our souls receive  
With thee eternally to live,  
Eternally to reign.

Charles Wesley, *Hymns for Ascension Day*, 5 (1746)

*Come, my way, my truth, my life* (UMH 164)

1 Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:  
Such a way as gives us breath;  
Such a truth as ends all strife;  
Such a life as killeth death.

2 Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:  
Such a light as shows a feast;  
Such a feast as mends in length;  
Such a strength as makes his guest.

3 Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:  
Such a joy as none can move;  
Such a love as none can part;  
Such a heart as joys in love.

George Herbert, 1633

### **Sixth Sunday of Easter—John 14.15-21**

*Spirit of faith come down* (UMH 332)

1. Spirit of faith, come down,  
reveal the things of God,  
and make to us the Godhead known,  
and witness with the blood.  
'Tis thine the blood to apply  
and give us eyes to see,  
who did for every sinner die  
hath surely died for me.

2. No one can truly say  
that Jesus is the Lord,  
unless thou take the veil away  
and breathe the living Word.  
Then, only then, we feel  
our interest in his blood,  
and cry with joy unspeakable,  
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"



3. O that the world might know  
the all atoning Lamb!  
Spirit of faith, descend and show  
the virtue of his name;  
the grace which all may find,  
the saving power, impart,  
and testify to humankind,  
and speak in every heart.

4. Inspire the living faith  
(which whosoe'er receive,  
the witness in themselves they have  
and consciously believe),  
the faith that conquers all,  
and doth the mountain move,  
and saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
and perfects them in love.

Charles Wesley, *Hymns for Whitsunday*, 37 (1746)

*Glorious head, triumphant Saviour*  
8 Glorious head, triumphant Saviour,  
High enthroned above all height,  
We have now through thee found favour,  
Righteous in thy Father's sight:  
Hears he not thy prayer unceasing?  
Can he turn away thy face:  
Send us down the purchased blessing,  
Fulness of the gospel-grace.

9 By the coming of thy Spirit  
As a mighty rushing wind,  
Save us into all thy merit,  
Into all thy sinless mind;  
Let the perfect gift be given,  
Let thy will in us be seen,  
Done on earth as 'tis in heaven:  
Lord, thy Spirit cries Amen!

Charles Wesley, *Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection*, 7.8-9  
This text can be sung to *Abbot's Leigh* (UMH 584), *Austria* (UMH 731),  
or *Hyrfrydol* (UMH 196)

**Seventh Sunday of Easter / Ascension—John 17.1-11 / Luke 24.44-53**

*Hail the day that sees him rise* (UMH 312)

1 Hail the day that sees him rise, Alleluia!  
to his throne beyond the skies. Alleluia!  
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia!  
re-ascends his native heaven. Alleluia!

2 There the glorious triumph waits; Alleluia!  
lift your heads, eternal gates. Alleluia!  
Christ hath conquered death and sin; Alleluia!  
take the King of glory in. Alleluia!

3 See! The heaven its Lord receives; Alleluia!  
yet he loves the earth he leaves. Alleluia!  
Though returning to his throne, Alleluia!  
still he calls us all his own. Alleluia!

4 See! He lifts his hands above; Alleluia!  
See! he shows the prints of love, Alleluia!  
Hark! his gracious lips bestow, Alleluia!  
Blessings on his church below, Alleluia!

Charles Wesley, *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739

Note that this text can also be sung to *Easter Hymn* (UMH 302)

*The head that once was crowned with thorns* (UMH 326)

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns  
is crowned with glory now;  
a royal diadem adorns  
the mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heav'n affords  
is his, is his by right,  
the King of kings and Lord of lords,  
and heav'n's eternal Light:

3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
the joy of all below,  
to whom he manifests his love,  
and grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
with all its grace, is giv'n;  
their name an everlasting name,  
their joy the joy of heav'n.

5 They suffer with the Lord below,  
they reign with him above;

their profit and their joy to know  
the myst'ry of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,  
though shame and death to him;  
his people's hope, his people's wealth,  
their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820

**Pentecost—John 7.37-39**

*Eternal Spirit, come*

1 Eternal Spirit, come  
Into thy meanest home,  
From thine high and holy place  
Where thou dost in glory reign,  
Stoop in condescending grace,  
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For thee our hearts we lift  
And wait the heavenly gift:  
Giver, Lord of life divine,  
To our dying souls appear,  
Grant the grace for which we pine,  
Give thyself the Comforter.

3 No gift or comfort we  
Would have distinct from thee,  
Spirit, principle of grace,  
Sum of our desires thou art,  
Fill us with thy holiness,  
Breathe thyself into our heart.

4 Our ruined souls repair,  
And fix thy mansion there,  
Claim us for thy constant shrine,  
All thy glorious self reveal,  
Life, and power, and love divine,  
God in us forever dwell.

Charles Wesley, *Hymns for Whitsunday*, 3 (1746)

*Away with our fears*

1 Away with our fears,  
Our troubles and tears!

The Spirit is come,  
The witness of Jesus  
returned to his home:  
The pledge of our Lord  
To his heaven restored,  
Is sent from the sky,  
And tells us our head  
is exalted on high.

2 Our Advocate there  
By his blood and his prayer  
The gift hath obtained,  
For us he hath prayed,  
and the Comforter gained:  
Our glorified head  
His Spirit hath shed  
With his people to stay,  
And never again  
will he take him away.

3 Our heavenly guide  
With us shall abide;  
His comforts impart,  
And set up his kingdom  
of LOVE in the heart:  
The heart that believes  
His kingdom receives,  
His power and his peace,  
His life, and his joy's  
everlasting increase.

Charles Wesley, *Hymns for Whitsunday*, 32.1-3, 5 (1746)

*Come down, O love divine* (UMH 475)

1 Come down, O Love divine,  
seek thou this soul of mine,  
and visit it with thine own ardor glowing;  
O Comforter, draw near,  
within my heart appear,  
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

2 O let it freely burn,  
till earthly passions turn  
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;  
and let thy glorious light

shine ever on my sight,  
and clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

3 And so the yearning strong,  
with which the soul will long,  
shall far outpass the power of human telling;  
for none can guess its grace,  
till Love create a place  
wherein the Holy Spirit makes a dwelling.

Bianca of Siena, 15<sup>th</sup> cent.; trans. Richard F. Littledale, 1867