

Classic Poetry Series

**Augustus Montague
Toplady
- poems -**

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Augustus Montague Toplady(4 November 1740–11 August 1778)

Augustus Montague Toplady was an Anglican cleric and hymn writer. He was a major Calvinist opponent of John Wesley. He is best remembered as the author of the hymn "Rock of Ages". Three of his other hymns – "A Debtor to Mercy Alone", "Deathless Principle, Arise" and "Object of My First Desire" – are still occasionally sung today, though all three are far less popular than "Rock of Ages".

Background and Early Life, 1740–55

Augustus Toplady was born in Farnham, Surrey, England in November 1740. His father, Richard Toplady, was probably from Enniscorthy, County Wexford in Ireland. Richard Toplady became a commissioned officer in the Royal Marines in 1739; by the time of his death, he had reached the rank of major. In May 1741, shortly after Augustus' birth, Richard participated in the Battle of Cartagena de Indias (1741), the most significant battle of the War of Jenkins' Ear (1739–1742), during the course of which he died, most likely of yellow fever, leaving Augustus' mother to raise the boy alone.

Toplady's mother, Catherine, was the daughter of Richard Bate, who was the incumbent of Chilham from 1711 until his death in 1736. Catherine and her son moved from Farnham to Westminster. He attended Westminster School from 1750 to 1755.

Trinity College, Dublin: 1755–60

In 1755, Catherine and Augustus moved to Ireland, and Augustus was enrolled in Trinity College, Dublin.

Shortly thereafter, in August 1755, the 15-year-old Toplady attended a sermon preached by James Morris, a follower of John Wesley (though in his Dying Avowal, Toplady denies that the preacher was directly connected to Wesley, with whom he had developed a bitter relationship), in a barn in Codymain, co. Wexford. He would remember this sermon as the time at which he received his effectual calling from God.

Having undergone his religious conversion under the preaching of a Methodist, Toplady initially followed Wesley in supporting Arminianism. In 1758, however,

the 18-year-old Toplady read Thomas Manton's seventeenth-century sermon on John 17 and Jerome Zanchius's *Confession of the Christian Religion* (1562). These works convinced Toplady that Calvinism, not Arminianism, was correct.

In 1759, Toplady published his first book, *Poems on Sacred Subjects*.

Following his graduation from Trinity College in 1760, Toplady and his mother returned to Westminster. There, Toplady met and was influenced by several prominent Calvinist ministers, including George Whitefield, John Gill, and William Romaine. It was John Gill who in 1760 urged Toplady to publish his translation of Zanchius's work on predestination, Toplady commenting that "I was not then, however sufficiently delivered from the fear of man."

Church Ministry: 1762–78

In 1762, Edward Willes, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, ordained Toplady as an Anglican deacon, appointing him curate of Blagdon, located in the Mendip Hills of Somerset.

Toplady wrote his famous hymn "Rock of Ages" in 1763. A local tradition - discounted by most historians - holds that he wrote the hymn after seeking shelter under a large rock at Burrington Combe, a magnificent ravine close to Blagdon, during a thunderstorm.

Upon being ordained priest in 1764, Toplady returned to London briefly, and then served as curate of Farleigh Hungerford for a little over a year (1764–65). He then returned to stay with friends in London for 1765–66.

In May 1766, he became incumbent of Harpford and Venn Ottery, two villages in Devon. In 1768, however, he learned that he had been named to this incumbency because it had been purchased for him; seeing this as simony, he chose to exchange the incumbency for the post of vicar of Broadhembury, another Devon village. He would serve as vicar of Broadhembury until his death, although he received leave to be absent from Broadhembury from 1775 on.

Toplady never married, though he did have relationships with two women. The first was Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, the founder of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, a Calvinist Methodist series of congregations. Toplady first met Huntingdon in 1763, and preached in her chapels several times in 1775 during his absence from Broadhembury. The second was Catherine Macaulay, whom he first met in 1773, and with whom he spent a large amount of time in the years 1773–77.

Animals and Natural World

Toplady was a prolific essayist and letter correspondent and wrote on a wide range of topics. He was interested in the natural world and in animals. He composed a short work "Sketch of Natural History, with a few particulars on Birds, Meteors, Sagacity of Brutes, and the solar system", wherein he set down his observations about the marvels of nature, including the behaviour of birds, and illustrations of wise actions on the part of various animals. Toplady also considered the problem of evil as it relates to the sufferings of animals in "A Short Essay on Original Sin", and in a public debate delivered a speech on "Whether unnecessary cruelty to the brute creation is not criminal?". In this speech he repudiated brutality towards animals and also affirmed his belief that the Scriptures point to the resurrection of animals.[3] Toplady's position about animal brutality and the resurrection were echoed by his contemporaries Joseph Butler, Richard Dean, Humphry Primatt and John Wesley, and throughout the nineteenth century other Christian writers such as Joseph Hamilton, George Hawkins Pember, George N. H. Peters, Joseph Seiss, and James Macauley developed the arguments in more detail in the context of the debates about animal welfare, animal rights and vivisection.

Calvinist Controversialist: 1769–78

Toplady's first salvo into the world of religious controversy came in 1769 when he wrote a book in response to a situation at the University of Oxford. Six evangelical students had been expelled from St Edmund Hall because of their evangelical views. Thomas Nowell criticised these students for holding views inconsistent with the views of the Church of England. Toplady then criticised Nowell's position in his book *The Church of England Vindicated from the Charge of Arminianism*, which argued that Calvinism, not Arminianism, was the position historically held by the Church of England.

1769 also saw Toplady publish his translation of Zanchius's *Confession of the Christian Religion* (1562), one of the works which had convinced Toplady to become a Calvinist in 1758. Toplady entitled his translation *The Doctrine of Absolute Predestination Stated and Asserted*. This work drew a vehement response from John Wesley, thus initiating a protracted pamphlet debate between Toplady and Wesley about whether the Church of England was historically Calvinist or Arminian. This debate peaked in 1774, when Toplady published his 700-page *The Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England*, a massive study which traced the doctrine of predestination from the period of the early church through to William Laud. The section about

the Synod of Dort contained a footnote identifying five basic propositions of the Calvinist faith, arguably the first appearance in print of the summary of Calvinism known as the "five points of Calvinism".

The relationship between Toplady and Wesley that had initially been cordial, involving exchanges of letters in Toplady's Arminian days, became increasingly bitter and reached its nadir with the "Zanchy affair". Wesley took exception to the publication of Toplady's translation of Zanchius's work on predestination in 1769 and published, in turn, an abridgment of that work titled "The Doctrine of Absolute Predestination Stated and Asserted", adding his own comment that "The sum of all is this: One in twenty (suppose) of mankind are elected; nineteen in twenty are reprobated. The elect shall be saved, do what they will; the reprobate will be damned, do what they can. Reader believe this, or be damned. Witness my hand." Toplady viewed the abridgment and comments as a distortion of his and Zanchius's views and was particularly enraged that the authorship of these additions were attributed to him, as though he approved of the content.

Toplady published a response in the form of "A Letter to the Rev Mr John Wesley; Relative to His Pretended Abridgement of Zanchius on Predestination". Wesley never publicly accepted any wrongdoing on his part and seemingly denied his authorship of the comments contained in his abridgement when, in his 1771 work "The Consequenses Proved" that responded to Toplady's letter, he ascribed his additions to quently Wesley avoided direct correspondence with Toplady, famously stating in a letter of 24 June 1770 that "I do not fight with chimney-sweepers. He is too dirty a writer for me to meddle with. I should only foul my fingers. I read his title-page, and troubled myself no farther. I leave him to Mr Sellon. He cannot be in better hands."[citation needed]

Last Years

Toplady spent his last three years mainly in London, preaching regularly in a French Calvinist chapel, most spectacularly in 1778, when he appeared to rebut charges being made by Wesley's followers that he had renounced Calvinism on his deathbed.

Toplady died of tuberculosis on 11 August 1778. He was buried at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road.

A Debtor To Mercy Alone

A debtor to mercy alone, of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, my person and off'ring to bring.
The terrors of law and of God with me can have nothing to do;
My Savior's obedience and blood hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which His goodness began, the arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen, and never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now, nor all things below or above,
Can make Him His purpose forgo, or sever my soul from His love.

My name from the palms of His hands eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains, in marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure, as sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy, but not more secure, the glorified spirits in heav'n.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Bowed With A Sense Of Sin

Bowed with a sense of sin, I faint
Beneath the complicated load;
Father, attend my deep complaint,
I am Thy creature, Thou my God.

Though I have broke Thy righteous law,
Yet with me let Thy Spirit stay;
Thyself from me do not withdraw,
Nor take my spark of hope away.

Mercy unlimited is Thine;
God of the penitent Thou art;
The saving power of blood divine
Shall ease the anguish of my heart.

Then let not sin my ruin be,
Gives me in Thee my rest to find:
Jesus, the sick have need of Thee,-
Thou great Physician of mankind.

In my salvation, Lord, display
The triumphs of abounding grace;
Tell me my guilt is done away,
And turn my mourning into praise.

Then shall I add my feeble song
To theirs who chant Thy praise on high,
And spread with an immortal tongue
Thy glory through the echoing sky.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Deathless Principle! Arise

Deathless principle! arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo! He beckons from on high,
Fearless to His presence fly;
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;-
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar:
Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle as a summer's eve:
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See! they throng the blissful shore.

Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;

Kindle higher joy in heaven.-
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes;
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Desiring To Be Given Up To God

That my heart was right with thee,
And lov'd thee with a perfect love!
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!
Jesus, remove th' impending load,
And set my soul on fire for God!

Thou seest I dwell in awful night
Until thou in my heart appear;
Kindle the flame, O Lord, and light
Thine everlasting candle there:
Thy presence puts the shadows by;
If thou art gone, how dark am I!

Ah! Lord, how should thy servant see,
Unless thou give me seeing eyes?
Well may I fall, if out of thee;
If out of thee, how should I rise?
I wander, Lord, without thy aid,
And lose my way in midnight's shade.

Thy bright, unerring light afford,
A light that gives the sinner hope;
And from the house of bondage, Lord,
O bring the weary captive up,
Thine hand alone can set me free
And reach my pardon out to me.

O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
With eye-salve, Lord, anoint the blind,
And seal me thine adopted son:
A fallen, helpless creature take,
And heir of thy salvation make.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Father Of Love, To Thee I Bend

Father of love, to thee I bend
My heart, and lift mine eyes;
O let my pray'r and praise ascend
As odours to the skies.

Thy pard'ning voice I come to hear,
To know thee as thou art:
Thy ministers can reach the ear,
But thou must touch the heart.

O stamp me in thy heav'nly mould,
And grant thy word appl'd
May bring forth fruit an hundred fold
And speak me justify'd.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Fountain Of Never-Ceasing Grace

Fountain of never ceasing grace,
Thy saints' exhaustless theme,
Great object of immortal praise,
Essentially supreme;
We bless Thee for the glorious fruits
Thine incarnation gives;
The righteousness which grace imputes,
And faith alone receives.

Whom heaven's angelic host adores,
Was slaughtered for our sin;
The guilt, O Lord was wholly ours,
The punishment was Thine:
Our God in the flesh, to set us free,
Was manifested here;
And meekly bare our sins, that we
His righteousness might wear.

Imputatively guilty then
Our substitute was made,
That we the blessings might obtain
For which His blood was shed:
Himself He offered on the cross,
Our sorrows to remove;
And all He suffered was for us,
And all He did was love.

In Him we have a righteousness,
By God Himself approved;
Our rock, our sure foundation this,
Which never can be moved.
Our ransom by His death He paid,
For all His people giv'n,
The law He perfectly obeyed,
That they might enter heav'n.

As all, when Adam sinned alone,
In his transgression died,
So by the righteousness of One,

Are sinners justified,
We to Thy merit, gracious Lord,
With humblest joy submit,
Again to Paradise restored,
In Thee alone complete.

Our souls His watchful love retrieves,
Nor lets them go astray,
His righteousness to us He gives,
And takes our sins away:
We claim salvation in His right,
Adopted and forgiv'n,
His merit is our robe of light,
His death the gate of heav'n.

Augustus Montague Toplady

God Of Love

God of love, whose truth and grace
Reach unbounded as the skies,
Hear thy creature's feeble praise,
Let my ev'ning sacrifice
Mount as incense to thy throne,
On the merits of thy Son.

Me thy providence has led
Through another busy day:
Over me thy wings were spread,
Chasing sin and death away:
Thou hast been my faithful shield,
Thou my footsteps hast upheld.

Tho' the sable veil of night
Hides the cheering face of heav'n,
Let me triumph in the sight
Of my guilt in thee forgiv'n.
In my heart the witness feel,
See the great invisible.

I will lay me down to sleep,
Sweetly take my rest in thee,
Ev'ry moment brought a step
Nearer to eternity:
I shall soon from earth ascend,
Quickly reach my journey's end.

All my sins imputed were
To my dear, incarnate God;
Bury'd in his grave they are,
Drown'd in his atoning blood:
Me thou wilt not now condemn,
Righteous and complete in him.

In the Saviour's right I claim
All the blessings he hath bought;
For my soul the dying Lamb
Hath a full redemption wrought;

Heaven through his desert is mine;
Christ's I am, and Christ is mine!

Augustus Montague Toplady

Grace, 'Tis A Charming Sound

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray
And made mine eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

O let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine
My all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

Augustus Montague Toplady

He Dwelleth In You

Saviour, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quick'ning Spirit give,
The unction from above;
Shew me, Lord, how good thou art,
My soul with all thy fulness fill:
Send the witness in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

Dead in sin 'till then I lie,
Bereft of power to rise;
Till thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies:
Now the mighty gift impart,
My sin erase, my pardon seal:
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thy own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my every lust depart,
And with me O vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, thy pure abode;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
That I'm a child of God:
Lord, I choose the better part,
Jesus, I wait thy peace to feel;
Send the witness in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

Whom the world cannot receive,
O manifest in me:
Son of God, I cease to live,

Unless I live in thee
Now impute thy whole desert,
Restore the joy from which I fell:
Breathe the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Holy Ghost! Dispel Our Sadness

Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night.
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

Author of our new creation,
Bid us all Thine influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

Augustus Montague Toplady

How Vast The Benefits Divine

How vast the benefits divine which we in Christ possess!
We are redeemed from guilt and shame and called to holiness.
But not for works which we have done, or shall hereafter do,
Hath God decreed on sinful men salvation to bestow.

The glory, Lord, from first to last, is due to Thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take, or rob Thee of Thy crown.
Our glorious Surety undertook to satisfy for man,
And grace was given us in Him before the world began.

This is Thy will, that in Thy love we ever should abide;
That earth and hell should not prevail to turn Thy Word aside.
Not one of all the chosen race but shall to heav'n attain,
Partake on earth the purposed grace and then with Jesus reign.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Hymn Of Sovereign Grace

Formed for thyself, and turned to thee,
Thy praises, Lord , I show;
No more, with sacrilegious pride,
I rob thee of thy due.

Divested of my fancied plumes,
I throw me at thy feet;
Nor, as a debt, thy favour claim,
But, as an alms, intreat.

Repentance, holiness, and faith.
By which to thee we live,
Are not conditions we perform,
But graces we receive.

Thy Spirit does not offer life,
But raises from the dead;
And neither asks the sinner's leave,
Nor needs the sinner's aid.

Thy power, before the fruit is good,
Must first renew the tree;
We rise, and work the works of God,
When wrought upon by thee.

Each grace of our celestial birth
From thy blest influence springs;
Which plants, and nourishes, and guards,
And to perfection brings.

Gardens of thine, enclosed and sealed,
Thou all our works hast wrought;
And wilt eternal peace ordain
For those thy blood hath bought.

Had not thy love laid hold on us,
We has not loved thee now;
Possess us quite, thou God of grace,
To whom our all we owe!

Augustus Montague Toplady

If, On A Quiet Sea

If, on a quiet sea, toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise, and rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears all yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul,
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us, in every state, to make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone,
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Augustus Montague Toplady

In Sickness

Jesus, since I with thee am one,
Confirm my soul in thee,
And still continue to tread down
The man of sin in me.

Let not the subtle foe prevail
In this my feeble hour,
Frustrate all the hopes of hell
Redeem from Satan's pow'r.

Arm me, O Lord, from head to foot,
With righteousness divine;
My soul in Jesus firmly root,
And seal the Saviour mine.

Proportion'd to my pains below,
O let my joys increase,
And mercy to my spirit flow
In healing streams of peace.

In life and death be thou my God,
And I am more than safe:
Chastis'd by thy paternal rod,
Support me with thy staff.

Lay on me, Saviour, what thou wilt,
But give me strength to bear:
Thy gracious hand this cross hath dealt,
Which cannot be severe.

As gold refin'd may I come out,
In sorrow's furnace try'd;
Preserved from faithfulness and doubt,
And fully putify'd.

When, overwhelm'd with sore distress,
Out of the pit I cry,
On Jesus suffering in my place
Help me to fix mine eye.

When marr'd with tears, and blood, and sweat,
The glorious sufferer lay,
And in my stead sustain'd the heat
And burden of the day.

The pangs which my weak nature knows
Are swallow'd up in thine:
How numberless thy pondrous woes!
How few, how light are mine!

O might I learn of thee to bear
Temptation, pain and loss!
Give me a heart inur'd to prayer,
And fitted to the cross.

Make me, O Lord, thy patient son;
Thy language mine shall be:
"Father, thy gracious will be done,
I take the cup from thee."

While thus my soul is fixt on him
Once fasten'd to the wood,
Safe shall I pass through Jordan's stream,
And reach the realms of God.

And when my soul mounts up to keep
With thee the marriage feast,
I shall not die, but fall asleep
On my Redeemer's breast.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Jesus, By Whose Grace I Live

Jesus, by whose grace I live,
From the fear of evil kept,
Thou has lengthen'd my reprieve,
Held in being while I slept.
With the day my heart renew;
Let me wake thy will to do.

Since the last revolving dawn
Scatter'd the nocturnal cloud,
O, how many souls have gone,
Unprepar'd, to meet their God!
Yet thou dost prolong my breath,
Nor hast seal'd my eyes in death.

O that I may keep thy word,
Taught by thee to watch and pray
To thy service, dearest Lord,
Sanctify the present day:
Swift its fleeting moments haste,
Doom'd, perhaps, to be my last.

Crucify'd to all below,
Earth shall never be my care
Wealth and honour I forego,
This my only wish and care,
Thine in life and death to be,
Now and to eternity.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Lord, Let Me Not Thy Courts Depart

Lord, let me not thy courts depart,
Nor quit thy mercy-seat,
Before I feel thee in my heart,
And there the Saviour meet.

Water the seed in weakness sown,
And ever more improve:
Make me a garden of thine own;
May ev'ry flow'r be love!

O send my soul in peace away;
For both my Lord hath bought:
And let my heart, exulting, say,
I've found the pearl I sought!

Augustus Montague Toplady

Lord, Save Us, We Perish

Pilot of the soul, awake,
Save us for thy mercies' sake;
Now rebuke the angry deep,
Save, O save thy sinking ship!

Stand at the helm, our vessel steer,
Mighty on our side appear
Saviour, teach us to descry
Where the rocks and quicksands lie.

The waves shall impotently roll,
If thou 'rt the anchor of the soul:
At thy word the wind shall cease,
Storms be hush'd to perfect peace.

Be thou our haven of retreat,
A rock to fix our wav'ring feet,
Teach us to own thy sovereign sway,
Whom the winds and seas obey.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Object Of My First Desire

Object of my first desire,-
Jesus, crucified for me;-
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee;
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death - to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

While I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die.
Let me but Thyself possess -
Total sum of happiness -
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

Augustus Montague Toplady

On War

Great God, whom heav'n, and earth, and sea.
With all their countless hosts, obey,
Upheld by whom the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command:

Beneath thy long suspended ire
Let papal Antichrist expire;
Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
'Till every nation bows to thee.

Then shew thyself the prince of peace,
Make every hostile efforts cease:
All with thy sacred love inspire,
And burn their chariots in the fire.

In sunder break each warlike spear;
Let all the Saviour's liv'ry wear;
The universal Sabbath prove,
The utmost rest of Christian love!

The world shall then no discord know,
But hand in hand to Canaan go,
Jesus, the peaceful king, adore,
And learn the art of war no more.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Refining Fuller, Make Me Clean

Refining Fuller, make me clean,
On me thy costly pearl bestow:
Thou art thyself the pearl I prize,
The only joy I seek below.

Disperse the clouds that damp my soul
And make my heart unfit for thee:
Cast me not off, but seal me now
Thine own peculiar property.

Look on the wounds of Christ for me,
My sentence graciously reprieve:
Extend thy peaceful sceptre, Lord,
And bid the dying traitor live.

Tho' I've transgress'd the rules prescrib'd
And dar'd the justice I adore,
Yet let thy smiling mercy say,
Depart in peace, and sin no more.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Rock Of Ages, Cleft For Me

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double Cure,
Cleanse me from its Guilt and Pow'r.

Not the Labours of my Hands
Can fulfil thy Law's demands:
Could my Zeal no respite know,
Could my Tears for ever flow,
All for Sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my Hand I bring;
Simply to thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for Dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for Grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die!

Whilst I draw this fleeting Breath--
When my Eye-strings break in Death--
When I soar through tracts unknown--
See Thee on thy Judgment-Throne--
ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in THEE!

Augustus Montague Toplady

Shepherd Divine, Our Wants Relieve

Shepherd divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name.

Till Thou the Father's love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart, -
I will not let Thee go.

I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And say, - I died for thee.

Then let me, on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Augustus Montague Toplady

There Is Mercy With Thee

Lord, should'st thou weigh my righteousness
Or mark what I have done amiss,
How should thy servant stand?
Tho' others might, yet surely I
Must hide my face, nor dare to cry
For mercy at thy hand.

But thou art loth thy bolts to shoot;
Backward and slow to execute
The vengeance due to me:
Thou dost not willingly reprove,
For all the mild effects of love
Are center'd, Lord, in thee.

Shine, then, thou all-subduing light,
The powers of darkness put to flight
Nor from me ever part:
From earth to heaven be thou my guide,
And O, above each gift beside,
Give me an upright heart.

Augustus Montague Toplady

We Sing To Thee, Thou Son Of God

We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts: -
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts.

The cherubim and seraphim
Incessant sing to Thee;
The worlds and all the powers therein
Adore Thy majesty.

The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim:
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

Through all the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee their Head,
Brightness of majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood.
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou Holy Lamb of God!

Augustus Montague Toplady

What Though I Cannot Break My Chain

What though I cannot break my chain
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

Who, who shall in Thy presence stand,
Or match omnipotence;
Unfold the grasp of Thy right hand
And pluck the sinner thence?

Faith to be healed I fain would have,
O might it now be given;
Thou canst, thou canst the sinner save,
And make me meet for heav'n.

Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear Thy call;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is Thine,
And everlasting love.

Augustus Montague Toplady

Your Harps, Ye Trembling Saints

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His Name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His lovingkindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O Lord!
That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

Augustus Montague Toplady