

Classic Poetry Series

Augustus Montague Toplady

- poems -

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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

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

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

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 relieve:
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

Rock og Ages

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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

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