

Happy Magdalene, to Whom
By Charles Wesley

Happy Magdalene, to whom
Christ the Lord vouchsafed t'appear!
Newly risen from the tomb,
Would He first be seen by her?
Her by seven devils possessed,
Till His Word the fiends expelled;
Quenched the hell within her breast,
All her sins and sickness healed.

Yes, to her the Master came,
First His welcome voice she hears:
Jesus calls her by her name,
He the weeping sinner cheers,
Lets her the dear task repeat,
While her eyes again run o'er;
Lets her wash His bleeding feet,
Kiss them, and with joy adore.

Highly favored soul! To her
Farther still His grace extends,
Raises the glad messenger,
Sends her to His drooping friends;
Tidings of their living Lord
First in her report they find:
She must spread the Gospel word,
Teach the teachers of mankind.

Who can now presume to fear?
Who despair his Lord to see?
Jesus, wilt Thou not appear,
Show Thyself alive to me?
Yea, my God, I dare not doubt,
Thou shalt all my sins remove;
Thou hast cast a legion out,
Thou wilt perfect me in love.

Surely Thou hast called me now!
Now I hear the voice divine,
At Thy wounded feet I bow,
Wounded for whose sins but mine!
I have nailed Him to the tree,
I have sent Him to the grave:
But the Lord is ris'n for me,
Hold of Him by faith I have.

Here for ever I would lie,
Didst Thou not Thy servant raise,
Send me forth to testify
All the wonders of Thy grace.
Lo! I at Thy bidding go,
Gladly to Thy followers tell
They their rising God may know,
They the life of Christ may feel.

Hear, ye brethren of the Lord,
(Such as He vouchsafes to call)
O believe the Gospel word,
Christ hath died, and rose for all:
Turn ye from your sins to God,
Haste to Galilee, and see
Him, who bought Thee with His blood,
Him, who rose to live in Thee.