

Happy The Souls That First Believed  
by Charles Wesley

1 HAPPY the souls that first believed,  
To Jesus and each other cleaved,  
Joined by the unction from above  
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They lived, and spake, and thought the same;  
They joyfully conspired to raise  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,  
A pure, believing multitude,  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!  
O what a choice, peculiar race!  
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,  
Anointed kings and priests to God!

5 Ye different sects, who all declare,  
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is here!"  
Your stronger proofs divinely give,  
And show me where the Christians live.

6 The gates of hell cannot prevail;  
The church on earth can never fail;  
Ah, join me to thy secret ones!  
Ah, gather all thy living stones!

7 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,  
Till thou collect them with thine eye,  
Draw by the music of thy name,  
And charm into a beauteous frame.

8 For this the pleading Spirit groans,  
And cries in all thy banished ones;  
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,  
And make us of one mind and heart.

9 Join every soul that looks to thee  
In bonds of perfect charity;  
Now, Lord, the glorious fullness give,  
And all in all for ever live!