

Prisoners Of Hope, Lift Up Your Heads
by Charles Wesley

1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear,
The Lord will to his temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to His promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy mercy find,
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny,
I ask, the chief of sinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
We shall not be forgotten long,
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold,
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer,
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit joined to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

9 Faithful and True, we now receive
The promise ratified by thee:
To thee the when and how we leave,
In time and in eternity;
We only hang upon thy word,
"The servant shall be as His Lord."