

Modern Christianity
Charles Wesley(1707-1788)
Thomas Campbell, 1825.

How vainly do the heathen strive
To falsify our Master's word,
Who teach us that we may godly live
Yet never suffer for our Lord;
In ancient times the fact allow,
But say, the world is Christian now.

Christian the world of drunkards is,
The world of whoremongers and thieves,
The slaves of foul and fair excess;
Whoe'er the Christian rite receives,
Led from the font at Satan's will,
Haters of Christ, and Christians still.

The devilish, and the sensual crowd,
Who as brute beasts their lusts obey,
Lovers of pleasure more than God,
Who dance, and curse, and fight and play,
Monsters of vice, our nature's shame,
All hell assumes the Christian name.

Yet still when Antichrist prevails,
And Satan sits in Moses' chair,
The Gospel truths are idle tales,
No cross, no Holy Ghost is there,
The heathen world will Christian seem,
And bid us take the rule from them.

The temple of the Lord are we,
(The synagogue of Satan cry)
We need not persecuted be
Or cruelly ourselves deny:
Come see, ye fools, who sigh and grieve,
How much at ease we Christians live.

We are the men of wealth and state,
Of pomp, and fashionable ease,
Honor, and power, and pleasure wait
The silken sons of downy peace;
And lo! we glide secure and even
Down a broad flowery way to Heaven.

While house to house, and field to field,
And living we to living join
The gazing crowd obeisance yield
And praise the slick and smooth Divine
Who saves them all the madman's care,
The drudgery of faith, and prayer.

No fanciful enthusiasts we
To look for inspiration here,
To dream from sin to be set free
Or hope to feel the Spirit near,
Or know our sins on earth forgiven,
Or madly give up all for Heaven!