

Zeal Is That Pure and Heav'nly Flame

John Newton, 1779.

John Dykes, 1866.

Zeal is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied;
If sinners love the Savior's name,
Nor seeks it ought betide.

But self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."

Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.