

Enslaved to Sense, to Pleasure Prone
Charles Wesley, 1739.
George Lhr, 1861.

Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good,
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.

Trembling we taste; for, ah! no more
To Thee the creatures lead;
Changed, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.

Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.

Groveling on earth we still must lie,
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

Come then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give,
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live!

The bondage of corruption break!
For this our spirits groan;
Thy only will we fain would seek,
O, save us from our own!

Turn the full stream of nature's tide:
Let all our actions tend
To Thee, their source; Thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.

Earth then a scale to Heaven shall be,
Sense shall point out the road,
The creatures all shall lead to Thee,
And all we taste be God.