

Meet and right it is to sing

Union Tune Book, 1842

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Meet and right it is to praise
God, the giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestowed
On the evil and the good;
He prevents his creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes his sun on sinners rise,
Showers his blessings from the skies.

Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;
Through a wilderness of cares;
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

By our bosom-foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,
Passion's unresisting prey,
Oft within the toils we lay:
Sleeping on the brink of sin,
Tophet gaped to take us in,
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Burst the snare and brought us through.

Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevoured we still remain;
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God;
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire,
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

Jesu's name in Satan's hour
Stands our adamant tower;
Jesus doth his own defend,
Love, and save us to the end.
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear,
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

Charles Wesley