

Happy the souls that first believed

Wesley's Collection
1840 Manchester Hymnal, #31

Happy the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved;
Joined, by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same:
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifices of praise.

With grace abundantly endued,
A pure believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice peculiar race!
Washed in the Lamb's all cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God!

Where shall I wander now to find,
The Successors they left behind?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minished from the sons of men.

Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo! here is Christ," or "Christ is there?"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.