

Ye Simple Souls Who Stray

Charles Wesley

Hymns for Those That Seek, and Those That Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ, 1747

Ye simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace
(That unfrequented way
To life and happiness),
How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great can see
Or glorious in our death;
As born to suffer and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly condemned we live,
And unlamented die.

So wretched and obscure
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak and poor,
Above your scorn we rise;
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things:
For he whose blood is all our boast
Hath made us priests and kings.

Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know;
And pleasures from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow:
From him the spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power:
And always sorrowful, we live
Rejoicing evermore.

Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace;
Our guardians to the heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend,
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

IN him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteousness divine;
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

from the 1840 Manchester Hymnal, #34
words added to change the metering

Ye simple souls, that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,)
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious in our death:
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly condemned we live,
And unlamented die.

So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,
Above your scorn we rise:
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow;
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace;
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

With him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine:
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.