

*'An eye to God in every word' – praying the hymns  
of Charles Wesley*

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery and sin declare;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?  
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold!  
Art Thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of Thy love unfold;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain,  
When I am weak, then I am strong  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquered by my instant prayer;  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal love Thou art;  
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive;  
Through faith I see Thee face to face,  
I see Thee face to face, and live!  
In vain I have not wept and strove;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art.  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;  
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart.  
But stay and love me to the end,  
Thy mercies never shall remove;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The Sun of righteousness on me  
Hath rose with healing in His wings,  
Withered my nature's strength; from Thee  
My soul its life and succour brings;  
My help is all laid up above;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end;  
All helplessness, all weakness I  
On Thee alone for strength depend;  
Nor have I power from Thee to move:  
Thy nature, and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,  
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And as a bounding hart fly home,  
Through all eternity to prove  
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

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This is the version of the hymn (first published in 1742) that appeared in the 1933 *Methodist Hymn Book*. In this podcast, published in *HOLINESS* Volume 2 (2016) Issue 3, *Holiness & Contemporary Culture*, the setting is POOLE by Nicola Morrison (copyright Stainer and Bell, 2011, used with permission under licence), and it is performed by Ruth Jeffries and Nicola Morrison.

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