

“ Be ye perfect,” thou did’st Command,
 And holy we must be,
 Or we will build upon the sand,
 And wash into the Sea.

A full surrender, nothing less,
 Doth perfect man in Thee,
 With Faith Thou dost soon come to bless,
 And fruit from Knowledge Tree.

Faith is a key Peter ne’er got,
 Nor did he ever bind ;
 Follow the Spirit he would not,
 Heaven he ne’er did find,

Saint Paul did fear Damascus gate,
 O’er the wall he did go ;
 A basket sealed fore’er his fate,
 Fear sent many to woe.

Luther did never yield his mind
 To Him who let him see
 There was no Purgat’ry to find
 Save one he was set free.

John Wesley came nearest the Gate,
 Holiness he did teach ;
 He failed, he did not watch and wait,
 Till God said go and preach.

The Church he built will now soon fall,
 The Gates of Hell prevail ;
 “ Sent by my Lord, on you I call,”
 Did drive a coffin nail.