

## **Assorted Individual Manuscript Verse<sup>1</sup>**

This file gathers shorter individual examples of Charles Wesley's manuscript verse that remain extant, most as looseleaf pages. The verse is organized alphabetically, by first line. Many of the items are single paged. Where page breaks are present, they are indicated. The pagination of the file itself is secondary, to facilitate location of individual texts.

All but four of the texts in this file are from the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre (MARC). Their specific location within this collection, or other holding site, is provided in the initial footnote for each text. The transcriptions which follow are provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester; or of other holding sites as indicated in the notes.

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox, and Dr. Timothy Underhill consulting on the shorthand. Last updated: April 3, 2021.

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**Chaos<sup>1</sup>**

Adverse to Brothers, when we seem'd to stray  
In wild excursions from the ancient<sup>2</sup> way,  
Thy vigilant fidelity reprov'd,  
And own'd us less than England's Church below'd

**[Untitled.]<sup>3</sup>**

1. Ah woe is me whom Thorns surround,  
Who still with Briers and Scorpions dwell,<sup>4</sup>  
With spiteful Men of c[rimes] profound  
Whose T[houghts] are set on fear of Hell,<sup>5</sup>  
Who use their Tongues as sh[arpened] Swords  
And shoot as Darts their bitter Words.<sup>6</sup>
2. The Man who meek and upright seems  
Is sharper than a two-edged Stake,  
Himself he seeks, himself esteems,  
And havoc of thy Faith would make,  
His own importance to secure  
And make his Gain and Party sure.

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<sup>1</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 3/2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:436. In addition to this longhand hymn, there are three distinct grouping of shorthand on the page. One section has been deciphered and appears below as “Thou wouldst not have cut off ....” The other two short sections have not been deciphered with any confidence.

<sup>2</sup>Below “ancient” the word “beaten” is written as an alternative.

<sup>3</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 6/75. Written in shorthand on the back side of the manuscript, at the end of the hymn beginning “To Whom in peril” (see below). A more tentative transcription was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:435.

<sup>4</sup>Cf. Ezekiel 2:6.

<sup>5</sup>The rendering of this line is tentative; Wesley abbreviated several of the words.

<sup>6</sup>Cf. Psalm 64:3.

**For —<sup>7</sup>**

- [1.] Call'd forth to earn my daily bread  
From those who know not God  
How shall I circumspectly tread  
Nor miss the heavenly road?
2. How shall I walk as in thy sight,  
And keep my conscience clean,  
And minister to their delight  
Yet never to their sin?
3. Who gavest me my work to do,  
Do Thou point out<sup>8</sup> my way,  
And while my calling I pursue,  
Thy Order I obey.
4. Perform the task thy laws ordain  
As govern'd by thy word,  
And whatsoe'er I do for man,  
I do unto the Lord.

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<sup>7</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/4, #2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:224.

<sup>8</sup>“Direct” is written in the margin, as a suggested alternative to “point out.”

**For Mrs. G.<sup>9</sup>**

1. Christ the Lord, the woman's Seed,  
Bruiser of the serpent's head,  
Swift Avenger of thine own,  
Listen to thy Spirit's groan.
2. Hear us for a chosen child,  
Long by Satan's art beguil'd,  
Fallen, yet insensible,  
Easy in the toils of hell.
3. Wandring o're enchanted ground,  
By a strong delusion bound,  
Taking the Deceiver's part,  
Left to trust her own weak heart.
4. Jesus, to her help descend,  
Let the hour of darkness end,  
Brought by faith's effectual prayer  
Come, and break the hellish snare.
5. Lull'd in a Satanic dream,  
While our common foes blaspheme,  
While the sacrilegious croud  
Scoff the truths and sons of God.
6. [unfinished]

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<sup>9</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #22a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:245–46.

**To be Sung at a Baptism.**<sup>10</sup>

1. Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Reveal'd in the baptismal flood,  
Joint Saviour Thou of sinners lost,  
Descend, the one eternal God.
2. Now in Thy own appointed hour,  
Thy own appointed means, appear,  
That all may tremble at Thy power,  
And own the triune God is here.
3. For these Thy ransom'd ones we claim  
The grace which glorious life imparts,  
Their souls baptize into Thy name,  
And stamp Thine image on their hearts.
4. Into Thy fold this moment take,  
True Witness of their sins forgiven,  
And partners of Thy nature make,  
And partners of Thy throne in heaven.

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<sup>10</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:441. Osborn indicates that the manuscript source was then in the possession of C. H. Waring, esq. Its present location is unknown.

**Hymn for the Rev. Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesleys.<sup>11</sup>**

- [1.]       Come, Saviour, from above,  
            Our dear redeeming Lord,  
            And twist us by thy dying love  
            Into a threefold cord;  
            Friendship that shall endure  
            Long as the life<sup>12</sup> of God,  
            Indissolubly strong, and pure  
            As Thy cementing blood.
- [2.]       Thy love which passeth thought  
            In every heart reveal,  
            And by a common ransom bought  
            We one salvation feel;  
            We one salvation given  
            To desperate sinners show,  
            And preach the throne of God in heaven  
            Set up in man below.
- [3.]       For this raised up by Thee,  
            And on Thy message sent,  
            With primitive simplicity  
            To the highways we went;  
            Nor scrip nor purse we took,  
            But cast the world behind,  
            But cheerfully our all forsook,  
            Our all in Thee to find:
- [4.]       Our sole desire and aim  
            Perishing<sup>13</sup> souls to win,  
            Collect the outcasts in Thy name,  
            And force them to come in;  
            As thunder's sons to rouse  
            The dead that cannot die,  
            And fill with guests the lower house,  
            And fit them for the sky.

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<sup>11</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/15, #3. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:388–89. This is apparently a pull-out from a larger manuscript. It is numbered pages 5 & 6. Osborn suggests it was likely written in 1742–43.

<sup>12</sup>Ori., “~~throne~~.”

<sup>13</sup>Ori., “~~Poor pretious~~.”

[5.] For this we still remain,  
By labours undeprest,  
And feel the love revive again  
That warm'd our youthful breast:  
Thou dost the zeal revive,  
The first uniting grace,  
And bid us to Thy glory live  
Our last and happiest days.

[6.] Thy mind we surely know,  
In which we now agree,  
And hand in hand exulting go  
To final victory:  
Obedient to Thy will,  
We put forth all our fire,  
Our ministerial work fulfil,  
And in a blaze expire.

**“Let not my heart be inclined to  
any evil thing.” Psalm [141:4, BCP]<sup>14</sup>**

- [1.] Father, my wretched heart I find  
To every evil thing inclin'd:  
Yet shall it be inclin'd to none  
If Thou *herein*<sup>15</sup> reveal thy Son.
2. Who made my peace, 'tis He, 'tis He  
Must make an end of sin in me,  
Finish th' original offence,  
And take the sinful nature hence.
3. But while it doth in me remain,  
Thy grace is able to restrain,  
To quench at once the kindling fire,  
And every spark of fond desire.
4. The moment I to sin incline,<sup>16</sup>  
Thou canst with Energy divine  
Its strong propensity controul,  
And crush the rebel in my soul.
5. Wherefore to Thee with faith I cleave,  
My soul into thy keeping give,  
Till Thou thy Spirit's sword employ  
And Christ the carnal mind destroy.
6. Then Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
I find in Thee what Adam lost,  
The struggle's past, the Conflict o're,  
And born of God, I sin no more.

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<sup>14</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/3. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:450–51.

<sup>15</sup>Ori., “~~in our~~.”

<sup>16</sup>Ori., “~~if e'er my heart~~ to sin incline.”

**Preparatory**<sup>17</sup>

1.       Father, Thou knowst I need  
          Pardon and Purity  
          To make me free indeed  
          And meet thy Face to see,  
Free from the guilt and stain of sin,  
And saved, and glorious all within.
  
2.       My double want supply  
          For Jesus' sake alone,  
          And make before I die  
          Thy truth and mercy known;  
Before I yield my fleeting breath,  
Redeem my soul from endless death.

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<sup>17</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:72.

**Epigram.**<sup>18</sup>

Genevensis a Friend's inconsistency blames  
For running with Paul, and yet holding with James,  
This as knavish he notes in a free-willing brother,  
*Saying* one thing to us, and *intending* another:  
But how often have *we* at *their* honesty wondred,  
We cry MERCY for all, and mean One in an hundred!

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<sup>18</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 6/81a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:375. The epigram is responding to John Fletcher's *Logica Genevensis; or a Fourth Check to Antinomianism: In which St. James's Pure Religion is defended against the charges, and established upon the Concessions of Mr. Richard and Mr. Rowland Hill, in a Series of Letters to those Gentlemen* (Bristol: W. Pine, 1772).

**To Miss Davis**<sup>19</sup>

Gentle Inglisina, say  
Can the smooth Italian Lay  
Nature's ruggedness remove,  
Soften Britons into love?

Yes; the stocks and stones draw near,  
Thy enchanting Voice to hear  
And all the Savages agree  
In praise of harmony and Thee!

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<sup>19</sup>This verse was found as a loose sheet in the Lamplough Collection of the Methodist Archives and published posthumously in both *Representative Verse*, 328; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:380–81. Its current location is unknown. Miss Cecilia Davies was one of the most popular vocalists of the eighteenth century, and was a great success in Italy where she was known as L'Inglesina. Wesley probably wrote these lines during a return visit to England in the 1770s, when she was thoroughly italianised.

- [1.] Great Guardian of thy Church below,  
 Stretch out thine arm on Britain's side,  
 The Sons of Babel to or'ethrow,  
 Who deep as hell their counsels hide:  
 Conceal'd from us with closest art  
 They cannot hide them, Lord, from Thee,  
 Whose flaming eyes look thro' the heart,  
 And Hell without a Covering see.
2. Thou knowst, and canst to us make known  
 Whate'er our craftiest foes devise;  
 It shall be to thy Servant shewn,  
 The least that on thy word relies:  
 Things in the royal chamber said,  
 (Like Syria's Plots in days of old)  
 By ways invisible convey'd,  
 Shall to thy meanest saint be told.
3. For this premonish'd from above  
 We now the opening Seal attend,  
 And trust thine all-disposing Love,  
 That judgment shall in mercy end:  
 The *bounded* wrath of furious man  
 The glory of thy power shall raise,  
 Advance thy Love's redeeming plan,  
 And spread the Victory of thy grace.
4. What then have thine elect to dread<sup>21</sup>  
 In general peril and dismay?  
 We calmly to thy word give heed  
 Prophetic of the perfect day:  
 Led by thy word's unerring clue  
 Wheel within wheel involv'd we see,  
 Look all inferior causes thro',  
 And wait the birth of thy Decree.
5. Lord, we behold thy mighty hand  
 Stretch'd out or'e all the nations now!  
 The counsel of thy Love shall stand,  
 The world to thy sceptre bow;  
 Demons and men shall blindly join,  
 And Antichrist erect his throne,  
 To execute thy grand Design,  
 And bring thy glorious kingdom down!

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<sup>20</sup>Location: MARC, DDWes 4/54. Published as *Thanksgiving Hymns* (1759), 22–23.

<sup>21</sup>Ori., “fear.”

**Ode**  
**On Handel's Birthday,**  
**S. Matthias' Day, Febr. 24.**<sup>22</sup>

Hail the bright auspicious Day  
That gave Immortal Handel birth  
Let every moment glide away  
In solemn joy<sup>23</sup> and sacred mirth  
Let every Soul like his aspire  
And catch a glowing spark of pure ethereal fire.

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<sup>22</sup>Originally in the E. T. Clark Collection, at the World Methodist Museum in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina (and transcribed here with permission), this manuscript is now held at the Bridwell Library, Southern Methodist University. It is written on a wrapper addressed: "Revd. Mr. C. Wesley, Chesterfield Street, Marybone." Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 311; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:381.

<sup>23</sup>Ori., "joyful."

[Untitled.]<sup>24</sup>

1. Help of them that succour need,  
Wilt Thou break a bruised reed?  
Wilt Thou quench the smoaking tow?  
Rather thy salvation show.
2. Listning to my feeble cry,  
With balsamic virtue nigh,  
Perfect in infirmity,  
Manifest thy strength in me.
3. Healer of my languid soul  
Thou canst make my body whole,  
Nature's wasted powers repair,  
All my sins and sorrows bear.
4. Jesus, on thy Saving Name,  
Now as yesterday the same,  
I for double health rely,  
Sick in soul and body I.
5. Now my spirit's cure begin,  
Binding up the wounds of sin;  
Pouring in the balm Divine  
Tell my heart that God is mine.

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<sup>24</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 3/8. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:144–45.

**“Take away all iniquity, and  
give good” Hosea 14[:2]<sup>25</sup>**

- [1.] How long, how often shall I pray,  
Take all iniquity away,  
And give the comprehensive good,  
Purchas'd by my Redeemer's blood,  
Concupiscence and pride remove,  
And fill my soul with humble love.
2. I take the words prescrib'd to me  
And offer thy own prayer to Thee,  
Thy kingdom come to root out sin,  
And perfect holiness bring in,  
And swallow up my will in Thine,  
And human change into Divine.
3. So shall I render Thee thine own,  
And tell the wonders Thou hast done,  
The power and faithfulness declare  
Of God who hears and answers prayer,  
And sing the riches of thy grace  
And spend my latest breath in praise.
4. O that the joyful hour were come  
Which calls Thy ransom'd Servant home,  
Unites me to the Church above,  
Where angels chant the song of Love,  
And saints eternally proclaim  
The glories of the heavenly Lamb!

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<sup>25</sup>MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #19. Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 11 (1788), 446; *Poetical Works*, 8:431–32; and *Representative Verse*, 252–53.

**The Power of Sin.<sup>26</sup>**

1. How long, Thou awful God, how long  
Shall I this conflict have?  
Why am I thus, if Thou art strong,  
If Thou art good to save?
2. No end of this intestine war,  
No hope of peace I see,  
Unless Thy love itself declare  
And fix itself in me.
3. The unbelief that holds me still,  
I never can remove,  
Or change the bias of my will,  
Or force my heart to love.
4. Throughout my fallen soul I find  
It cannot, cannot be  
That I should change the carnal mind,  
Or subject it to Thee.
5. As soon a hellish fiend accurst  
Might from his den arise,  
His chains of massy darkness burst,  
And re-ascend the skies.

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<sup>26</sup>Published posthumously and attributed to Charles Wesley in *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* 21 (1842): 248; and *Poetical Works*, 13:281. No manuscript appears to survive.

*Wash thy heart, O Jerusalem, that thou  
mayst be saved: how long shall thy vain thoughts  
lodge within thee?—Jerem. [4:14].<sup>27</sup>*

- [1.]       How shall I wash my heart  
              From every thought unclean?  
I cannot from my nature part,  
              From my besetting sin:  
              The grief of threescore years  
              Will not efface the stain:  
And rivers flow, and seas of tears,  
              But all alas, in vain!
2.         Impossible commands  
              Dost Thou, O God, injoin,  
And mock the work of thy own hands,  
              This feeble soul of mine?  
              Thyself must wash my heart  
              From all impurity  
Or never, Lord, shall I have part,  
              Or interest in Thee.<sup>28</sup>

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<sup>27</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 6/77. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:455.

<sup>28</sup>At the bottom of the page is a draft of four more lines in shorthand. It is unclear how Wesley may have intended to incorporate them into this hymn.

              Though filled the fountain was  
              To pay my actual sin,  
Thy blood was shed upon the cross  
              To make my nature clean.

**Rev. 3:19,**  
***Be Zealous, and Repent.***<sup>29</sup>

1. Humble, penitential Zeal  
    Lord, Thou only canst bestow;  
    Now with fear<sup>30</sup> my spirit fill,  
    Sharp remorse and contrite<sup>31</sup> woe,  
    Self-reproach and self-despair,  
    Shame too deep for life to bear.

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<sup>29</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #3a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:432.

<sup>30</sup>Ori., “grief.”

<sup>31</sup>Ori., “sacred.”

**Done on the Road to Norwich**  
**Hymn for Ministers**<sup>32</sup>

- [1.]           In the name of the Lord,  
              In the strength of His word,  
              A-fishing we go;  
'Tis our only delight and employment below.  
              As fishers for men  
              Our labour again  
              With joy we repeat,  
And again till we catch the whole race in our net.
2.             With the blessing Divine  
              On our net and our line  
              We labour for souls,  
And at Jesu's command we shall take them in shoals.  
              On the right we shall cast  
              And catch them at last  
              If our toil He approve,  
With the hook of His power, and the bait of His love.
3.             O Saviour be nigh  
              Thy word to apply,  
              Thy gospel to bless,  
And crown our attempts with abundant success!  
              The profligate poor  
              With a pardon allure  
              Their Lord to [embrace,  
And captivate all] with the offers of grace.
4.             With favour look on  
              While we let the net down,  
              Down into the deep,  
And enclose such a number as sinks the old ship.  
              Nor shall our hearts shrink  
              Though the vessel should sink,  
              Nor will we repine  
To be lost in an ocean of mercy Divine.

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<sup>32</sup>Location of original is unknown. This hymn was published by Elijah Hoole, as his expansion of a shorthand manuscript that he judged to be in CW's hand, in *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* 78 (1855): 739 (the source for the reprint in *Poetical Works*, 8:405–6; and here). Hoole loaned that manuscript to John Kirk, who included a transcribed copy of the shorthand (not a photograph, so we cannot judge if the original is in CW's hand) in Kirk, *Charles Wesley, the Poet of Methodism* (London: Hamilton, Adams & Co, 1860), between pp. 48–49. No trace of the manuscript has been seen in years, and scholars like George Stampe have expressed strong reservations about the attribution of this hymn to CW (see, for example, a document in Duke, Rubenstein, Frank Baker Collection of Wesleyana, Box WF 2).

**“Him hath God exalted, &c.” Acts [5:31]<sup>33</sup>**

- [1.] Jesus, mighty Intercessor,  
Saviour, Prince enthroned on high,  
Plead the cause of a transgressor,  
Save a soul condemned to die:  
Second death’s most righteous sentence<sup>34</sup>  
While I in myself receive,  
Bless me with sincere repentance,<sup>35</sup>  
Bid the gasping sinner live.
2. By thy passion’s exhibition<sup>36</sup>  
Into flesh the stony turn,  
Then I feel the true contrition<sup>37</sup>  
Then I look<sup>38</sup> on thee and mourn,  
Mourn with sorrow never-ceasing  
Till the pardon Thou impart,<sup>39</sup>  
All my sins and fears dismissing,  
Binding up my broken heart.
3. Who is This that comes from Edom  
Glorious in his garments dyed?  
Comes to buy my life and freedom,  
Shews his bleeding hands and side!  
Jesus, mighty to deliver,  
Full of truth and full of grace  
Live, O King, and reign for ever,  
Theme of my eternal praise.
4. Thee let every ransomed Nation,  
Their divine Redeemer greet  
Shout the God of their Salvation,  
Cast their crowns before thy feet.  
[incomplete]

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<sup>33</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/14, #1. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:302–303.

<sup>34</sup>Ori., “~~Death’s inescapable~~ sentence.”

<sup>35</sup>Ori., “~~O vouchsafe the true~~ repentance.”

<sup>36</sup>Ori., “~~By the spirit of~~ contrition.”

<sup>37</sup>Ori., “~~Conscious of my lost~~ condition.”

<sup>38</sup>Ori., “~~Bid me~~ look.”

<sup>39</sup>Ori., “~~Till thy blood the life~~ impart.”

[Untitled.]<sup>40</sup>

[1.] Jesus, who omnipresent art,  
And dost thro' all things see,  
Thou read'st the thoughts of every heart,  
Thou read'st what is in me:  
Long, long before my lips confess,  
My wants to Thee are known:  
Pity a Father's fond distress  
For his beloved Son.

2 His dangers in this rugged road  
Increasing with his years,  
Augment my anxious spirit's load  
And multiply my fears:  
I tremble, lest his youth should slip  
In paths he ought to shun,  
Or rashly tempt the threatening steep  
Where thousands are undone.

3.<sup>41</sup>

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<sup>40</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/29, hymn two. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:302. This is the backside of a page that was clearly pulled out from a larger manuscript. The front side (noted in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 259) is numbered "366" and this side is "367."

<sup>41</sup>The space after the verse number is unfilled.

[Untitled.]<sup>42</sup>

Judgment is at thy house begun:  
Our brethren once belov'd of Thee,  
Thy followers in a world unknown  
They scorn thy lifted Hand to see,  
And rush on their own flesh and blood  
To death pursuing—and pursued.

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<sup>42</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #5c. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:75. It is quite possible that this was intended to be stanza 4 of the hymn on page 32 below. It appears on the same page, following a space large enough for inserting one stanza (i.e., an unwritten stanza 3).

***Come Boldly to &c. [Heb. 4:16].***<sup>43</sup>

1. Lord, Thou dost for ever live  
The sinner's Cause to plead,  
Rais'd by God's right hand to give  
The blessings which we need.

2.

Still for grace and mercy cry  
Till all my course is run;  
Mercy which<sup>44</sup> the heavens transcends  
And lands my happy soul above,  
Grace that in full glory ends,  
And crowns me with thy Love.

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<sup>43</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #10. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:431–32. This is an incomplete poem that was intended to contain (at least) two 8-line stanzas. Above the title appears in shorthand, “Obadiah Chadwick.”

<sup>44</sup>Ori., “that.”

**Another [Epigram].<sup>45</sup>**

Martin woud have pluck'd out, we own,  
His eyes, and given them once to John:  
But [incomplete]

**N.T.<sup>46</sup>**

Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John:  
The Acts, and Romans follow on:  
Cor. Galat. Eph. Philipp. Colo.  
Thess. Tim. and Tit. and Philemo:  
Heb. James and Peter, John and Jude,  
With Revelation to conclude.

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<sup>45</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 6/81a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:438.

<sup>46</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 6/81b. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 310; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:375. The poem is a mnemonic on the books of the New Testament written for his children to help them remember the order of the books.

**In all my ways I acknowledge thee,  
and thou shalt direct my paths.<sup>47</sup>**

- [1] My present help in time of need,  
By thee appointed in thy stead  
    To signify thy will,  
On thee I call, confus'd, distrest,  
And own, I know not what is best,  
    Till thou thy mind reveal.
2. All love, all goodness if thou art,  
The yearnings of a mother's heart  
    Compassionately see,  
On all my ways vouchsafe to shine,  
And lead into thy whole design  
    The soul that trusts in thee.
3. To thee *alone* I tell my care,  
And pout out all my soul in prayer  
    Beset on every side,  
With dangers, doubts, and griefs, and fears,  
Till thy directing hand *appears*,  
    My feeble steps to guide.
4. On thee in dread suspense I wait,  
An awful minister of fate,  
    Of joys or woes to come,  
Call'd to dispense or life or death,  
And fix by my decisive breath  
    Two helpless creatures' doom.
- [p. 2]
5. Merciful God, what must I do?  
I would, thou knowst I would pursue  
    The path approv'd by thee,  
But fear to plunge in deep distress,  
Or thwart *her real* happiness  
    Who owes her birth to me.
6. O might the leading star<sup>48</sup> appear,  
And make thy hidden counsel clear,  
    And help my feeble thought  
To judge according to thy will,

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<sup>47</sup>Cf. Prov. 3:6. Location: Pitts Library (Emory), Charles Wesley Family Papers (MSS 159), 5/47. This hymn, **never previously published**, was likely written in late 1748 or early 1749, as CW was awaiting the decision of Sarah (Evans) Gwynne about supporting his marriage to Sarah Gwynne Jr.

<sup>48</sup>Orig., "~~thy providence~~" changed to "the leading star."

Thy sacred<sup>49</sup> purpose to fulfil  
And give a righteous lot.

7. Let nothing, Lord, my judgment blind,  
Or warp my free unbiass'd mind  
Till thou the conflict end,  
No partial view my passions move,  
Nor worldly fear, nor worldly love,  
Nor pity for a friend.

8. The point I never *can* decide,  
Till all my doubts are satisfied,  
By one conclusive word,  
Till heaven its surest<sup>50</sup> light impart,  
And whisper to my list'ning heart  
The pleasure of my Lord.

[p. 3]

9. But how shall I the sign obtain?  
I *ask*, and cannot ask in vain,  
I *seek* to know thy will,  
Knock at the providential door,  
And till the clouds are all past o'er,<sup>51</sup>  
I tremble, and am still.

10. By whom thou wilt the answer give,  
By what to thee *alone* I leave;  
But it shall soon be given:  
If God is good, if God is true,  
Thy promis'd<sup>52</sup> grace shall guide me thro'  
All earthly things to heaven.

---

<sup>49</sup>Orig., "And all thy" changed to "Thy sacred."

<sup>50</sup>Orig., "purest."

<sup>51</sup>Orig., "or'e"; but clearly used in the sense of "over."

<sup>52</sup>Orig., "surest."

**To the Honour of Handel**<sup>53</sup>

*Unde nil maius generatur ipso,  
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.*<sup>54</sup>

English'd and enlarg'd by the Reverend  
Charles Wesley MA.  
Set to Music by Charles Wesley junior

Song  
and Chorus: Not one of all his progeny  
Greater than Handel's self can be  
Or claim a portion of his praise  
Or use to fill the second place.

Grand Chorus: But when Messiah's praise he hears,  
Sung by immortal choristers,  
Music he hears in heav'n alone,  
Sweeter and grander than his own.

---

<sup>53</sup>Location: The Royal Music Collection in the British Library (London), ms. R.M.21.h.4. The item containing this verse, **never previously published**, is a 42-page manuscript musical score subtitled: "Cantata for solo voices and 4-part chorus, with an overture and symphonies and accompaniment for flutes, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, horns, timpani and strings, and a figured bass, in score." The material reproduced above appears at the front, in the hand of Charles Wesley Jr. The manuscript is not dated, but the earliest likely possibility is ca. 1778, when Charles Jr. was intensely studying Handel and beginning to prepare his own compositions. This item was drawn to our attention by Donald Burrows and Martin V. Clarke.

<sup>54</sup>Horace, *Carmina*, I.xii.17–18.

1784<sup>55</sup>

1. O God, who dost the motives know  
From which our various actions flow,  
And what we now intend,  
If Thee our Lawful Purpose please  
Prevent, accompany, and bless  
With a successful end.
2. Unmov'd by avarice or pride  
Things honest, Lord, we<sup>56</sup> woud provide  
According to thy will,  
And, (while thy hand points out our way,)  
The providential call obey  
And thy designs fulfil.
3. By thy paternal love decreed  
To labour for our daily bread,  
Our business we pursue,  
In every step look up to Thee,  
And ask, with meek docility,  
What woudst Thou have us do?
- 4.<sup>57</sup> Who dost from man his purpose hide,  
If from thy path we turn aside,  
Our wandring feet repress,  
Stop us impatient to proceed,  
Nor let us snatch with eager speed  
At dangerous success.

---

<sup>55</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #7. Appears also in MS Drew, 1–2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:73–74.

<sup>56</sup>Ori. “if Thou.”

<sup>57</sup>Lines 1 and 2 of this stanza were originally written in the reverse order, then were numbered in the margin to switch as shown above.

5. Deceiv'd by each appearance fair,  
The specious bait, the secret snare,  
Thou know'st we cannot shun,<sup>58</sup>  
Unless we thy direction find,  
Who promisest to bring the blind  
A way we have not known.
6. But<sup>59</sup> thro' the world's insidious arts,  
The labyrinth of human hearts,  
Thou wilt thy children lead,  
Who biddest us of men beware,  
Thou wilt with kind continued care  
Supply our every need.
7. Thee then we joyfully confess,  
In all our purposes and ways,  
Disposer of thine own,  
And satisfied with God our Friend,  
Soul, body, and estate commend  
Into thy hands alone.
8. We trust our never failing Guide,  
Thou wilt for all our wants provide,  
And all our paths attend,  
Giver of every gift and grace,  
Till happily our earthly race  
In life eternal end.

---

<sup>58</sup>The first three lines of this stanzas were first written on the front page as follows, with the strikeouts and alternatives suggested in the margins. They were then rewritten in clean form at the start of the back page:

~~Thine eye perceives~~ the hidden snare,  
~~Beneath a false~~ appearance fair,  
~~Which yet~~ we cannot shun.

<sup>59</sup>Ori., "Safe."

[Untitled.]<sup>60</sup>

- [1.] O my unsettled Soul  
Why art Thou still distrest,  
Why do these Thoughts tumultuous roll  
In this desponding Breast?  
Have I not ask'd His Aid,  
And cast on Him my Care,  
Whose goodness guards my naked Head,  
And numbers every Hair.
2. How can I then mistrust  
The Conduct of my Lord,  
As GOD the Mericful, the Just  
Would fail to keep his Word,  
As GOD his Promis'd Grace  
Would finally deny  
And leave me in my last Distress  
To faint, and sin and die.
3. Have I not heard, and known  
His Truth, and Love, and Power,  
Which all conspire to save His own,  
In the Distressing Hour?  
Hath He not ransom'd *me*  
In all my Perils past,  
And will the GOD of Mercy see  
His Creature lost at last?
4. Jesus, to Thee I fly,  
Mine agonizing GOD,  
Who in thy Days of Flesh did[st] cry  
And faint beneath thy Load;  
For thy own Suffering'[s] sake  
Thy sinking Servant hear,  
And into thy Protection take  
For O! Thou knowst, I fear.

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<sup>60</sup>Location: MARC, DDWes 1/44. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:272–73.

5. I fear this Evil Heart  
Least I myself deceive,  
And from the Living GOD depart,  
And to dumb Idols cleave,  
I fear to drink my Bane,  
My own Delusions chuse,  
I fear a Fellow-Worm to gain,  
And GOD forever lose.
  
6. O wouldst Thou condescend  
In tender Love Divine  
And shew Thyself the Sinner's Friend,  
And let me ask a Sign,  
To clear my doubtful Way,  
And all my Fears remove,  
Vouchsafe me Lord, a Power to pray,  
A Taste of Pardning Love.

*Even to hoar hairs I will bear, and I will carry,  
and I will deliver you.—Isai. [46:4].*<sup>61</sup>

- [1.] Saviour, Thou hast to hoary hairs<sup>62</sup>  
My burthens and my manners borne,  
Carried me thro' ten thousand snares,  
And when I did to sin return,  
With an high hand and outstretch'd arm  
Redeem'd me from the mortal harm.
2. O let me still the<sup>63</sup> promise plead,  
Thy kind continual help engage!  
Thy help I every moment need,  
In childhood, youth, and trembling age,<sup>64</sup>  
A sinner I on mercy cast,<sup>65</sup>  
By mercy sav'd from first to last.
3. Still, O thou patient God of love,  
My soul's infirmity sustain,  
Bear me on eagles wings, above  
The world of sin, the vale of pain,  
The flesh that weighs my spirit down,  
And strives to rob me of my crown.<sup>66</sup>
4. While hanging on thy faithful word,  
My utter helplessness I feel,  
Carry me in thy bosom, Lord,  
Beyond the reach of earth and hell,  
And on the margin of the grave,  
Display thine utmost power to save.

---

<sup>61</sup>Location: MARC, MA1977/594/8, #1. Published in *Preparation for Death* (1772), 10–11.

<sup>62</sup>Ori., “Thou hast, ~~O Lord, born~~ hoary hairs.”

<sup>63</sup>Ori., “thy.”

<sup>64</sup>Ori., “In vig'rous youth, in feeble age.” Wesley first revised “vig'rous” to “childish” before deciding on “childhood.”

<sup>65</sup>Ori., “~~By mercy sav'd thro' dangers past.~~” Wesley added “A sinner I on mercy cast” above the struck out portion of the line. Perhaps Wesley forgot to strike out “thro' dangers past,” or perhaps he left this portion as an alternative.

<sup>66</sup>The last five lines of this stanza appear in a first draft at the bottom of the page in shorthand, which is then crossed out after they are expanded here.

5. Thou knowst the<sup>67</sup> trials yet behind,  
The strength of sin, the tempter's power:  
Support my feebleness of mind,  
In every dark unguarded hour  
Thine Servant mightily<sup>68</sup> defend,  
And love and save me to the end.
  
6. Walk with me thro' the lion's den  
Walk with me thro' the floods and fires,  
In form of man distinctly seen,  
And O! to crown my last desires,  
In death my Guide and Saviour be,  
My God thro' all eternity.<sup>69</sup>

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<sup>67</sup>Ori., "my."

<sup>68</sup>Ori., "own almighty to" changed to "Servant mightily."

<sup>69</sup>Wesley originally had stanzas 5 and 6 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to show the order shown above.

**Christmas Day**<sup>70</sup>

1. Stupendous mystery!  
GOD in our flesh is *seen*  
(While angels ask, how can it be?)  
And dwells with sinful men!  
Our nature He assumes,  
That we may his retrieve;  
He comes, to our dead world He comes,  
That all thro' Him may live.
  
2. The true, eternal Word  
To us a Child is given,  
The sovereign God, th' Almighty Lord,  
Who fills both earth and heaven;  
Our God on earth appears  
To take our sins away,  
And guide us thro' the vale of tears  
To realms of endless day.

---

<sup>70</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #3b. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:106–107.

**Wrote by J. H<sup>n</sup> for C.W.<sup>71</sup>**

Thine wholly, thine alone I'll be,  
My song shall always be of Thee:  
My willing fingers ne'er shall move,  
But on the Subject of thy love. [4]  
My well-tun'd heart, touch'd by thy hand  
Shall ready play at thy command;  
Thy Spirit within shall form my lays,  
And every breath of mine be praise. [8]  
My love's soft tears shall sweetly flow,  
Nor will I other passion know,  
But endless strains of melody  
Strike out, my dearest Lord, of Thee. [12]  
I with the early lark will vie,  
And mount to Thee my favrite Sky,  
And ever, at the fall of night,  
Impassion'd songs to Thee indite. [16]  
Under the shelter of thy wing  
Happily shall I sit and sing:  
And when I in the night awake,  
Thy love my sweetest Subject make; [20]  
And when I die, or late or soon,  
My last-fetch'd gasp shall be in tune.

---

<sup>71</sup>Location: MA 1977/594/8, #2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:445. The authorship of this hymn is uncertain. It is in Charles Wesley's hand, on pages with two other of his hymns. But the title suggests that it was composed by John Henderson, who traveled at times with Charles Wesley (cf. MS Henderson).

**“Thou art gone up on high, and thou hast led  
captivity captive, and received gifts for men:  
yet even for thine enemies, that the Lord God  
might dwell among them.”—Psa. 68:18.<sup>72</sup>**

- [1.]           Thou art gone up on high,  
                  Our Saviour in the sky,  
Principalities and powers  
                  Thou hast spoil'd and captive led,  
Conquer'd all thy foes and ours,  
                  More than conquer'd in our stead.
2.             Mysterious gifts unseen  
                  Thou hast receiv'd for men,  
Gifts for a rebellious race,  
                  Streaming from thy throne above,  
Contrite grief, and pardning grace,  
                  Humble fear, and purest love.
3.             The Gift unspeakable,  
                  The Witness, Pledge, and Seal,  
Heavenly Comforter Divine,  
                  Spirit of eternity,  
Purchas'd by that blood of thine,  
                  Him,<sup>73</sup> Thou hast receiv'd for me.
4.             For me obtain'd He is,  
                  For all thine enemies;  
Jesus, Thou the Giver art;  
                  Now thy Father's name reveal  
Now the Holy Ghost impart,  
                  God in man forever dwell!

---

<sup>72</sup>This hymn appears in MS Acts, (unnumbered) p. 561. It is placed here because it was not related to that collection. The hymn was published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:72; though listed as on Eph. 4:8—which quotes the passage in Psalms.

<sup>73</sup>Ori., “~~L~~ord.”

[Untitled.]<sup>74</sup>

Thou wouldst not have cut off in Life's Decay  
And cast me as a wounded Arm away;  
His pitiful insinuating Art  
Could tear me from thy Arms but not thy Heart.

---

<sup>74</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 3/2 (shorthand at bottom of sheet). Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:437.

**Danger**<sup>75</sup>

1. To whom in peril and distress  
While growing ills our land oppress,  
Shoud we for refuge fly?  
Jesus, from age to age the same,  
We find, confiding in thy Name,  
The Strength of Israel nigh.
  
2. Of wars and rumour'd wars we hear,  
But thy command forbids our fear,  
And unbelieving haste,  
In Thee our quiet souls we hide  
And safe beneath thy wings abide,<sup>76</sup>  
Till every storm is past.<sup>77</sup>
  
- 3.<sup>78</sup> Our only care thy<sup>79</sup> grace to gain  
And stedfast in the faith remain  
Which sweetly works by love  
To prove thine acceptable Will<sup>80</sup>  
And all thy dear commands fulfil<sup>81</sup>  
As angels do above.

---

<sup>75</sup>Location: MARC, DDCW 6/75. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:76–77.

<sup>76</sup>Ori., “wings ~~w~~e abide.”

<sup>77</sup>In the right-hand margin of the front page of this manuscript Wesley drafts in shorthand the following full stanza and first line of an additional stanza. He does not number them or indicate where they might fit in this hymn, though this would be a likely place. Instead, he ends up using a polished form of full stanza as stanza 2 of Hymn III in *MS Preachers 1779*. Cf. *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:77 note 40.

The self-exalting Worms abase  
The Men who love the highest place  
In their own Merits trust  
On all their vain Devices frown  
Their Luciferian Pride cast down  
And down into the Dust.

Into the Dust but not to Hell  
[unfinished]

<sup>78</sup>Stanzas 3 & 4 are reversed in manuscript, but Charles indicates to transfer them as above.

<sup>79</sup>Ori., “care ~~t~~o thy.”

<sup>80</sup>Ori., “~~Thine utmost counsel to fulfill.~~”

<sup>81</sup>Ori., “~~And do thine acceptable will.~~”

4. Us, whom thy mind and Spirit arm  
Nor sword<sup>82</sup> nor pestilence can harm  
Nor earth nor hell annoy,  
The plagues that on the wicked seize<sup>83</sup>  
Can never interrupt our peace,  
Or rob us of our joy.
5. We thus to meet our God prepare  
By constant watchfulness and prayer,<sup>84</sup>  
By toils of love renew'd,  
Assured that all events shall join  
Accomplishing<sup>85</sup> thy blest design  
In our eternal good.
6. O Son of Man, O God most high  
We on thy faithful word rely  
For persevering<sup>86</sup> grace,  
Till fully saved and counted meet,  
We stand, in holiness compleat  
Before thy glorious Face.

---

<sup>82</sup>Ori., “war.”

<sup>83</sup>Ori., “The plagues ~~which shall~~ the wicked seize.”

<sup>84</sup>At the bottom of the front side of the manuscript, under the original stanza 3, appears the following alternative to these first two lines of stanza 5:

We thus to meet our God prepare,  
Lab’ring and watching unto prayer.

<sup>85</sup>Ori., “~~To effectuate.~~”

<sup>86</sup>The words “all-sufficient” and “all-preserving” are written in the margin as alternatives to “persevering.”

[Untitled.]<sup>87</sup>

1. Tremendous God, severely just,  
    Beneath thy mighty hand we fall,  
For mercy, prostrate in the dust,  
    In Jesus' name for mercy call,  
While humbly we our sins confess  
And mourn our nation's wickedness.
  
2. The perilous, vindictive times,  
    The long-impending plagues are come,  
And Britain's complicated crimes  
    Loudly demand her instant doom;  
The vial bursts, the curse takes place  
And swallows up our faithless race.

---

<sup>87</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #5b. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:74. See the possible fourth stanza of this hymn above on page 20.

**Mr. Charles Wesley improm[t]u  
on Seeing the Band Rules written  
by his Brother John Wesley<sup>88</sup>**

We hear a Romish Founder say  
Cast not your Sins but Shoes away  
Another cries with whining note  
Strip off the Buttons from your Coat  
But our supreme Reformer cries  
Your Wrists, and Elbows circumcise

---

<sup>88</sup>Location: Adam Clarke Papers, Box 2, folder 1, David M. Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Duke University. This item is in the hand of Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley. It appears to be reacting not to the “Rules of the Band Societies,” as drawn up Dec. 25, 1738; but to the “Directions given to the Band Societies” dated Dec. 25, 1744 (cf. JW, *Works*, 9:77–79). The latter directions included exhortation against wearing “needless ornaments” like rings, necklaces, ruffles, etc.

Note that CW included a revised version of this item in MS Ordinations, 10.

[Untitled.]<sup>89</sup>

- [1.] What is the grace I fain would prove  
When I for pardon<sup>90</sup> pray?  
I want th' Omnipotence of Love  
To take my sins away;
- [2.] I want a permanent release  
From sin's malignant power;  
I want in thy victorious peace  
To go, and sin no more.
- [3.] Pardon itself would profit nought,  
(If pardon Thou impart)  
Unless the foul desire and thought  
Be chased out of my heart;
- [4.] Unless Thou wash my heart with blood,  
And make my nature clean,  
And saved indeed, and born of God  
I can no longer sin!
- [5.] Jesus, pronounce my spirit loosed  
From its infirmity!  
Now<sup>91</sup> by thy love reveal'd, infus'd,  
Effect the change in me.<sup>92</sup>
- [6.] O cast not out my dying prayer,  
But now the curse remove,  
And from the gulph of sad despair  
Redeem me by thy love.<sup>93</sup>

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<sup>89</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/594/14, hymn #2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:190–91.

<sup>90</sup>Ori., “~~mercy.~~” There is also evident an even earlier version: “~~When mercy I implore.~~”

<sup>91</sup>Ori., “~~Save.~~”

<sup>92</sup>Ori., “~~Or I forever die.~~”

<sup>93</sup>There is a vertical line drawn through this stanza. A single stanza on the reverse side of the manuscript was likely intended as a replacement for this stanza (published separately in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:433).

Me, and my works canst Thou approve  
All good, all gracious as Thou art?  
What is Obedience without Love?  
A sacrifice without an heart?

[7.] My fallen soul create anew,  
And principled with grace  
Henceforth I loath, abhor, eschew  
My inbred wickedness.

[Untitled.]<sup>94</sup>

1. While blackest clouds involve the skies,  
And discord's maddest waves arise,  
    Ah! whither shall we flee!  
To whom for sure protection run,  
Or how the dire contagion shun  
    Of factious anarchy?
2. Thee, Jesus, Thee whoe'er confess,  
Thine Israel's strength, thy people's Peace,  
    From age to age the same,  
A covert from the storm and wind,  
A Tower impregnable we find  
    In thy Almighty Name.
3. Who bow to thy supreme command,  
The meek and quiet in the land,  
    O may we still appear,  
Our faith by our obedience show,  
And in thy Delegate below  
    The King of kings revere.

---

<sup>94</sup>Location: MARC, MA 1977/583/32, #5a. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:75.