

## MS Miscellaneous Hymns<sup>1</sup>

MS Miscellaneous Hymns is a manuscript notebook, inscribed by Wesley on the inside front cover “Miscellaneous Hymns.” It includes 316 numbered pages (5.75 x 7.25 inches in size), containing 214 items of verse. There are four pages of index at the end of the volume, which are transported here into the Table of Contents. This is one of Wesley’s most wide ranging manuscript notebooks. It includes verse from as early as 1747, and up to 1786. Many of the earlier items were transcribed by Wesley from prior notebooks.<sup>2</sup> Some of the later items appear also in looseleaf drafts, which are gathered in this collection as a set titled MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts). Over 150 items are unique to this collection or appear first here. While the notebook is undated, Wesley likely began this gathering of manuscript verse in the mid 1750s. Most of the verse remained unpublished during his life. The twenty-three items that he did publish (only 1 prior to 1759) are indicated in the Table of Contents in [blue font](#).

MS Miscellaneous Hymns is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/556 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 2). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

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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. Last updated: January 23, 2017.

<sup>2</sup>See, for example, Penitential Hymn #1 on pp. 56–57. It appears also in MS Occasional, 81; and MS Richmond, 78–79. Textual variants indicate that it appeared first in MS Occasional, was transcribed from there in MS Richmond, and later in MS Miscellaneous Hymns. The copy in MS Richmond has a vertical line through it, with Wesley noting in the column that it was transcribed elsewhere.

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**At the meeting of Minister  
and People.<sup>3</sup>**

- [1.] Glory, and power, and thanks, and praise  
    To our divine Preserver give,  
Who first united by his grace,  
    Who bids us still united live,  
Live, in one body call'd to prove  
The fervor of primeval love.
2. He made, He keeps us one in heart,  
    In judgment, and in spirit one,  
Baffles the fiend's malicious art,  
    And casts the dire accuser down  
Who never shall the flock divide,  
Or tear us from each others side.
3. The Lord is King! ye saints be glad,  
    And joyful in his praises join;  
He makes the sage diviners mad,  
    He frustrates earth's and hell's design,

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<sup>3</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:197.

While all their efforts to remove,  
But root us more in Jesus love.

4. In vain their malice hoped to see  
    The sheep dispers'd, the shepherd flown;  
Combin'd in stricter harmony  
    We stand more intimately one:  
Let heathens part, and hirelings fly,  
We all together live, and die!

**Epinicion.**<sup>4</sup>

- [1.] Praise to the wonder-working God!  
Proclaim his glorious praise abroad,  
Let Earth his arm unshorten'd sing,  
Let Earth rejoice, The Lord is King!  
O're all his furious foes He reigns,  
And holds the powers of hell in chains.
2. Evil before his presence flies,  
Dispers'd<sup>5</sup> by Jesus flaming eyes:  
His flaming eyes pierce thro' the snare,  
And lay the depths of Satan bare,  
And blast his well-concerted plan,  
And make his surest triumph vain.
3. Where is the fury of our foe  
With all his wisdom from below?

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<sup>4</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 9–11. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:117–18. An epinicion is an ode celebrating a victory, a song of triumph.

<sup>5</sup>“Dispers'd” has “scatter'd” written in the margin as an alternative.

Thou, Lord, hast cross'd his dire design  
T' o'rethrow the gracious work divine,  
To sift thy messengers like wheat,  
And whelm them in the burning pit.

4. Howl the defrauded fiends beneath,  
And clank their chains, and gnash their teeth,  
To see us clean escap'd away  
(Their captives sure, their lawful prey)  
While Judah's Lion tears the toils,  
And Jesus glories in his spoils.
5. Shout to the mighty Jesus name,  
Thro' whom we now our foes o'recame:  
His Name hath cast th' accuser down,  
His Name the fight hath more than won;  
His Name shall still our souls defend,  
His Name shall save us to the end.
6. Safe in his Name's celestial tower  
We tread on all the adverse power,  
We spurn them now beneath our feet,  
And soon at God's right-hand shall sit,  
Arraign them at his righteous bar,  
And shout their just damnation there.

**Occasioned  
by an Irish Judge, sentencing me in  
my absence, to Transportation.<sup>6</sup>**

- [1.] Join, all the friends of Jesus join  
Your full, exulting hearts with mine,  
With mine your joyful voices raise,  
Attuned to our Redeemer's praise,  
Who crowns us still with victory,  
And now delights to honour me.
2. Me He hath counted for his Name  
Worthy to suffer wrong, and shame,  
Condemn'd for publishing my Lord,  
Proscrib'd for ministring his word,  
Untried, unheard, to exile driven  
'Gainst all the laws of earth and heaven.
3. Vainly in our protection join  
The laws both human, and divine  
While those who fill the judge's chair,  
T' abuse their dread commission dare,  
Our helpless innocency sell  
To glut the priestly rage of hell.
4. But God in our defence shall stand  
And shield us with his own right-hand,  
The Lord whom on our side we have  
Shall from unrighteous judges save,

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<sup>6</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond 8–9. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:396–97.

His injur'd messengers confess,  
And give his suffering people peace.

5. Wherefore of, Him his people boasts,  
The Prince of peace, the Lord of hosts,  
Our strength, and confidence, and tower,  
Our light in Satan's darkest hour,  
Our glory in reproach and shame,  
Our Guide, and Saviour in the flame.
6. Bound every heart which Christ inspires,  
And praise him, praise him in the fires,  
Him walking in the furnace scan  
Whose form is as the Son of man,  
And triumph like the faithful Three,  
And shout our Guardian Deity.
7. Blessing, and thanks to God most high,  
And love, and might, and majesty,  
Ascribe salvation to the Lamb,  
The Spirit of power and grace proclaim,  
The great Three-One let all things praise  
In glorious, everlasting lays!

**Written**

**After deliverance from a Popish Ambush  
and assault, near Athlone.<sup>7</sup>**

- [1.] All-conquering King  
Thy triumph we sing,

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<sup>7</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 50–51. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:394–96. Charles records the attack that occasioned this hymn in his *Manuscript Journal* (10 February 1748).

Redeem'd from the foe,  
We publish our mighty Redeemer below;  
Th' omnipotent Name  
Of Jesus proclaim,  
And joyfully raise  
Our voices and hearts in a concert of praise.

2. From the malice of men  
Thou hast saved us again,  
And broken the snare,  
And scatter'd the folk that delighted in war:  
Athirst for our blood,  
In ambush they stood,  
Our lives to surprize,  
And hurry us hence to our friends in the skies.

3. The idolatrous Priest<sup>8</sup>  
Their purpose had blest,  
And arm'd with *his* zeal,  
And inspir'd with the tenderest mercies of hell,  
They rush'd on their prey  
The victims to slay,  
And accomplish our doom  
And offer us up to the Moloch of Rome.

4. But God on the throne  
Protected his own,  
The danger to ward,  
He planted around an Angelical Guard:  
Their wings were outspread  
And cover'd our head,

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<sup>8</sup>Written in side margin: "Father Ferril." Rev John Farrell (c. 1696–1753), was the priest at St Mary's church, Athlone from 1723 to 1753.

Their arms were beneath,  
And bore us aloft from the weapons of death.

5. All glory to God,  
All honor and laud  
To our conquering King,  
Whom Lord of the heavenly armies we sing:  
His Servants are ours,  
The Angelical Powers—  
And now they attend,  
And assist at the Concert that never shall end.

6. With angels above  
We sing of thy love,  
With saints in the vale  
Thy unsearchable riches of mercy we tell,  
Till admitted among  
The glorified throng,  
We look on thy Face,  
And eternity spend in a rapture of praise.

**For the Roman Catholicks  
in Ireland.<sup>9</sup>**

[1.] Shepherd of souls, the great, the good,  
Thy helpless sheep behold,  
Those other sheep dispers'd abroad,  
Who are not of this fold:  
By Satan and his factors bound  
In ignorance and sin,

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<sup>9</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 51–55. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:397–400. The occasion of the hymn can be found in *Manuscript Journal* (5 September 1748).

Release them thro' the gospel-sound,  
And bring the outcasts in.

2. Strangers alas, to Thee and peace,  
They cannot find the way,  
But wander in the wilderness,  
And o're the mountains stray:  
Why shou'd they faint, unsav'd, unsought,  
With sure relief so nigh?  
Why shoud the souls whom Thou hast bought  
For lack of knowledge die?
3. Cast up, cast up an open road,  
The stumbling block remove,  
The sin which keeps them back from God,  
And from thy pardning love:  
The hinderer of thy word restrain,  
The Babylonish Beast,  
The men that sell poor souls for gain,  
And curse whom Thou hast blest.
4. Those blindfold leaders of the blind  
Who frighten them from Thee,  
And still bewitch the people's mind  
With hellish sorcery;  
Pierc'd by thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword  
They shall no more deceive:  
Simon himself at thy great word  
Shall tremble, and believe.

5. Who lead their followers down the way  
To everlasting death,  
Confound, convert; and pluck the prey  
Out of the lion's teeth:  
The simple men of heart sincere  
Who woud receive thy word,  
Bring in, thy blessed word to hear,  
And own their bleeding Lord.
6. If Thou wilt work a work of grace,  
Who shall the hinderer be?  
Shall all the human, hellish race  
Detain thy own from Thee?  
Shall Satan keep as lawful prize  
A nation in his snare?  
Hosts of the living God, arise,  
And try the force of prayer!
7. The prayer of faith hath rais'd the dead  
Th' infernal legions driven,  
The slaves from Satan's dungeon freed,  
And shut, and open'd heaven.  
*Our* faith shall cleave the Triple Crown  
Shall o're the Beast prevail,  
And turn his kingdom upside down  
And burst the gates of hell.
8. Come then, the all-victorious Name  
Jesus, whom demons flee,

Redemption in thy blood proclaim,  
And life, and liberty;  
Satan, and all his host confound,  
Break 'ope the dungeon-door,  
Deliverance preach to spirits bound,  
And pardon to the poor.

9. *These* poor for whom we wrestle still,  
A weak, deluded croud,  
Bring to the word, and wound, and heal  
Thro' thy atoning blood,  
We will not let thee go, unless  
The captives Thou retrieve:  
Now, Lord, with true repentance bless,  
And help them to believe.
10. To Thee with boldness we look up  
For all these sons of Rome;  
We ask in faith: and lo, a troop  
A troop of sinners come!  
As flocking doves to Thee they fly,  
For refuge, and for rest,  
They hasten to their windows nigh,  
And shelter in thy breast.
11. The things which we desire we have:  
To sin, and Satan sold,

A nation call, a nation save,  
And make us all one fold;  
One house, one body, and one vine,  
One Church thro' grace forgiven,  
By perfect love to Angels join,  
And waft us all to heaven.

**Thanksgiving  
for the Success of the gospel in Ireland.<sup>10</sup>**

- [1.] Rise, ye ransom'd sinners, rise,  
Friends and neighbours to the skies,  
Ye by Jesus blood brought near,  
Ye to Jesus Father dear,  
Sing with me, give thanks, rejoice,  
Make to God a chearful noise,  
I the wandring sheep have found,  
Earth and heaven with praise resound!
2. I (yet O, not I, but HE  
Thro' my weakest ministry)  
On the brink of the great deep  
Jesus found his wandring sheep:  
Who their heavenly Owner was,  
HE hath mark'd them with his cross,  
HE who paid their price of old  
Now hath brought them to his fold.

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<sup>10</sup>A longer version appears in MS Richmond, 57–58. This shorter versions was published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:400–401.

[3.]<sup>11</sup> Jesus, God o're all supreme,  
We e'relong shall reign with Him  
In celestial glory stand  
With the sheep at his right-hand,  
Join the bright, angelic throng,  
Shout the new, triumphant song  
Face to face our Shepherd see,  
Gaze to all eternity!

**Commemorative Hymn.**<sup>12</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- [1.] Merciful God, what hast Thou done,  
What hast Thou borne for me,  
For me, thy most rebellious Son  
From earliest infancy!  
The patience of thy richest grace  
Throughout my life I prove,  
And measure back the endless maze  
With wonder, grief, and love.
2. Soon as my power of acting came,  
I spake, and acted sin,  
But felt at once in fear and shame  
The Spirit's check within:  
I felt the point of anger's thorn,  
With daily guilt defil'd,  
By passion, and by conscience torn  
A wretch, while yet a child.

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., "4."

<sup>12</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 1–3. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:390–94.

3. Bolder I with my fellows *grew*,  
Nor yet to evil *ran*,  
But envied those who dared break thro',  
And copy lawless man:  
From parents' eye far off remov'd  
I still was under Thine,  
And found, for secret sin reprov'd,  
The government Divine.
4. Thou woudst not suffer me to rest  
When deviating from right,  
But visitedst my childish breast  
With trouble, or delight:  
So often griev'd, thy Spirit strove,  
And kept my soul in awe,  
Or drew me with the cords of love  
Without the fiery Law.
5. Without the law, I lived a while,  
Till the commandment came,  
And stir'd me up by virtuous toil  
To hide my vicious shame;  
To stablish my own righteousness,  
"Controuler of the skies,"  
And make with Thee my labour'd peace  
And *purchase* paradise.
6. Thine eye beneath the figtree saw  
My self-disguising strife,  
And sent the thunders of thy law  
To slay my *righteous* life:

The sin-convincing Spirit blew  
My leafy vail aside,  
My vain self-confidence o'rethrew,  
And blasted all my pride.

7. O what a cruel war ensued,  
What grief, and shame, and pain!  
I only fought, to be subdued,  
And rose, to fall again;  
A thousand vows I fondly made,  
A thousand vows I broke,  
O'repower'd by sin, and captive led,  
Yet not of Thee forsook.
8. Thy mercy bad my struglings cease,  
And bursting *then* the snare,  
Sent forth out of the dark abyss  
The prisoner of despair:  
I thank'd my God, with pardon blest,  
Thro' Jesus blood applied,  
So instantaneously releas'd,  
So freely justified!

## Part II.

- [1.] Here let me pause, and fix mine eye  
On that mysterious Grace!  
Unseen, unfelt, it still was nigh,  
Throughout my youthful days:

Glory to God alone I give!  
Instructed from above,  
Father, I now with joy perceive  
The wisdom of thy love.

2. How has thy love *contriv'd* to keep  
    *From sin's abhor'd extream,*  
Till waken'd out of nature's sleep,  
    And virtue's golden dream!  
How strangely didst Thou hedge me in,  
    So prone to every vice,  
And damp my eager love of sin  
    By sacred cowardise!
  
3. Thy mercy plac'd my parents good  
    As guardian Angels near,  
Arm'd with thy flaming sword they stood  
    T' inspire me with thy fear:  
The voice that cried in them Beware,  
    I now revere as Thine,  
Not kept from ill by human care,  
    But Providence divine.
  
4. What but a miracle of grace  
    Coud keep my soul within  
The mouth of hell, the murtherer's ways  
    The *public schools of sin*;

Where troops of young corrupters tried  
In wickedness t' excel,  
Lewdness their vile delight, and pride  
Their boasted principle?

5. I found thy hand, again beset,  
*And saved by grace alone,*<sup>13</sup>  
Where learning keeps its loftiest seat,  
And hell its firmest throne:  
Satan and sloth had smooth'd my way  
To pleasure's paradise;  
Yet still I paus'd; afraid to stray,  
Or plunge the gulph of vice.
  
6. How wisely timed the help that came  
In my extremity,  
And bad the law its prisoner claim,  
And shut me up for Thee!  
Within the iron walls immur'd,  
I now thy goodness bless,  
By servile fear for years secur'd  
From my own wickedness!
  
7. Loos'd from the chains of unbelief,  
From legal bondage freed,  
I felt the joy that follow'd grief,  
The love that banish'd dread:

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<sup>13</sup>Ori., "divine."

To me beneath the wrath of God  
The pardning grace how sweet,  
When bruised to death by Moses rod  
I fell at Jesus feet!

8. Still at his feet I humbly own  
Thy uniform design,  
The Spirit of fear and love was<sup>14</sup> one,  
Was giv'n to make me thine:  
Wherefore with reverend joy I praise  
Thine all-redeeming plan,  
The various wisdom of thy ways  
And charity to man.

**Prayers  
for the Conversion of a  
Murtherer, the Earl of Fer[rer]s.<sup>15</sup>**

**[Hymn I.]**

- [1.] Come, let us join the wrestling race  
With Jacob's faith endued,  
And all besiege the throne of grace,  
And prove our power with God:  
Whoe'er in Jesus merits trust  
In Jesus strength arise,  
To snatch from hell a sinner lost,  
And bear him to the skies.

---

<sup>14</sup>Ori., "were."

<sup>15</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:246–48. The Earl of Ferrers, cousin of Lady Huntingdon, was executed 5 May 1759 for the murder of his land steward.

2. Father, in the prevailing name  
    We urge our faithful plea,  
Repentance for an outcast claim  
    Who hates thy Son and Thee;  
By the old murderer possest  
    Who eyes the gulph beneath,  
Affecting on its verge to rest,  
    And scorn eternal death.
  
3. God of resistless power and love,  
    In answer to our cry,  
Appear the mountains to remove,  
    Appear the Lord most high;  
Thy wrath against thy foe reveal,  
    Confound his wickedness,  
And let the pangs of inbred hell  
    His waken'd conscience seize.
  
4. Now thy convincing work begin,  
    In terrible array  
Th' exceeding sinfulness of sin  
    Of his own sin display:  
Give him to feel his guilty load,  
    His long-dissembled wound,  
And hear the voice of innocent blood  
    Cry *vengeance* from the ground!

5. While yet we call, his spirit arrest,  
    And stop his flight from Thee,  
With *horror fill his flinty breast*,  
    Stir up the troubled sea:  
Till Thou the keen conviction dart,  
    All his strong-holds o'rethrow,  
And break his adamant heart,  
    We will not let thee go.
  
6. Put him in fear; this moment, Lord,  
    *Abase his sullen pride*,  
And let thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword  
    Marrow and joints divide;  
Or'etern by one resistless frown,  
    Compel him to submit,  
And bring the stubborn rebel down,  
    Down, down beneath thy feet.
  
7. Great God of all-victorious love,  
    The work is worthy Thee  
Such guilty mountains to remove,  
    Such hellish enmity:  
Forgive him at the point to die,  
    And speak his soul renew'd,  
That all thine enemies may cry  
    "This is the hand of God!"

8. To Jesus name if all things bow  
    In heaven, and earth, and hell,  
If praying by his Spirit now  
    Our hearts his presence feel;  
We now on Thee may cast our care,  
    And say, thy will be done,  
But have respect to Jesus prayer,  
    But glorify thy Son!

**Hymn II.**<sup>16</sup>

- [1.] Father, whose goodness knows no bound  
If now in us thy bowels sound,  
    With yearning pity see  
A ruffian stain'd with guiltless blood  
A murderer both of man and God,  
    A wretch as lost—as me!
2. In Jesus found, for Him we cry,  
Whose heart doth all thy wrath defy,  
    And all thy patience scorn:  
Who but our Advocate above  
With all his power of dying love  
    The stone to flesh can turn?

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<sup>16</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:248–49.

3. Father, regard the sprinkled blood,  
Which from the wounds of Jesus flow'd  
    Accepted sacrifice!  
It did for all mankind atone,  
And now it speaks before the throne,  
    And fills both earth and skies.
4. Louder than that his hands have shed  
Thou hearst it for the murtherer plead  
    Whom on our hearts we bear;  
The blood doth mercy, mercy sound,  
And every drop a voice has found,  
    And swells into a prayer.
5. To that almighty prayer divine  
Thou must thy gracious ear incline,  
    While Jesus gasps "Forgive!"  
He cannot ask, and bleed in vain;  
He died for this lost child of man,  
    And prays that he may live.
6. O for his prayer and passion sake,  
This brand out of the burning take,  
    A present for thy Son,  
Implunge in his Redeemer's side,  
And bear him thro' the crimson tide  
    To thy eternal throne.

**Hymn III.**<sup>17</sup>

- [1.] Poor guilty worm, o'whelm'd with fear  
Before an earthly judge t' appear,  
And meet thy lighter doom,  
How wilt thou meet that fiery hour,  
When arm'd with glorious, vengeful power  
The Judge from heaven shall come?
2. Heir of that everlasting curse,  
Canst thou depart without remorse  
Or one relenting sigh,  
So daunted at a moment's pain,  
So bold, and harden'd to sustain  
The death that cannot die?
3. Tremendous God, in mercy frown,  
Cast all his hellish courage down,  
Which Satan's breath inspires,  
Make this incarnate fiend submit,  
And shake him o're the burning pit,  
And scorch him with the fires.
4. Now, Father, now thy terrors dart,  
And pierce, and fill his stubborn heart  
With horrid pangs unknown:  
Justice divine, thy prisoner seize,  
Compel'd by torture to confess  
The murder of thy Son.

---

<sup>17</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:249–51.

5. Before he sinks among the dead,  
O may he guilty, guilty plead,  
    And justify our God:  
Then, Jesus, then step in between,  
To part the punishment and sin,  
    To save him by thy blood.
6. Thy blood alone can purge his guilt,  
Can expiate that his hands have spilt,  
    And all his crimes efface:  
Get thyself honor on thy foe,  
Wash the foul monster white as snow,  
    And show forth all thy grace.
7. Or if thy wise and righteous will  
Its counsels deep from us conceal,  
    We bless th' award divine,  
We leave him in a state unknown,  
And let him die to God alone,  
    And die—without a Sign!
8. But while he yields his parting breath,  
And swim his closing eyes in death,  
    Before his closing eyes  
Show Thyself bleeding on the tree—  
Then let him gasp, Remember me—  
    And wake in paradise!

**Desiring Death.**<sup>18</sup>

- [1.] Thou God, to whom alone I live,  
For whom my all I spend,  
Thy servant graciously receive,  
And let my labours end.
2. Weary alas, Thou knowst I am  
Of this sad vale of tears,  
Restless to die from all my shame,  
From all my griefs and fears.
3. Evil and few my days have been,  
And still Thou hearst me groan  
Impatient of thy people's sin,  
Impatient of my own.
4. Oft have I sunk, or' ewhelm'd, opprest  
Beneath the double load,  
And languish'd for the land of rest,  
Th' inheritance of God.
5. Oft have I groan'd my lot to bear,  
A man of grief and strife,  
And struggled to throw off the care,  
And burst the bars of life.
6. One only wish detains me still  
In this bleak wilderness,  
Till mounted on thy holy hill  
I cannot die in peace.
7. O might I now with calmest haste  
From all my griefs remove,

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<sup>18</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 80–81; stanzas 1–8 appear in MS Occasional Hymns, 83–84. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:354–55. In MS Occasional Hymns it is titled “Written in N.W., 1748.” This probably designates North Wales, since Charles Wesley was twice in North Wales during the latter part of 1748, traveling to and from Ireland.

Go up at once, and more than taste  
The fruit of perfect love!

8. I pray Thee, let me pass the floud  
To yon fair coast unknown,  
And see that pleasant land and good,  
That lovely Lebanon!
9. The glorious gospel I declare  
O might I now partake,  
The image of the heavenly bear,  
And yield my Spirit back!
10. A moment here I woud not stop  
To holiness restor'd,  
But soar beyond the mountain-top  
But die to meet my Lord!

**Another**  
**[Desiring Death].<sup>19</sup>**

- [1.] On Thee, Omnipotent to save,  
Thy creature tottering o're the grave,  
Thy dear-bought creature, I  
For mercy and salvation call,  
Jesus, redeem me from my fall,  
And suffer me to die.
2. Warn'd to put off this mouldring clay,  
I bless Thee for my strength's decay  
And sink into the tomb;  
Welcome infirmities and pains,  
Welcome whate'er my God ordains  
To bring his Servant home.

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<sup>19</sup>Appears also in MS Six, 22–23. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:355–56.

3. My days are as a shadow fled;  
And let me bow my weary head,  
    Thine open face to see:  
I ask no temporal reprieve,  
I only long in Thee to live,  
    And then to die in Thee.
4. O woudst Thou, Lord, thy blood apply,  
My heart to calm, and purify,  
    My poor, unhallow'd heart:  
Thou knowst, I only wait for this,  
To gain the reconciling kiss,  
    And then with joy depart.
5. O might my useless warfare end,  
O might my struggling spirit ascend  
    And spurn the earth I leave!  
Regard my struggling spirit's groan,  
Pleading in me regard thy own,  
    And now my soul receive.
6. A wretched, weak, intangled thing,  
To Thee my last distress I bring,  
    Grace, only grace implore:  
Plunge in the fountain of thy blood,  
And bear me thro' the purple flood  
    To that eternal shore.

7. Appear, and chase these endless sighs,  
Appear before my streaming eyes,  
And wipe these tears away;  
Thy presence is my heavenly light,  
Thy presence swallows up my night  
In everlasting day.

**For One grown slack.**<sup>20</sup>

**[Part I.]**

- [1.] And is it come to this at last  
With one that did run well,  
Arrested is my rapid haste,  
And quench'd my flaming zeal?  
Nothing at last for me remains  
But to lament my case,  
And sadly count my mournful gains,  
And muse on what I was.
2. I was (himself can tell) sincere  
To seek the God unknown,  
When, only influenc'd by fear,  
I blindly labour'd on;  
To stablish my own righteousness  
In ignorance I strove,  
Nor knew the way of gospel-peace,  
The freeness of his love.

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<sup>20</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:251–56.

3. I hid me in the secret shade  
    With solitary care,  
And oft implor'd my Maker's aid,  
    And found his comforts there:  
His transient comforts but increas'd  
    My wounded spirit's smart,  
The mountain still my soul oppress'd,  
    The vail was on my heart.
  
4. I fasted, read, and wept, and cried  
    For permanent relief,  
Nor yet in Jesus blood espied  
    The balm of all my grief.  
Weary and faint, beneath my load,  
    I at his altar lay,  
But fear'd t' approach an angry God,  
    Yet dared not disobey.
  
5. I wanted still I knew not what,  
    Or how the grace t' obtain:  
The children to the birth were brought,  
    But all my pangs were vain:  
Myself I could not shun, nor bear,  
    I could not fight nor fly,  
And sunk o'erwhelm'd with just despair,  
    And wish'd, and fear'd to die.

**Part II.**

- [1.] Ev'n then, while in my sins and blood  
I heard the welcome sound,  
"Sinner, behold the Lamb of God,  
"Who hath the ransom found!  
"The ransom found, the debt is paid  
"In precious blood divine:  
"Believe thy sins on Him were laid,  
"And all his grace is thine.<sup>[7]</sup>
2. With eager joy I ran, I flew  
To my Redeemer's side,  
And long'd to prove the tidings true,  
To feel the blood applied;  
I flew to catch the pardning word,  
The messengers to greet,  
And wash'd, in honor of their Lord,  
His dear disciples feet.
3. O who can paint the joy that blest  
My simple soul so long!  
It glow'd, and panted in my breast,  
And warbled on my tongue;  
It knit my heart to all that fear  
The Name of the Most high,  
And made me at his altar swear  
With them to live, and die.

4. My Saviour's friends by men despis'd  
I gloried to embrace,  
And more than life, like them, I priz'd  
The channels of his grace;  
There with his saints communion sweet  
I held in praise and prayer,  
Nor ever failed my wish to meet,  
For God and heaven were there.
  
5. Athirst for Jesus and the word,  
I urg'd my one request,  
To see the beauty of my Lord  
And in his temple rest:  
For this obedient to his call,  
I could no longer stay,  
But gave my friends, my life, my all  
But gave myself away.
  
6. Witness the listning quire above,  
Who clapp'd their wings, and spread  
The volume of our plighted love,  
Recording what we said!  
Witness the Searcher of my heart,  
And all his chosen race,  
I languish'd then for Mary's part,  
I pined for Jesus grace.

**Part III.**

- [1.] O where is now my hunger gone,  
My soul's awaken'd sense,  
How am I sunk supinely down  
In listless indolence!  
How have I settled on my lees,  
And closed mine eyes again!  
My slumbring soul is now at ease,  
As Christ had died in vain.
2. The fatal cause I see not yet,  
The dire effects I feel,  
Extinguish'd all my sacred heat,  
And quench'd my flaming zeal:  
Th' immortal bread no more I seek,  
But loath so light a food,  
Nor covet with his saints to speak,  
Nor love to talk with God.
3. Vanish'd my last attempt to pray,  
My last desire is fled,  
The morning cloud is past away,  
And all my hopes are dead:  
Devoid of power and will to rise,  
Devoid of love and fear,  
I see my state with stony eyes  
Which cannot drop a tear.

**Part IV.**

- [1.] What is it then which now constrains  
    My hardness to lament?  
Why do I *miss* my former pains,  
    And wish I could relent?  
It is my Advocate above,  
    Who forces me to hope,  
It is the voice of bleeding LOVE  
    “How shall I give thee up?”<sup>[1]</sup>
2. Lord, if thy love doth still abound  
    Above my sin’s excess,  
If still Thou art my Spokesman found  
    Before the throne of grace;  
If one so doubly dead to God  
    Thou canst revive again,  
Revive me now; restore my load,  
    And give me back my pain.
3. Giver of power to them that faint,  
    Thy power to me impart,  
Thy whole omnipotence I want  
    To rouse my languid heart:  
I want the voice that wakes the dead,  
    To bid my soul arise,  
And follow where my Captain led,  
    And labour up the skies.

4. O for the strength of fervent zeal,  
The faith in Jesus Name,  
Which dares the flood, and scales the hill,  
And rushes thro' the flame;  
Which wrestles on divinely bold  
The secret name to know,  
With violent faith on God lays hold,  
And will not let him go!
  
5. Spirit of power and life, inspire  
This faint and feeble breast  
With even, infinite desire  
Of my eternal rest:  
Stir up my soul its strength t' exert,  
With never-slackning care,  
And groan Thyself within my heart  
Th' unutterable prayer.
  
6. I woud be govern'd by thy will,  
I woud be wholly thine:  
Now, Lord, my gasping spirit fill  
With energy divine;  
And that my zeal no more may cool,  
Come, heavenly Comforter,  
Take full posession of my soul,  
And dwell for ever here!<sup>21</sup>

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<sup>21</sup>Ori., "there."

**For a Backslider.**<sup>22</sup>

- [1.] Sinners Advocate, again  
I must to Thee apply,  
Vilest of the sons of men,  
The worst of rebels I  
To thy mercy-seat draw near,  
Yet hardly dare thy grace implore:  
Bleeding Lamb, my conscience clear,  
And bid me sin no more.
2. As the caught adulteress,  
Confounded in thy sight,  
Guilty, guilty I confess  
Eternal death my right;  
Swallow'd up in shame and fear,  
I deprecate thine anger's power:  
Bleeding Lamb, my conscience clear  
And bid me sin no more.
3. While the guilt of sin remains,  
The strength must still abide,  
Therefore purge my crimson stains,  
Pronounce me justified:  
That I may with heart sincere  
With all my life my Lord adore,  
Bleeding Lamb, my conscience clear,  
And bid me sin no more.

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<sup>22</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:256–58.

4. Well Thou knowst, I chiefly woud  
Thy pardning grace receive,<sup>23</sup>  
That<sup>24</sup> my most indulgent God  
I may no longer grieve,  
Never from thy statutes err,<sup>25</sup>  
Or thwart thy will, as heretofore:  
Bleeding Lamb, my conscience clear,  
And bid me sin no more.
5. Happy they whoe'er obtain  
The sense of sin forgiven,  
Peace and joy with faith they gain,  
They live the life of heaven:  
But I want the Comforter,  
To make me meek, and chast, and poor:  
Bleeding Lamb, my conscience clear,  
And bid me sin no more.
6. Pardon less than power I want,  
Than purity within:  
Holy God, thy nature plant,  
The antidote of sin;  
By thy hallowing Spirit chear,  
Thy kingdom to my soul restore;  
Bleeding Lamb, my conscience clear  
And bid me sin no more.
7. If the strength and joy of grace  
Can ever parted be,  
Still with-hold the happiness,  
But give the power to me:

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

<sup>24</sup>Ori., "Thy."

<sup>25</sup>Ori., "move."

Let me mourn, and suffer here,  
Till pain and life at once are o're:  
Bleeding Lamb[, my conscience clear  
And bid me sin no more.]<sup>26</sup>

8. Tost on life's tempestuous wave,  
I ever cry to Thee,  
Ready if Thou art to save,  
Rebuke the winds and sea,  
Thou this shatter'd vessel steer  
In safety to th' eternal shore,  
Bleeding Lamb[, my conscience clear  
And bid me sin no more.]

9. Might I now to heaven repair,  
Thy face I could not see,  
Heaven, if sin pursued me there,  
Would be no heaven to me;  
Sinai's trump I there should hear,  
And tremble, while its thunders roar:  
Bleeding Lamb, my conscience clear  
And bid me sin no more.

10. Lord, I will not let thee rest,  
Till I the blessing find,  
Of the precious pearl possess  
The pure, unsinning mind:  
Author, End of faith appear,  
And bless me with the perfect power,  
Bleeding Lamb, my nature clear,  
And bid me live no more.

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<sup>26</sup>In verses 7 and 8 the last two lines are abbreviated to "Bleeding Lamb &c." in the MS.

**“What must I do to be saved?”—[Acts 16:30].<sup>27</sup>**

- [1.] O Thou who dost not put to pain  
The creatures of thy will,  
Why am I thus, a wretched man,  
An helpless sinner still?  
For ever struggling to get free,  
Why am I yet a slave,  
If saved indeed I fain would be,  
And Thou art near to save?
2. Out of the deep of inbred woe  
To Thee, my God, I cry,  
And ask the hindring thing to know  
And urge thee to reply:  
Able if now to make me clean,  
If willing now Thou<sup>28</sup> art,  
Why am I unredeem'd from sin,  
And unrenew'd in heart?
3. Dost Thou with-hold thy pardning love,  
Thy sanctifying grace,  
My old backslidings to reprove,  
My past unfaithfulness?  
My hasty, vehement<sup>29</sup> spirit to break  
Dost Thou thy help defer,  
And leave me thus to knock, and seek,  
And ask in fruitless<sup>30</sup> prayer?

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<sup>27</sup>A manuscript copy of an apparent earlier draft of this hymn, in John Wesley's hand, survives at MARC (MA 1977/157, JW III.8); variant readings are noted. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:373–76.

<sup>28</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “now thou willing” instead of “willing now thou.”

<sup>29</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “own impatient” instead of “hasty, vehement.”

<sup>30</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “ceaseless” instead of “fruitless.”

4. Is there some cursed thing unknown  
From which I will<sup>31</sup> not part,  
A bar which nature fears to own,  
An idol in my heart?  
Some base reserve, some bosom-lust<sup>32</sup>  
Thou knowst if yet I have,  
Which makes me secretly mistrust  
Thy readiness to save.
5. Surely I woud<sup>33</sup> in Thee believe,  
I own Thee good and true,  
Thou art almighty to forgive  
Almighty to renew;  
Thou canst into my soul derive  
Such purity and power,  
That I with sin no more shall strive,  
Shall yield to sin no more.
6. Thou canst my inbred foe expel,  
Its last remains erase,<sup>34</sup>  
Hallow my sinless soul, and seal  
With persevering grace:  
Thou canst my sinless soul assure  
That I shall ne'er remove,  
But faithful unto death endure,  
And reign with Thee above.
7. And can I doubt thy gracious will  
To save and sanctify,  
My every soul-disease to heal,  
My every want supply?

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<sup>31</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “wou’d” instead of “will.”

<sup>32</sup>Ori., “~~bosom=sin~~” changed to “bosom-lust.”

<sup>33</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 underlines “wou’d” for emphasis.

<sup>34</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “remove” then suggests “erase” as an alternative.

Thou waitest now<sup>35</sup> to show thy grace,  
My burthen to remove,  
For all thy mind is tenderness,  
And all thy heart is love.

8. What hinders then, I still<sup>36</sup> inquire,  
And in thy name believe:  
The thing I ask, expect, desire,  
Why do I not receive?  
I hunger after righteousness,  
I gasp for purity,  
Yet, O my God, I must confess  
The bar is all in me.

9. Confounded and condemn'd I am,  
I sink despairing down,  
In darkness, ignorance, and shame  
Before the God unknown:  
The thing which keeps me dark and blind,  
And void of holy love  
I cannot by my wisdom find  
Or by my strength remove.

10. But O whate'er obstructs thy will  
Whate'er thy work delays  
Almighty God of love, reveal,  
And scatter by thy grace;  
Work in me both to will and do  
According to thy word,

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<sup>35</sup>MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "how" instead of "now."

<sup>36</sup>Ori., "shall."

In perfect holiness renew,  
And make me as my Lord.

11. Till Thou create me pure within,  
Assist me, Lord, to pray  
The guilt, the power, the root of sin  
Destroy, and take away:  
The cause of my salvation find  
Hidden, O God, in Thee,  
And as thy loving heart's inclin'd,  
For ever deal with me.

**For One in the wilderness.**<sup>37</sup>

- [1.] Jesus help as weak a soul  
As ever hoped in Thee,  
Longing still to be made whole,  
And perfectly set free:  
Lo, I at thy feet remain,  
And groan in exquisite distress  
Turn, and look me out of pain,  
And look me back my peace.
2. Once in a new world of light  
On eagles' wings I rode,  
Long convers'd in Tabor's height  
With Thee my friend, my God:  
Now I droop, and mourn again,  
Along the dreary wilderness:

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<sup>37</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:258–60.

Turn, and look me out of pain,  
And look me back my peace.

3. Strong I seem'd, and rich in grace,  
When first I lisp'd thy name  
But the hidings of thy face  
Have show'd me what I am:  
Yes, I know myself but man,  
I feel my utter helplessness:  
Turn, and look me out of pain,  
And look me back my peace.

4. Sinks my weary, feeble mind  
Beneath its weight of care,  
Labouring thro' the fire to find  
Its old relief in prayer;  
Labouring on, yet still in vain,  
While horrid doubts my spirit seize:  
Turn, and look me out of pain,  
And look me back my peace.

5. Faintly hoping against hope,  
Devoid of life and power,  
Now I woud decline the cup  
I gladly drank before,  
Now I shun my former gain,  
And fears of death my heart oppress:  
Turn, and look me out of pain,  
And look me back my peace.

6.           Once I knew the Master's mind,<sup>38</sup>  
              Which now I cannot know,  
              Doubly dead to God, and blind  
              To all his ways below:  
              Who his counsel can explain,  
Or trace him thro' the dark abyss?  
              Turn, and look me out of pain,  
              And look me back my peace.
7.           O for one kind, pitying ray  
              To chear me in the gloom,  
              Till the long-expected day  
              Of my deliverance come!  
              Till that heavenly port I gain,  
Emerging from these stormy seas,  
              Turn, and look me out of pain,  
              And look me back my peace.

**Another**  
**[For One in the wilderness].<sup>39</sup>**

- [1.]   Come, Saviour, Friend of human kind,  
      Physician of the sinsick mind,  
          The weary spirit's rest,  
      Pour on my heart the healing balm,  
      Speak to my troubled soul, and calm  
          The tumult in my breast.
2.    Thou only canst my loss repair,  
      This mountain-load of guilty care  
          Canst with a word remove:

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<sup>38</sup>Ori., "will."

<sup>39</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 149. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:323. This is one of the poems in MS Richmond that Frank Baker suggests were composed in April 1751, while Charles Wesley was spending a week at St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey—recuperating, in part, from the shock of his brother's marriage (cf. *Manuscript Journal*, 9 April 1751).

Out of the deep for help I cry,  
Out of myself to God I fly,  
And shelter in thy love.

3. O could I hear that inward voice,  
Which makes the dying soul rejoice,  
To sudden life restor'd,  
How should I my Redeemer praise,  
And sing the wonders of his grace,  
And triumph in my Lord!
4. Come then, O Lord, for sinners slain,  
My joy in grief, my ease in pain,  
My comfort in distress,  
Give what the world can never give,  
And bid me in thine image live,  
And bid me die in peace.

**Hymns  
for the use of a Backslider, J. H[utchinson].**

**[Hymn] I.<sup>40</sup>**

- [1.] Whither, ah, whither shall I go  
I who my Lord no longer know,  
No longer feel the sprinkled blood,  
Or find my happiness in God!
2. Back to the world shall I return,  
Or court the objects of my scorn,  
Again for sensual pleasures pine  
That sordid happiness of swine?
3. Will a good name, or fortune fair  
The life-imbittering loss repair,  
Allay this tumult in my breast,  
Or give my troubled conscience rest?
4. Can I the perfect beauties trace  
Of Jesus in an human face?  
Can all the creature's boasted art  
Supply his absence in my heart?
5. No, Saviour, no: it cannot be  
That I should rest, bereav'd of Thee,  
Should sooth with toys this aching breast,  
Or e'er forget that I was blest.

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<sup>40</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:260–61. John Hutchinson of Leeds, an erratic Methodist, devoted to the Wesleys, died July 23, 1754.

6. Here then I all my hopes forego  
Of comfort, or repose below,  
I yield my punishment to bear,  
I sink in calmness of despair.
7. Away ye dreams of vain relief,  
Nor once disturb my sacred grief,  
Or hope t' assuage my misery,  
For God alone shall comfort me.
8. Till then I hug my load of pain,  
And meekly sad thro' life remain;  
And if at last his mercy save,  
I drop my burthen in the grave.

**Hymn II.**<sup>41</sup>

- [1.] When will the pardning God appear  
A poor, desponding soul to chear,  
Who once rejoic'd to prove  
His people's rest, his saints' delight,  
And fed on Jesus day and night,  
And gloried in his love?
2. His love was once my daily bread,  
His love refresh'd me on my bed,  
And bless'd my every dream:  
In Him my whole of bliss I sought,  
In every work, and word, and thought  
I only lived for Him.

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<sup>41</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:261–62.

3. Where'er I turn'd my willing feet,  
The tokens of his grace I met,  
    And blessings without end:  
In every field, in every grove  
I found the Object of my love,  
    And talk'd with God my Friend.
4. Witness, ye echoing hills and dales,  
Ye conscious streams and secret vales,  
    When I my Saviour found,  
How have I shouted forth his praise,  
How have I fell before his face,  
    And kiss'd the sacred ground!
5. I heard his voice among the trees,  
The ghastly uncouth wilderness  
    At Jesus Presence smiled:  
I saw the new creation rise,  
And lo, a beauteous paradise  
    Was open'd in the wild!
6. But I have lost my bower again,  
An outcast wretch, a banish'd man  
    From Jesus presence driven,  
Pain'd with the sense of what I was,  
I mourn the life-imbittering loss,  
    I wander unforgiven.

7. O woud my God return at last,  
When all my penal woes are past,  
    To save me as by fire  
O might I, Lord, thy love retrieve,  
And happy in thy favor live  
    One moment, and expire!

**Hymn III.**<sup>42</sup>

- [1.] Father, thy speaking rod I hear,  
Thy judgments graciously severe  
    With deepest reverence meet,  
Unworthy to be called thy Son,  
Thou seest the Prodigal brought down,  
    And weeping at thy feet.
2. If justice shoud abridge my days,  
Yet O, thy more surpassing grace  
    My latest breath shall tell:  
Thou mightst have left me to sin on,  
Thou mightst have suddenly cut down  
    And swept me into hell.
3. The tokens of paternal love  
In all thy sharp rebukes I prove,  
    The warnings of a Friend:  
I know the meaning of this pain;  
It tells me I shall turn again,  
    And hope is in my end.

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<sup>42</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:263–64.

4. Stupendous height of love divine!  
It bids me leizurely decline  
    By sensible degrees,  
Wills me a dying life to live,  
Till Thou my sinsick soul retrieve,  
    And give me back my peace.
  
5. I now discern thy gracious aim,  
Thy mercy shook this feeble frame,  
    To rouse my slumbring soul:  
Thee, Lord, I in the sickness see,  
It comes a messenger from Thee,  
    To make my spirit whole.
  
6. For this the kind, angelic bands  
Have gently borne me in their hands  
    To the sequester'd shade,  
For this the Servants of my Lord  
With softest sympathy afford  
    Their ministerial aid.
  
7. Those objects of my former love  
With whom I peevisly have strove  
    With causeless enmity,  
How have they all my burthen borne,  
How have they wept for my return,  
    And pray'd me back to Thee!

8. Ev'n now their powerful prayer I feel  
And yield me, Father, to thy will  
    And bless thy chastning rod;  
For neither life nor death I pray,  
But let me all thy will obey,  
    And live, and die to God.

**[Hymn] IV.**<sup>43</sup>

**Hymn for him by a friend.**

- [1.] God of love, who hearest the prayer,  
Mark the object of my care,  
See, with bleeding pity see,  
One who once was blest in Thee.
2. Stranger now to Thee, and peace,  
Stript of all his happiness,  
Sad he wanders up and down,  
Droops beneath thine angry frown.
3. Help him in his greatest need  
Catching at a broken reed,  
Till thy love his wandrings end,  
*Pining for an earthly friend.*
4. O that his afflicted mind  
Might its wonted comfort find,  
Turn again to his true Rest,  
Sink on his Redeemer's breast!

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<sup>43</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:264–65.

5. Jesus, now his heart inspire,  
Dart a ray of pure desire,  
From thy gracious throne above;  
Give him back his former love.
6. All thy benefits restore,  
Faith, and zeal, and life, and power,  
Power to pray, and never cease,  
Power to go in perfect peace.
7. Give him, Saviour, above all  
Power on Thee his God to call,  
Till thy goodness Thou proclaim,  
Tell him all thy glorious Name:
8. Then, when all his heart is prayer,  
Let him *my* affliction share,  
Pay me back my sympathy,  
Wrestle, and prevail for me!

**Hymn V.**<sup>44</sup>

**For the same**

**[Hymn for him by a friend].**

**Written by his friend on the road.**

- [1.] My Leader, my Lord,  
Thy call I obey,  
Come forth at thy word  
I go on my way,  
Thro' mercy's direction  
I heavenward move,

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<sup>44</sup>An eight-stanza version appears in a letter to Mrs. Sally Wesley, 21 September 1753. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:265–67.

And bless the protection  
Of ransoming Love.

2. On God I attend  
My strength to renew,  
On God I depend  
To carry me thro':  
My gracious Creator  
In Jesus I see;  
The weakness of nature  
He suffer'd for me.
3. His spiritual want,  
His hunger I feel,  
When weary, and faint  
He dropt on the well:  
The drink HE required  
I eagerly crave,  
He only desired  
A sinner to save.
4. O Jesus, Thou knowst  
My thirst is the same,  
To save what was lost  
Impatient I am:  
Thou readst the strong passion  
That burns in my breast:  
Without *his* salvation  
I never can rest.

5. But canst Thou impart  
What is not in Thee?  
All pity Thou art  
To sinners like me:  
Ah, lighten the burthen  
Of him I bemoan,  
And cheer by a pardon  
Thy sorrowful Son.
6. O make on his soul  
Thy countenance shine,  
And he shall be whole,  
And he shall be thine,  
Restor'd to thy favor  
He with his last breath  
Shall publish his Saviour  
In life, and in death.

**Hymn VI.**<sup>45</sup>

- [1.] While hovering on the brink of fate,  
The margin of the tomb,  
In awful doubt I humbly wait  
To know my instant doom,  
Help me, great God of truth, and love,  
To wisely weigh my end,  
And rightly use, and well improve  
The talent of a Friend.

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<sup>45</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:267–68.

2. The Giver of my faithful guide  
Thee in my friend I see,  
And beg I never may confide  
In him, instead of Thee,  
May never rob Thee of thy due,  
But thankfully embrace  
The instrument, whom I look thro'  
And give Thee all the praise.
3. I woud not vex thy glorious eyes  
Whose grace I wait to feel,  
Or make thy jealous anger rise  
By loving Him too well:  
I woud not place him in thy stead,  
Or, making him my stay,  
Compel Thee to remove my reed,  
And take my friend away.
4. But what my Lord is pleas'd t' impart  
May I not safely take,  
And clasp the comfort to my heart,  
And love him for thy sake?  
I *shoud* injoy the boon bestow'd,  
While ready to restore,  
*Shoud* prize my friend, but prize my God  
Incomparably more.
5. O woudst Thou by thy special grace  
My fallen soul redeem,

And guard me from the fond excess,  
Th' idolatrous extream!  
O that the Sea might drown the drop  
Descending from above,  
While both our souls are swallow'd up  
In all the depths of love!

**Hymn VII.**<sup>46</sup>

- [1.] To Thee, great Friend of helpless man,  
Doubly oppress'd by sin and pain,  
For aid I feebly cry:  
O might I but thy grace retrieve,  
One moment in thine image live,  
And in thine image die!
2. I cannot live, or die in peace,  
Till Thou my struggling soul release  
From passion's tyranny:  
My spirit, and my flesh it tears,  
And shakes my faith, and damps my prayers  
And drives me back from Thee.
3. I reason, and resolve in vain,  
I weep, and rise, and fall again  
By furious wrath subdued,  
Life's latest, golden sands I lose  
The patience of my friends abuse,  
And weary out my God.
4. Nor generous hope, nor servile fear,  
Nor death with hasty strides drawn near

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<sup>46</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:268–69.

And brandishing his dart,  
This proud, impetuous spirit can tame,  
Or sink the leopard to a lamb,  
Or make me meek in heart.

5. Tormentor of myself I rove,  
Tormentor of the man I love,  
Or seem to love so well,  
Rest I pursue with vehemence vain,  
Relief I seek by giving pain,  
And spreading my own hell.
6. A sinner tottering o're the grave,  
What shall I do myself to save,  
Or how for death prepare?  
As weak in body as in mind  
No succour in myself I find,  
No fitness but despair.
7. Then let thy own compassions plead,  
Then let the cry that woke the dead  
And rent the rocks in twain,  
My stubborn soul and spirit part,  
And break my adamant heart,  
And bind it up again.

**Penitential Hymns.**

**[Hymn] I.<sup>47</sup>**

- [1.] What shall I say, Preserver, Lord  
Of all the helpless sons of men?  
Shall I presume to plead thy word,  
Or sue for pardning grace again?
2. Is it in all thy depth of love  
To cover such a world of sin?  
So huge destruction to remove,  
Or wash so foul an Ethiop clean?
3. The infinite of grace divine  
In vain I labour to conceive,  
Thy ways and thoughts are not like mine,  
If me Thou ever canst forgive.
4. It seems impossible that grace  
Shoud save a wretch so lost as me,  
Or all thy cleansing<sup>48</sup> blood efface  
The stain of my iniquity.
5. If yesterday Thou canst recall,  
Or save a soul shut up in hell,  
Thou mayst at last repair my fall,  
And make me as I ne'er had fell.

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<sup>47</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 81–82; and MS Richmond, 78–79. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:151–52.

<sup>48</sup>Ori., “cleaning.”

6. But O, my tortur'd conscience cries  
That justice must reject my prayer,  
Thou must abhor my sacrifice,  
And leave me to extreme despair.
7. Alas, I dare no longer hope,  
The door is shut, the day is past,  
Mercy itself has giv'n me up,  
To perish in my blood at last.
8. Yet for thy cause and people's sake,  
Indulge me in this one desire,  
Take me away, in judgment take,  
But let me silently expire.
9. Prevent the proud Philistine's boast;  
The ruin, Lord, be all my own,  
Bring me with sorrow to the dust  
A wretch unpitied and unknown.
10. Soon as on earth I disappear,  
O might I all forgotten be,  
Perish my sad memorial here,  
And let my name be lost with me!

**Hymn II.**<sup>49</sup>

- [1.] O my God, my God, forbear  
Thine utmost wrath to show,  
Spare, the chief of sinners spare,  
Nor give the final blow:  
Weeping in the dust I lie,  
If haply yet there may be hope,  
If thy yearning bowels cry  
“How shall I give thee up?”
2. By reiterated crimes  
I have thy Spirit griev'd,  
Twice ten thousand, thousand times  
Forgiven, or reprov'd:  
None of our apostate race  
Matches my vile apostasy,  
None hath so abus'd thy grace,  
And dared thy wrath as me.
3. Yet for thy compassion sake,  
And never-failing love,  
Call the storms of vengeance back,  
The bitter cup remove,  
Once again in Jesus Name  
For pardon, and release I cry,  
Saved from all my sin and shame,  
O let me love, and die.

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<sup>49</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional, 82–83; and MS Richmond, 79–80. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:152–53.

**Hymn III.**<sup>50</sup>

- [1.] My God, my God, I hear thy call  
But dare not lift my guilty eyes  
Confounded by another fall,  
Why shoud I still attempt to rise,  
I cannot draw this bearded dart,  
Or tear this nature from my heart.
2. My heart (how contrary to Thee!)  
Is still a cage of birds unclean,  
A sink of all impurity;  
My spirit, soul, and flesh is sin,  
And tired to death in vain I groan,  
To lay my life, my burthen down.
3. What woud I give to feel and know  
That I shall never sin again?  
A thousand worlds? they all shoud go,  
Might I the precious grace obtain,  
Assur'd by love's abiding power  
That I shall never grieve thee more.
4. Love only can renew my heart,  
And fix, that it no more shall rove:  
O woudst Thou, Lord, ev'n now impart  
The power of thy forgiving love,  
Ev'n now to bid my wandrings cease,  
And seal mine everlasting peace.

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<sup>50</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:153.

**“Why dost Thou not pardon my transgression?”**  
**—Job 7:21.<sup>51</sup>**

[1.] God of all power, and truth, and love,  
    Why dost thou not my sin forgive,  
While yet I may thy mercy prove,  
    While yet I in the body live?  
A moment sinks me into dust,  
    A moment ends my course below  
And then, inexorably just,  
    Thou never canst thy mercy show.

2. What can I say, what can I do  
    But humbly still for mercy sue,  
Persisting in the sinner’s plea  
    My God, be merciful to me!  
I use the humble words in vain,  
    Unless the penitential pain,  
Jesus, thy pitying eye impart,  
    And cast the look that breaks my heart.

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<sup>51</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:236–37.

**Advice to One deprived of the  
Means of grace.<sup>52</sup>**

- [1.] Turn again, thou trembling Reed,  
    To thine everlasting Rest,  
Lean on Him thy languid head,  
    Sink on the Beloved breast;  
Lifting there thy streaming eye,  
    Tell him all thy wants and fears:  
He shall all thy wants supply,  
    He shall dry up all thy tears.
2. Far, in body far remov'd  
    From his Instituted Ways,  
From the Saints so dearly lov'd,  
    Means, and Ministers of Grace,  
Calmly at his feet forego;  
    He doth to the desart call:  
Dwell with Christ alone, and know  
    Christ alone is all in all.

**Prayers  
for Some in a foreign land.<sup>53</sup>**

[I.]

- [1.] Thou never-failing Friend  
    Of all that want thy grace,  
Stir up thy power, and now defend  
    An Orphan in distress;  
Thy great, unshorten'd arm  
    Make bare in her defence,

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<sup>52</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:194.

<sup>53</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:270–73. Part III appears in a letter dated 1753, so all three poems are probably of the same date. They refer either to Martha (Degge / Colvill) Gumley or her niece Mary Degge, both of whom had left England for Paris because of some incident.

And rescue from th' intended harm<sup>54</sup>  
Her heedless innocence.

2.       Thou seest their dark design  
          The simple to betray,  
Infidels and apostates join  
          To swallow up their prey:  
          Her wealth their hopes devour,  
          Her soul their mercies doom  
A victim to the cruel power  
          Of Antichristian Rome.
  
3.       Cut off from all retreat,  
          Her soul is in the snare,  
And lo, where Satan keeps his seat  
          Their thoughtless Prize they bear!  
          The Romish wolves surround,  
          The fiends their Captive seize,  
And shouts of hellish joy resound  
          Their prosperous wickedness.
  
4.       Who can deliver, who  
          Defeat their surest plan?  
Alas, we know not what to do,  
          There is no help in Man:  
          Wherefore into thy hand,  
          Great God, the matter take  
And heaven, and earth, and hell command  
          To bring the Captive back.

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<sup>54</sup>Ori., "snare."

5.           The succour we desire,  
              For Her in faith we claim,  
Faith, which can quench the burning fire,  
              The furious lion tame,  
              Which calls th' Almighty down  
              To vindicate his power,  
Arrests the sea, drives back the Sun,  
              And bids the grave restore.
6.           Believing against hope,  
              Till Thou thy power declare,  
Into thy hands we give her up  
              In confidence of prayer:  
              Her innocence secure  
              From Rome's destructive zeal,  
And keep her heart and conscience pure  
              Midst all the filth of hell.

**II.**

- [1.]          Jesus, with pity see,  
              And succour from above  
The captives hastning to be free,  
              The objects of thy love;  
              Thy tyrant's aim defeat,  
              The plots of earth and hell,  
Nor let them perish in the pit,  
              Nor let the foe prevail.

2.           In chains of conscious fear  
              The persecutor bind,  
And when his surest wish is near,  
              Thy bridle let him find;  
              In that determin'd hour  
              Thy mighty arm display,  
And far beyond his cruel power  
              Transport the lawful prey.
  
3.           Till then with Thee conceal'd  
              Their pretious lives defend,  
From secret fraud, and violence shield,  
              And save them to the end;  
              Their fainting flesh sustain,  
              Their wasted strength repair,  
And far from sin, and far from pain  
              Their ransom'd spirits bear.
  
4.           Happy in Thee alone  
              O may they ever dwell,  
Meekly beneath thy cross go on,  
              And heavenly comforts feel:  
              In banishment, debar'd  
              The channels of thy grace,  
Thyself from sin, and error guard,  
              And shine on all their ways.

5.       Into their longing hearts  
          With beams of mercy shine,  
And write it on their inward<sup>55</sup> parts  
          The law of love divine;  
          The true essential Word  
          Let them with joy receive,  
And know their dear redeeming Lord,  
          And sensibly believe.
  
6.       According to thy will  
          If now, O God, we pray,  
The answer on their conscience seal,  
          And take their sins away;  
          Thy banish'd ones assure  
          Their sins are all forgiven,  
And keep them in thy wounds secure,  
          Till we all meet in heaven.

**III.**<sup>56</sup>

- [1.]   Thou most compassionate High-priest,  
          Thou Helper of the poor distrest,  
          Behold with melting eye  
          With bleeding sympathy behold  
          Our exil'd Friend to evil sold,  
          And at the point to die.
  
2.       Is there no medicine for her wound,  
          Is there no good Physician found  
          To mitigate her smart?

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<sup>55</sup>Ori., "inwards."

<sup>56</sup>Part III appears also in a letter to Sarah Wesley, May 1, 1753.

Answer, thou heavenly Comforter,  
If now thy balmy blood is near  
To cure her broken heart.

3. Her hunted life in mercy spare,  
And let our faithful, fervent prayer  
Both soul and body heal,  
Arrest the spirit in its flight,  
And sweetly to Thyself unite  
In love ineffable.
4. The sweetness of thy pardning love  
Shall all her griefs at once remove,  
And soften every pain  
Shall sanctify the heaviest cross,  
And turn her momentary loss  
Into eternal gain.

**For One about to marry.<sup>57</sup>**

[I.]

- [1.] Father, and Friend, and Lord of all,  
On whom for every good I call,  
On whom alone depend,  
My most momentous deed approve,  
And now preserve me by thy love  
And love me to the end.
2. If Thou avert thine angry eyes,  
A Victim crown'd for sacrifice  
I at the altar stand,

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<sup>57</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:244–47.

I fall without thy guardian grace;  
But show me, Lord, thy smiling face,  
And reach me out thy hand.

3. Behold me on the brink of fate,  
The verge of an unknown estate,  
With snares incompast round,  
Just launching on a troubled sea,  
Where thousands meet their destiny  
In deep perdition drown'd.
4. But hear (for O, thou know'st I fear)  
Thy trembling, sinking handmaid hear  
And in the tempest save:  
The winds and sea obey their Lord;  
Speak to my soul th' upholding word,  
And meet me on the wave.
5. Above the world (that gulph profound  
Of deathless souls) I walk, I bound,  
At thy supreme command,  
Beneath my feet the billows roar,  
Supported by a secret power  
I shout, and reach the land.

## II.

- [1.] Help , Jesus, help in time of need  
My promis'd help Thou art  
And save me from what most I dread  
My own deceitful heart,

I see the dreaded day draw nigh,  
The destin'd day I see,  
When Satan all his wiles will try  
To part my soul and Thee.

2. Ev'n now his fierce assaults begin,  
Ev'n now the fiend displays  
The bright, imaginary scene,  
And tempts my soul to gaze;  
The world's parade, and pomp, and power,  
And gayest gewgaws shine,  
And sure as I its god adore,  
Its glories all are mine.

3. How shall I 'scape, so close beset  
By pleasure, wealth, and praise,  
Unless Thou pluck out of the net,  
And guide me thro' the maze;  
Daily confirm my feeble will  
To chuse the better part,  
And guard 'gainst every soothing ill<sup>58</sup>  
Th' avenues of my heart.

4. In vain to pride and pleasure prone  
Their proffer'd baits I see,  
If love divine maintain the throne,  
If Jesus reign in me:  
Assur'd the fight of faith to win,  
And confident I am,  
For heaven, and hell, and earth, and sin  
Bow down to Jesus Name.

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<sup>58</sup>Ori., "sin."

**III.**

- [1.] Father of Jesus Christ, and mine,  
Accept my humble prayer,  
And let thy child her will resign  
To thy paternal care:  
Weakest of all thy children me  
Into thy keeping take,  
And shelter my infirmity  
For my Redeemer's sake.
2. Thou knowst with humble heart sincere  
My helplessness I own,  
And pierc'd with self-mistrusting fear  
I hang on Thee alone:  
Thou only canst in danger hide,  
And shield me with thy hand,  
Thro' life's rough sea the vessel guide,  
To that celestial land.
3. Thou art my confidence, and power,  
My unprecarious peace,  
My safeguard in the prosperous hour,  
And refuge in distress;  
Thee only wise I own, and true  
And rich in sovereign grace,  
And Thou, whose love I keep in view,  
Shalt order all my ways.

4. Then let the glittering world allure,  
My heart is safe above;  
Or if they frown, I rest secure  
In thy protecting love,  
With Thee to hold communion sweet  
From earthly joys I fly,  
Shut out the world, look up and meet  
My heavenly Father's eye.
  
5. Still may I in thy presence stay,  
Nor rove for rest abroad,  
My bliss supreme, to trust and pray,  
And praise, and love my God;  
To live, till Thou my soul demand,  
Delightfully alone,  
And die, to join the countless band  
That harp around thy throne.

**Prayer  
for an unborn Child.<sup>59</sup>**

- [1.] Fountain of life and happiness,  
    Jesus sent the world to bless  
        With true felicity,  
My infant yet unborn receive,  
And let it for thy glory live  
    A sacrifice to Thee.
2. Before it sees this outward light,  
    Claim it, Saviour, as thy right,  
        Thy purchas'd Creature claim,  
Before it draws this<sup>60</sup> tainted air,  
Adopt for thy peculiar care,  
    And mark it with thy Name.

**Prayer for a sick Child.<sup>61</sup>**

- [1.] God of love, incline thine ear,  
Hear a cry of grief and fear,  
Hear an anxious Parent's cry,  
Help, before my Isaac die.
2. All my comfort in distress,  
All my earthly happiness,  
Spare him still, the precious Loan;  
Is he not my only Son?

---

<sup>59</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 279; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:273–74.

<sup>60</sup>“This” has “our” written in the margin as an alternative.

<sup>61</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 279; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:274–75. This may refer to Charles Wesley's firstborn son, John, who died of smallpox in January 1754, at the age of sixteen months.

3. Whom I did from Thee obtain  
Must I give him back again?  
Can I with the blessing part?  
Lord, Thou know'st a Mother's heart:
4. All its passionate excess,  
All its yearning tenderness,  
Nature's soft infirmity  
Is it not a drop from Thee?
5. For thy own compassion's sake,  
Give me then my Darling back  
Rais'd as from the dead, to praise,  
Love, and serve Thee all his days.
6. Speak, and at the powerful word,  
Lo, the witness for his Lord,  
Monument of grace divine,  
Isaac lives, for ever thine!

**Written January 7, 1768.<sup>62</sup>**

- [1.] Solemn, memorable day  
That snatch'd my darling Son<sup>†</sup> away,  
Calm I welcome thy return  
Which summons me again to mourn,  
After a sad length of years  
To pour again my selfish tears,  
To bleed with undiminish'd smart,  
And feel the recent wound of heart.
2. Time may gently bring relief,  
Assuage, or cure a common grief,  
I no end of sorrow see,  
Till harbour'd in eternity:  
Then, my God, and not before  
My penal woes shall all be o're,  
And gloomy sorrow flee away  
At the first dawn of endless day.
3. Now accepting my distress,  
I suffer out my evil days,  
Softly toward the tomb I tread,  
Myself lamenting, not the dead;

<sup>†</sup> John I.<sup>63</sup>

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<sup>62</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:409–10; and *Representative Verse*, 281. This date was the anniversary of the death of his first child, John, who died in 1754.

<sup>63</sup>This note, in Charles's hand, distinguishes John (b. 1752) from John James, who was born in early 1768 and died at seven months of age.

Till my Life in death appears,  
And Jesus, banishing my fears,  
Cheers by the beauties of his Face  
Or'ewhelms me with the<sup>64</sup> glorious Blaze!

**Written in a Bible.**<sup>65</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, dear, redeeming Lamb,  
Show me here my worthless name  
Written in the book of God,  
Written with thy precious blood.
2. Let me here my Title see  
To eternal life in Thee,  
See, and taste how good Thou art,  
Find thy Spirit in my heart.
3. Then reveal thy perfect love,  
Write me in thy Book above,  
Thou, who hast my sins forgiven,  
Write my worthless Name in heaven.

---

<sup>64</sup>Ori., “thy.”

<sup>65</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 107. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:427–28.

**Written  
when under Reproach.**

[I.]<sup>66</sup>

- [1.] My worthless life, O Lord, receive:  
    Can I to thy glory live?  
        Alas, the fond desire  
Is blasted by the dragon's breath:  
Then let me from the world retire,  
    And praise Thee by my death.
2. The fiend hath laid mine honor low,  
    Mangled by a deadly blow;  
        My race of glory's run:<sup>67</sup>  
O that my race of shame were past!  
O might I bear my sin no more,  
    But weep, and groan my last!
3. Why shoud I live in fruitless pain,  
    Suffer on, and all in vain?  
        Why, as an evil-doer,  
Shoud I, to shame thy people, stay?  
Now, Lord, my sinsick spirit cure,  
    And call me hence away.
4. Speak, Saviour, speak the welcome word,  
    Pardon, and receive me, Lord,

---

<sup>66</sup>Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 29; and MS Richmond, 121–22. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:123–24.

<sup>67</sup>Wesley changes “run” to “ore” in MS Occasional Hymns and MS Richmond, to correct the missing rhyme.

Shut up my mournful years;  
From all my sins and sorrows save,  
And let me quit this vale of tears,  
And rush into a grave.

5. O might I now lay down my head,  
Weary sink among the dead  
Beyond the tempter's power,  
Escap'd from life's tempestuous sea,  
O might I gain the happy shore  
Of calm Eternity!
6. Regard, regard my vehement cry,  
Hallow, Lord, and let me die;  
In answer to my prayer,  
The death-presiding angel send,  
And bid my pain, and grief, and care  
In life eternal end.

**II.**<sup>68</sup>

- [1.] O Thou, who didst my burthen bear,  
Still let me cast on Thee my care,  
And tell Thee all my grief:  
My soul is vext with fiends and sin,  
With wars without, and fears within,  
And cannot find relief.

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<sup>68</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 21. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:121–22.

2. My Brother comes with armed bands,  
(My Brother with the hairy hands)  
    Against this helpless soul:  
I fear, his cruel hate I fear;  
Ah, rescue me from Esau near,  
    And all his rage controul.
3. To Thee my feeble heart I tell,  
My littleness of faith reveal;  
    I dread the ruffian's force,  
Lest he the trembling children slay,  
Or turn the lame out of the way,  
    Or stop the gospel's course.
4. I woud not, Lord, the doom decline,  
Were all the threatned evil mine,  
    The death-inflicting shame:  
I long to rest my weary head,  
And lose among the quiet dead  
    My wretched, worthless name.
5. But if they triumph in my fall,  
Will they not cast reproach on all  
    The people of my God?  
Will they not God himself blaspheme,  
Who died his people to redeem,  
    Who wash'd us in his blood?

6. O God, stir up thy jealousy,  
Nor let thy truth be blamed for me  
    The fool's and madman's scorn:  
Thou God of all the earth, arise,  
Scatter their evil with thine eyes,  
    Or to thy glory turn.
7. Look to thy Cause, I ask no more,  
But suddenly my soul restore,  
    And let me hence retire,  
Secure the honor of thy name,  
Content I sink beneath my shame,  
    And quietly expire.

**III.**<sup>69</sup>

- [1.] Thou, Lord, hast bid th' afflicted pray  
And promis'd in his evil day  
    To hear thy mourner's prayer  
To save him by thy timely grace  
That he may his Deliverer's praise  
    To all the world declare.
2. O woudst Thou grant my soul the power  
With Thee to wrestle in this hour  
    Of my extreme distress,  
While all the rage of hell is join'd  
With all the malice of mankind  
    To tear away my peace.

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<sup>69</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 58–59. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:122–23.

3. O might thy Spirit intercede  
And help me at my greatest need  
    To tell Thee all my care,  
By tears to make my anguish known  
In speechless agonies to groan  
    Th' inexplicable prayer.
4. Pity my grief, and fear, and shame,  
The gift I ask in Jesus name  
    For Jesus sake bestow,  
The Spirit of supplicating grace,  
To soften my extreme distress,  
    And sanctify my woe.
5. Worn out with toil, defamed, opprest  
I dare not ask for instant rest,  
    But strength my load to bear;  
Afflict<sup>70</sup> me to my latest hour,  
But let my troubled Spirit pour  
    The never-ceasing prayer.
6. Give me but this, I ask no more,  
Mine honor, strength, and friends restore  
    At that tremendous day,  
But let me, till I see thy face,  
With broken heart implore thy grace,  
    But let me always pray.

---

<sup>70</sup>Ori., "Afflicts."

**Hymns for Redemption.**

**I.<sup>71</sup>**

- [1.] And must I still in groans complain,  
A weak, intangled, wretched man,  
From good averse, to sin inclin'd  
O how shall I redemption find!
2. I see the gospel-summer past,  
And still in deepest clay stick fast,  
Bemir'd, opprest by my own sin,  
I am not saved, I am not clean.
3. Jesus, thy only grace can heal  
This strong propensity to ill,  
A soul idolatrous convert,  
And turn the bias of my heart.
4. Weary I come for rest to Thee,  
Inslav'd, for power and liberty,  
Redemption from my sinful load  
O might I find it in thy blood!
5. If Thou the power of faith bestow,  
The stream shall to the Fountain flow,  
My heart shall pant with pure desire  
And all my soul to heaven aspire.
6. My heart which cannot cease from sin,  
Shall never lodge a thought unclean,  
But fill'd with love and holiness,  
Abide in everlasting peace.

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<sup>71</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:162–63.

II.<sup>72</sup>

- [1.] God of uncreated love,  
    God of spotless purity,  
Send thine image from above  
    Breathe thy Spirit into me,  
Purge mine evil heart from sin,  
Make my inmost nature clean.
2. Smiting this polluted breast,  
    For thy purity I groan,  
Never shall my spirit rest,  
    Till with thine intirely one,  
Till in holy love renew'd  
Sin I loath, and cleave to God.
3. O how distant from my hope,  
    How unlike my God am I!  
Yet thy grace to me can stoop,  
    Yet thy blood can sanctify;  
Let it now my soul inflow,  
Make me as my Lord below.
4. Jesus, full of balmy grace,  
    Now thy virtuous power exert,  
Foulest of the filthy race,  
    Lo, I offer Thee my heart,  
Form it, Lord, averse from sin,  
Cleanse the house by entring in.

---

<sup>72</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:163–64.

5. By th' indwelling God restor'd  
    To my pure, original state,  
I shall never grieve my Lord,  
    Never do the thing I hate,  
I shall all thy ways approve,  
Love thee with a perfect love.
6. Come then, O my heart's desire,  
    Strengthening me t' abide thy day,  
Sit as a Refiner's fire,  
    Thoroughly purge my dross away  
All my creature-love consume,  
Come, my utmost Saviour, come!

**III.**<sup>73</sup>

- [1.] Say, thou Almighty Jesus,  
    If Jesus is thy name,  
How long shall sin oppress us,  
    Our burthen, grief, and shame?  
How long shall we go mourning  
    With short, repentance vain,  
And to our vomit turning  
    Implunge in guilt again?
2. Thou art a present Saviour  
    Of them that can believe,  
Thy property is ever  
    To pity, and forgive;

---

<sup>73</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:165.

Thy bowels of compassion  
To helpless sinners move,  
Thine office is Salvation  
And all thy heart is love.

3. My Friend and Mediator  
O had I faith to see!  
Jesus, display thy nature,  
Answer thy name on me  
My long-imprison'd spirit  
Release, and bring to God,  
As ransom'd by thy merit,  
And pardon'd thro' thy blood.

**In temptation.**<sup>74</sup>

- [1.] Prest, o'whelm'd with sore temptation,  
Lord, must I  
Faint and die  
Purchase of thy passion?
2. Bought by Thee shall Satan have me?  
God of love  
From above  
Haste, to help and save me.
3. Let the sprinkled blood that cleanses  
From all sin,  
Speak within  
Blot out my offences.

---

<sup>74</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:124–25.

4. Sovereign Lord of earth and heaven,  
Cleanse, and keep  
Me who weep  
At thy feet forgiven.
5. From presumptuous sins defend me,  
Every hour  
Wisdom, Power,  
Love divine, attend me.
6. In the Spirit of inspiration  
Jesus, come,  
To thy home,  
With thy great salvation.
7. Come, and take intire possession,  
Christ, my Life,  
End the strife,  
Finish the transgression.
8. Then my sin no more shall grieve thee,  
When Thou art  
In my heart,  
Then I cannot leave thee.

**Prayer for Rain.**<sup>75</sup>

- [1.]       A stupid nation doom'd  
          To feel th' Almighty hand,  
Before we all are quite consum'd,  
          O might we understand;  
          In agony of fear  
          Attend the threatenng Rod,  
And conscious of his judgments near  
          Prepare to meet our God!
2.         God to chastise our<sup>76</sup> sin  
          The airy bottles stays,<sup>77</sup>  
And thro' a cloudless sky serene  
          Frowns on our guilty race:  
          Our sin has found us out:  
          The messenger is sent,  
And by a long-continued drought  
          He calls us to repent.
3.         Tis not th' effect of chance,  
          If second Causes join,  
War, famine, pestilence, t' advance  
          Jehovah's dread design:  
          Destruction's baleful power  
          We his strange work confess;  
O might we turn, that from this hour  
          The plague of sin may cease!
4.         We from this moment vow  
          To put our sins away,

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<sup>75</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:212–13.

<sup>76</sup>Ori., “chastise of our.”

<sup>77</sup>Cf. Job 38:37.

The rough east wind of judgments now,  
Merciful Father, stay:  
Our wasted<sup>78</sup> earth renew  
With blessings from above,  
Our gasping souls with gracious dew  
And showers of Jesus love.

**Another  
[Prayer for Rain].<sup>79</sup>**

- [1.] God of Elijah, hear,  
The same in every age,  
If every faithful worshipper  
May still thine aid engage;  
If what we humbly claim  
Is to believers given,  
And fervent prayer in Jesus Name  
Can shut, and open heaven.
2. But our unworthiness  
Our prayers and hopes withstands,  
And sin, the Cause of our distress,  
Ties up thy bounteous hands;  
The men to evil sold,  
Who fall from bad to worse,  
Good things they from us all with-hold,  
And bring the barren curse.
3. The heaven above our head  
As brass intensely burns,  
The thirsty earth on which we tread  
Sin into iron turns:

---

<sup>78</sup>The original actually appears to be “watsed” or “watred.”

<sup>79</sup>There is a manuscript copy of this hymn in another hand at MARC (DDCW 6/79a). This copy identifies the hymn as written May 7, 1785. The minor variants in this copy are noted below. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:265–66.

Yet show thy gracious power,  
With soft, refreshing<sup>80</sup> rain  
With many a kind, reviving<sup>81</sup> shower  
O bless our earth again.

4. Till Thou the answer give,  
Preventing our request,  
To Thee, O Lord, the time we leave,  
And in thy pleasure rest:  
But while we join the cry  
Of saints around the throne,  
The opening windows of the sky  
Shall send the blessing down.

**Prayer for fair Weather.**<sup>82</sup>

- [1.] Righteous God, whose awful frown  
The rainy torrent pours,  
Sends th' impetuous judgment down  
In never-ceasing showers,  
Listning to thy people's cry,  
Who cannot seek thy face in vain,  
Stay the bottles of the sky<sup>83</sup>  
And smile on earth again.
2. Winds, and storms their charge fulfil,  
By thy direction blow,  
Execute thy vengeful will,  
And plague the world below:  
Winds and storms before thee fly,  
If so thy sovereign word ordain:

---

<sup>80</sup>DDCW 6/79a first wrote "inlivening"; then struck it out and wrote "reviving."

<sup>81</sup>DDCW 6/79a reads "refreshing."

<sup>82</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:266–67.

<sup>83</sup>Cf. Job 38:37.

Stay the bottles of the sky  
And smile on earth again.

3. Tho' our mighty sins demand  
Th' impending curse of God,  
Spare, O spare a guilty land,  
Nor send a second flood:  
On thy promise we rely;  
Thy Sign doth in the cloud remain:  
Stay the bottles of the sky,  
And smile on earth again.

4. Praying faith on us bestow,  
And then incline thine ear;  
Faith's effectual prayer, we know,  
Thou wilt thro' Jesus hear;  
If in us his Spirit cry  
Thou wilt the liquid plague restrain,  
Stay the bottles of the sky,  
And smile on earth again.

5. Hear us in our time of need  
For Jesus sake alone,  
Worthless in ourselves, we plead  
The merits of thy Son;  
Hear our Advocate on high,  
Who must his people's suit obtain:  
Stay the bottles of the sky  
And smile on earth again.

6. With Elijah's faith indow'd,  
Presenting our request,  
Wrestling in the prayer of God  
We will not let thee rest,  
Till thy Providence reply,  
And hearkning to the voice of man,  
Shut the windows of the sky,  
And smile on earth again.

**Thanksgiving  
for fair Weather.**<sup>84</sup>

- [1.] Jehovah's praise declare,  
Who makes his mercies known,  
Our God that hears the prayer  
Presented thro' his Son:  
Ev'n now He answers to our cry,  
And stays the bottles of the sky.<sup>85</sup>
2. Father, accept our praise,  
Who dost thy power reveal,  
In wrath remembering grace  
Thou art our Father still;  
Thy mighty love we magnify  
Which shuts the windows of the sky.

---

<sup>84</sup>CW wrote an initial draft of stanzas 1–2, and the beginning of stanza 3 in shorthand on the address portion of a letter from John Fletcher dated Dec. 26, 1763. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:168–69.

<sup>85</sup>Cf. Job 38:37.

3. Thy sovereign word obey'd,  
Thy gracious will is done,  
The plague of water stay'd,  
The rain is o're and gone,  
Thankful we lift our heart and eye,  
And see with joy the smiling sky.
4. Smile on us still from heaven,  
Thou Giver of all grace,  
Eternally forgiven  
Till we behold thy face,  
And hail thee with thy Saints above  
Inthron'd in everlasting love.

**Written on a Journey in peril of  
Robbers.<sup>86</sup>**

- [1.] Saviour, thy promis'd aid I claim,  
In danger's threatning hour,  
I run for shelter to thy name  
My adamantine tower;  
While underneath thy wings I rest,  
My sure defence I have;  
For who, or what can e'er molest,  
Whom God resolves to save?
2. The man who truly fears his God  
Hath nothing else to fear:

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<sup>86</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:402–3.

Thy Providence marks out my road,  
Thy glory guards my rear;  
I journey on with flaming bands  
Begirt on every side,  
The angels bear me in their hands,  
And Jesus is my Guide.

3. The sons of violence surround  
My sacred paths in vain,  
By my unseen Protector bound  
They cannot break their chain;  
Legions of fiends before Him fly,  
Nor dare his Charge assail;  
He scatters evil with his eye,  
He frowns them back to hell.
  
4. Lord, I with thankfulness adore  
Thy Providential care,<sup>87</sup>  
And still thy promis'd help implore  
In never-ceasing prayer:  
Before me still, my Saviour, go,  
And lead me by thy grace,  
But turn on Sion's top, and show  
Me all thy glorious Face.

---

<sup>87</sup>Ori., "grace."

**Written after a Fall.**<sup>88</sup>

- [1.] Let fools, and infidels revere  
And bow to Fortune's shrine,  
No chance, or accident is here,  
But Providence divine.
2. Thou, Lord, hast suffer'd me to fall,  
That I again may prove  
My worthless hairs are numbred all,  
My life secur'd above.
3. Thankful the token I receive  
Of greater things to come,  
And trust, thy love will never leave,  
But bring me safely home.
4. For when I fall into the grave,  
I only fall to rise,  
Whom Thou dost to the utmost save  
And bear above the skies.

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<sup>88</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 333; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:171–72.

**Prayers  
for Condemned Malefactors.**

**I.**<sup>89</sup>

- [1.] Hope of all the sinful race,  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Sent the wandring sheep to find,  
Save these Outcasts of mankind.
  
2. Earnestly remember Them,  
That they may themselves condemn  
Them for whom we life request  
On the brink of hell arrest.
  
3. O reverse their sorest doom,  
Snatch them from the wrath to come,  
Touching whom we now agree  
Mercy to implore from Thee.
  
4. Mercy they can ne'er receive,  
Till Thou dost repentance give:  
Giver of the grief unknown,  
Look, and break their hearts of stone.
  
5. Let them hear thy dying cries,  
Then the dead in sin arise,  
Stubborn guilt doth then relent  
Rocks are by thy passion rent,

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<sup>89</sup>Published as *Prayers for Condemned Malefactors* (1785), no. 1, p. 2.

6. With severest anguish torn,  
Felons look on Thee and mourn,  
Poor, repenting thieves confess  
Christ their Lord—and die in peace!

**II.**<sup>90</sup>

- [1.] Faithful, and true, thy word we plead  
Met in thy name to intercede  
For the sad sons of woe,  
Cut off by man, to death consign'd,  
And justly swept from earth, to find  
Severer pangs below.
2. With Sinai's thundrings, Lord, begin  
To rouse the stupid slaves of sin,  
T' or'ewhelm with guilty shame:  
Put them in fear, thy wrath reveal,  
Shake o're the opening mouth of hell  
And scorch them with the flame.
3. Conviction's sharpest arrows dart,  
And pierce their adamant heart,  
Who now to falsehoods fly,  
That when their lies are swept away,  
Cut off from all resource, they may  
To Thee for refuge fly.
4. Soon as Thou hearst their contrite moan  
"Save, or eternally undone  
"We die the second death,"

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<sup>90</sup>Published as *Prayers for Condemned Malefactors* (1785), no. 2, pp. 2–3.

O let them call thy death to mind,  
And sinking into Tophet find  
Thy Mercy's arms beneath!

**III.**<sup>91</sup>

- [1.] Saviour, and Friend of all mankind,  
Seize the lost sheep for whom we pray  
Then on the brink of Tophet find,  
And take in death their sins away.
2. If mercy hath excepted none,  
Why may not all thy mercy prove?  
Why may not all their Saviour own,  
Dear objects of thy dying love?
3. Eternal death must be their doom,  
Unless the vilest may find grace,  
But in thy loving heart is room  
For Adam's whole, devoted race.
4. Willing, and strong to save Thou art:  
Life we for every soul desire;  
O let not one, not one depart  
Curst into everlasting fire!
5. That fire for devils was prepar'd,  
But man was made to reign with Thee:  
By all-redeeming Mercy spar'd,  
Let these thy heavenly kingdom see,
6. Mixt with the sheep at thy right-hand  
Let These thy heavenly kingdom share,<sup>92</sup>  
Let These at thy tribunal stand,  
And hear their joyful Sentence there!

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<sup>91</sup>Published as *Prayers for Condemned Malefactors* (1785), no. 3, pp. 3–4.

<sup>92</sup>Ori., “see.”

IV.<sup>93</sup>

- [1.] Justly by man condemn'd to die,  
Jesus, the desperate sinner's Friend,  
Out of the deep attend our cry  
And O! let hope be in our end!
2. Suffering for Ills which we have done,  
Shall *we* the martyr's joy require?  
No: but we may for mercy groan,  
And hope in final peace t' expire.
3. Before we gasp our latest breath,  
Before we these vile bodies leave,  
Remembring thy own precious death  
Saviour, our parting souls forgive.
4. Pluck us as brands out of the flame,  
And wash'd in thy all-cleansing blood,  
And blest thro' thy Almighty name  
Present our ransom'd Souls to God.

V.<sup>94</sup>

- [1.] O let the prisoners mournful sighs  
Come up before thy gracious throne  
Mixt with the blood and dying cries  
Of Jesus, thy beloved Son.
2. Father, regard his powerful prayer,  
Who hanging on the shameful tree  
Doth all our sins, and sorrows bear;  
And look thro' Jesus wounds—on me!

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<sup>93</sup>Published as *Prayers for Condemned Malefactors* (1785), no. 4, p. 4.

<sup>94</sup>Published as *Prayers for Condemned Malefactors* (1785), no. 5, pp. 4–5.

3. On Us, the Outcasts of mankind,  
Who judge ourselves not fit to live,  
But mercy hope from Thee to find  
Thro' Him that gasp'd in death FORGIVE!
4. Hear Him, our Advocate with Thee  
Him, and the blood of sprinkling hear;  
He pour'd out all that blood for me,  
He doth before thy throne appear!
5. For Us He in thy presence stands,  
For Us He prays the ceaseless prayer,  
Points to his Side, and lifts his Hands,  
And shows our Names engraven there!
6. Lo! on thy Son our souls we cast,  
And trusting what He asks shall be,  
And dying penitent at last,  
We leave our Cause to Him and Thee!

VI.<sup>95</sup>

- [1.] Return'd into thy kingdom, Lord,  
For good remember me,  
And tell a Penitent restor'd,  
I soon shall be with Thee.
2. The offering of a broken heart  
Thou never wilt despise,  
But, while my soul and body part,  
Accept the Sacrifice.
3. My spirit humbly I commend  
To thy redeeming care,

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<sup>95</sup>Published as *Prayers for Condemned Malefactors* (1785), no. 6, p. 5.

My last, important moments spend  
In penitence and prayer:

4. And if I may not testify  
On earth my sins forgiven,  
Yet, I, the poorest outcast I  
May praise thy love in heaven. \*

**VII.**<sup>96</sup>

- [1.] And must I sink among the dead?  
With all my sins upon my head,  
Must I to my account be sent  
To suffer endless punishment?
2. Shall I my innocence declare,  
Arraign'd at God's tremendous bar?  
Or plead in his all-searching sight  
My ignorance of wrong and right?
3. Have I not known the Master's will  
Who plainly saith [<sup>64</sup>]Thou shalt not steal  
"Shalt not commit adultery  
"A liar, or a murderer be!
4. "Thou shalt not take my name in vain;  
"Shalt not my holy day profane:  
"Witness untrue Thou shalt not bear:  
"Thou shalt not lust: thou shalt not swear,

\* These prayers were answered Thur., April 28, 1785 on Nineteen Malefactors, who all died Penitent. [<sup>64</sup>]Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me!<sup>[?]</sup><sup>97</sup>

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<sup>96</sup>Appears also in MS Malefactors, 3–5. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:347–49.

<sup>97</sup>The note is added in Wesley's hand. The final sentence is an allusion to Psalm 115:1, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name, give glory for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

5. "Obedient to thy parents be,  
"And reverence just authority,  
"To idols thou shalt not bow down,  
"But serve, and love thy God alone.<sup>[7]</sup>
6. All these I from my youth have broke,  
Have desperately cast off the yoke,  
Harden'd my heart, destroy'd my soul,  
And made my sinful measure full.
7. What shall I do, my doom to shun,  
Or how from swift damnation run?  
Is there a mansion in the skies  
Or room for thieves in paradise?
8. No thief, HE saith, shall enter in,  
No soul unholy, or unclean,  
No infidel to heaven shall go,  
But find his dreadful place below.
9. God without faith I cannot please,  
Or see him without holiness;  
But devils curst by wrath divine  
Can boast a better faith than mine.
10. Devils believe, and tremble too,  
But I who own his saying true  
"The wicked shall be turn'd to hell,"  
No fear, and no compunction<sup>98</sup> feel.
11. Past feeling thro'<sup>99</sup> habitual sin,  
My conscience seared for years has been,

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<sup>98</sup>Ori., "repentance."

<sup>99</sup>Ori., "of."

Obdurate still my heart remains,  
Nor shrinks at everlasting pains.

12. Hopeless I must for ever die,  
But HE who pass'd the angels by  
Beheld mankind with pitying look  
And on Himself our nature took.
13. He bow'd the heavens, he left his throne,  
He laid for all the ransom down,  
See there! He hangs on yonder tree!  
He bows his head, and dies—for me!
14. Return'd to heaven, again he lives  
To hardned thieves repentance gives  
In penitents his grace reveals,  
And pardon on their conscience seals.
15. Turn then, my Lord, my God unknown,  
Whom with my parting breath I own  
In death the kind conviction dart,  
And cast a look, and break my heart.
16. A day's a thousand years to Thee  
Cut short thy gracious work in me,  
And let me, swept from earth remove  
The captive of thy dying love.

VIII.<sup>100</sup>

- [1.] By vengeance terribly o'retook,  
By man ahhor'd, by God forsook,

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<sup>100</sup>Appears also in MS Malefactors, 6–7. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:349–50 (with several alterations).

Caught in the toils of hellish pain,  
To whom alas, can we complain?

2. We have the wages of our sin,  
Who murderers of ourselves have been,  
Compell'd both God and man to clear,  
We have our penal sufferings here.
3. Not for a single crime we die,  
Millions of sins for justice cry,  
Millions of sins by man unknown,  
Nor can our death for one atone.
4. Man's justice can no more demand:  
But soon we at his bar shall stand  
Who knows the secrets of our hearts,  
And gives to all their just deserts.
5. Guilty, we must receive our hire,  
Tormented in that quenchless fire,  
If mercy does not interpose,  
To snatch us from eternal woes.
6. Being of beings, Source of love,  
If misery may thy pity move,  
Remember Him, who stain'd the tree,  
And for his sake, remember me!
7. Most wretched of the sinful race,  
I ask *his* utmost power of grace

Who saves in death repentant thieves,  
And his own murtherers forgives.

8. Hear then his all-availing prayer,  
Nor leave us<sup>101</sup> in extreme despair,  
But make thine utmost mercy known,  
And give us to thy Pleading Son.

**IX.**<sup>102</sup>

- [1.] In trouble's abyss,  
    To God the most-high,  
For pardon and peace  
    We mournfully cry:  
If Mercy intreated  
    Is deaf to our prayer,  
We perish unpitied,  
    We die in despair.
2. In fetters confin'd  
    Our body complains,  
Opprest is our mind  
    With heavier chains;  
A burthen of evils  
    We horribly feel,  
It turns us to devils  
    And sinks us to<sup>103</sup> hell.
3. O who can abide  
    Unquenchable fire!

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<sup>101</sup>Ori., "me."

<sup>102</sup>Appears also in MS Malefactors, 8–9; dated May 10, 1785. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:350.

<sup>103</sup>Ori., "into" changed to "us to."

With fiends we reside,  
And cannot expire,  
If sent to our dwelling  
With spirits beneath,  
With weeping and wailing  
And gnashing of teeth.

4. The bottomless pit  
Expects us, we know,  
But we are not yet  
In torments below:  
Thro' boundless compassion  
We cumber the ground,  
And try, if salvation  
And grace may be found.
5. Who consciously doom  
Ourselves to the flame,  
If such may presume  
To call on thy name,  
Omnipotent Jesus,  
Thy nature make known,  
Our Purchaser, seize us,  
And claim for thine own.
6. Thy wonderful power  
Of saving exert,  
And at our last hour,  
With love in thy heart,

With mercy receive us  
Thy dearly bought prize,  
And dying forgive us,  
And take to the skies.

**Hymns  
for a Blind man.**

**[Hymn I.]<sup>104</sup>**

- [1.] Jesus, Thou Son of David, hear,  
And help a beggar to draw near;  
    A poor, blind beggar I  
Sit languishing by the way-side,  
And cry for a celestial Guide,  
    And for Salvation cry.
  
2. These sightless orbs on Thee I turn,  
And wrapt in double darkness mourn  
    To see thee as Thou art:  
Jesus, thy heavenly face reveal,  
Shine, everlasting Light, and heal  
    The blindness of my heart.
  
3. Thou knowst what I woud have thee do:  
To me thy pardning mercy show,  
    These scales of sin remove,  
This burthen of Egyptian night,  
Restore in faith my inward sight,  
    And manifest thy love.

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<sup>104</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:275.

4. Come then, thou great Messiah, come,  
Of unbelief dispel the gloom,  
    Declare my sins forgiven;  
So shall my soul exult to see  
The living Way to God, in Thee,  
    And walk in Thee to heaven.

**Hymn II.**<sup>105</sup>

- [1.] O Thou, whose wise, mysterious love  
    Hath darkned my corporeal Sight,  
My mind irradiate from above  
    With beams of uncreated light,  
The glories of thy face display,  
The brightness of eternal day.
2. Open my faith's interior eye  
    To see Thee full of truth and grace  
Th' almighty God who bow'd the sky  
    To ransom our devoted race,  
Who bought my pardon on the tree,  
Who pour'd out all his blood for me.

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<sup>105</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:276.

3. O could I now discern thee near,  
Conspicuous with thy garments died!  
In my dark, drooping heart appear  
The slaughter'd Lamb, the Crucified  
Who once for all the winepress trod,  
Who died for me—my Lord, my God!

**Hymn III.**<sup>106</sup>

- [1.] Sun of righteousness, arise  
Light of life, thy beams impart,  
Pouring eye-sight on<sup>107</sup> my eyes,  
Pouring faith into my heart,  
Faith, to see my sins forgiven,  
Love, to taste my present heaven.
2. Dark, I mourn, till Thou appear,  
Bound in chains of unbelief,  
Till the heavenly Comforter  
Chase away my sin and grief,  
Make my soul his hallow'd shrine,  
Change my human to divine.
3. Give me an inlighten'd mind,  
O thou great Unsearchable,

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<sup>106</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:276–77. The poem is perhaps incomplete, as there is room for two more verses.

<sup>107</sup>Ori., “of.”

Senses spiritual to find  
Him for whom I blindly feel,  
Him I know not how t' adore,  
Him I never miss'd before.

4. But I now my want bemoan;  
God of love, restore my sight,  
Only by thy Spirit known,  
Visible by thy own light,  
Give me eyes of faith to see  
Him who loved, and died for me.

**Hymns  
for Preachers.**

**[Hymn I.]<sup>1</sup>**

- [1.] Arise, thou jealous God, arise,  
Thy sifting power exert,  
Look thro' us with thy flaming eyes,  
And search out every heart.
2. Our inmost souls thy Spirit knows,  
And let him now display  
Whom Thou hast for thy glory chose,  
And purge the rest away.
3. Th' apostles false far off remove,  
The faithful labourers own,  
And give us each himself to prove,  
And know as he is known.
4. Do I presume to preach thy word,  
By Thee uncall'd, unsend?  
Am I the servant of the Lord,  
Or Satan's instrument?
5. Is this, great God, my single aim  
Thine, wholly thine to be,  
To serve thy will, declare thy name,  
And gather souls for Thee?

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<sup>1</sup>Appears also in a Journal Letter (September 10, 1751); and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 1–3. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:404–5; and *Representative Verse*, 277–78.

6. To labour in my Master's cause,  
Thy grace to testify,  
And spread the victory of thy cross,  
And on thy cross to die?
7. I once unfeignedly believ'd  
Myself sent forth by Thee:  
But have I kept the grace receiv'd  
In simple poverty?
8. Still do I for thy kingdom pant,  
Till All it's coming prove,  
And nothing seek, and nothing want  
But more of Jesus' love?
9. If still I in thy grace abide,  
My call confirm and clear,  
And into thy whole counsel guide  
Thy poorest messenger.
10. Unite my heart to all that bear  
The burthen of the Lord,  
And let our spotless lives declare  
The virtue of thy word.
11. One soul into us all inspire,  
And let us strongly move  
In fervent flames of pure desire  
To glorify thy love:

- [12.] And which we cordially agree  
    To make thy goodness known,  
Thy love the bond of union be,  
    And perfect us in One.

**Hymn II.**<sup>2</sup>

- [1.] Lord of the gospel-harvest, hear  
    The souls around thy seat,  
And suffer mine, ev'n mine t'appear  
    Self-loathing at thy feet.
2. I mix with theirs my feeble cry,  
    On Thee for mercy call,  
Meanest of all thy servants I,  
    Less than the least of all.
3. Less than the least in my own sight  
    O may I ever be,  
My one employment and<sup>3</sup> delight  
    To serve thy Church and Thee.
4. With all the servants of my Lord  
    Whom on my heart I bear,  
I fain woud live, to preach thy word,  
    A life of faith and prayer.
5. The power of praying faith and love  
    Into our souls infuse,  
With gifts and talents from above  
    Prepare us for thy use:

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<sup>2</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers, 1–2; and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 3–4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:35–36.

<sup>3</sup>Ori., “~~employ, my sole~~” changed to “employment and.”

- [6.] But O, to every messenger  
The guardian grace impart,  
The lowly self-abasing fear,  
The meekly humble heart.
7. Only preserve us, Lord, from pride,  
And we shall never stray;  
And I shall never start aside,  
Or fall a castaway.
8. The high, and lofty God shall stoop  
To every contrite One,  
And lift his abject servant up  
To his eternal throne.

**Hymn III.**<sup>4</sup>

- [1.] Master of the gospel-feast,  
Thy meanest Servants own  
Joining in the same request  
Who now besiege thy throne:  
To the hedges and high-ways  
Us if Thou indeed didst send,  
Bless the heralds of thy grace,  
And keep us to the end.
2. Keep us, O thou lowly Lamb,  
Like Thee distrest and poor,  
Simple men without a name  
And joyfully obscure

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<sup>4</sup>Appears also in *MS Preachers*, 2; and *MS Preachers Extraordinary*, 4–5. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:36–37.

Small, and vile in our own eyes,  
While the wise, and rich, and great  
As the trodden dirt despise,  
And spurn us at their feet.

3. Let us thy great glory seek,  
And not our own applause,  
Still believe, and therefore speak  
The wonders of thy cross  
Still proclaim thy saving grace,  
Fully our commission prove,  
Spend our latest breath in praise  
Of all-redeeming Love.

#### Hymn IV.<sup>5</sup>

- [1.] O Thou, whose soul-transforming grace  
By foolish things, and weak, and base  
Ev'n now thy work revives,  
Open our mouths to preach thy word,  
And help us, O almighty Lord,  
To preach it by our lives.
2. The solemn thoughtfulness impart,  
Composing every serious heart  
Into a solid frame:  
Or'whelm us with an awful sense  
How great the gospel to dispense  
And speak in Jesus name!

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<sup>5</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers, 3–4; and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 5–7. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:262–63.

3. Give us to walk as in thy sight,  
To order all our converse right,  
    By Jesus' presence awed:  
No idle word, or laughter vain,  
Or gesture light debase the man,  
    The messenger of God.
4. The mirth of fools, the jest unfit,  
The trifling levity of wit  
    Far off from us remove  
Throughout our even lives appear  
The power of godliness sincere,  
    The dignity of love.
5. In all our intercourse below  
O may our whole deportment show  
    The tempers of our Lord;  
Lowly our hearts like his, and meek,  
Our words, our looks, our silence speak  
    The virtue of the word.
6. The word which we declare, and feel  
In us O let it richly dwell,  
    Yet outwardly exprest  
In purest flames of fervent love,  
While all our hallow'd actions prove  
    The fire within our breast.

7. Here may it ever, ever burn,  
Our souls into thy likeness turn,  
Till perfectly restor'd  
With joy our glorious course we end,  
And in the prophet's Car ascend,  
To meet our smiling Lord.

**Hymn V.<sup>6</sup>**

- [1.] Shepherd of souls, the great, the good,  
For the dear purchase of thy blood  
To Thee in faith we pray:  
The Lambs and Sheep of England's fold  
Now in thy book of life inroll'd  
Preserve unto that day.
2. Whom Thou by us hast gather'd in  
Defend the little flock from sin,  
From error's paths secure;  
Stay with them, Lord, when we depart,  
And guard the issues of their heart  
And keep their conscience pure.
3. Soon as their Guides are taken home,  
We know, the grievous wolves will come  
Determin'd not to spare;

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<sup>6</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers Extraordinary, 7–9. Published, under the title “The Preacher’s Prayer for the Flock,” in “Hymns for the Methodist Preachers” (1760), 21–22. The various appearances are compared in *Representative Verse*, 304–305.

The straglers from thy wounded side  
The wolves will into Sects divide  
And into Parties tear.

4. Ev'n of ourselves will men arise,  
With words perverse, and soothing lies  
Our children to beset,  
Disciples for themselves to make,  
And draw for filthy lucre's sake  
The sheep into their net.
5. What then can their protection be?  
The virtue that proceeds from Thee,  
The power of humble love,  
The strength of all-sufficient grace  
Receiv'd in thine appointed ways  
Shall land them safe above.
6. Now, Saviour, clothe them with thy power,  
And arm their souls against that hour  
With faith invincible,  
Teach them to wield thy Spirit's sword,  
And mighty in the written word  
To chase both earth and hell.
7. When I from all my burthens freed,  
Am numbred with the peaceful dead  
In everlasting rest,

Pity the sheep I leave behind,  
My God, unutterably kind  
And lodge them in thy breast.

8. Ah! never suffer them to leave  
The Church, where Thou art pleas'd to give  
Such tokens of thy grace!  
Confirm them in their calling here,  
Till ripe by holiest love t' appear  
Before thy glorious face.
9. Whom I into thy hands commend,  
Wilt Thou not keep<sup>7</sup> them to the end,  
Thou infinite in love?  
Assure me, Lord, it shall be so,  
And let my quiet spirit go  
To join the Church above.
10. Sion, my first, my latest care,  
The burthen of my dying prayer  
Now in thy arms I see,  
And sick on earth of seeing more,  
I hasten home, my God t' adore  
Thro' all eternity.

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "love."

**Hymn VI.**<sup>8</sup>

- [1.] O Lord, our strength and righteousness,  
Our basis, head, and corner-stone,  
Our peace with God, our mutual peace,  
Unite, and keep thy Servants one,  
That while we speak in Jesus Name,  
We all may speak, and think the same.
2. That Spirit of love to each impart,  
That fervent mind which was in Thee  
So shall we all our strength exert,  
In heart, and word, and deed agree,  
T' advance the kingdom of thy grace,  
And spread thine everlasting praise.
3. O never may the fiend steal in,  
Or one unstable soul deceive:  
Assail'd by our besetting sin,  
And tempted sore the work to leave,  
Preserve us, Lord, from self and pride,  
And let nor life, nor death divide.
4. Pride, only pride can cause divorce  
Can separate twixt our souls and Thee:  
Pride, only pride is discord's Source,  
The bane of peace, and charity;  
But us it never more shall part,  
For Thou art greater than our heart.

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<sup>8</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers, 4–5; and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 10–11. Published in “Hymns for the Methodist Preachers” (1760), 13–14.

5. Wherefore to thine almighty hand  
The keeping of our hearts we give,  
Firm in one mind and spirit stand,  
To Thee, and to each other cleave,  
Fixt on the Rock which cannot move  
And meekly safe in humble love.

**Hymn VII.<sup>9</sup>**

- [1.] Forth in thy strength, O Lord, we go,  
Forth in thy steps, and loving mind,  
To pay the gospel-debt we owe  
(The word of grace for all mankind)  
To sow th' incorruptible seed,  
And find the lost, and wake the dead.
2. The wandring sheep of England's fold  
Demand our first and tenderest care,  
Who under sin and Satan sold  
Usurp the Christian character,  
The Christian character prophane,  
And take thy Church's name in vain.
3. Or shameless advocates for hell,  
Their crimes they Sodom-like confess,  
Or varnish'd with a specious zeal,  
An empty form of godliness,  
The power they impiously blaspheme,  
And call our hope a madman's dream.

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<sup>9</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers, 5–6; and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 11–12. Published in “Hymns for the Methodist Preachers” (1760), 14–15.

4.     Haters of God, yet still they cry  
        “The temple of the Lord are we!  
        “The Church! the Church!” who dare defy  
        Thy self-existent Deity,  
        Proudly oppose thy righteous reign,  
        And crucify their God again.
  
5.     ’Gainst these by Thee sent forth to fight  
        A suffering war we calmly wage,  
        With patience meet their fierce despite,  
        With love repay their furious rage;  
        Revil’d we bless; defam’d, intreat;  
        And spurn’d, we kiss the spurner’s feet.
  
6.     Arm’d with thine all-sufficient grace,  
        Thy meek, unconquerable mind,  
        Our foes we cordially embrace,  
        (The filth, and refuse of mankind[])  
        We gladly all, resign our breath  
        To save one precious soul from death.

**Hymn VIII.**<sup>10</sup>

- [1.]    So be it, Lord! if Thou ordain,  
        We come to suffer all thy will,  
        The utmost violence to sustain  
        Of those that can the body kill,  
        But having push’d us to the shore  
        The feeble worms can do no more.

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<sup>10</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers, 6–7; and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 12–13. Published in “Hymns for the Methodist Preachers” (1760), 15–17.

2. We come, depending on thy name,  
    For we have counted first the cost:  
Let ease, and liberty, and fame,  
    And friends, and life itself be lost,  
We come, our faithfulness t' approve,  
And pay thee back thy dying love.
3. Not in a confident conceit  
    Of our own strength and virtuous power,  
We offer up ourselves, to meet  
    The fierceness of that fiery hour;  
Left to ourselves, we all shall fly,  
And I shall first my Lord deny.
4. I first, of ill o'rcome, shall yield,  
    Apostate from thy glorious cause,  
Shall vilely cast away my shield,  
    And hate the haters of thy Cross,  
Retort the sharp, opprobrious word,  
Or smite with the offensive sword.
5. Strange fire will in this bosom burn,  
    Unless Thou quench it with thy blood;  
Impatient of the cruel scorn,  
    My spirit will throw<sup>11</sup> off the load,  
"And Baal's priests with wrath repel,  
"And send th' accursed brood to hell."

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., "thro'."

6. Or I shall gaul the “Mitred” race  
    By satire keen, and railings rude,  
By proud contempt, and malice base,  
    Scurrilous wit, and laughter lewd,  
Laughter, which soon itself bemoans,  
And ends in everlasting groans.
7. But do not, Lord, from us remove,  
    While sin, and Satan are so near,  
But arm us with thy patient love,  
    That only to ourselves severe  
The world we may, like Thee, oppose,  
And die, a ransom for our foes.

**Hymn IX.**<sup>12</sup>

- [1.] Master, at thy command we rise,  
    No prophets we, or prophets sons,  
Or mighty, or well-born, or wise;  
    But quicken’d clods, but breathing stones,  
Urg’d to cry out, constrain’d to call,  
And tell mankind, HE died for all!
2. We speak, because *they* hold their peace,  
    Who *shoud* thy dying love proclaim:  
We *must* declare thy righteousness,  
    Thy truth, and power, and saving Name  
Tho’ the dumb ass with accent clear  
Rebuke the silence of the SEER.

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<sup>12</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers, 7–8; and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 14–15. Published in “Hymns for the Methodist Preachers” (1760), 17.

3. But shall we e'er ourselves forget,  
And in our gifts and graces trust,  
With wild contempt the prophets treat,  
Proudly against the branches boast,  
Or dare the Rulers vilify,  
Or mock the Priests of God most high?
4. *Let them alone*, thy Wisdom cries,  
If blind conductors of the blind!  
Let them alone, our heart replies,  
And draws us to the work assign'd,  
The work of publishing the word,  
And seizing sinners for our Lord.
5. Here let us spend our utmost zeal  
Here let us all our powers exert,  
To testify thy gracious will,  
Inform the world how kind Thou art,  
And nothing know, desire, approve  
But Jesus—and thy bleeding love.

**Hymn X.**<sup>13</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, thy waiting Servants see  
Assembled here with one accord,  
Ready to be sent forth by Thee  
To preach, when Thou shalt give, the word:  
Now, Lord, our work, our province shew,  
For lo, we come thy will to do.

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<sup>13</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers, 8–10; and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 15–17. Published in “Hymns for the Methodist Preachers” (1760), 18–19.

2. O what a Scene attracts our eyes!  
    What multitudes of lifeless souls!  
An open vale before us lies,  
    A place of graves, a place of skulls,<sup>14</sup>  
The desolate Church of England's Sons,  
A Church—a Charnel of dry bones!
3. The slaves of pride, ambition, lust  
    Our broken pale alas, receives!  
The world into the Temple thrust,  
    And make God's house a den of thieves,  
Her grief, her burthen, and her shame,  
Yet all assume the Church's name!
4. Her desolate State too well we know,  
    But neither hate her, nor despise;  
Our bosoms bleed, our tears o'reflow;  
    We view her, Saviour, with thy eyes,  
(O might she<sup>15</sup> know in this her day!)  
And still we weep, and still we pray.
5. We pray that these dry bones may live:  
    We see the Answer of our prayer!  
Thou dost a thousand tokens give  
    That England's Church is still thy care,  
Ten thousand Witnesses appear,  
Ten thousand proofs, that God is here!

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<sup>14</sup>Ori., "skuls."

<sup>15</sup>Ori., "we."

6. Here then, O God, vouchsafe to dwell,  
And mercy on our Sion show:  
Her inbred enemies expel,  
Avenge her of her hellish foe,  
Cause on her wastes<sup>16</sup> thy face to shine,  
And comfort her with light divine.
7. O Light of life, thy Spirit shed,  
In all his chearing quickning power:  
Thy word that raised us from the dead,  
Can raise ten thousand thousand more  
Can bring them up from nature's grave  
And the whole house of Israel save.

**Hymn XI.**<sup>17</sup>

- [1.] Great Guardian of Britania's land,  
To Thee we here present our blood,  
Set forth the last, a desperate band,  
Devoted for our Country's good,  
Our Brethren dear, our flesh and bone,  
We live, and die for Them alone.
2. *Our brethren*, tho' they still disclaim  
And us despitefully entreat,  
With scornful rage cast out our name  
Trample as dirt beneath their feet,

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<sup>16</sup>I.e., "wastes."

<sup>17</sup>Appears also in *MS Preachers*, 10–12; and *MS Preachers Extraordinary*, 17–19. Published in "Hymns for the Methodist Preachers" (1760), 19–20.

Out of their synagogues expel,  
And doom us to the hottest hell.

3. If Thou preserve our souls in peace,  
    Our Brethren shall afflict in vain:  
Most patient, when they most oppress,  
    We all their cruel wrongs sustain,  
And strengthen'd by thy meekening power  
The more they hate, we love the more.
4. No, never shall their rage prevail,  
    Or force us the dry bones to leave:  
The more they push us from the pale,  
    The closer we to Sion cleave,  
And daily in the Temple found  
Delight to kiss the sacred ground.
5. If some defile the hallow'd place,  
    The truth, and us with slanders load,  
Or fiercely from their altars chase  
    And rob us of the children's food,  
We will not quit thy house, and word,  
Or loath the offerings of the Lord.
6. Shoud those who sit in Moses seat,<sup>18</sup>  
    Conspire thy little flock to harm,

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., "chair."

Judge in their courts, and scourge, and beat,  
    And bruise us with the Ruler's arm,  
Matter of joy our shame we make,  
And bear it, Saviour, for thy sake.

7. Or shoud they stir the people up,  
    Our goods to spoil, our limbs to tear,  
Sustain'd by that immortal hope  
    Their lawless violence we bear:  
Or laid in bonds, our voices raise,  
And shake the dungeon with thy praise.
8. A gazing-stock to fiends and men  
    When arm'd with thine all-patient power  
As sheep appointed to be slain  
    We wait the last, the fiery hour,  
And ne'er from England's Church will move,  
Till torn away—to that above.

**Hymn XII.**<sup>19</sup>  
**For Several of the Methodist Preachers,**  
**Written Oct. 10, 1779.**

- [1.] Lord over all, thy people hear  
For every favour'd Messenger,  
Whom Thou hast own'd for thine,  
For every chosen instrument,  
Without our rules, or orders sent  
To serve the Cause divine.
2. Sent forth they were to prophesy,  
Their lack of service to supply  
Who sit in Moses chair,  
But love the world, and seek their own,  
Neglect their ministry, and shun  
The gospel to declare.
3. Because the prophets hold their peace,  
The stones, thy quicken'd witnesses,  
Cried out on every side,  
In streets, and houses, and high-ways  
They spread the news of pard'ning grace  
They preach'd the Crucified.
4. Their doctrine sinsick spirits heal'd,  
The Lord himself their mission seal'd

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<sup>19</sup>Appears also in *MS Preachers 1779*, 1–3; and *MS Preachers Extraordinary*, 20–23. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 336–38; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:37–39.

By daily signs from heaven,  
Blind souls their inward Sight receiv'd,  
The dead were rais'd, the poor believ'd  
And felt their sins forgiven.

5. By ceaseless toils of humble love  
Thy servants sought their faith t' approve,  
They spake, and lived the word,  
Simple, and poor, despis'd of men,  
They lived immortal souls to gain,  
And glorify their Lord.
6. With tears we own—They *did* run well!  
But where is now their fervent zeal,  
Their meek humility,  
Their upright heart, their single eye,  
Their vows the Lord to magnify,  
And live, and die for Thee?
7. The love of ease, and earthly things,  
The pride from which contention springs,  
The fond desire of praise,  
Have imperceptibly stole in,  
Brought back the old besetting sin,  
And poison'd all their grace.
8. They now pre-eminence affect,  
Eager to form the rising Sect,

Some better thing to gain:  
Like hireling priests, they serve for hire,  
And thro' ambition blind, aspire  
Without the cross to reign.

9. The flock they woud in pieces tear,  
That each may seize the largest share,  
May feed himself alone:  
"Come, see my zeal" at first they cried,  
But now they ask, "Who's on my side  
Will make my cause his own?"
10. The men who have their savour lost  
Themselves against the branches boast,  
And Dignities despise:  
Their greedy hopes the flock devour,  
As all were left within their power,  
To glut their avarice.
11. But O, thou Shepherd great and good,  
The Sheep redeem'd by thy own blood  
Into thine arms receive;  
If still with England's Church Thou art  
True pastors after thy own heart  
To thy own people give.
12. Thy flock out of their hands redeem  
Who of their own importance dream

As God had need of man:  
Send whom Thou wilt, in mercy send,  
Thy cause, and gospel to defend,  
Thy glory to maintain.

13. And O, their faithful hearts inflame  
With love of our Jerusalem,  
Thy Church Establish'd here;  
Still may they cry, and never rest,  
Till Glory, in thy face exprest  
Throughout our land appear.
14. Till Thee, the Glory of the Lord,  
In truth and righteousness restor'd  
All flesh together see,  
Salute Thee on thy great white throne,  
And sink in speechless raptures down  
For ever lost in Thee.

**Hymn XIII.**<sup>20</sup>

- [1.] Yet hear us, O thou patient God,  
For those who once with grace indow'd,  
Confess their faith's decay,  
Renew'd unto repentance, Lord,  
Send them again to preach thy word,  
And lengthen out their day.

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<sup>20</sup>Appears also in MS Preachers 1779, 3–4; and MS Preachers Extraordinary, 23–25. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:40–41.

2. Able Thou art the proud t' abase,  
The men that love the highest place,  
    In mercy cast them down,  
And let, them groveling in the dust,  
Own thy severest sentence just,  
    And tremble at thy frown.
3. If Thou the word of truth revoke  
And blot their names out of thy book,  
    And leave them in their fall,  
Out of the deep regard their cry,  
"Left, in our sins, we justly die,  
    <sup>[4]</sup>Our sins deserve it all."
4. Them by thy Spirit now convince,  
Of sin, the root of all their sins,  
    (Which nature fain woud hide  
Which turn'd the Seraph to a fiend)  
From every heart the covering rend,  
    And show the worms their pride.
5. Now let them to the dunghill look  
From whence thy will mysterious took  
    The basest of the croud—  
Envious to rail at Levi's Sons?  
To vie with Bishops on their thrones,  
    And hate the Church of God?

6. No: but Thou call' dst them forth to be  
A pattern of humility,  
    Poorest and least of all:  
In mercy then, not wrath, chastise,  
And let them sink in their own eyes,  
    And into nothing fall.
7. Repentance true on each bestow,  
Tormenting fear, distracting woe,  
    Unutterable shame,  
The anguish of a broken heart,  
Which only Jesus can impart,  
    We ask in Jesus Name.
8. When prostrate in the dust they grieve,  
And sad their punishment receive,  
    Thy people's prayer attend,  
The humbled penitents restore,  
Give back with faith their peace and power  
    And love them to the end.

**Written**  
**After the Conference in Aug. 1780,**  
**The last which the Writer was present at.**<sup>21</sup>

- [1.] Why shoud I longer, Lord, contend,  
My last, important moments spend  
    In buffetting the air,  
In warning those who will not see,  
But rest in blind security,  
    And rush into the snare!
2. Prophet of ills why shoud I live,  
Or by my sad forebodings grieve  
    Whom I can serve no more?  
I only can their loss bewail,  
Till life's exhausted sorrows fail,  
    And the last pang is o're.
3. Here then I quietly resign  
Into those gracious hands divine  
    Whom I receiv'd from Thee,  
My brethren and companions dear,  
And finish with a parting tear  
    My useless ministry.

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<sup>21</sup>Published posthumously at *Poetical Works*, 8:416–17; and *Representative Verse*, 341.

4. Detach'd from every creature now  
I humbly at thy footstool bow,  
Accepting my release,  
If Thou the promis'd grace bestow,  
Salvation to thy Servant show,  
And bid me die in peace.

**Prayer for the Church of England.**

**[Hymn I.]<sup>22</sup>**

- [1.] Head of thy Church, attend  
Our long-continued prayer,  
And our Jerusalem defend,  
And in thy bosom bear  
The Sheep of England's fold,  
Mark'd with their Shepherd's Sign,  
Bought with a price, redeem'd of old,  
And wash'd in blood divine.
2. Call'd out of Babylon  
At thy command they came;  
Our Ancestors their lives laid down,  
And triumph'd in the flame:  
The Church's seed arose  
Out of the Martyrs blood,  
And saw their Antichristian foes  
Before thy cross subdued.

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<sup>22</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 4 (1781): 229–30.

3.       Again thy Spirit of grace  
          Doth with our Israel strive,  
And ev'n in our degenerate days  
          His ancient work revive,  
          Ten thousand witnesses  
          Stand forth on every side,  
And bold, in life and death, confess  
          JEHOVAH crucified.
  
4.       O that the faithful Seed  
          Might never, never fail,  
Victorious thro' their conquering Head  
          O're all the powers of hell!  
          Still with thy people stay,  
          By England's Church ador'd,  
Till every Island flee away  
          Before our Glorious Lord.

**[Hymn] II.**<sup>23</sup>

- [1.]    Jesus, our true and faithful Lord,  
          May *we* not on thy word depend,  
          Thy sure, irrevocable word,  
          “Lo, I am with you to the end!”<sup>[23]</sup>
  
2.       Thy promise with thy Church t' abide  
          *For Ours* may we not justly claim,

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<sup>23</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 55–57.

For ours, who now in Thee confide,  
And truly bear thy hallow'd Name?

3. The gates of hell can ne'er o'rethrow  
Thy Church immoveably secure:  
Built on The Rock, we surely know  
It must from age to age endure.
4. Yet Satan hath too oft prevail'd,  
And Antichrist victorious prov'd,  
Churches Particular have fail'd,  
Have seen their Candlestick remov'd.
5. Nations that walk'd in gospel-light  
Thy presence doth no longer chear,  
Afric again is wrapt in night,  
"And Asia's Ruins scarce appear."
6. The Man of sin who reigns at Rome,  
Compels adoring Realms t' obey,  
Honors divine he dares assume,  
And poisons all that own his sway.
7. And may not *we* to Satan yield,  
And sink beneath th' infernal host,  
The measure of our sin fulfill'd,  
Our lamp extinct, our gospel lost?

8. Humbly we hope for better things,  
    Since Thou our offering dost receive,  
And grace to us salvation brings  
    And unconsum'd, by faith we live.
9. Thy blessing with the Remnant stays,  
    The faithful Seed is multiplied,  
Thousands their bleeding Lord confess  
    And follow close their heavenly Guide.
10. O may they more and more increase  
    Protectors of a guilty land  
And spread the kingdom of thy peace  
    Till all submit to thy command.
11. O may they never turn aside,  
    In separate Sects and Parties stray,  
Lost from the fold, and scatter'd wide,  
    But still their Shepherd's voice obey;
12. To Thee, and to each other cleave,  
    Thy mercy, power, and truth make known,  
A pattern to believers live,  
    Till all are perfected in one!
13. Thou God, who hear'st the faithful prayer,  
    Utter'd according to thy will  
Assure us of thy constant care  
    And on our hearts the answer seal.

14. The Spirit pleading in the Bride  
With gracious smiles of love attend,  
And with our favourite Church abide,  
And bless, and keep, till time shall end!

**Hymn III.**<sup>24</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, behold the men  
Who thy designs oppose,  
And hope by Sion's loss to gain,  
Her sworn, but secret, foes,  
Who wait with spiteful eyes  
To see our Church o'rethrown,  
That They may on her ruins rise  
And stand, and reign alone.
2. To gain the multitude,  
Their counsel deep they hide,  
And cloak with specious shows of good  
Their selfishness and pride:  
But vain their closest art,  
And hellish subtlety,  
When every thought of every heart  
Is manifest to Thee.

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<sup>24</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:277–78.

3.       With strength of guardian grace  
          The little flock surround,  
Our foes malicious pride abase,  
          And all their plots confound,  
          That not one sheep may fall,  
          To grievous wolves a prey,  
Preserv'd, till on the Right they all  
          Are found in that great day.
  
4.       Now, Lord, we have made known  
          To Thee our joint request,  
And on thy faithful word alone  
          With calm affiance rest,  
          Assur'd thy Spirit shall guide,  
          And still our Church defend,  
Till Thou return, to fetch the Bride  
          And all to heaven ascend.

**For One, under a prospect  
of Want.—Jan. 1753.<sup>25</sup>**

[I.]

- [1.] The Lord, the wise, almighty Lord  
    Hath given, and resum'd the grace:  
For ever be his Name ador'd!  
    His name with all my heart I praise,  
And cry, surrendring up his own,  
Father, thy only will be done.
2. Hath not the heavenly Potter power  
    To mould at will the passive clay?  
To raise, or sink his creature lower?  
    To give, or take his gifts away?  
And who shall daringly reprove  
The just decrees of Sovereign Love?
3. LOVE only doth the loss ordain,  
    Whate'er inferior Causes join,  
Female revenge, or fraud in man:  
    To God, not Them, I all resign:  
Let rapine seize, or avarice crave,  
Or envy cruel as the grave.

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<sup>25</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:238.

4. I meet the Providential blow,  
    Whoe'er fulfils my God's command,  
A seeming friend, or open foe,  
    A stranger's, or a brother's hand,  
The fire from heaven, the spoiler's sword,  
Whate'er afflicts—It is the Lord!
5. On Him I fix my faithful eye,  
    The baser instrument look thro',  
On Him in all events rely;  
    The Lord his utmost pleasure show  
His Name be own'd, his goodness blest;  
Whatever is from God is best!

**II.**<sup>26</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, thy faithful love I praise  
    Accept the answer of my prayer,  
If honour'd by peculiar grace  
    Thy sacred poverty to share,  
Thy state of indigence to know,  
And live as Thou didst live below.

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<sup>26</sup> Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:239.

2.     Oft hast Thou seen my soul aspire  
          And gasp for full conformity,  
Oft hast Thou seen my heart's desire  
          Impatient to be all like Thee,  
To tread the path my Pattern trod,  
One with th' afflicted Son of God.
  
3.     And shall I not with thanks receive  
          The scanty portion of my Lord,  
To sovereign Love the matter leave  
          And bless the kind, revoking word,  
If poor, and destitute of bread  
I want a place to lay my head?
  
4.     Yes, Lord; I will, I do embrace  
          The lot on earth for me design'd:  
But fill me with thy patient grace  
          But arm me with thy suffering mind,  
And make thy Servant as Thou art  
Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart.

5. Inur'd to want, in spirit poor,  
    Still may I with my Master stay,  
All things, like Thee, thro' life endure,  
    And calmly wait the welcome day  
That brings the heavenly kingdom down,  
And decks me with a glorious crown.

**For the Princess of Wales.**<sup>27</sup>

- [1.] O Thou, who dost in secret see,  
Regard the hearts bowed down to Thee  
    And labouring into prayer:  
For One distinguish'd Soul we cry  
And bear her burthen to the sky,  
    And to thy bosom bear.
2. If Thou hast call'd her by her name,  
Thy nature in her soul proclaim,  
    And tell her who Thou art:  
Appear her bleeding Sacrifice,  
And now her inward Saviour rise  
    Victorious in her heart.
3. Her in affliction's furnace chuse,  
And fit the vessel for thy use  
    By deep humility,  
By sacred grief, and godly fear,  
By faith unfeign'd, and love sincere,  
    The mind which was in Thee.
4. Detain'd in the Refiner's fire,  
Exalt her every virtue higher  
    Her every grace improve;

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<sup>27</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:278–79.

In wisdom train thy servant up,  
In all the patient toils of hope,  
And all the works of love.

5. Then, Lord, in thine appointed hour,  
Call forth the witness of thy power,  
To answer thy design,  
To feed thy Lambs with softest care,  
The ruins of thy Church repair,  
And build the house Divine.

**For the Revd. Mr. Ston[e]house.<sup>28</sup>**

- [1.] O Thou whose pitying eye relieves  
The traveller fallen among thieves,  
Stript, wounded, and half-dead,  
My friend to perfect life restore,  
My friend, who needs thy aid the more  
The less he asks thy aid.
2. Caught by the men who steal for God,  
The fiends in hunting souls employ'd,  
Too long he slumbring lay;  
But Thou hast more than shared the spoils,  
Dissolv'd the charms, and burst the toils,  
And claim'd the lawful prey.

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<sup>28</sup>Appears also in a Letter to Mrs. Sarah Wesley, September 13, 1755. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:407–8.

3. Yet still unconscious of its wound,  
His spirit is not quite unbound,  
    From every fetter free:  
The thieves have left their prey behind,  
Naked, insensible, and blind,  
    And destitute of Thee.
4. Stript in that dark, Satanic hour  
Of all his Ministerial power,  
    The man who run so well:  
His work alas, hath suffer'd loss,  
He is not, Lord, what once he was,  
    A flame of heavenly zeal.
5. A watchman of our Church he was  
Exceeding zealous for thy Cause,  
    And for thy glorious Name,  
A chosen instrument of heaven,  
To pluck poor souls, thro' Christ forgiven,  
    From the infernal flame.
6. Raised up for Thee he seem'd to stand,  
Protector of a guilty land;  
    Our hopes were built on Him,  
As equal to the righteous Ten  
As planted in the gap between,  
    Our Sodom to redeem.

7. How is the fervent love grown cold!  
The wine with water mixt, the gold  
    With nature's base alloy!  
How hath thy messenger denied  
His heavenly call, and turn'd aside,  
    And cast his shield away!
8. But Thou canst yet his Soul revive,  
Canst stir him up to fight and strive,  
    As in the former days,  
To prove thine acceptable will  
To learn, and chearfully fulfil  
    The counsels of thy grace.
9. O woudst Thou in this gracious hour  
Renew, and give him back his power,  
    His wisdom from above,  
His simple faith, and tender fear,  
His filial Piety for Her  
    Whom more than life I love.
10. O might my dearest charge be his  
My ceaseless prayer for Sion's peace  
    Now let it answer'd be;  
Shepherd divine, I ask no more,  
This wanderer to thy Church restore,  
    And take me up to Thee.

**Prayer for Miss Hotham,  
April 1768.<sup>29</sup>**

- [1.] Jesus, God of love appear!  
Whom we to thy grace commend,  
Shew thyself her Comforter,  
Visit our afflicted Friend  
By a world of woes opprest,  
Ever pining to depart,  
Languishing for endless rest,  
Dying of a broken heart.
2. Dying, while in pain she lives  
Sad, disconsolate, alone,  
For her old Companion grieves,  
Grieves for all her comforts gone,  
Faints beneath thy heaviest load,  
Dark, and crucified with Thee,  
Cries in death, My God, My God,  
Why hast Thou forsaken me!
3. Saviour, on the cross forsook,  
Hear thy own repeated cry,  
Drawn by her imploring look  
Haste thy precious blood t' apply,

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<sup>29</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:279–80. This appears to be for a daughter of Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham (1696–1775). But this is unclear because her daughter Gertrude (1731–75) had married Welborne Ellis Agar in 1762. Her daughter Melusina died, unmarried, in 1765. And her only other daughter known to live to adulthood, but died unmarried, is likely the subject of the funeral hymn in 1756 in *MS Funeral Hymns*, 1–11.

Pour the balm into her soul,  
Balm that bids her anguish cease,  
Makes a wounded spirit whole,  
Seals her sure, eternal peace.

4. Answering to thy Spirit's groan,  
In the suffering members here,  
Speak the final word Tis done,  
Faith's almighty Finisher!  
When she hath thy griefs fill'd up,  
Perfected thro' patient grace,  
Then remove the mortal cup,  
Then reveal thy heavenly Face!

**A Widow's prayer  
for her sick Son (Sir C. H[otham]).<sup>30</sup>**

- [1.] Jesus, friend of the distrest,  
Grant my sorrowful request,  
Melting at a Widow's moan,  
Give me back my only Son:
2. Snatch'd so often from the grave,  
Him vouchsafe again to save,

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<sup>30</sup>A looseleaf copy of this hymn (with no variants) is also present in MARC: DDWes 1/83. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:280–81. This would be Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham (1696–1775), widow of Sir Charles Hotham (1693–1738), 5<sup>th</sup> Baronet of Scarborough, praying for her son Charles (1735–67), who succeeded to the title on the death of his father.

By the prayer of faith restor'd,  
Bid him rise, to serve his Lord;

3. Willing made for Thee alone  
Still to live, and suffer on  
Still to droop beneath the skies,  
Still to want his paradise.
4. Thou in life his soul detain  
Blest with consecrated pain,  
Fill'd with comforts from above,  
Swallow'd up in heavenly love.
5. By the feeble flesh opprest  
Hide his spirit in thy breast,  
Clothe his soul with vigour new,  
Raise his mortal body too.
6. Nothing is too hard for Thee,  
Thou in our infirmity  
Dost thy perfect strength reveal,  
Heal whom medicine cannot heal.
7. Thou canst animate the dead,  
Grant the weak a stronger thread,

Nature's wither'd powers repair,  
All thy Name in man declare.

8. God of all-sufficient love,  
On my Son thy nature prove,  
Jesus, evermore the same  
Mark him with thy saving Name.
9. Kindly minding my request,  
Thou wilt grant whate'er is best,  
Still preserve, and bless thine own,  
Till our earthly work is done.
10. Then Thou wilt thine own receive,  
Happy in thy sight to live,  
Numbred with the Glorified,  
Throned for ever at thy side.

**Hymn for Peace,  
Occasioned by some Public Troubles,  
Feb. 1766.**

[I.]<sup>31</sup>

- [1.] While blackning clouds o'rspread the sky  
And discord's turbid waves run high,  
Are Christians free from care?  
Conscious our life is hid above,  
Yet still we must our Country love,  
And all her troubles share.
2. Tis not for us to rule the state,  
Or mingle in their high debate  
When Princes disagree:  
Jehovah in their council stands,  
And (for the Cause is in thy hands)  
We leave it, Lord, to Thee.
3. Excus'd, our privilege we own,  
We blame, arraign, and censure none  
That at the helm appear,  
But quietly our souls possess,  
Who worship Thee, the Prince of peace,  
Who God and Cesar fear.

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<sup>31</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 308–9; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:213–14.  
The “troubles” resulted from the passing of the Stamp Act.

4. Yet danger national requires,  
And draws out all our heart's desires  
    For their prosperity;  
Thy Church the common burthen feels,  
Their present, and approaching ills  
    With Jesus eyes we see.
5. With Jesus sympathy we cry,  
Father of all, in trouble nigh  
    Stir up thy helping power,  
Their violence curb, controul their rage,  
Nor let them war intestine wage,  
    Each other to devour.
6. By whom Thou wilt the rescue send,  
But bid their fierce contentions end,  
    But suddenly suppress  
And scatter who in war delight,  
And by thy Providential might  
    Restore the public peace.

**II.**<sup>32</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, assume thy right divine,  
    Heir of an everlasting throne,  
The kingdoms of the earth are thine,  
    Thy sovereign power in Ours make known

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<sup>32</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:214–15.

Exalted high at God's right-hand  
Thou dost, repos'd, in glory sit,  
Till all who now thy sway withstand  
Bow down subdued beneath thy feet.

2. The flouds, O God, lift up their voice,  
With discord horrible they roar,  
But Thou canst still their angry noise,  
The tempest chide, the calm restore  
Master both of the ship, and storm  
Our Saviour at the helm we see:  
Tumults and hurricanes perform  
Thy will, and sink at thy decree.
3. The enemy to God and man  
His tares of civil strife hath sown;  
Jesus, the growing ill restrain,  
And make our jarring Parties one:  
All power is thine in earth and skies;  
Controuller of the creature's will,  
Maker, and Lord of hearts, arise,  
And all our threatning breeches heal.
4. To those who guide the tottering state  
Wisdom resolv'd, and temper give,

With strength to bear a Nation's weight,  
And Britain from the gulph retrieve;  
On all an healing spirit bestow,  
And each to each as brethren join,  
Let every heart with love o'reflow,  
Social, unanimous, divine.

5. Our Monarch fill with inward peace,  
(The peace on faithful souls bestow'd)  
Till all the storm dispers'd he sees,  
And glories in his people's good,  
A Patriot-king, by special grace,  
A Father to his Country given,  
Long may he guard thy chosen race,  
And late receive his crown in heaven.

**Thanksgiving for Peace.**<sup>33</sup>

- [1.] O how ready is the Lord  
To help us from the sky!  
While we speak th' inviting word,  
He answers, here am I!  
Oft<sup>34</sup> prevents the swiftest prayer,  
More swift our heart's desire to grant,  
Reading our intentions there,  
He gives whate'er we want.

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<sup>33</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:215–16.

<sup>34</sup>Ori., "Often."

2. Peace to ask we now design'd,  
To sue for public peace,  
But He knew his Spirit's mind,  
And bad our discord cease,  
Calm'd the angry hearts of men;  
And lo, they suddenly agree,  
Brethren, friends, embrace again  
In love, and unity.
3. God omnipotent in grace,  
Thou hast thine arm reveal'd,  
Blest our highly favour'd race,  
And Britain's breeches heal'd,  
Baffled the malicious foe,  
Who sow'd his hellish tares in vain:  
Check'd he could no farther go,  
Or break his straitned chain.
4. Only Thou the work hast done,  
Whate'er the means employ'd,  
One in mind and spirit one,  
We see the present God!  
Jesus, his effectual Power,  
The reconciling word is thine:

O might all with us adore  
The Peacemaker Divine!

5. Peace thro' Britain's happy Isle  
Thro' all its branches spread,  
God with sinners reconcile,  
And we are one indeed!  
Breathes as in us all one soul,  
When rebegotten from above,  
Only love informs the whole,  
That<sup>35</sup> pure, primeval love!

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<sup>35</sup>“That” has “The” written under it as an alternative.

**For the Nation  
in danger again.**

[I.]<sup>36</sup>

- [1.] Most patient God, what shall we say  
    To stop a senseless people's doom?  
How can we for the Rebels pray,  
    Who court the lingring scourge to come,  
Thy grace despise, thy truth deny,  
And all thy threatned plagues defy!
2. Because thy pitying love defers  
    The long-indebted punishment,  
From time to time the wicked spares,  
    Their hearts on evil fully bent  
Disdain the punishment to fear,  
And mock at the destruction near.
3. Will they believe the spoiler nigh,  
    Or tremble at th' invading sword?  
Safe in the toils of hell they lie,  
    Deaf to the watchman's warning word,  
"Nor God, nor man their ill intends  
"For death and Tophet are their friends."
4. Or if the danger they confess,  
    The danger on their foes they turn,

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<sup>36</sup>Published as *Thanksgiving Hymns* (1759), 19–20. See the introduction to this collection for the occasion.

<sup>[44]</sup>Those treacherous enemies to peace,  
“Those objects of our hate and scorn,  
“Let the presumptuous aliens come,  
“And rush upon their instant doom.”

5. Blind with intoxicating pride,  
(Sad prelude of a nation’s fall)  
They wholly in themselves confide,  
Nor on the Lord of armies call,  
Nor humbly at thy footstool own  
Salvation is from God alone.

**II.**<sup>37</sup>

- [1.] Did they, O God, ascribe to Thee  
Their strange escapes in dangers past?  
Alas for Them! alas for me,  
So soon forgetful of the last,<sup>38</sup>  
Snatch’d from the Antichristian Power  
The gulph wide-opening to devour!
2. Appall’d we saw th’ Invader’s sword  
March, unoppos’d, thro’ half the land:  
Jehovah then pronounc’d the word,  
And lo, at thy supream command

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<sup>37</sup>Published as *Thanksgiving Hymns* (1759), 20–22.

<sup>38</sup>Ori., “past.”

The blasted Savages of Rome  
Recoil'd—and sunk into the tomb!

3. But have we by their ruin rose  
    To a new life of righteousness?  
Or faster lull'd in deep repose,  
    Abus'd, and forfeited our peace?  
Our peace is gone, our safety fled,  
And our dead souls are doubly dead.
4. Call'd back by an ungrateful race,  
    The man on the red horse returns,  
And while thy wrath a moment stays,  
    The nation mocks, the remnant mourns:  
Ah, who of all thy saints can tell,  
Shall grace, or justice turn the scale?
5. Dare we again for respite cry,  
    Or deprecate th' impending blow?  
If still Thou layst thy thunder by,  
    And savst us from our fiercest foe,  
Will Britain's sons their Saviour own,  
And give the praise to Thee alone?

6. We fear, the saved, unthankful throng  
    Will more and more obdurate prove,  
Thy Providential mercy wrong,  
    And trample on thy sparing love,  
And if Thou turn the sword aside,  
Thy judgments, and thy grace deride.
  
7. But since Thou hast not yet forbid  
    Thy people for the land to pray,  
Hear thy own people intercede,  
    The rough east-wind of judgment stay,  
Till all these gather'd clouds remove,  
And justice lingers into love.
  
8. Thy mercies all our thoughts transcend,  
    The worst Thou canst in Christ forgive:  
O let our sins and troubles end,  
    O let our dying nation live,  
Hear the loud Cry of Jesus blood,  
And save us by the death of God!

**Written  
before a Trial at Taunton,  
April—1767.**

[I.]<sup>39</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, to Thee thy Church looks up,  
And cannot pray in vain:  
Forgive our fond, unwary hope  
Redress from men to gain:  
From men to whom Thou art not known  
What help can we receive?  
The world will always love its own,  
And only them believe.
2. But sufferers in a righteous cause  
By persecuting power,  
Protection from our Country's laws  
May we not, Lord, implore;  
To kings and magistrates appeal,  
The men Thou didst ordain  
Impartial equity to deal,  
And peace and truth maintain?
3. Thy ministers of righteousness  
To these we calmly flee,

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<sup>39</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:133–34.

Nor look for succour, or success,  
Without a Nod from Thee:  
Thou art the Judge supremely just;  
And suitors at thy throne,  
Not in an arm of flesh we trust,  
But hang on Thine alone.

4. The hearts of all are in thy hand,  
Defender of the poor;  
And Thou dost by thy Servants stand,  
From evil to secure;  
Dost from unrighteous judges save,  
And hide our life above:  
And Truth our Advocate we have,  
And all-commanding Love.

5. If such the counsel of thy will,  
The world shall justice show,  
And earth assist the Woman still,  
Against her furious foe;  
The sons of violence and pride  
Shall bow to those they scorn,  
And Justice roll her rapid tide  
Too strong for them to turn.

6. In judgment then, great God, arise,  
Assume thy power, and reign,  
Sole Arbiter of earth and skies,  
Thy people's Cause maintain:  
Now let thine outstretch'd arm be shown,  
In all the heathen's sight,  
And force the alien host to own  
Thou dost for Israel fight.
7. So shall the Church surround thy throne  
With ceaseless songs of praise,  
Extol the wonders Thou hast done,  
And magnify thy grace:  
"Thou givst to us the victory,"<sup>40</sup>  
And we ourselves resign  
A living sacrifice to Thee  
Thro' endless ages Thine.

**II.**<sup>41</sup>

- [1.] Arise, O God, arise,  
Thy righteous Cause maintain,  
Attentive to thy people's cries,  
Opprest by lawless men:

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<sup>40</sup>Cf. 1 Corinthians 15:57.

<sup>41</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:135–36.

Trampled beneath their feet  
Thou knowst what we indure,  
And never can thy love forget  
The persecuted poor.

2. The foes to us and peace  
Boast their tyrannic power,  
And confident of full success  
Thy injur'd flock devour;  
They mock with scornful pride  
Our hope of justice here,  
And (for the world is on their side)  
Nor man, nor God they fear.

3. But Thou shalt take our part,  
Who to thy promise flee,  
Almighty Love for us Thou art  
Who put our trust in Thee,  
Ourselves to Thee commit  
The helpless Sinner's Friend,  
And prostrate at thy mercy-seat  
Thy just award attend.

4.        Jesus, the matter take  
            Into thy sovereign hand,  
And those who lies their refuge make  
            Their counsel shall not stand:  
            Thou wilt cast down the foe,  
            Put all his tools to shame,  
Their dire confederacy o' rethrow,  
            And blast their surest aim.
5.        But if our faith to try,  
            Thou grant our foes success,  
Still let us on thy love rely  
            Thy power and faithfulness;  
            Thy good, permissive will  
            Implicitly obey,  
And lodge with Thee our just Appeal  
            Against thy righteous day!

**After the Trial.**<sup>42</sup>

- [1.]     Righteous, O God, thy judgments are,  
            If now unsearchable,  
We humbly in the dust declare  
            Thou hast done all things well!

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<sup>42</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:136–37.

Wisely Thou dost the world permit  
Over our heads to ride,  
And tread us down beneath their feet  
With justice on our side.

2. But blacken'd, and refus'd our due,  
We stand to thy award,  
The instruments of wrong look thro',  
And cry, It is the Lord!  
We neither threaten, nor complain  
Of man's iniquity,  
But turning to our Rest again,  
Commit our souls to Thee.

3. They could have no injurious power  
Un suffer'd from above,  
Or crush for one triumphant hour  
The objects of thy love:  
They only serve thy secret will,  
Accomplishing their own,  
Or'erul'd, and order'd to fulfil  
Thy purposes unknown.

**Hymn  
for an Husband and Wife.<sup>43</sup>**

- [1.] Author, Prince of lasting peace,  
Us thy ransom'd spirits bless,  
Make us thro' thy grace alone  
One of twain, for ever One:
2. One in will, and heart, and mind,  
Each for each by heaven design'd,  
One with perfect harmony,  
Spiritually one in Thee.
3. Take us both into thy hand  
Subjected to thy command,  
Pleas'd thy easy yoke to prove,  
Happy in our Saviour's love.
4. Shed it in our hearts abroad,  
Speak us reconciled to God,  
Then we to each other cleave,  
Then in heaven on earth we live.
5. Happy in each other then,  
We shall by our lives explain  
Love's sublimest mystery,  
Union of thy Church and Thee:
6. Every word and act shall show  
How Thou lovst thy Church below,

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<sup>43</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:281–82.

Folded in thy kind embrace  
How the Church her Head obeys.

**Prayer for Peace and Unity.**<sup>44</sup>

- [1.] Author of everlasting peace,  
Lover of social harmony,  
Arise, and bid Contention cease,  
Rebuke the wind, and raging sea:  
Thou only canst our passions chide,  
Our anger by a word remove:  
Speak, and we suddenly subside,  
And sink into the calm of love.
  
2. Thou whom the winds and seas obey,  
The swelling waves of pride controul,  
The gusts that hurry me away,  
And shipwreck my impetuous<sup>45</sup> soul:  
Thou knowst I cannot, cannot rest,  
Till Thou compose my stormy will,  
Allay the tumult in my breast,  
And bid this troubled heart be still.
  
3. Assume thy power, and reign below,  
Peace inconceivable, divine,  
Thy kingdom, Lord, on us bestow,  
To keep my partner's heart, and mine:

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<sup>44</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:216–17.

<sup>45</sup>Ori., “tumultuous.”

Then shall we find the strength of grace  
Display'd in our infirmity,  
With love unanimous embrace,  
And rest, for ever calm, in Thee.

**On entering a new Habitation.**<sup>46</sup>

- [1.] Father, Son, and Spirit, come,  
Manifest in grace and peace,  
Consecrate this earthly home,  
God of vital holiness,  
Grace and peace to us impart,  
Then reside in every heart.
2. Not in temples made with hands  
Doth the great Jehovah dwell;  
Yet who keep thy dear commands  
Shall thy constant presence feel,  
Rais'd into a radiant shrine,  
Fill'd with Majesty divine.
3. Enter then thy mean abode,  
Father, Son, and Spirit of grace,  
Holy, holy, holy God,  
Fill the consecrated place,  
Three in One, and One in Three,  
God in us for ever be!

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<sup>46</sup>Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:219.

**At meals.**<sup>47</sup>

- [1.] Let us rejoice, give thanks, and sing  
Our heavenly Father's praise;  
Thankfulness is a pleasant thing,  
And joy is happiness:
2. Blest be his Name, for ever blest!  
He smiles our joy to see,  
And the great God himself is pleas'd  
At our prosperity.
3. Still let us taste the grace of God  
Which doth his gifts impart,  
And glad from Him receive our food  
With singleness of heart:
4. Receive our every good from Him,  
Till call'd to joys above  
We find our happiness supreme  
In feasting on his Love.

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<sup>47</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:219–20.

**Hymns of Intercession.**<sup>48</sup>

**I.**<sup>49</sup>

**For the Unawakened.**

- [1.] Eternal Son of God most high,  
Whose only voice can wake the dead,  
Speak to the souls for whom we cry,  
For whom we in thy Spirit plead,  
And bring them up from nature's grave,  
And *now* stretch out thine arm to save.
2. The dead in trespasses convince,  
And turn from Satan's power to God,  
Reveal thy wrath against their sins,  
O'rewhelm them with the mountain-load,  
Till all that load of guilt and fear  
Rolls off—into thy sepulchre.

**II.**<sup>50</sup>

**For the Awakened.**

Where'er Thou hast thy work begun,  
And show'd a soul its want of Thee,  
Carry the gracious wonder on,  
Set every struggling sinner free,  
And bid them feel thy blood applied,  
And add them to the Justified.

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<sup>48</sup>This set of hymns is copied, in the same order and with few variants, from MS Intercession.

<sup>49</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 1. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:227.

<sup>50</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 1. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:227.

**III.**<sup>51</sup>

**For One under the law.**

- [1.] Eternal Sun of righteousness,  
    Arise, with healing in thy wings,  
On him who feels his sore disease,  
    Yet, when thy grace salvation brings,  
With abject fear rejects his cure,  
Nor dares believe his pardon sure.
2. Lift the dejected sinner up  
    Who only canst the valley raise,  
Begotten to that gospel-hope,  
    That sense of free, forgiving grace,  
In peace dismiss the prostrate soul,  
Assur'd his faith hath made him whole.

**IV.**<sup>52</sup>

**For the Tempted.**

- [1.] O most compassionate High-priest,  
    Thy days of flesh recall to mind,  
Tempted like us, aggriev'd, distrest,  
    To all thy tempted members join'd,  
Support them, while they drink thy cup  
And fill thine after-sufferings up.<sup>53</sup>
2. Sustain'd by thy sufficient grace,  
    Preserv'd by thy o'reshadowing power,

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<sup>51</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:228.

<sup>52</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:228.

<sup>53</sup>Cf. Colossians 1:24.

Let them the hallow'd cross embrace,  
And brought thro' the Satanic hour  
Out of the fiery furnace rise,  
To share thy glory in the skies.

**V.**<sup>54</sup>

**For Those in doubt.**

- [1.] O God, our refuge in distress,  
Most present when we need Thee most,  
Thy pitying eye the sinner sees,  
Who dares not in thy mercy trust,  
Tortur'd with doubts, and torn with fears,  
And dying—till thy blood appears.
2. Thy death to every heart reveal,  
That trembles at a God unknown,  
Make manifest thy gracious will,  
The servant change into a Son,  
Chase all the clouds of sin away  
And shine unto the perfect day.

**VI.**<sup>55</sup>

**For One tempted to despair.**

- [1.] Jesus, thy vengeful power exert,  
The foul blasphemer to confound  
Who tells a drooping sinner's heart  
That sin doth<sup>56</sup> more than grace abound,

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<sup>54</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 3. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:229.

<sup>55</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 3. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:229.

<sup>56</sup>Ori., "That ~~dot~~ sin doth."

Threatens out of thy hands to tear,  
And seal him up in sad despair.

2. Lion of Judah's tribe, arise,  
Thy foe to spoil, thy prey to seize,  
Display before the captive's eyes  
The blood that signs his soul's release,  
And speaks the penitent forgiven,  
A child of God, an heir of heaven.

**VII.**<sup>57</sup>

**For the Backsliders.**

- [1.] Thou sinner's Advocate with God,  
The poor, backsliding children save,  
Who wandring<sup>58</sup> down the spacious road  
Must sink into that hellish grave,  
Unless the blood of sprinkling cry,  
Unless thy Father's heart reply.
2. Bowels of pitying love divine,  
From Adam's fall in Jesus mov'd,  
Yeare o're the souls Thou callest thine,  
Sound, and declare their guilt remov'd,  
Their sickness heal'd, their sin forgiven  
And speak them back from hell to heaven.

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<sup>57</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:230.

<sup>58</sup>Ori., "wander."

**VIII.**<sup>59</sup>

**For those that are shut up.**

- [1.] Jesus, our absent brethren bless,  
Absent in body, not in heart,  
Kept from the channels of thy grace,  
Shut up with Thee who pray apart  
And let that Spirit obtain'd for all  
On Eldad and on Medad fall.<sup>60</sup>
2. O might they now the blessing find  
The grace on this Assembly shed,  
While to the living members join'd,  
And close united to our Head,  
One body, and one Church we rise,  
And greet our brethren in the skies.

**IX.**<sup>61</sup>

**For a disobedient Child.**

Jesus, th' essential Power divine,  
Thy virtue on this Rebel shew,  
His iron-sinew'd neck incline,  
His stubborn heart by love subdue,  
And glad all heaven with the sound  
"The dead's alive, the lost is found!"<sup>62</sup>

**X.**<sup>62</sup>

**For men in a Storm.**

- [1.] O Thou, whom winds and seas obey,  
Sole Potentate in earth and heaven,

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<sup>59</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:230.

<sup>60</sup>Cf. Numbers 11:26–27.

<sup>61</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 5. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:231.

<sup>62</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 5. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:231.

Thy power in their behalf display  
The men by furious tempests driven,  
And give the Christless souls to cry  
“Save, Lord, or we for ever die!”<sup>63</sup>

2. Soon as to Thee for help they look,  
Thy help to the distress afford,  
Silence the winds, the floods rebuke,  
That all may own their God and Lord,  
And find the calm of faith within,  
And rest from all the storms of sin.
3. Or if Thou hast the sentence seal'd,  
And doom'd them to the watry grave,  
O let thy love be first reveal'd,  
O let them feel thy power to save,  
Sink calmly down, and find in death  
The everlasting arms beneath.

**XI.**<sup>63</sup>

**For those in the wilderness.**

- [1.] Jesus, with thy disciples stay,  
Allur'd into the wilderness,  
Led thro' a strait, unbeaten way,  
To pleasant paths of lasting peace;  
Their former, fervent zeal restore,  
And fix them that they rove no more.

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<sup>63</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 6. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:232.

2. Beneath the hidings of thy face  
    With languishing desire they mourn  
The rapt'rous tokens of thy grace  
    O might they, Lord, with Thee return:  
Bright Sun of souls, the clouds remove,  
Shine out, and perfect them in love.

**XII.**<sup>64</sup>

**For One under persecution.**

Jesus of Nazareth, appear,  
    To take thy suffering Servant's part,  
To scatter all his grief and fear,  
    To comfort his believing heart,  
And let thy glorious Spirit rest  
For ever in his peaceful breast.

**XIII.**<sup>65</sup>

**For a believer in pain.**

O Saviour, sanctify this pain,  
    And join these sufferings to thine own  
The partner of thy griefs sustain,  
    And deeply in thy member groan,  
Till on thy cross transfixt and dead  
He lives, he rises with his Head.

**XIV.**<sup>66</sup>

**For a dying Unbeliever.**

The sinner sad, who void of Thee  
    Is turning to the wall his face,

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<sup>64</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 6. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:232.

<sup>65</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 7. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:232.

<sup>66</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 7. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:233.

Save, as the felon on the tree,  
To show forth all thy power of grace,  
And bid him from thy cross arise,  
And reign with Thee in paradise.

**XV.**<sup>67</sup>

**For a dying Believer.**

- [1.] Father, into thy hands receive  
An happy Spirit on the wing,  
Who now exults his clay to leave,  
To hear the heavenly Convoy sing,  
Mixt with the ministerial quire,  
Just mounting in his Car of fire.
2. Fill up, and change his faith to sight,  
And when the spotless Soul departs,  
Shine, O Thou everlasting Light,  
To cheer his old companions hearts,  
Prepare us all thy face to see,  
And send the chariot next—for me!

**XVI.**<sup>68</sup>

**For the Self-righteous.**

- [1.] Saviour, Thou readst what is in man,  
Thine eyes his inmost substance see:  
Wrapt up in forms and shadows vain  
He cannot hide himself from Thee,

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<sup>67</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 7. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:233.

<sup>68</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 8. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 249–50; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:233–34.

Who knowst his deep, serpentine art,  
And all the windings of his heart.

2. Ev'n now thy searching eye perceives  
    Thy fugitives among the trees,  
    Veiling their shame with virtuous leaves  
    (The fig-leaves of self-righteousness)  
    Willing themselves to justify,  
    And Thee with thy own gifts to buy.
3. Tear from them, Lord, their figleaves tear,  
    Themselves let the deceivers know,  
    Wretched, and poor, and blind, and bare,  
    Consign'd to everlasting woe,  
    Unless thy mercy step between,  
    And freely save them from their sin.
4. Stop Thou their mouths, confound their pride,  
    Their souls to endless woe condemn;  
    Then point them to thine open side,  
    Then plunge them in that purple stream,  
    Which only can for sin atone,  
    And wafts the Pardon'd to thy throne.

**XVII.**<sup>69</sup>

**For the Pretenders to Forgiveness.**

- [1.] With pity, Lord, the men behold  
Lull'd in a false, presumptuous peace,  
Thro' pride secure, thro' error bold  
To claim thy unfelt promises,  
To boast of grace they have not known,  
As God, and heaven were all their own.
2. The foretaste of alluring love  
If for *the* gospel-faith they take,  
Their hearts of unbelief reprove,  
Their fond, deluded souls awake,  
Where in the mouth of hell they lie,  
The fancied portal of the sky.
3. When wounded by thy Spirit's sword  
Their vain pretensions they forego,  
Jesus, pronounce the healing word,  
The true, substantial faith bestow,  
The evidence of things unseen,  
The power divine that saves from sin.
4. Strength from the Lord and righteousness,  
The proof of their acceptance be,

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<sup>69</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 9. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:234–35.

And lowly fear, and ruling peace,  
And restless hungry after Thee  
Declare thy dying love reveal'd,  
And clearly speak their pardon seal'd!

**XVIII.**<sup>70</sup>

**For the Pretenders to Perfection.**

- [1.] Arise, Thou jealous God, arise,  
Whose word doth soul and body part,  
Look with thy all-discerning eyes,  
And sound the most deceitful heart  
Of Those, whom erring men approve  
As witnesses of perfect love.
2. Thou knowst, the fiend hath set them up,  
Hath on the sacred Summit placed,  
That falling from their towering hope,  
From highest heaven to hell debased,  
Their souls may prove his wretched thrall,  
And stumble thousands by their fall.
3. Ah, do not, Lord, the tempted leave  
A prey to Luciferian pride,  
Ah do not let the foe deceive  
The souls for whom thyself has died,

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<sup>70</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 10–11. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 250–51; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:235–36.

Or shake our faith who dare profess  
Our faith in<sup>71</sup> finish'd holiness.

4. Whoever stands or falls, the word  
    The one Foundation must endure,  
    Sure is the promise of our Lord,  
    The oath divine hath made it sure,  
    And *we*, when Christ the power imparts,  
    Shall love our God with all our hearts.
5. Now, Saviour, now our hearts prepare  
    Thy gracious fulness to receive;  
    But pluck our brethren from the snare,  
    Beguil'd like vain, aspiring Eve,  
    Deliverance to the captives send,  
    And let the strong Delusion end.
6. Gently into the valley lead,  
    And give them then themselves to know,  
    Till to themselves intirely dead  
    Their grace they by their *silence show*,  
    Thee only good, and perfect *call*,  
    And sink, and into nothing fall.

---

<sup>71</sup>“Faith in” has “hope of” written in the margin as an alternative.

**XIX.**<sup>72</sup>

**For One in a decline.**

- [1.] Physician, Friend of sinsick man,  
Our weak, declining Brother save,  
Broken by sickness, shook by pain,  
Whose flesh is hastening to the grave,  
His spirit of thy love assure,  
And keep, till Thou compleat the cure.
2. The more his outward man decays,  
His inward by thy love renew,  
And perfected in a short space  
Admit him to the blisful view,  
The grace to saints triumphant given,  
The Sight that makes an heaven of Heaven.

**XX.**<sup>73</sup>

**For the Prime Minister.**

- [1.] O that we could obtain by prayer  
A Man by special grace bestow'd  
Britannia's refuge in despair,  
A Man to seek our nation's good,  
Resolv'd our sinking land<sup>74</sup> to save,  
Or rush into his Country's grave!
2. His talents take into thy hand,  
And bless them for the public weal,

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<sup>72</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 11. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:236–37.

<sup>73</sup>Appears also in MS Intercession, 12. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 361; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:237. The Prime Minister is Lord North, who served from 1770–82.

<sup>74</sup>Ori., “man.”

His spirit bow to thy command,  
His heart with heavenly fervor fill,  
And fix the patriot's noblest aim,  
To act for God in Jesus Name.

3. As One whom heaven delights to bless  
As Daniel prosperous and wise,  
Restorer of true righteousness,  
By him, by Him let Jacob rise,  
Virtue revisit Albion's coast,  
And Piety for ages lost.

**Prayer**  
**for the Revd. Mr. John Fletcher,**  
**June 30, 1776.<sup>75</sup>**

- [1.] Jesus, thy feeble Servant see!  
Sick is the man belov'd by Thee:  
    Thy Name to magnify,  
To spread thy gospel-truths again,  
His precious soul in life detain,  
    Nor suffer him to die.
2. The fervent prayer Thou oft hast heard,  
Thy mighty<sup>76</sup> arm in mercy bared;  
    Thy wonder-working power  
Appear'd in all thy people's sight,  
And stopt the spirit in its flight,  
    Or<sup>77</sup> bad the grave restore.
3. In faith we ask a fresh reprieve;  
Frequent in deaths, he still<sup>78</sup> shall live,  
    If Thou pronounce the word,

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<sup>75</sup>A looseleaf copy (with minor variants, noted here) is present at MARC: DDWes 1/47. Wesley also included a transcript of the hymn (with one variant, noted here) in a letter to John and Mary Fletcher, 21 May 1785. This letter is held at Wesley's Chapel Museum in London. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:412–13.

<sup>76</sup>DDWes 1/47 substitutes "glorious" for "mighty."

<sup>77</sup>Ori., "~~And~~." The transcript in the letter to Mary Fletcher reads "And."

<sup>78</sup>DDWes 1/47 substitutes "yet" for "still."

Shall spend for Thee his strength renew'd,  
Witness of the all-cleansing blood,  
Forerunner of his Lord.

4. The Spirit which rais'd Thee from the dead,  
Be in its quickning virtue shed,  
His mortal flesh to raise,  
To consecrate thy human shrine,  
And fill with energy divine,  
The minister of grace.
5. Body, and soul at once revive,  
The prayer of faith, in which we strive,  
So shall we all proclaim  
According to thy gracious will,  
Omnipotent the sick to heal  
In every age the same.

**Thanksgiving  
for One narrowly escaped Assassination,  
Mr. Thomas Stokes.<sup>79</sup>**

- [1.] Let every tongue my Saviour praise  
    Who for his Servant cares,  
And watches over all my ways,  
    And numbers all my hairs;  
In danger's unsuspected hour  
    Who hides my life above,  
And saves from the destroyer's power  
    The object of his love.
2. Thou only dost the rage restrain  
    Of my infernal foe,  
And arm'd with death, beyond his chain  
    Th' assassin cannot go;  
The fatal weapon cannot speed—  
    A wall of brass withstands,  
And angels hover round my head,  
    And bear me in their hands.
3. A bird escap'd the fowler's snare,  
    A brand out of the fire,  
My kind Deliverer I declare,  
    My Guardian God admire;

---

<sup>79</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:169–70.

A pledge of greater mercies still  
My ransom'd life receive,  
And live to serve thy blessed will,  
And to thy glory live.

4. For this Thou didst my soul allure  
With early tastes of grace,  
In health preserve, in sickness cure,  
And rescue in distress:  
For this Thou hast my manners borne,  
And spar'd from year to year,  
Nor let me quite to sin return,  
Or quite throw off thy fear.
  
5. I now as from the grave restor'd,  
By miracle divine,  
Enter into thy counsel, Lord,  
And answer thy design;  
For heavenly joys at last compel'd  
With earthly things to part,  
Lover of souls, I yield, I yield,  
I give Thee all my heart!

**Thanksgiving after a Fall,  
July 30, 1781.<sup>80</sup>**

- [1.] My spirit magnifies the Lord,  
Who doth salvation send,  
And those that hang upon his word  
In danger's hour defend:  
Distinguish'd by his guardian grace  
We all his goodness prove,  
With songs our kind Preserver praise  
And triumph in his love.
2. While One remov'd by sudden death  
We see before our eyes,  
Jehovah spreads his arms beneath  
And bids the fallen rise:  
We rise unhurt, nor feel the shock,<sup>81</sup>  
Nor suffer from the fall,  
And not one single bone is broke,  
Because He keeps them all.
3. We live, by miracle, we live  
Still greater things to see,  
Reserv'd for good, and kept to give  
Our loving hearts to Thee:  
Saviour, accept our sacrifice,  
Inspire us with thy love,  
And bid our new-born souls arise  
To sing thy praise above.

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<sup>80</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:170–71. There is also a copy in the hand of Sarah Wesley Jr. at Duke University, Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Frank Baker Collection of Wesleyana, Box WF 2. The one variant is noted here.

<sup>81</sup>The Duke copy substitutes “stroke” for “shock.”

**Thanksgiving**  
**for an Escape of being crush'd to death,**  
**Nov. 8, 1782.<sup>82</sup>**

- [1.]       Thee, Father, I praise,  
              Almighty in grace,  
              Thro' Jesus my Lord  
Thy power be acknowledg'd, thy mercy ador'd!  
              In dangers and snares  
              Thou number'st my hairs,  
              Thy wings are outspread  
My soul to defend, and to cover my head.
2.           When destruction was nigh,  
              I was under thine eye,  
              When the ruin came down,  
Unconscious of harm, and unhurt, I went on:  
              Without thy decree  
              No evil could be,  
              And restrain'd by thy will  
Death himself had no power, or commission to kill.
3.           Reserv'd by the love  
              Of my Saviour above  
              Thy servant I am,  
Thy kingdom to spread, and to hallow thy Name:

---

<sup>82</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:420–21.

Thee, in Jesus, to know,  
And publish below  
Thy unspeakable grace,  
Which abolishes death, and redeems our whole race.

4. For this at thy feet  
Expecting I sit,  
Till thy counsel Thou show,  
And discover the work Thou woudst have me to do:  
Whatsoever it be,  
Let me do it to Thee,  
And thy blessing receive,  
And an heir of thy kingdom eternally live.

**Hymn on the Resurrection.**<sup>83</sup>

- [1.] Join all the friends of Jesus,  
The Church of his election,  
Called to confess  
In songs of praise  
The Saviour's resurrection:  
Let every member witness  
With rapturous exclamation,  
He lives indeed,  
Our quickning Head,  
Our Life and our Salvation.

---

<sup>83</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:110–11.

- [2.] For Jesus sake forgiven,  
Partakers of his merit,  
We know our Lord  
To life restor'd  
By his attesting Spirit;  
The virtue of his Rising  
Brought every true believer  
Out of their graves;  
And still he saves,  
And lives in us for ever.
3. Risen with Christ, in newness  
Of life, we stand before him  
And seek in love  
The things above,  
Where all his host adore him:  
Above all height exalted  
The Partner of our nature  
He sits inthron'd,  
By Seraphs own'd  
Our glorified Creator.

**“He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.”**  
—John 14:17.<sup>84</sup>

- [1.]        *With* us, we know He dwells  
              The Spirit of our Lord,  
For still his counsels he reveals,  
              Interpreting his word:  
              To us the promise made  
              We still thro’ Him receive,  
And trust, the Spirit of our Head  
              Shall *in* his members live.
  
2.            His present power controuls  
              The flesh which lusts within,  
Keeps down the rebel in our souls,  
              And holds us back from sin:  
              He visits us unsought,  
              And freely doth inspire  
Our hearts with every serious thought  
              And every good desire.
  
3.            He gives the grace unknown,  
              Helps our infirmity,  
And groans th’ unutterable groan,  
              And pleads th’ effectual plea:

---

<sup>84</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 282–83.

Our God is pleased to hear,  
And streaming from above,  
The Father, Son, and Comforter  
Fills all our hearts with love.

4. Come then, celestial Guest,  
Into thy temple come,  
Take full possession of the breast  
That pants to be thy home:  
Spring up, Thou living Well,  
Thou Lord of life divine,  
And now thy humble mansion seal  
Thro' endless ages thine.

**Sacramental Hymns.**

**I.<sup>1</sup>**

Commemorating the Death,  
We woud thy life receive,  
Breathe on us, Lord, thy Spirit's breath,  
And lo, by faith we live;  
Our twice-dead souls restor'd  
Discern Thee on the tree,  
And I confess my God, my Lord,  
Who loved, and died for me.

**II.<sup>2</sup>**

- [1.] O coud we with the Sign receive  
The spiritual, internal grace,  
Power to repent, and to believe,  
And our dear, dying Lord embrace  
Who bought our pardon with his blood,  
And reconciled a world to God!
2. Present if<sup>3</sup> really Thou art,  
Now, Saviour, now the veil remove,  
And sprinkling with thy blood my heart  
Fill all my sprinkled heart with love  
And conscious of my sins forgiven  
O bid me go in peace to heaven.

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<sup>1</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:185.

<sup>2</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:185.

<sup>3</sup>Ori., "of."

**III.**<sup>4</sup>

- [1.]       Set forth before our eyes,  
            As fasten'd to the tree  
            The Lord of earth and skies,  
            Th' eternal God we see  
God over all in form of man,  
Jehovah for his creatures slain!
2.         Who call thy death to mind,  
            Let us its virtues prove,  
            The Lover of mankind,  
            The Friend of sinners love,  
Whose death is immortality,  
Is glorious life, and Heaven to me.

**IV.**<sup>5</sup>

- [1.]       God of truth, and power, and grace,  
            Drawn by Thee to seek thy face,  
            Lo, I in thy courts appear,  
            Humbly come to meet Thee here;
2.         Trembling at thine altar stand  
            Lift to heaven my heart and hand,  
            Of thy promis'd strength secure,  
            All my sins I now abjure:
3.         All my promises renew,  
            All my wickedness eschew,

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<sup>4</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:186.

<sup>5</sup>Appears also in MS Richmond, 64–65. Published as *Hymn at the Sacrament* (1747).

Chiefly that I called my own,  
Now I hate, renounce, disown.

4. Never more will I commit,  
Follow, or be led by it;  
Only grant the grace I claim,  
Arm my soul with Jesus name.
5. Sure I am Thou able art,  
To confirm my feeble heart;  
Yes, Thou wilt from sin defend,  
Make me faithful to the end.
6. Sure I am, it is thy will  
I should never yield to ill,  
Never lose thy gracious power,  
Never sin, or grieve thee more.
7. What then doth my hopes prevent?  
Lord, Thou stay'st for my consent:  
My consent thro' grace I give,  
Promise in thy fear to live.
8. Kept by all-sufficient grace,  
I will not to sin give place,  
I my bosom-sin abjure:  
Jesus blood shall keep me pure.

9. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Present with thy angel-host,  
While I at thine altar bow,  
Witness to the solemn vow:
10. Now admit my bold appeal,  
Now affix thy Spirit's seal,  
Now the power from high be given,  
Register the Oath in heaven!

V.<sup>6</sup>

- [1.] Come, Jesus, our peace,  
Whose death we record,  
Thy followers bless  
Obeying thy word;  
Thy blood we require,  
To save us from sin,  
From pride and desire  
To make our hearts clean.
2. If with us Thou art,  
Our burthen remove,  
And kindly impart  
The blessing of love  
The<sup>7</sup> fruit of thy passion  
Accomplish'd is this,

---

<sup>6</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:186.

<sup>7</sup>Ori., "Fo."

<sup>8</sup> 'Tis present salvation,  
Tis heavenly bliss.

**VI.**<sup>9</sup>

[1.] This solemn Exhibition  
Of Jesus on the tree  
With tears of true contrition,  
With broken hearts we see,  
We see Him bleed and languish  
Beneath the wrath Divine:  
O God, was ever anguish,  
Was ever love like thine!

[2.]<sup>10</sup> Who woud not be partaker  
Of that most sacred pain,  
And suffer with his Maker  
The griefs which still remain?  
Now on his cross relying  
We feel his sorrows past,  
And bear about his dying  
Till nature breathes her last.

**VII.**<sup>11</sup>

[1.] On Him we have nailed to the tree  
We look, and in bitterness mourn!  
The wounds were inflicted by me  
By me was he mangled and torn;

---

<sup>8</sup>Charles either misnumbered or misbound the sheet containing pages 201–202 in the manuscript. It comes one sheet late in order (i.e., ... 200, 203, 204, 201, 202, 205 ...). The pages are shown here in their proper order.

<sup>9</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:260.

<sup>10</sup>Ori., “3.”

<sup>11</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:260–61.

I platted the thorns on his head,  
I pierced his hands, and his side:  
But the blood an atonement hath made,  
And the Lamb for his murtherers died.

2. To the Father of mercies we show  
The death of his innocent Son,  
And what we exhibit below  
With his prayers He presents at the throne  
The Father our Advocate hears  
The Saviour his virtue exerts,  
Our sorrow the Comforter hears  
With a pardon inscrib'd on our hearts.

**VIII.**<sup>12</sup>

- [1.] Tis finish'd He cries,  
While our Advocate dies!  
Thro' his prayer and his blood  
He hath brought us again to our pacified God:  
Our pardon he seals,  
While his love he reveals,  
And his Spirit imparts,  
And only requires us to give him our hearts.
2. Thro' the power of thy grace  
Thee, Lord, we embrace,

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<sup>12</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:187.

With affectionate zeal  
The constraining effects of thy passion we feel:  
But we never can rest,  
Till perfectly blest,  
We our gratitude prove,  
And ascend on thy cross, to embrace thee above.

**IX.**<sup>13</sup>

**After Sacrament.**

- [1.]       Hosanna to God  
              In his highest abode,  
              Who to carry our cause  
Stoop'd down to our earth, and expir'd on a cross;  
              Whose presence we find,  
              While we call Him to mind,  
              And the benefits prove  
Of his life-giving death, and his ransoming love.
2.           Thro' faith in thy blood  
              Our pardon bestow'd  
              Exulting we feel;  
And the Spirit of love is the Witness and Seal,  
              Is the Earnest, and more,  
              When our Lord we adore,  
              Without shadow, or Sign,  
And eternally feast on the fulness Divine.

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<sup>13</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:187–88.

[blank]

**Written in July 1784  
for a Friend, nearly ruined.**

[I.]<sup>14</sup>

- [1.] It is the Lord, whose sovereign will  
    Appoints our sanctified distress,  
Employs the instruments of ill  
    To circumvent, and spoil, and seize,  
Chaldean, or Sabeian bands,<sup>15</sup>  
They execute Divine commands.
2. Injur'd, bereav'd—what shall we say?  
    He justly doth his own require,  
If what he gave, he takes away  
    By fraud, or violence, or fire;  
Whate'er the means, It is the Lord,  
His will be done, his Name ador'd!
3. Not out of earth the trouble springs,  
    But comes in mercy from above,  
An heavenly messenger, it brings  
    The tokens of a Father's love,  
Who thus his dearest children tries,  
And fits, and takes them to the skies.
4. We know not what estate is best,  
    But his unerring goodness knows:

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<sup>14</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:282–83.

<sup>15</sup>Cf. Job 1:15–17.

We might forget, with riches blest,  
From whom our every blessing flows,  
We might to earthly objects cleave,  
And all our comfort here receive.<sup>†</sup>

5. But God, the jealous God of love,  
Who claims our undivided heart,  
Hath pleas'd our danger to remove,  
And blest with Mary's better part,  
Possessing Him, we still possess  
Our souls in patience, and in peace.
6. Still, gracious Lord, our portion be,  
Be Thou our wealth, we ask no more,  
Happy to know, and worship Thee;  
And when the storms of life are o're,  
To find in our Redeemer's breast  
The haven of eternal rest.

**II.**<sup>16</sup>

- [1.] Searcher of the deceitful heart,  
My heart shall I from Thee disguise,

<sup>†</sup>And while to earthly things we cleave,  
Our consolation *here* receive.<sup>17</sup>

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<sup>16</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:284–86.

<sup>17</sup>These are alternative lines for the last two lines of stanza 4.

Or cloak with false, serpentine art  
What cannot 'scape thy glorious eyes?  
Thine eyes mine inmost substance see,  
Thou knowst, O God, what is in me.

2. Me, Father, to myself make known,  
Reflecting on this evil day,  
That when my follies I bemoan,  
A stragler from the narrow way,  
Thou mayst thy humbled Son restore,  
And never let me wander more.
3. Who *will* be rich, (thy word declares,)  
They sorrow for themselves require,  
They fall into temptations, snares,  
And many an hurtful, vile desire,  
Which sink them in th' abyss profound,  
In bottomless perdition drown'd.
4. But who thy warning voice attend,  
Or dare the gilded bait refuse?  
Did I my danger apprehend  
By gain my deathless soul to lose?  
Losing my soul, what shoud I gain,  
But sad remorse, and endless pain!

5. Yet hasting riches to acquire,  
    I *have* the giddy chase pursued,  
With eagerness of keen desire  
    Join'd the deluded multitude,  
Who headlong to destruction run,  
And die, eternally undone.
6. With sinners I cast in my lot,  
    As in a common Cause combin'd,  
Riches, and precious substance sought,  
    One with the world in heart, and mind,  
Nor ill, nor harm from Thee I fear'd  
Who neither God nor man rever'd.
7. As beasts that on each other prey,  
    By rapine, wiles, and plunder live,  
They dragg'd me down the beaten way,  
    With them my portion to receive,  
The fruits of our united toils,  
To gather, and divide the spoils.
8. Pitch could I touch, and yet be clean,  
    In filth and in infection pure?  
Partaker of their sordid sin,  
    Yet still insensible, secure,

I shut my eyes, nor cared to know  
My heart, and treasure were below.

9. But by a Providential stroke  
The Lord hath slain my comforts here,  
Out of my golden dream awoke,  
And STOPT me in my mad career,  
Blasted my sure, pernicious aim,  
And pluck'd the brand out of the flame.
10. Arrested, seiz'd by mercy's power,  
The prisoner of the Lord I stand:  
He woud not let the gulph devour,  
But saved me with an outstretch'd hand,  
As in affliction's fire refin'd,  
And glad to leave my dross behind.
11. My wealth, my friends, my plans I leave,  
And looking up for daily bread,  
From a kind Father's love receive  
Whate'er his wisdom knows I need,  
Comforts that from his presence flow,  
And peace which earth cannot bestow.

12. O God, who hast my manners borne,  
Nor quite exil'd me from thy face,  
Thy Son made willing to return,  
Thy pardon'd Prodigal embrace,  
Again into thy house receive,  
And let me there for ever live.

**For Miss A. D.,  
Sept. 1784.**

[I.]<sup>18</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, the promise made by Thee  
We plead, and touching this agree  
To ask it for our Friend,  
The help Thou only canst bestow,  
Deliverance from her hellish foe,  
A swift deliverance send.
2. The virtues of thy balmy Name  
To day as yesterday the same,  
In her relief exert,  
The fiend who dares thy temple seize,  
No longer suffer him t' oppress,  
But bid him now depart.
3. Thou canst with equal ease make whole<sup>19</sup>  
The body, and the sinsick soul,  
Physician of mankind;  
Thy patient, Lord, at once restore,  
Fill'd with the Spirit of love, and power,  
And of an healthful mind.

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<sup>18</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 8 (1785): 64.

<sup>19</sup>Ori., "known."

4. Cloath'd with humility and grace,  
Thy ransom'd, happy handmaid place  
    Attentive at thy feet,  
And never may she thence remove,  
Till spotless in thy Sight above  
    She finds her joy compleat.

**II.**<sup>20</sup>

- [1.] Or if, our humble faith to try,  
Thy wisdom lingers to comply  
    With our too bold request,  
Give us with patience to submit,  
And own, expecting at thy feet,  
    Thy time, O God, is best.
2. While mercy wills the kind delay,  
We dare not murmur at thy stay,  
    Or faint, and let thee go,  
But wrestle on in ceaseless prayer,  
Till Thou thy mighty arm make bare,  
    T' avenge her of her foe.
3. Point out the means if means there be  
Requir'd, to second thy decree;  
    But thine it is, to bless:  
The help which upon earth is done,  
Thou dost it, Lord, and Thou alone,  
    And giv'st the whole success.

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<sup>20</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:287–88.

4. Wherefore to Thee alone we look,  
Stir up thy power, the fiend rebuke,  
Vex the tormenting foe,  
Buffet the buffetter, and chase  
Th' accuser foul to his own place,  
Of punishment below.
5. Daughter of Abraham, and Thine,  
The purchase dear of blood Divine  
Command her to be free,  
By Satan's tyranny opprest,  
O speak her suddenly releast  
From her infirmity.
6. Manner and time to Thee we leave,  
Only do Thou her sins forgive,  
Her soul with strength supply,  
Upright to walk in all thy ways,  
And live a Vessel of thy grace,  
And for thy glory die.

**“Love your enemies.”—Mat. 5:44.<sup>21</sup>**

- [1.] Loving my friends, I freely pay  
The debt that nature owes,  
But how shall I thy word obey,  
And love my mortal foes?
2. Hard struggling to comply in vain,  
Throughout my soul I feel  
This to an unregenerate man  
Is quite impossible.
3. Doth Justice then to man injoin  
The thing which cannot be?  
It cannot, but thro' grace divine,  
Thro' Jesus strength in me.
4. If Thou the power of faith impart,  
Lord, I can all things do,  
And love my foes with all my heart,  
When Thou hast made it new.
5. If still my heart be unrenow'd,  
The fault is all my own:  
One drop of thy redeeming blood  
Can melt the hardest stone:
6. The balm for every soul-disease  
Ready Thou art t' apply,

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<sup>21</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:171–72.

And when I call for grace and peace,  
Thou answerest “Here am I!”

7. Come then with all thy wounds confest  
My Saviour from above,  
And pour into my vanquish'd breast  
Thy sweet, forgiving love:
8. Then when I feel thy Spirit mine,  
The mighty change I know,  
And can, like Thee, my life resign,  
To save my deadliest foe.

**“If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things  
which are above.”—Col. 3:1, &c.<sup>22</sup>**

- [1.] Come, let us rise with Christ our Head,  
And seek the things above,  
By the almighty Spirit led  
And fill'd with faith and love:  
Our hearts, detach'd from all below,  
Shoud after Him ascend,  
And only wish the joy to know  
Of our triumphant Friend.
- [2.]<sup>23</sup> Inthron'd at God's right hand He sits  
Maintainer of our Cause,

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<sup>22</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:85–87.

<sup>23</sup>Ori., “3.”

Till every vanquish'd foe submits  
To his victorious cross;  
Worthy to be exalted thus  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
The Lord our King, who reigns for us,  
And shall for ever reign.

3. To Him our willing hearts we give,  
Who gives us power and peace,  
And dead to sin, his members live  
The life of righteousness;  
The hidden life of Christ is ours  
With Christ conceal'd above,  
And tasting the celestial powers  
We banquet on his love.

**“Make your calling and election sure.”**  
—[2 Pet. 1:10].<sup>24</sup>

- [1.] How shall I make my calling sure?  
By penitence, and faith in Thee  
(Whose death my pardon did procure  
And bought eternal life for me).
2. By wrestling on in instant prayer,  
By listning to the gospel-word,

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<sup>24</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:190–91.

Till Thou thy saving Name declare,  
And faith beholds its bleeding Lord.

3. Soon as the blood has touch'd my heart,  
I my effectual calling know,  
From all iniquity depart,  
And in thy shining footsteps go;
4. Walking in Thee, I go in peace,  
Thine acceptable will to prove,  
And follow after holiness,  
True holiness, and perfect love.
5. Daily I now myself deny,  
Daily my welcome cross sustain,  
Till every vile affection die,  
And not one sinful thought remain.
6. When Satan hath in me no part,  
And stamp't with thy good Spirit's seal  
I love Thee, Lord, with all my heart;  
I then my sure election feel;
7. Renew'd I in thy image rise,  
Nor ever grieve thy goodness more,  
But grasp my calling's glorious prize,  
And God in spirit and truth adore.

8. O that the promis'd time were come,  
O that Thou woudst the heavens bow,  
And let a ransom'd worm presume  
To look for thy Appearing now.
9. Now, Saviour, bring the joyful hour,  
(If pardon in thy blood I have)  
With all thy sanctifying power,  
Make speed to help, make haste to save.
10. Tell me, my faith hath<sup>25</sup> made me whole,  
And throughly wash'd in thy own blood  
Save, to the utmost save my soul,  
And plunge me in the depths of God.

**“Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law &c.”—Gal. 3:1[3].<sup>26</sup>**

- [1.] God over all, for ever blest,  
A curse and sin for sinners made,  
By a whole world of guilt opprest,  
Who hast the general ransom paid,  
Redeem'd us from the curse of God,  
And bought the grace with all thy blood;
2. The gift unspeakable procur'd  
For Adam's race, on us bestow,

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<sup>25</sup>Ori., “had.”

<sup>26</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:63–64. Wesley originally showed the scripture verse and reference as follows: “Christ ~~had~~ redeemed us from the curse of the law &c.”—Gal. 3:15.

Who long, by grace divine assur'd,  
Redemption in thy blood to know,  
And taste our purchas'd liberty,  
From curse, and sin for ever free.

3. The promise sure to Abraham made,  
For every ransom'd soul design'd,  
Be it into our souls convey'd,  
The blessing bought for all mankind  
O might we now thro' faith receive,  
And happy in thy Spirit live!
4. The gift, the blessing, and the grace,  
The precious promises in one,  
Jesus, our faithful hearts embrace  
Compriz'd, fulfill'd in Thee alone,  
Fulness of Deity we prove,  
And all the heights and depths of Love.

**“Even to hoar hairs I will bear and I will carry,  
and I will deliver you.”—Isai. 46:4.<sup>27</sup>**

- [1.] Believing, I my seal set to  
That God is merciful, and true,  
Who took out of my mother's womb,  
He leads me softly to the tomb.

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<sup>27</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 4 (1781): 511–12.

2. From infancy to hoary hairs  
He all my griefs and burthens bears,  
Supports me in his arms of love,  
And hides my ransom'd life above.
3. Still, O my gracious God, and just,  
I in thy faithful mercies trust;  
And those that on thy word depend  
Thou wilt deliver to the end;
4. Thou wilt in death my weakness bear,  
And raised out of the sepulchre,  
Carry me up thy face to see,  
And save thro' all eternity.

**“Suffer the little children to come unto Me.”**  
—Mark 10:14.<sup>28</sup>

- [1.] I yield, I joyfully agree  
That children should be brought to Thee  
Myself their infant weakness bear,  
And bring them in the arms of prayer.
2. Hear, Jesus, hear their helpless cry,  
Whom now I place beneath thine eye;  
Into thy kind embraces take,  
And subjects of thy kingdom make.

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<sup>28</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:30–31.

3. Thine hand beneficent extend  
To bless, and shelter, and defend,  
Thy Spirit to my children give,  
And let them to thy glory live.
4. Dear objects of their Shepherd's care  
Thy lambs, and little ones they are,  
Whom Thou dost in thy bosom hide,  
Or by the silent waters guide.
5. Still let them in thy footsteps tread,  
Till by thy loving Spirit led  
They find the final blessing given,  
And triumph with thy fold in heaven.

**“Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?”**  
—**Job [14:4].**<sup>29</sup>

- [1.] Not one of all the sons of men,  
Not one of the angelic train  
The mighty wonder can perform,  
Or purify a sinful worm;  
But whom the God supreme I own,  
Such power belongs to Christ alone.
2. Thou canst a clean and holy thing  
Out of a filthy sinner bring,

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<sup>29</sup>An earlier draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 5. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:250.

Make thro' the virtue of thy Name  
Me the reverse of what I am,  
Created after God anew  
A spotless saint, a Christian true.

3. But betwixt hope and sad despair,  
Till Thou thy secret will declare,  
Till Thou thy hallowing blood apply,  
Self-loathing at thy feet I lie;  
And, if thy tender mercies fail,  
Foul as the fiends, I sink to hell.
4. Uncertain what my end shall be,  
I leave my desperate Cause to Thee,  
For ever banish'd from thy face,  
If justice triumphs over grace,  
If grace prevails, I rise forgiven,  
And pure in heart, return to heaven.

**“He was manifested, to take away our sins.”**  
—1 John 3:5.<sup>30</sup>

- [1.] Eternal Son of God most high,  
Whose glory fills both earth and sky,

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<sup>30</sup>An earlier draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 6. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:472–73.

Return, th' incarnate Deity,  
And manifest thyself to me.

2. Who didst for all mankind atone,  
Still make thy gracious purpose known,  
And answer on this soul of mine  
Thy sin-extirpating design.
3. My Saviour to the utmost here,  
Appear, that sin may disappear:  
It cannot in thy presence stay,  
But flies, and vanishes away.
4. Come, and thy precious Self reveal,  
Satan with all his works t' expel,  
And, more than conquering sin, remove,  
Destroy it by thy perfect love.
5. Explain, great God, the mystery,  
Emptied Thyself to empty me,  
Made flesh, to finish inbred sin,  
And endless righteousness bring in.
6. To crown these infinite desires,  
Infinite good my soul requires,  
Come then, and fill this boundless void,  
Fulness of grace, of love, of God.

**“Take away all iniquity, and give good.”**  
—Hosea 14:2.

[1.]<sup>31</sup>

Take this concupiscence away,  
And while Thou dost the plague remove,  
Saviour, into my heart convey  
The chaste desire, the heavenly love;  
If Thou dost my salvation will,  
If Thou hast bought me with thy blood,  
My heart with pure affection fill,  
And bring me back redeem'd to God.

**["Take away all iniquity, and give good."]**  
—Hosea 14:2.]

2.<sup>32</sup>

- [1.] How long, how often shall I pray  
Take all iniquity away,  
And the good things bestow?  
Evil alas, I still remain,  
Nor can the promis'd grace obtain,  
Or my Redeemer know.
2. Yet will I, urging my request,  
Pray on, pray always and not rest,  
And never cease to cry,  
Till Thou the Spirit of faith impart,  
To sprinkle, and renew my heart,  
And wholly sanctify.

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<sup>31</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:457.

<sup>32</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:457–58.

3. Thy Spirit alone can root out sin,  
Bring the celestial kingdom in,  
My Lord and God reveal,  
(While He is mine, and I am his)  
The earnest of eternal bliss,  
The Witness, and the Seal.
4. Here then a sinner at thy feet,  
Trembling I wait, my doom to meet,  
Thy sovereign will to prove  
Which leaves me in my sins to die,—  
Or bids me live, to glorify  
Whom I entirely love.

**[“Take away all iniquity, and give good.”  
—Hosea 14:2.]**

**3.**<sup>33</sup>

- [1.] As taught by Thee, O God, I pray,  
Take all iniquity away,  
Thou utmost Saviour of mankind,  
Nor leave the least remains behind.
2. The guilt, and power of sin remove,  
The worldly, and the creature-love,  
The easily besetting sin,  
The passion dominant within:

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<sup>33</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:83–84.

3. The lusting flesh, the carnal mind  
To ill continually inclin'd,  
Th' Original depravity,  
Which never can submit to Thee.
4. Thy Spirit's energy exert,  
To circumcise, and cleanse my heart  
From wrath, concupiscence, and pride,  
That Thou mayst in thy house abide.
5. Thy Spirit, Lord, can sin subdue,  
Can utterly extirpate too,  
His more than conquering power employ,  
And root and branch the foe destroy.
6. Then, Jesus, then the good bestow,  
Which none but the receivers know,  
The constant joy, the perfect peace,  
The everlasting righteousness:
7. The patient, meek, and heavenly mind  
The lowly heart, the will resign'd,  
The primitive simplicity,  
The true, eternal Life in Thee.

8. All the good things which now I claim,  
And ask the Father in thy Name,  
The Gifts for men receiv'd above  
O give me more than all in Love.
9. The Gift unspeakable confer,  
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter  
With Thee, and with thy Father one,  
God over all, and Good alone.
10. Thou art THE THING my soul requires,  
To fill my infinite desires,  
Infinite Good, thyself impart,  
With all Thou hast, and all Thou art!

**“We woud see Jesus.”—John 12:21.<sup>34</sup>**

- [1.] Tis all my longing soul's desire  
To see whom earth and heaven admire,  
Whom saints and angels love,  
On Him with eyes of faith to gaze,  
And then behold his blisful face  
With all his host above.
2. Thee, King of kings, I faint to see,  
Array'd with power and majesty,

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<sup>34</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 11:488–89.

The Father's and thy own,  
To see, transported at the Sight,  
And fall, with all the sons of light  
Before thy azure throne.

3. Some token, gracious Lord, impart,  
And now let my believing heart  
The earnest sure receive;  
Myself that I may loath and hate,  
In me the seeing eye create,  
The life eternal give.
4. That plainly in the gospel-glass  
Beholding Thee with open face,  
I in thy light may shine,  
Transform'd into thine image here,  
And then before my God appear  
My God for ever Mine!

**Before reading the Scripture.**<sup>35</sup>

- [1.] Come, divine Interpreter  
    Of thy own most sacred word,  
The deep things of God declare,  
    Testify of Christ the Lord,  
Life, eternal life impart,  
Speak the truth into my heart.
  
2. Christ, The Truth, the Life, the Way  
    Thine alone it is to show:  
Help me for thy help to pray,  
    Teach me God in Christ to know,  
Christ the Lord *my* Lord to prove,  
Mine<sup>36</sup> to call, adore, and love.
  
3. Him the self-existent God,  
    Sole, supreme, in me reveal,  
Witness with Jehovah's blood,  
    Taste of joys unspeakable,  
Seal, and bid my soul arise,  
Give me wings to reach the skies.

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<sup>35</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:177.

<sup>36</sup>Ori., "Him."

**The Prayer  
of an aged Minister, before Preaching.**

[I.]<sup>37</sup>

- [1.] Guardian of my hoary hairs,  
Let me still dispense thy grace,  
(Meanest of thy messengers,  
Ready to conclude my race,  
Still thy promis'd presence prove,  
Still proclaim thy pardning love.
2. Touch my lips with hallowing fire,  
Utterance let thy Spirit give,  
Fill my heart with pure desire  
That a dying world may live,  
Witnesses of sin forgiven,  
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.
3. Open now the gospel-door,  
Now the gospel-truths reveal,  
Cloath thy word with secret power,  
Saving, irresistible,  
Power that life divine imparts,  
Breaks, and heals attentive hearts.
4. Faith which sweetly works by love  
Let it now by hearing come,

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<sup>37</sup>Published posthumously in *Arminian Magazine* 20 (1797), 312; and *Poetical Works*, 8:430–31.

That begotten from above  
Souls may languish after home,  
Spotless in thine image rise,  
Grasp thro' death th' immortal prize.

5. Crown of my rejoicing, Lord,  
Let me there my children meet  
Saved by the ingrafted word,  
Singing round thy glorious seat,  
Children of my faith and prayer  
Let me die to meet them there.
6. Instrument of saving Them  
Jesus, claim me for thine own,  
That I may, in bliss supreme  
Cast my crown before thy throne,  
Face to face my Saviour see,  
Gaze thro' all eternity.

**II.**<sup>38</sup>

- [1.] Lord, if thy Sovereign Majesty  
Doth still vouchsafe to send by me,  
Ev'n me thy meanest Servant own,  
And make thy Son to sinners known.

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<sup>38</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 510–11.

2. Thy presence, and thy help afford  
To ratify the gracious word,  
Th' attesting Spirit's seal set to,  
To prove the joyful tidings true.
3. If Thou the genuine gospel bless,  
They must thy saving power confess,  
Whoe'er in Jesus blood believe,  
And peace and righteousness receive.
4. Come then, in blessings, from above,  
Thy godhead, truth, and mercy prove,  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And write thy name on every heart.

**III.**<sup>39</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, supreme, almighty Lord,  
The kingdom and the praise is thine,  
Thine is the everlasting word;  
Demonstrated by power divine  
Now let it on the hearers be,  
And now extend thy grace to me.
2. Open my mouth, and utterance give,  
Open their hearts, and faith bestow,

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<sup>39</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:179.

And who by faith already live,  
Let them in grace and knowledge grow,  
Bring forth the hundred-fold increase,  
The fruit of ripest holiness.

3. Empty the word cannot return,  
But must thy kind design fulfil,  
While sinners of the Spirit born  
Rejoice to prove thine utmost will,  
Obedient as the host above,  
And perfect in their Father's love.
4. Then, Saviour, then thyself descend,  
And let us meet thee in the air,  
Receive our faith's triumphant End,  
Th' unutterable rapture share,  
Where Seraphs on their faces fall,  
And Thou, O God, art all in all!

**Hymn**  
**for the Fast-day, Wedn., Feb. 10, 1779.**<sup>40</sup>

- [1.] Tremendous God, thy work we see,  
    Thy strange, destructive work below,  
Chastis'd for our iniquity,  
    Compell'd the fatal Cause to know,  
We tremble, as the storm comes down,  
And turns the kingdom upside down.
2. Abroad the Sword our Kin devours,  
    And thousands and ten thousands fall,  
(Their doom alas, involving ours)  
    Yet still for sorer plagues they call,  
And buy the tyrant's heaviest chain  
With wasted realms, and heaps of slain.
3. By famine, pestilence, and sword  
    Thou hast our guilty Brethren tried;  
Yet, O Thou dread, avenging Lord,  
    Thy justice is not satisfied,  
Thine anger is not turn'd away,  
Thine arm is still stretch'd out to slay.
4. Britons at home with Britons fight,  
    And furious Partizans engage

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<sup>40</sup>Published in *Arminian Magazine* 3 (1780): 566–68. This was an official fast day in England, related to the war with the North American colonists.

With cruel hate, and full despite  
Intestin wars they madly wage,  
By discord dire our land o' return,  
And Thee, and thy Vicegerent scorn.

5. Thy speaking Rod they will not hear,  
Thy lifted hand they will not see,  
But cast off all religious fear,  
And only by their Crimes agree  
Their sinful measure to fulfil,  
Their own extreme perdition seal.<sup>41</sup>
  
6. Yet, O thou gracious God and true,  
Our death-devoted nation spare,  
Attentive to the mournful Few  
Who wrestle on in ceaseless prayer,  
Who will not let thy wrath alone,  
But cry for mercy—in thy Son!
  
7. Thy people faithful in the fire  
Regard, and timely rescue send:  
Mercy our hearts, with theirs, desire,  
Mercy our miseries to end:  
For Jesus sake our<sup>42</sup> sins remove  
And save us thro' thy pardning love.

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<sup>41</sup>Ori., "heat."

<sup>42</sup>Ori., "ours."

- [8.] All things are possible to God,  
    To those that in thy Son believe:  
In answer to the sprinkled blood,  
    Father, the murtherers forgive,  
And pristine piety restore,  
And peace, till time shall be no more.

**For the Fast Day, July 30, 1779.**<sup>43</sup>

- [1.] God of all grace and patience, hear  
The Few, who still thy Rod revere,  
    And stoop beneath thy hand;  
Hear, and revoke the dreadful word,  
Nor let the desolating sword  
    Go thro' our guilty land.
2. In haste their measure to fulfil,  
The multitude mature in ill  
    Mock at destruction nigh,  
Thy lingring plagues and judgments dare,  
The waste and grievousness of war,  
    And all thy threats defy.
3. But chiefly *we* the Scourge require,  
And raise thine indignation higher,

---

<sup>43</sup>Two earlier drafts appear in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 7–12. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:306–8.

Than all th' ungodly croud,  
We, who have truly call'd Thee Lord,  
And heard the reconciling word,  
And felt the sprinkled blood.

4. What are their sins compar'd to ours,  
Who tasted once the heavenly powers,  
Begotten from above,  
But did not in thy grace remain?  
Thy grace we have receiv'd in vain,  
And spurn'd thy richest love.
5. Our Guides have left the narrow way,  
Regardless of their faith's decay,  
Willing the cross to shun:  
Our Guides have lost their single eye,  
And sought themselves to magnify,  
And not their Lord alone.
6. Rais'd from the people's lowest lees,  
They blush their Master to confess  
By patient poverty;  
No longer small in their own eyes,  
But each above the rest woud rise,  
But each woud greatest be.

7. Our wine with water mixt, our gold  
Is dim, our charity grown cold:  
    The world that loves its own  
No more as hereticks reject,  
Or brand us as an odious Sect;  
    The world and we are One.
8. How can we 'scape the curse extreme,  
Unless we all ourselves condemn,  
    And to our Smiter turn?  
Judgment must at thy house begin,  
Unless our aggravated sin  
    With contrite hearts we mourn.
9. Saviour, and Prince inthron'd on high,  
To Thee, our last resource, we fly,  
    And sue to be forgiven:  
We join our weak desires to Theirs,  
Whose prevalent effectual prayers  
    Can shut, and open heaven.
10. Since Thou hast left thyself a Seed  
Who ceaseless for our Sodom plead  
    With Abraham's faith indued,

Answer thy Spirit's prayer in Them,  
And from a double death redeem  
The<sup>44</sup> guilty multitude.

11. Our prayers presenting with thine own,  
Our Advocate before the throne  
Obtain for us the grace,  
Bid a rebellious nation live,  
And to the righteous remnant give  
Our whole, devoted race.
12. So will we praise and magnify  
The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high,  
Our Saviour-Prince above,  
Supreme in power and majesty,  
And give our hearts intire to Thee  
Th' almighty God of love.

---

<sup>44</sup>Ori., "A."

**Written Sept. 9, 1779**  
**When the Combined Fleets of France**  
**and Spain were in the Channel.<sup>45</sup>**

- [1.]       Supreme, Almighty Lord,  
            To whom in Christ we pray,  
            Tempests and storms fulfil thy word,  
            And winds and seas obey;  
            Thee King of kings we own,  
            Thee Lord of hosts confess,  
            And from thine outstretch'd arm alone  
            Expect our whole success.
2.         To save the faithful race  
            From Rome and Satan near,  
            Appear as in the ancient days,  
            On Britain's side appear;  
            Thy wondrous works renew'd  
            Let us exult to see,  
            And Fleets INVINCIBLE subdued  
            By one great word from Thee.
3.         Thou knowst the hellish aim  
            Of our inveterate Foe,  
            Who Britain's rebel sons inflame  
            Their country to o'rethrow:

---

<sup>45</sup>Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 334–35; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:217–19. Baker provides more background on the occasion.

Defend the righteous cause,  
Thy needful help afford,  
While urg'd, our injur'd Nation draws  
The slow, defensive sword.

4. Dissolve their compact<sup>46</sup> dire,  
Nor let their Counsel stand  
Who vow to waste with sword and fire  
Our whole, devoted land:  
To lay their malice low,  
To end their furious boast,  
Blow with thy wind tempestuous, blow  
And scatter all their host.
5. By many, or by few  
Thou art not bound to save,  
Whose arm th' Egyptian host o'rethrew,  
By the o'rewhelming wave:  
Extend that arm once more,  
And by a whirlwind driven  
Compel our vanquish'd foes t' adore  
The Lord of earth and heaven.
6. So shall our lives declare  
The Power who safely brings,  
[The]<sup>47</sup>

---

<sup>46</sup>Ori., "counsel."

<sup>47</sup>The poem is incomplete. "The" is indicated at the bottom of the page as the first word of verse on the next page. But Wesley began the next page numbered 241 with a new pen and a new poem. He apparently forgot to transcribe the conclusion of the current poem.

**In Uncertainty  
at setting out for Bristol, Nov. 20, 1779.<sup>48</sup>**

- [1.]        I know not what to do,  
              But till thy hand I see,  
And gain the Providential clue,  
              Mine eyes are unto Thee:  
              What is my Father's choice?  
              Explain thy own design,  
And lo, I come, make haste, rejoice  
              To do the will divine.
2.            Ah, send me not up hence,  
              Unless thy truth and grace,  
Thy wisdom, and omnipotence  
              Attend on all my ways;  
              Unless thy Spirit lead  
              By pure, unerring light,  
And shine on every destin'd deed,  
              And order all things right.
3.            This token, Lord, for good  
              Be on thy servant shown,  
Appear my tutelary cloud,  
              And lead me safely on:

---

<sup>48</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:138–39. This and the following three poems concern Charles's confrontation with Alexander McNab in Bristol; cf. *Hymn for John Wesley* (1779).

My soul on Thee reclin'd  
Patient may I possess,  
Blest with a meek and lowly mind,  
And kept in perfect peace.

4. I in thy strength proceed,  
If Thou art with me still,  
And closely in his footsteps tread  
Who did thy utmost will;  
With glorious liberty  
Thy utmost will I prove,  
When all my works are wrought in Thee,  
When all are wrought in Love.

**Written at Bristol, Nov. 28, 1779.<sup>49</sup>**

- [1.] Hasty in spirit I,  
Hasty in word and deed,  
To Thee, mine only refuge, fly,  
My help in time of need;  
Jesus, thy servant guard,  
While after Thee I go  
To walk in all the works prepar'd,  
To serve thy Church below.
2. What woudst Thou have me do?  
When certain of thy mind,

---

<sup>49</sup>A looseleaf copy of this hymn (with a single variant, noted below) is present at MARC: MA 1977/583/31, side 2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:141.

My way I chearfully pursue,  
And do the thing design'd:  
What woudst Thou have me say?  
Instruct me in that hour,  
And all my words shall then display  
Thy wisdom, and thy power.

3. All-wise, almighty Lord,  
My lips in silence seal,  
That no one rash<sup>50</sup> unguarded word  
May contradict thy will,  
That with a single eye  
I at thy praise may aim,  
And think, and speak, and live, and die  
A follower of the Lamb.

**Written at Bristol, Dec. 7, 1779.**<sup>51</sup>

- [1.] My God, be Thou my Guide,  
My strength and wisdom be,  
And far from danger,<sup>52</sup> and from pride  
Shut up my soul in Thee:  
Not in myself, Thou know'st,  
But in thy guardian power,  
Thy truth, and grace I put my trust,  
Till all the storm is o're.

---

<sup>50</sup>MA 1977/583/31 substitutes "unkind" for "one rash."

<sup>51</sup>A looseleaf version of this hymn in Wesley's hand is present at Harvard University, Houghton Library, Autograph file, W., titled "Written Dec. 7, 1779." The two significant variants will be noted below. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:141–42.

<sup>52</sup>MS at Harvard substitutes "anger" for "danger."

2.           Constrain'd with men to deal  
              Of deep, serpentine guile,  
Who mischief in their hearts conceal  
              By words as smooth as oil;  
              For succour I look up,  
              For meekness from above,  
For stedfast faith, and patient hope,  
              And all-victorious love.
  
3.           My nature's haste restrain  
              By thy o'reruling hand,  
While strenuous I thy cause maintain,  
              And by thy people stand;  
              Rais'd up for England's fold,  
              I stand in her defence  
Against the wolves divinely bold,  
              And sworn<sup>53</sup> to drive them hence.
  
4.           To a good warfare, Lord,  
              I at thy charges go,  
The shield of faith, and Spirit's sword  
              Shall conquer every foe:  
              But arm me with thy mind,  
              And lo, my work I see,  
And life, and all things cast behind,  
              To serve thy Church, and Thee.

---

<sup>53</sup>MS at Harvard substitutes "Resolv'd" for "And sworn."

**Another**  
**[Written at Bristol, Dec. 7, 1779].<sup>54</sup>**

- [1.] Thee, Lord, my prostrate soul adores,  
And humbled in the dust implores  
    Thy help in time of need:  
I cannot in this trial stand,  
Unless Thou hold me by thy hand,  
    And by thy wisdom lead.
  
2. Thy hand upon thy Servant lay,  
The whirlwind of my will to stay,  
    Superior power exert,  
So shall my meeken'd spirit own  
That Thou art God supreme, alone,  
    And greater than my heart.
  
3. Longsuffering, pitiful, and kind,  
Endued with thy all-patient mind,  
    Thy meek humility,  
O might I thro' thy wondrous name  
Appear a follower of the Lamb,  
    A Copy, Lord, of Thee!
  
4. Give me thy only will to seek,  
Thy words, and not my own, to speak,  
    Thy tempers to express,

---

<sup>54</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:143–44.

That all to Thee may glory give,  
And for thy only sake receive  
The messenger of peace.

5. If anger once begin to rise,  
Behold me with thy watchful eyes,  
Thine eyes of darted flame,  
And check'd by thy controuling frown  
Command the leopard to lie down,  
And sink into a lamb.
6. Happy, for ever happy I  
Indulg'd at thy dear feet to lie,  
A penitent forgiven,  
Less than the least myself t' abase,  
Till Thou the chief of sinners raise  
To find my place in heaven.

**For two friends.**<sup>55</sup>

- [1.] Agreed, and meeting in thy Name,  
Confiding in thy word,  
We Two thy promis'd Presence claim;  
Jesus, be Thou the Third!
2. Appear, the true eternal Light,  
The wisdom from above,  
And each to each our hearts unite,  
And mould us into love.

---

<sup>55</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:288. A copy of this hymn, without variants but arranged in two eight-lined verses, is present in MARC: MA 1977/594/4.

3. To ask the grace we humbly join  
Which Thou art bound to give,  
Let both receive the love divine,  
Let both Thyself receive.
4. If now thy time be fully come,  
The Spirit now impart,  
And give us in our heavenly home  
To see thee as Thou art.

**Birth-day Hymn, Dec. 11, 1778.<sup>56</sup>**

- [1.] God, in whom I move, and live,  
God who givst me still to be,  
Thankful I thy gifts receive,  
In the streams the Fountain see,  
See my natal day return,  
Bless Thee, that I e'er was born.
2. In the slippery paths of youth  
Led by all-preventing grace,  
Govern'd by the word of truth,  
Jesus, I thy hand confess,  
Wonderful in guardian power,  
Thee with all my soul adore.

---

<sup>56</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:195–96. Charles Wesley's birthday was actually on December 18. He consistently remembers the date incorrectly.

3. O beget my soul again,  
    God of reconciling love,  
That in a sublimer strain,  
    Rival of the quires above  
I my Father may proclaim,  
Shout my present Saviour's Name.
  
4. *With* me let thy Spirit dwell,  
    Let him *in* my heart reside,  
Teach, and sanctify, and seal,  
    To that heavenly country guide,  
Then I shall behold thy face,  
Then I shall for ever praise.

<sup>57</sup> **A Father's prayer for his Son.**

[I.]<sup>58</sup>

- [1.] God of all-sufficient grace,  
Hear an anxious Parent's cry,  
While my Intercessor prays,  
While I on his prayer rely,<sup>59</sup>  
Deeply in his Spirit groan,  
Hear, and save my Son, my Son!
2. Whom incarnate fiends intice,  
Whom ten thousand baits allure,  
Save him from the snares of vice,  
From the world's pollution pure,  
Pure from every great offence  
Keep his thoughtless innocence.
3. From, or *in* the evils here,  
Father, Thou canst save thine own,  
Hold him back by legal fear,  
Till Thou make thy goodness known,  
All his unbelief remove,  
Manifest thy pardning love.
4. Then redeem'd from all below,  
Conqueror of the world and sin,

---

<sup>57</sup>Pages 249–252 were originally numbered 251, 252, 249, 250. In each case the number is struckout and replaced with the number shown here.

<sup>58</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:293.

<sup>59</sup>Ori., “~~in his Spirit cry~~” changed to “on his prayer rely.”

Let him after Jesus go,  
Wise immortal souls to win,  
Gain his calling's heavenly prize,  
Find his Saviour in the skies.

**II.**<sup>60</sup>

- [1.] Lord, on Thee I cast my care,  
My request to Thee make known,  
Graciously accept the prayer  
Now presented thro' thy Son,  
Kindly answer it on mine,  
Blessing him with love divine.
2. Dead he now in pleasure lives,  
Pleasure more than God he loves,  
Fondly to the creature cleaves,  
Thro' the paths of nature roves,  
Hanging o're the gulph of vice,  
Sleeping on a precipice.
3. Stranger to himself and Thee,  
Keep his weak, unguarded heart,  
Till the One concern he see,  
Wisely chuse the better part,  
Feel applied th' atoning blood,  
Own his Father and his God.

---

<sup>60</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:294.

4. Till Thou dost his soul awake,  
From a world of idols hide,  
Into thy protection take,  
Till he sees his secret Guide,  
Blessing thy unconscious Son  
Bring the blind by paths unknown.

III.<sup>61</sup>

- [1.] Giver of nature's every gift,  
To Thee a grateful heart I lift,  
Thy benefits confess,  
For *children rising to my mind*,  
My God originally kind,  
My Father's God I bless.
2. Conceive'd, and wholly born in sin,  
The evil principle within  
Thy stronger fear restrains:  
Ev'n from their birth the Woman's Seed  
Began to bruise the Serpent's head,  
And holds him still in chains.
3. Thy power the sinful bent controuls,  
Thy mercy keeps their tender souls  
From every great offence;

---

<sup>61</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:287–88.

And whom thy mercy's arms receive  
They still miraculously live  
The life of innocence.

4. Closer, and closer yet embrace,  
Inspire them with the life of grace,  
And give them, Lord, to prove  
The joy unknown, the mystic peace,  
The reigning power of godliness,  
The knowledge of thy love.
5. Before they taste the mortal tree,  
Or lose their sweet simplicity,  
Jesus, thy purchase claim,  
Strangers to vice and Satan's arts  
Seize their young, uncorrupted hearts  
And mark them with thy name.
6. So shall they in thy presence live,  
To Thee the<sup>62</sup> souls and bodies give,  
Thou didst so dearly buy,  
Vessels and instruments of grace  
Serve their Redeemer all their days,  
And in thy service die.

---

<sup>62</sup>Ori., "their."

IV.<sup>63</sup>

- [1.] Father, in Jesus powerful name  
Thy energy divine  
Thy grace we for our children claim  
Adopt, and keep them thine.
2. Thou only canst great wonders do;  
Begotten from above  
Transform them into creatures new  
By giving them thy love.
3. The work miraculous begin  
By opening now their eyes,  
Alarm them, while they sleep in sin,  
And bid the dead arise.
4. “Let there be light” if Thou command,  
Light in their hearts shall be,  
And They thy will shall understand,  
And They thy face shall see.
5. Thy will is freely to forgive,  
That after Thee renew’d  
They may to thy great glory live  
In thy similitude.
6. Now then the Spirit of holiness  
Into their souls inspire,  
And add them to the Chosen race  
And to the heavenly quire.

---

<sup>63</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:288–89.

V.<sup>64</sup>

- [1.] Father of all, the prayer attend  
Thro' my Advocate and Friend  
Presented at thy throne,  
The children Thou to me hast given  
Adopt, and claim as heirs of heaven,  
As members of thy Son.
2. In answer to my labouring heart,  
Now, ev'n now to each impart  
The seed of life within,  
The grace which sure salvation brings  
And hide them underneath thy wings  
From hell, the world, and sin.
3. Before the inbred poison spread,  
Bruise in them the serpent's head,  
Thou Son of man and God,  
Preserve in childlike innocence,  
And keep from every great offence  
By sprinkling them with blood.
4. Inspir'd with penitential fear  
Let them shrink from evil near  
Nor from thy sight remove,  
But worshipping a God unknown,  
Sincerely seek, and follow on  
To apprehend thy love.

---

<sup>64</sup>A earlier draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 13–14. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:188–89.

5. Spirit of faith, to things divine  
Still their tender hearts incline,  
And stir them up to pray,  
After an hidden God to feel,  
Till Thou th' incarnate Word reveal  
The truth, the life, the way.
6. Shew them his blood and righteousness,  
Blood that bought the sinner's peace,  
Attests their sins forgiven  
For mercy, and salvation cries,  
Soul, body, spirit sanctifies  
And speaks them up to heaven.
7. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who thyself on man bestow'st,  
To these thine image give,  
And take the vessels of thy grace,  
In glory bursting from thy face  
Eternally to live.

**VI.**<sup>65</sup>

- [1.] Father, who dost in secret see,  
Or' overwhelm'd with anxious care  
I cast my anxious care on Thee  
In humble, pensive prayer:

---

<sup>65</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:289–90.

The children by thy grace bestow'd  
I unto Thee resign;  
O may they fear, and serve their God,  
And live for ever thine!

2. Thy servants in their youthful days,  
*Thy fear they surely show,*  
But still they do not taste thy grace  
Or their Redeemer know;  
The Man who suffer'd for their sake  
Their sufferings to remove,  
They never long'd to pay him back  
His dear, redeeming<sup>66</sup> love.
3. Surrounded with a world of ill  
No ill alas, they fear,  
No dread, or apprehension feel  
Of vice, or error near:  
By Satan, and his host beset  
Expos'd on every side,  
How can they 'scape the fowler's net  
Or in thy fear abide?
4. Almighty God, be Thou their Shield,  
Increase their sacred awe,  
And shut them up from sin conceal'd  
The prisoners of the law:

---

<sup>66</sup>“Redeeming” has “expiring” written in the margin as an alternative.

Keep, till Thou manifest the grace  
Which sure salvation brings,  
And hide them from all evil ways  
Beneath thy mercy's wings.

5. Victorious o're the world and hell  
The faith divine impart,  
Which doth thy dying Son reveal,  
And purifies the heart;  
Thy Son set forth as crucified —  
And then The grace they prove,  
And then they feel the blood applied  
Which turns their fear to love.

**VII.**<sup>67</sup>

**For a Child in the small-pox.**

- [1.] Jesus, with human eyes  
Regard my misery;  
My Isaac on the altar lies,  
And gasps for life to Thee!  
Who didst our nature share,  
And put our frailties on,  
For pity sake the victim spare,  
And give me back my Son.
2. By faith I know Thee near  
As when in flesh array'd,

---

<sup>67</sup> Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:290–91. At the end of this poem, on the bottom of page 258, a note has been added in an unknown hand: “Alas! This prayer was raised for his son Samuel—how little do parents know what evils are prevented by early death!” This is in reference to Samuel’s profligate life.

Thou didst the Man of grief appear,  
And offer All thine aid:  
Where'er distress *is* found,  
A present help Thou art,  
And still thy yearning bowels sound  
And bleeds thy loving heart.

3. Now then, if now I pray  
According to thy will,  
Thy power medicinal display,  
Thy balmy name reveal,  
The dire disease rebuke,  
Conclude the painful strife,  
And by one sovereign word, or look  
Restore my child<sup>68</sup> to life.

4. So shall I sing thy praise,  
So shall my Isaac sing  
The God of Abraham's faithful race  
Our Father and our King:  
So shall his harp resound  
His dear Redeemer's fame,<sup>69</sup>  
And spread to earth's remotest bound  
The Music of thy Name!<sup>70</sup>

---

<sup>68</sup>Ori., "Son."

<sup>69</sup>Ori., "pr," which is likely the beginning of "praise."

<sup>70</sup>Ori., "~~powers of Jesus Name~~" changed to "Music of thy Name!"

VIII.<sup>71</sup>

**At sending a Son to school.**

- [1.] Jesus, to Thee my child I bring  
His guardian, counsellor, and guide,  
Under the shadow of thy wing  
His heedless innocency hide:  
Hope in thy only help I have,  
Thou wilt thy favour'd charge defend,  
His soul from young Corrupters save,  
And keep him spotless to the end.
2. While pleasure's fairest baits allure,  
With-hold his simpleness from sin,  
From youthful lusts preserve him pure,  
Pure in a cage of birds unclean;  
In learned nurseries of vice,  
When pride, and dire ambition reign,  
And knowing at too dear a price,  
They forfeit heaven, a Name to gain.
3. Hedge up his way with legal thorns,  
With previous grace, and pious fear;  
When to the right, or left he turns,  
Let him thy warning Spirit hear,  
Restrain'd from every outward ill,  
From all iniquity depart,  
Till Thou thy dying love reveal,  
And stamp thy Name upon his heart.

---

<sup>71</sup>A looseleaf copy of this hymn (with no variants) is also present in MARC: MA 1977/583/29. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:291–92.

**IX.**<sup>72</sup>

- [1.] Saviour, who omnipresent art,  
    And dost thro' all things see,  
Thou readst the thoughts of every heart  
    Thou readst 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 beaten 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.

---

<sup>72</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:295.

**X.**<sup>73</sup>

**For the same, in great danger.**<sup>74</sup>

- [1.] For the Object of my care  
    If I in thy Spirit pray,  
As a bird out of the snare,  
    Let his soul escape away;  
God almighty to redeem,  
Break the snare, and rescue Him.
2. Him by wicked arts beguil'd  
    Hide beneath thy mercy's wings,  
Keep my inexperience'd child,  
    Till thy grace salvation brings,  
Manifests thy whole design,  
Claims his ransom'd heart for thine.
3. Tho' he seems as left by Thee,  
    Left *to follow his own will*,  
Still Thou dost the wanderer see,  
    Still pursue, and love him still,  
Dost from passion's rage restrain,  
Till his reason wakes again.
4. Why didst Thou at all depart?  
    Kindly to convince, and bless,  
Show him what is in his heart,  
    All the pride and fond excess,  
Then the evil to exclude,  
Then to do him endless good.

---

<sup>73</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:295–96.

<sup>74</sup>To the right of the title in the margin, CW has written “O[ct.]. 83”.

5. Wake him now out of his dream,  
    (Dream of paradise below)  
Sinking in his own esteem  
    Give him now himself to know,  
Humbled at thy feet t' adore,  
Trust his own weak heart no more.
6. Might I live to see him freed,  
    Nothing more woud I desire,  
Glad to bow my hoary head,  
    Happy on thy cross t' expire,  
Life and all my friends resign,  
Leave them in the hands Divine.

**XI.**<sup>75</sup>

- [1.] God, who only canst abase,  
    Those that walk in stubborn pride,  
Slight the proffers of thy grace,  
    Fondly in themselves confide,  
Whom on my sad heart I bear  
Give him to my faithful prayer.
2. *Wilful, ignorant, and blind,*  
    *Prone to take the tempter's part,*  
*Tost about by every wind,*  
    *Every smooth Seducer's art,*  
*Compast with the toils of hell*  
Sill he sleeps insensible.

---

<sup>75</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:296–98.

3. *Jealous, close, reserv'd, afraid*  
    *Of his best, his real friends,*  
Who shall minister their aid,  
    Save him from inticing fiends,  
From the snares of pleasing vice,  
From the latent precipice?
4. Whom his own *vain thoughts* expose  
    Rash in error's maze to stray,  
Listning to Religion's foes,  
    Left to infidels a prey,  
Led by passion, and by pride,  
Safe, he seeks no other Guide.<sup>76</sup>
5. Giver of the humbling grace,  
    Opener of the eyes and heart,  
Near in this most desperate case  
    With thy needful aid Thou art,  
Friend of human misery,  
O command the blind to see.

---

<sup>76</sup>Wesley originally ended this hymn (XI.) with stanza 4 and followed it with the start of stanza 1 of the next hymn (XII.). Then Wesley changed his mind by drawing vertical lines through the start of the new hymn (XII.) and proceeding with stanza 5 of the present hymn (XI.).

6. Bid him now himself mistrust,  
Now begin himself to feel,  
Conscious that he is but dust,  
Wretched, frail, and fallible,  
Passion's slave, by pride subdued,  
Full of sin, and void of God.
7. While Thou dost the veil remove,  
Give the precious faith divine,  
Touch his heart with heavenly love,  
That he may his will resign,  
All his bliss from Thee receive,  
Only for thy glory live.
8. Witness of thy saving power,  
Let him serve thy blessed will,  
Till at death's triumphant hour  
Call'd to the celestial hill,  
Wing'd he takes his towering flight,  
Mingles with the saints in light.

**XII.**<sup>77</sup>

- [1.] Instant in prayer, I cannot rest,  
But still my vehement request  
Renew in Jesus Name:  
Pity my child, his sins remove,  
And pluck by thine almighty love  
The brand out of the flame.

---

<sup>77</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:298–99.

2. Father of kind compassions Thou,  
The grace which brings deliverance, now,  
    Now to his soul impart;  
The iron sinew in his neck  
Thou, only Thou canst bend, and break  
    His *adamantine* heart.
3. Now, or whene'er it is thy will,  
Its gracious purpose to fulfil,  
    And make thy mercy known,  
From depths of misery extreme  
From stubborn guilt my Son redeem,  
    In honor of thy own.
4. Yet not for my relief, or ease  
I ask thy goodness to release  
    And snatch him from his doom:  
No: *let him pay a father's cares*  
*By bringing down my hoary hairs*  
    *With sorrow to the tomb.*
5. But let my prayers at last take place,  
And in thy mercy's arms embrace  
    The prodigal restor'd,  
Saved from himself, the world, and hell  
Thro' One who loved his soul so well,  
    His dear, expiring Lord.<sup>78</sup>

---

<sup>78</sup>“Amen!” is added in another hand at the bottom of this page.

6.     Converting into flesh the stone,  
       Revealing in his heart thy Son,  
          Pronounce his sins forgiven,  
       And bid th' angelic harpers sound  
       "The dead's alive, the lost is found,<sup>[79]</sup>  
          T' increase the joys of heaven.

**XIII.**<sup>79</sup>

- [1.]    Father, thy awful righteousness  
       With meek submission I confess,  
          And bow my guilty head,  
       Conscious of what thy judgments mean,  
       My own ingratitude and sin  
          I in my sufferings read.
2.     Whom in thy arms Thou long didst bear,  
       And cherish with paternal care,  
          And tenderly reprove,  
       Have I not spurn'd thy patient grace,  
       And torn myself from thy embrace,  
          And trampled on thy love?
3.     And shall I now of wrong complain?  
       Or chasten'd with judicial pain  
          Suppress the murmuring groan?  
       Righteous, O God, I own Thou art,  
       If punish'd less than my desert  
          *By a rebellious Son.*

---

<sup>79</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:299–300.

4. In him, as in a faithful glass,  
Reflecting what so long I was  
    My wretched self I see,  
My own propensity to ill,  
My stubborn pride, my stiffneck'd will,  
    My deep revolt from Thee.
5. But if Thou didst on me bestow  
The grace thro' which myself I know,  
    And find my cure begun,  
Thou canst to Him reveal his fall,  
And out of nature's darkness call,  
    And claim him for thine own.
6. The gracious power that conquer'd mine,  
Can his rebellious will incline,  
    And force him to submit;  
His spirit, which disdains to yield,  
By love omnipotent compel'd,  
    Shall tremble at thy feet.
7. O that he *now* might tremble there!  
No: I revoke th' impatient prayer  
    Of hasty unbelief;  
A time to Thee I will not set,  
But bear thine indignation's weight,  
    And suffer all my grief.

8. To suffer all thy will I come,  
Till, *sinking in the silent tomb,*  
    *I find my sorrows past,*  
My Son to his Redeemer leave,  
And rest assur'd, Thou wilt forgive,  
    And save his soul at last.

**XIV.**<sup>80</sup>

- [1.] I know not what to do,  
    But lift mine eyes to Thee,  
Who only canst conduct me thro'  
    This maze of misery,  
    This dark, uncertain state  
    Of sad, tormenting fears,  
In which for life or death I wait  
    Till thy decree appears.
2. Low at thy mercy-seat  
    Let me acceptance find,  
If thy decree, unfixt as yet,  
    May be by prayer inclin'd:  
    I know not how to pray,  
    But Thou omniscient art,  
And mercy sees what I *would* say,  
    And reads my burthen'd heart.

---

<sup>80</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:301–2.

3. Thy heart the deep distress  
Of every mourner feels,  
More than paternal tenderness  
Within thy bosom dwells:  
Thou heardst a father groan  
In plaintive agony  
“O Absalom, my Son, my Son,  
[<sup>c</sup>]Woud I had died for Thee!<sup>[1]81</sup>”
4. His death coud not revoke  
Th’ abandon’d rebel’s fate;  
But mine is not of Thee forsook,<sup>82</sup>  
Nor do I cry too late:  
Thou dost controul his will,  
(So contrary to thine)  
With-hold him from the fatal ill,  
And cross his mad design.
5. Thou dost hedge up his way,  
While far from Thee he roves,  
Nor suffer thy bewilder’d stray  
T’ or’etake the curse he loves;  
The slave of fond desire  
No swinish husks receives,  
But unconsum’d amidst the fire  
Miraculously lives.

---

<sup>81</sup>Cf. 2 Samuel 18:33. The correct spelling is “Absalom.”

<sup>82</sup>In the margin after “forsook,” there is a “Q,” followed by the numbers 1311. The meaning is unclear.

6. Still let thy secret power  
His tempted soul defend,  
Till Thou in the appointed hour  
The full deliverance send;  
So shall we gladly own,  
Omnipotent in grace  
Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,  
And thine be all the praise.

**XV.**<sup>83</sup>

- [1.] O God of my forefathers, hear  
The humble prayer of faith sincere;  
If me Thou dost in Christ receive,  
Thy blessing to my offspring give,  
The heavenly principle impart,  
And plant thy fear in every heart.
2. Preserve them from th' infectious race,  
Who covet wealth, and power, and praise,  
From pleasure's baits, and passion's toils,  
From Satan's unsuspected wiles,  
From their worst enemy within,  
The darling lust, the bosom sin.
3. Vouchsafe (to bring them safely thro'  
The maze of life) a sacred clue,

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<sup>83</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:292.

That ruled according to thy word,  
Obedient followers of their Lord,  
Thy Spirit may all their steps attend,  
And crown them with a glorious end.

4. Conquerors of sin, the world, and hell,  
Fit with the saints in light to dwell,  
Matur'd in grace, renew'd in love,  
Translate them to the realms above,  
And call ev'n me their joys to share,  
And meet my happier children there.

[blank]

**Hymns  
for Some called to earn their bread.**

[I.]<sup>1</sup>

- [1.] Father, and Friend of all mankind,  
Who hast to every soul assign'd  
    His destin'd work below,  
On us, who serve thy blessed will,  
While we our daily task fulfil,  
    Thy promis'd grace bestow.
2. We hear thy Providential call,  
Things honest in the sight of all  
    Industrious to provide,<sup>2</sup>  
Go forth with the ascending ray  
Our travel<sup>3</sup> for our bread to pay,  
    And still in Thee confide.
3. Thy blessing makes the work succeed,  
Thy bounty gives the daily bread,  
    And nourish'd from above  
We here our proper place maintain,  
And pay our *only* debt to man  
    In pure, fraternal love.

---

<sup>1</sup>An earlier draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 15. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:70.

<sup>2</sup>Ori., "procure."

<sup>3</sup>I.e., "travail."

4. Assur'd Thou wilt direct our ways  
Who Thee in all events confess,  
    And in thy goodness trust,  
With chearful hearts we labour on,  
Till nature lays her burthen down,  
    And dust returns to dust.

**II.**<sup>4</sup>

- [1.] Come, let us away,  
    And his summons obey,  
    Who justly demands  
The sweat of our brows, and the work of our hands;  
    His acceptable will  
    Let us gladly fulfil,  
    And rejoice in the Lord  
Whose service on earth is our present reward.
2. None on earth can conceive  
    How happy we live  
    Who our labour pursue,  
And do unto the Lord whatsoever we do:  
    Whene'er with a smile  
    He repays<sup>5</sup> all our toil,  
    Of his favor possest  
We an earnest obtain of our heavenly rest.

---

<sup>4</sup>A loose-leaf manuscript copy of this hymn (with minor variants, noted here) is present in MARC: DDCW 6/74. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 149–50; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:289–90.

<sup>5</sup>DDCW 6/74 reads: “or’epays.”

3.       While earning our bread,  
          On the<sup>6</sup> mercy we feed  
          Of a God reconcil'd,  
The Father of mercies in Jesus the Child;  
          While he deigns to approve  
          Our service of love,  
          At his glory we aim,  
And present our oblations in Jesus's Name.
4.       O Father, impart  
          His grace to my heart,  
          To the heart of my friends,  
And companions in toil, till our pilgrimage ends,  
          Till our work is all done,  
          And receiv'd to thy throne  
          Our Redeemer we see,  
And inherit our fulness of heaven in Thee.

**III.**<sup>7</sup>

- [1.]   The foe is as a floud come in,  
          The world their flattering favors pour!  
To save me from the gainful sin  
          To guard me from the prosperous hour,  
Lift up, eternal Spirit of God,  
The Standard stain'd with Jesus blood.

---

<sup>6</sup>DDCW 6/74, ori., "his."

<sup>7</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:290.

2. Thro' Thee, superior to their frown,  
Superior to<sup>8</sup> their smile thro' Thee,  
If Thou his dying love make known  
Who bare my sorrows on the tree,  
If Thou the conquering Sign impart,  
And stamp his cross upon my heart,
3. Soon as the slaughter'd Lamb appears,  
Sensible of his blood applied,  
Redeem'd from earthly hopes and fears  
I to the world am crucified,  
The world is crucified to me,  
And Christ, and only Christ, I see.
4. Come then, dear Lord, the love declare  
Which sin, and earth, and hell o'recame,  
That I thy victory may share,  
And kept by thy almighty Name,  
And mounted on thy cross may rise,  
To see thy glory in the skies.

---

<sup>8</sup>Ori., "thro'."

IV.<sup>9</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, if by thy light I see  
That all on earth is vanity,  
And in a moment gone,  
Let me, in outward things employ'd,  
Look thro' the universal void,  
To thy eternal throne.
2. O that redeem'd from worldly cares,  
Superior to my calling's snares  
I might my God pursue,  
Might every nerve and sinew strain,  
Thy grace, and image to regain,  
And keep my End in view.
3. This earth, I know, is not my place,  
And travel thro' the wilderness,  
To fairer worlds on high,  
I seek a permanent abode,  
The city of the living God,  
My mansion in the sky.
4. My one, momentous business here,  
To wait, till Thou with clouds appear,

---

<sup>9</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:291.

And bid thy saints ascend,  
Boldly to stand before thy face,  
And find the Judge of human race  
My Saviour, and my Friend.

5. Saviour and Friend, my soul prepare  
To mount, and meet Thee in the air,  
With all the sons of light,  
To see my bliss-inspiring Lord,  
And gain my infinite reward  
In that transporting Sight.

V.<sup>10</sup>

- [1.] While they their calling here pursue,  
Nor keep eternity in view,  
How many to destruction run  
By lawful things alas, undone!
2. They make themselves, not God, their End,  
Themselves, not Him, to serve intend,  
They do not seek his will alone,  
But live, to gratify their own.
3. Intangled in their calling's snares,  
In vain desires, and hurtful cares,

---

<sup>10</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:292.

For wealth, or pleasure's husks they pine,  
The sordid happiness of swine.

4. They *will* be rich, whate'er betide,  
And Wisdom's warning voice deride,  
Their hope, by toils that never cease  
To riot in luxurious ease.
5. What are their dreams of bliss below?  
Shadows of joy, and solid woe;  
What is their miserable hire  
When justice doth their souls require?
6. When cited at the bar t' appear  
Whose treasure, and whose hearts were here,  
They wake out of their sleep profound,  
In bottomless perdition drown'd.

**VI.**<sup>11</sup>

- [1.] Warn'd by their fall, we woud be wise,  
The world, and all therein despise,  
Things temporal by faith look thro',  
And do for God whate'er we do.

---

<sup>11</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:292–93.

2. Then hear us, O thou gracious God,  
Us in external works employ'd  
Into thy kind protection take,  
And vessels of thy mercy make.
3. Still let us labour to fulfil  
The orders of thy sovereign will,  
In all our ways thy guidance own,  
And seek to please our God alone.
4. Thee may we ever keep in mind,  
Our six days work by Thee injoin'd  
Performing with a single eye,  
The wants of nature to supply:
5. Not artifical wants to feed,  
But earn by toil our daily bread,  
Our daily bread from Thee receive,  
Not live to eat, but, eat to live:
6. Happy, might we at last obtain  
The bread that always doth remain,  
And keep at that celestial<sup>12</sup> feast  
A Sabbath of eternal rest!

---

<sup>12</sup>Ori., "eternal."

VII.<sup>13</sup>

- [1.] Father, let thy will be done,  
Thine alone I come to do,  
(Providentially made known)  
Nature's leading I pursue,  
Labour for my daily meat,  
Earn it from the rich, and great.
2. Me if Thou vouchsafe to give  
Grace and favor in their sight,  
Shoud I not with joy receive,  
Thankful in the gift delight,  
Pleas'd my Father's hand to see,  
Happy, that it comes from Thee?
3. Only Thou thy blessing guard,  
Lest I in myself confide,  
While my foolish heart insnar'd  
Yields to self-important pride,  
Lest I swell with vanity,  
Boast of gifts—receiv'd from Thee.
4. Nature's talents to improve,  
Bless me with sufficient grace

---

<sup>13</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:293–94.

That in wisdom from above  
Humbly I may pass my days,  
Answer the whole will divine,  
Live and die intirely Thine.

**In Uncertainty.**

[I.]<sup>14</sup>

- [1.] I know not what to do—but wait,  
With lifted eyes intent on Thee!  
Lord over all, thy will is fate;  
Whate'er thy will ordains, shall be:  
And here with humble faith I rest,  
Whate'er thy will ordains, is best.
2. So foolish, ignorant, and blind  
I see not what thy love intends;  
Thy Providence a way shall find,  
A way which human thought transcends,  
Which turns my counsel upside down,  
That thine, O God, may stand alone.
3. Thou canst from man his purpose hide,  
When poison he mistakes for food,  
Canst turn the deadly draught aside,  
Or change the evil into good,

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<sup>14</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:139–40.

Make darkness light before his face,  
And charm his nature into grace.

4. Expecting then before thy throne,  
I long to prove thy welcom will:  
Saviour, to make thy counsel known,  
By plainest signs infallible,  
The doubt resolve, the cloud remove,  
And show thyself Almighty Love.

**II.**<sup>15</sup>

- [1.] In absolute, extreme despair  
To help a soul, whose doom I see,  
Father, I breathe my plaintive prayer,  
And bring my last distress to Thee.
2. A thousand ways to man unknown  
Thou hast t' avert the threatned ill,<sup>16</sup>  
T' arrest his haste to be undone,  
And save the wretch—against his will.
3. [unfinished]

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<sup>15</sup> Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:140.

<sup>16</sup> Ori., "will."

[blank]

**For One seeking the truth.**<sup>17</sup>

- [1.] God, whom all are bound to fear,  
God, who dost in secret see,  
See thy feeblest worshipper,  
One that woud be led by Thee;  
In the morning of my day,  
Teach me by thy Spirit's light,  
How to find the heavenly way,  
How to worship Thee aright.
2. More inclin'd to ill than good,  
More to error than to truth,  
While my heart is unrenew'd,  
Guide my inexperience'd youth;  
All the adverse powers controul;  
By thy secret hand restrain,  
Lover of my ransom'd soul,  
Safely lead me up to man.
3. Who thy doctrine woud obey,  
Shall, Thou say'st, thy doctrine know:  
Leave me not to go astray  
Willing in thy paths to go,  
If thy pleasure Thou reveal,  
Light, and strength if Thou supply,

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<sup>17</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:294–95.

Lo, I come to do thy will,  
Come in Thee to live, or die.

4. Help me then to search the word  
Which doth all thy mind contain;  
All thy mind and counsel, Lord,  
To my simple heart explain;  
Small, and mean in my own eyes,<sup>18</sup>  
Fitted by humility  
Make me to salvation wise,  
Then receive me up to Thee.

**Another**  
**[For One seeking the truth].<sup>19</sup>**

- [1.] Father of light, and God of grace,  
Who woudst that all our ruin'd race  
Should know the truth and live,  
A fallen child of Adam I  
To Thee for saving knowlege cry,  
Which Thou alone canst give.
2. All we, like sheep, have gone astray,  
Nor can we find the living way,  
Without celestial light:

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., "sight."

<sup>19</sup>An earlier draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 16. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:295–96.

Thy Spirit, Lord, vouchsafe to me,  
That I the shining path may see,  
And serve my God aright.

3. Which of a thousand different roads<sup>20</sup>  
Will lead me to those bright abodes,  
Where my Redeemer dwells?  
Father, I woud thy word receive;  
The answer unambiguous give  
From thy own oracles.
4. Thy Spirit doth thy mind explain:  
I ask, and cannot ask in vain,  
That sure, unerring Guide:  
O might that Unction from above  
Inspire with humble faith and love,  
And in my heart reside!
5. Spirit of truth thy mind he knows,  
Thy mind benevolent he shows  
To humble sinners given,  
He searches the deep things of God,  
And sprinkles that atoning blood  
Which bought my place in heaven.

---

<sup>20</sup>Ori., “ways.”

[blank]

**For preserving grace.**

**I.<sup>21</sup>**

- [1.]      Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
            In thine almighty Name,  
            In thy love and truth I trust  
            For evermore the same:  
            Confident, Thou wilt protect  
Who hang upon thy faithful word,  
            I abhor, renounce, reject  
            The thing by Thee abhor'd.
2.         On myself if I rely,  
            Or trust an evil heart,  
            Must I not with sin comply,  
            And from my God depart?  
            Free from sin to live below,  
The sin my nature loves so well,  
            This I surely feel, and know  
            With man impossible.
3.         In myself a feeble worm,  
            From sin I cannot cease,  
            In thy strength I can perform  
            Impossibilities:

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<sup>21</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:191–93.

My own evil to eschew  
Enabled by thy gracious power,  
I my covenant renew,  
And vow, to sin no more.

4. With me, Lord, to day abide,  
And kept by grace alone  
My own sin I lay aside,  
And all occasions shun,  
All that may to evil lead,  
So Thou my tempted soul secure  
Every word, and every deed,  
And every thought impure.

5. Thee the foe cannot surprize  
Whose eyelids never sleep,  
Thou my heart, my hands, my eyes,  
My soul and body keep,  
Every faculty, and power  
For thy most holy service claim,  
Shut me up in the strong tower  
Of thy almighty Name.

6. There from sin preserv'd by Thee  
I shall to day abide;

If tomorrow's light I see,  
With equal grace supplied:  
Should I see a thousand days,  
I trust thy guardian power to prove,  
Saved by all-sufficient<sup>22</sup> grace,  
And all-victorious love.

**II.**<sup>23</sup>

**“The Name of the Lord is a strong tower.”**

**—[Prov. 18:10].**

- [1.] Jesus, thy name is my strong tower  
To which I still in danger run;  
Thy name is Love, and Truth, and Power  
To all thy faithful people known:  
Salvation in thy Name I find,  
And leave the world, and sin behind.
2. Less than thy least of mercies I  
A grain of faith from Thee receive,  
And while I on thy Name rely,  
Beyond the reach of hell I live:  
My strength, the joy thy smiles impart,  
Thy peace doth garrison my heart.

---

<sup>22</sup>In the last two lines of stanza 6, Wesley originally had “all-sufficient” reversed with “all-victorious,” but numbered the words to show the order shown above.

<sup>23</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:351–52.

3. To this Strong-hold whoever turn,  
    Within Salvation's walls they dwell:  
Their castle laughs a siege to scorn:  
    And from *my* Tower impregnable  
I mark the alien host beneath,  
I mock the darts of hell and death.
  
4. The Truth determin'd to obey,  
    Continuing stedfast in the word,  
I in my Rock and Fortress stay,  
    (My Rock and Fortress is the Lord)  
And feel my life secur'd above,  
And rest in thy almighty love.

**“The Eternal God is thy refuge.”—Deut. 33:[27].<sup>24</sup>**

- [1.] Eternal God, my refuge now  
In trouble and temptation Thou:  
    Tho' still to sin inclin'd,  
Safe from the snares of hell and death,  
Thine everlasting arms beneath  
    My sinking soul I find.

---

<sup>24</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:115.

2. Yet, Lord, I ask a farther grace:  
The guilt original efface,  
    The inbred foe exclude;  
I then shall dwell conceal'd with Thee  
In spiritual security,  
    In blisful solitude.
3. Happy as the first sinless man,  
I then my paradise regain,  
    And rival those above,  
Inflam'd with pure, seraphic zeal  
To do thine acceptable will,  
    In innocence and love.
4. O're the high way of holiness  
I walk with Christ in perfect peace,  
    Contemplating the prize,  
Smooth, as on eagles wings, ascend,  
Translated with my heavenly Friend,  
    And grasp Thee in the skies.

**“Delight thou in the Lord, and He shall give thee thy heart’s desire.”—Psa. [37:4, BCP].<sup>25</sup>**

- [1.] O that I, Lord, in Thee alone<sup>26</sup>  
    Coud seek my whole delight, and find!  
    Thy perfect<sup>27</sup> will on me be done,  
    Who to thy perfect<sup>28</sup> will resign’d  
    In faith for full salvation pray,<sup>29</sup>  
    And for thy<sup>30</sup> promis’d Coming stay!
2. Of all Thou hast in earth below,  
    Of all Thou hast in heaven above,  
    Wilt Thou whate’er I ask bestow?  
    I nothing<sup>31</sup> ask, except thy love:  
    Thou knowst the secrets of my heart,  
    The Thing which I desire, Thou art.
3. Give then, Thyself, Jehovah, give  
    The glorious Partner of thy throne  
    In a poor, ransom’d worm to live,  
    That with thy Son, and Spirit One  
    One I may live with LOVE—with Thee,  
    And reign thro’ all eternity.<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>25</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:291–92. A shorthand draft of this hymn appears on the back of a letter Wesley received from Lt. Colonel Colin Campbell (dated April 25, 1786) asking Wesley to visit his mother, who was gravely ill and always drew comfort from Wesley’s writings; in MARC, DDWes 1/94. This was the apparent occasion for composing the hymn. We will note variants in the shorthand version (identified by Timothy Underhill).

<sup>26</sup>Shorthand version reads “O that I in the Lord alone.”

<sup>27</sup>Shorthand version begins “His holy.”

<sup>28</sup>Shorthand version reads “holy” instead of “perfect.”

<sup>29</sup>Ori., “stay.”

<sup>30</sup>Shorthand version reads “his” instead of “thy”.

<sup>31</sup>Shorthand version reverses order of “I” and “nothing.”

<sup>32</sup>Shorthand version begins line 4 of this stanza as “Jesus thy co-sovereign son” but leaves the rest incomplete

**“Come, for all things are now ready.”—[Luke 14:17].**  
**“To day, while it is called to day.”—Heb. [3:13].**  
**“Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.”**  
**—[2 Cor. 6:2].<sup>33</sup>**

- [1.] Why should I till tomorrow stay  
For what Thou woudst bestow to day  
What Thou art willinger to give  
Than I to ask, or to receive?
2. This moment, Lord, Thou ready art  
To break, and to bind up my heart,  
To pour the balm of Gilead in,  
Forgive, and take away my sin.
3. Thou waitest now to show thy grace,  
To fold me in thy kind embrace,  
And stablishing in peace and power  
To bid me go, and sin no more.<sup>34</sup>
4. This is the time: I surely may  
Salvation find on this glad day,

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<sup>33</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:51.

<sup>34</sup>Wesley originally had stanzas 3 and 4 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to show the order shown above. To keep the same number of lines per page as the manuscript, the second half of stanza 3 has been moved to this page and the second half of stanza 4 has been moved to the next page.

And, knowing Thee my Saviour, prove  
That Thou art God, and God is Love.

5. Give then the bliss for which I pray,  
(To day, while it is call'd to day)  
The nature pure, the life divine,  
And make thy gracious fulness mine.
6. Now, Lord, as Love thyself reveal;  
And when Thou in my heart dost dwell,  
And when by faith I compass Thee,  
I comprehend the Deity.

**In temptation.**

**I.<sup>35</sup>**

- [1.] A present Help in deep distress,  
Arise, and bid the tempest cease,  
Thou whom the winds and seas obey,  
Appear, and end this evil day:  
My strength is spent, my struggle's o're,  
I sink, I can hold out no more,  
I faint, if still thy face Thou hide,  
I die, for whom thy Son hath died.
  
2. No succour in myself I have,  
But quite despair myself to save,  
All weakness, sin, and misery,  
Unworthy to be saved by Thee:  
My sins have made thy mercies void,  
I perish by my sins destroy'd:  
And when thy utmost wrath I feel,  
I'll clear the righteous God in hell.
  
3. But while I to my doom submit,  
Wilt Thou not snatch me from the pit?

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<sup>35</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:125–26.

A wretch Thou dost so oft relieve  
Wilt Thou not finally forgive?  
Surely if Thou hadst quite forsook,  
And blotted me out of thy book,  
Thou woudst not let me now intreat  
And gasp for mercy at thy feet.

II.<sup>36</sup>

- [1.] Me, Lord, if Thou one moment leave,  
That moment I from Thee depart,  
Fall into my own sin, and give  
The fiend possession of my heart.
2. Ah, do not at a distance stand,  
Or from my helpless soul remove:  
Trouble and sin are hard at hand,  
And none can save me but thy love.
3. Expos'd continually I am  
To fiends, and men, and passion's power:  
Or pluck the brand out of the flame,  
Or turn aside the fiery hour.
4. I feel throughout my evil day  
Temptation intimately near;

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<sup>36</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:254–55.

- O coud I without ceasing pray,  
And always watch, and always fear!
5. O coud I faithfully embrace  
Thy promise, Lord, as made to me  
“I will refresh thy soul with grace,  
[<sup>4</sup>]Will every moment water thee!”
6. Jesus, for this to Thee I cry,  
Upon my thirsty, gasping soul  
Pour out thy Spirit from on high,  
And make the wilderness a pool.
7. Spirit of grace, spring up in me,  
And fit me for a throne above,  
Fountain of life and purity,  
Fountain of holiness and love.
8. Emptied of selfishness and pride  
If Thou my loving spirit fill,<sup>37</sup>  
I never more shall start aside,  
But prove, and do thy perfect will.
9. Love incompatible with sin  
If Thou dost in Thyself bestow,  
The heavenly principle within  
In streams of purest life shall flow:

---

<sup>37</sup>Wesley originally had lines 1 and 2 of stanza 8 reversed, but numbered them in the margin to show the order shown above.

10. My days shall then be all employ'd  
    In praises for the blessings given,  
And I shall serve my gracious God,  
    Obedient as the Church in heaven.

III.<sup>38</sup>

- [1.] Jesus, in sore temptation's hour  
    May I not trust thy truth and power?  
    Surely I *woud* thy word embrace,  
    And hang on thy sufficient grace.
2. Thou canst thy weakest servant keep,  
    That I shall neither fall, nor slip,  
    Shall never let the tempter in,  
    Or yield to my besetting sin.
3. Least of thy faithful people, I  
    *Do* on thy mighty arm rely,  
    Who promisest with us to stay,  
    And watch thy vineyard night and day.
4. Stay then, my aid in time of need,  
    Nor into sore temptation lead,  
    But check the wandrings of my will,  
    And save me from the dreaded ill.

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<sup>38</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:253–54.

5. Thou knowst the treachery of my heart  
Ready to take the tempter's part,  
But kept thy saving health to see,  
I side against myself with Thee:
6. Thou wilt in me thy Arm reveal,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And fill'd with love's abiding power  
I then shall never grieve thee more.

**IV.**<sup>39</sup>

- [1.] Ah woe is me a wretched man!  
Still of my misery I complain,  
    With no deliverance nigh,  
Afraid, when all my strife is past,  
To perish in my sins at last,  
    And unconverted die.
2. I must of my salvation doubt,  
Till I have fully wrought it out,  
    And all my sins are gone:  
Till perfect love hath fear expel'd,  
And by th' indwelling Spirit seal'd,  
    I serve my God alone.

---

<sup>39</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:126–27.

3. My God, for help I cry to Thee,  
Ah, why hast Thou forsaken me  
    In the infernal snare,  
Expos'd, assail'd on every side,  
Tempted above my strength, and tried  
    With more than I can bear!
4. Or shorten my extreme distress,  
Or larger influence of grace  
    To a weak worm impart,  
My Keeper in this fiery hour,  
Omnipotent in saving power,  
    And greater than my heart.
5. O might my heart, to ill inclin'd,  
Continually thy Spirit find  
    Restraining me from ill,  
Till ripe in holiness and love,  
I mount to meet my Lord above  
    On the celestial hill.

**V.**  
**2 Cor. 12:9.**<sup>40</sup>

- [1.] Full oft have I besought Thee, Lord,  
    To take this thorn away,

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<sup>40</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:467–68.

- And still against my foe abhor'd  
In agony I pray;
2. Rebuking the malicious fiend,  
O bid his buffets cease,  
The painful hour of darkness end,  
And give me back my peace.
  3. Again I ask, this torturing ill  
Command it to depart;  
I ask in vain: for yet I feel  
The mischief in my heart.
  4. Thou dost not yet the plague remove,  
But stayst thyself with me,  
Thy all-sufficient grace to prove  
In my infirmity.
  5. In wisest love Thou dost delay  
To answer my request,  
That, while I for deliverance stay,  
Thy power on me may rest:
  6. While kept I every moment find  
Thy arms my sure defence,  
And glory in my<sup>41</sup> weakness join'd  
To thy Omnipotence.

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<sup>41</sup>Ori., "thy."

**“Wash thy heart, O Jerusalem, that thou mayst  
be saved.”—Jerem. 4:14.<sup>42</sup>**

- [1.] Wash my own heart? it cannot be,  
Unless by coming unto Thee  
    Th’ atoning Lamb of God,  
Unless Thou help me to draw nigh,  
And purge my crimes of deepest die<sup>43</sup>  
    In thy all-cleansing blood.
2. Thy blood can save from inbred sin,  
And make my leprous nature clean:  
    If Thou thy Spirit impart,  
Anger, concupiscence, and pride  
Shall never with thy Spirit reside,  
    Or lodge within my heart.
3. No evil thought shall there remain,  
Pass thro’ thy temple, or prophane  
    The place of thy abode,  
(Where all thy glory is reveal’d)  
With the majestic presence fill’d  
    On an indwelling God.
4. Come then, dear Lord, into my heart,  
That sin for ever may depart,

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<sup>42</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:12–13.

<sup>43</sup>I.e., “dye.”

With every low desire,  
That on the wings of faith and love  
I may to those blest realms above  
In every thought aspire.

5. O could I now in garments white  
Ascend, and greet the sons of light  
Who thro' thy cross o'recame,  
Thy dazzling face with transport see,  
And sing thro' all eternity  
Salvation to the Lamb!

**“Turn Thou us, O Lord, and we shall be turned.”**  
—[Jer. 31:18].<sup>44</sup>

- [1.] Shew thy converting grace on me,  
And truly turn'd I then shall be,  
My soul to perfect health restore,  
And then I shall relapse no more,  
But Thee my utmost Saviour own,  
And live, and die for God alone.
2. Faith to be heal'd, Thou knowst, I have  
Acknowleging thy power to save,

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<sup>44</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:39–40

Thy will to speak the leper clean,  
Thy promise to extirpate sin;  
And lo, I only live to prove  
The truth of thy almighty love.

3. Ah, woudst Thou, Lord, my soul inspire  
With spiritual, intense desire,  
With hatred of iniquity,  
With love of righteousness and Thee,  
And make me, Saviour, as Thou art,  
Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart.
4. When in thine image I awake,  
I must thy happiness partake,  
Possessor of thy heavenly mind  
Rest to my weary soul I find,  
Contain the earnest in my breast,  
And glide to everlasting<sup>45</sup> rest.

### **For Redemption.**

[I.]<sup>46</sup>

- [1.]       How long shall I complain  
            Of the fierce war within,  
The importunity and pain  
            Of this rebellious sin;

---

<sup>45</sup>Ori., “~~my eternal~~” changed to “everlasting.”

<sup>46</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:165–66.

Which tempts me night and day  
To violate thy commands,  
And strives to tear my soul away  
Out of my Saviour's hands?

2. In life's extremest hour  
I find the fight renew'd,  
And tremble at th' oppressive power  
Of passions unsubdued:  
Departing hence, I dread  
With evil to comply,  
And, (while I bow my hoary head,)  
To sin, despair, and die.
3. But, Lord, I must confess  
Thy justice, and thy truth  
In age condemns me to possess  
Th' offences of my youth:  
The gracious God I clear,  
If now my day is past,  
If I have sought salvation here,  
And die unsav'd at last.
4. Yet will I feebly cry  
With my expiring breath

To Him who died himself, that I  
Might gasp his name in death,  
Jesus, appear within,  
And bid my soul be free,  
For ever seperated from sin,  
For ever One with Thee.<sup>47</sup>

**II.**<sup>48</sup>

- [1.] Out of the deep of late despair  
For help, and holiness I cry,  
Reject not, Lord, a leper's prayer,  
But save, or in my sins I die.
2. These evil thoughts, these foul desires  
Nor man, nor angel can remove,  
For O, my nature's plague requires  
Thy whole omnipotence of love.
3. Thy hand, thy gracious Spirit exert,  
And touch me, Saviour, with thy blood,  
My leprosy shall then depart,  
And leave me pure, and just, and good;
4. Thy blood which pleaded on the cross,<sup>49</sup>  
Prevalent still for sinners cries:

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<sup>47</sup>“One with Thee” has “join'd to Thee” written in the margin as an alternative.

<sup>48</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:252.

<sup>49</sup>Ori., “tree.”

It speaks; and it hath gain'd my Cause,  
And bought my mansion in the skies.

III.<sup>50</sup>

- [1.] Is there no balm in Gilead found,  
Is there no kind Physician there,  
To cure a bleeding spirit's wound,  
To mitigate my sad despair,  
Before th' intolerable smart  
My God and me for ever part.
2. No helps medicinal have I,  
But soon the second death must feel,  
Unless my God the grace supply  
My plague original to heal,  
Unless his Son, on me bestow'd,  
Pour in the balm of his own blood.
3. Hope of the sinsick, dying soul,  
Me at my latest gasp receive:  
O that thy wounds might make me whole,  
O that thy death might bid me live;  
Live, my Physician to proclaim,  
And spread the powers of Jesus name!

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<sup>50</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:167.

4. If virtue, Lord, from Thee proceed,  
    This loathsom Issue shall be dried,  
While fully saved, and truly freed,  
    Restor'd, and wholly sanctified,  
My happy soul exults to prove  
A perfect cure in<sup>51</sup> perfect love.

**“Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.”**  
—Matt. 8:[2].<sup>52</sup>

- [1.] Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst from sin  
    Make both my life and nature clean:  
Lord, if Thou canst, Thou wilt exert  
    The power that purifies my heart.
2. Self-loathing at thy feet I lie,  
    Till Thou thy hallowing blood apply,  
And purg'd from inbred sin I prove  
    The virtue of almighty love.
3. The blessings which thro' faith I claim  
    I find them, Jesus, in thy Name;  
Salvation in thy name is given,  
    Forgiveness, holiness, and heaven.
4. Now then put forth thy hand of grace,  
    And meet to see thy blisful face  
My spotless soul from earth remove,  
    To triumph with thy Saints above.

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<sup>51</sup>Ori., “is.”

<sup>52</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:208–9. Ori., “Matt. 8:4.”

**“God will with the temptation make a way for  
you to escape &c.”—[1 Cor. 10:13].<sup>53</sup>**

- [1.]       Where is thy promise? where  
            The way, O Lord, to shun  
The pleasing ill, the tempting snare  
            From which I cannot run?  
            Unless thy wisdom make  
            A way by mercy show'd,  
Unless Thou save for thy own sake  
            The purchase of thy blood.
2.         One only means I see  
            To make my safety sure,  
To end the sin and misery  
            Which must thro' life endure:  
            My evil to remove,  
            Jesus, thy blood apply,  
Prepare my soul by holy love,  
            And suffer me to die.
3.         The trials still behind  
            Enable me to bear,  
And hide where sin can never find  
            Or sharp temptation tear,  
            Where all these storms are past,  
            And weary spirits rest,  
If scarcely saved, yet saved at last,  
            And harbour'd in thy breast.

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<sup>53</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:32–33.

**“To do thee good in thy latter end.”**

—Deut. [8:16].<sup>54</sup>

- [1.]        My latter end is come:  
              But where's the promis'd Good?  
Ah, do it, Lord, and take me home  
              Thro' thy all-cleansing blood!  
              The gracious work remains  
              Unfinish'd, and undone:  
Fill up my faith, fill up my pains,  
              And take me to thy throne.
2.            By thy own Spirit's might  
              The work of faith fulfil,  
With love's habitual, pure delight  
              I then shall do thy will,  
              I then my God shall see  
              With raptur'd saints adore,  
And plunge in thy Immensity,  
              And bathe for evermore!

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<sup>54</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:98.

**For a Sick Friend, (Mrs. H.),  
April 2, 1786.<sup>55</sup>**

- [1.] See, Lord, the Cause of our distress,  
Sick of a languishing disease,  
    And drawing towards her end,  
Unless thy timely succours come,  
To snatch her from the greedy tomb,  
    And give us back our Friend.
2. Convinc'd that thy great will is done,  
We dare not clamour for our own,  
    Impatient for her stay:  
But till Thou manifest thy will,  
May we not urge<sup>56</sup> our suit, and still  
    For her recovery pray?
3. Nature in vain woud hide its fears;  
Our sorrows, and too tender tears,  
    Our silence speaks to Thee:  
O let thy pleading Spirit explain  
(Who only knows<sup>57</sup> what is in man)  
    This soft infirmity.
4. This soft infirmity forgive,  
Which asks, that here she still may live  
    May toil, and suffer on,

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<sup>55</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:296–97. This hymn was likely concerning Mary Horton, who died soon after. Cf. MS Death of Mary Horton.

<sup>56</sup>Ori., “we not not urge,” an error.

<sup>57</sup>Ori., “knowst.”

Walk in the works for her prepar'd  
Inhance her infinite reward,  
And win a brighter crown.

5. [unfinished]

**Written in Uncertainty.<sup>58</sup>**

- [1.] Feeble in body, and in mind,  
Saviour, I cast them both on Thee,  
With humble confidence to find  
Thy perfect strength display'd in me.
2. Intangled in the worldly snare,  
With sore perplexity distrest,  
O'rewhelm'd with mountain-loads of care  
Beneath thy mercy's wings I rest.
3. Thou seest I know not what to do,  
But fix mine eyes on Thee alone,  
Till Thou thy secret counsel shew,  
And bring the blind by ways unknown.
4. If Thou direct my paths aright,  
If Thou before thy servant go,  
The darkness shall be turn'd to light,  
The mountains at thy presence flow:
5. The crooked things shall at thy word  
Be strait, the rugged places plain,  
The creatures all obey their Lord,  
And be whate'er thy will ordain:
6. My soul, escap'd the fowler's net,  
Above all earthly things shall soar,  
Or fall at my Deliverer's feet,  
And love, and wonder, and adore.

---

<sup>58</sup>Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:256.

**Thanksgiving for our Victory at Sea, Apr. 12, 1782.<sup>59</sup>**

- [1.] O God, who hear'st thy people's prayer,  
Thy truth, and mercy we declare,  
Thy Name omnipotent confess  
Our succour in extreme distress.
2. Our furious foes who sought our harm,  
On Them Thou hast stretch'd out thine arm,  
When glorying in superior power,  
And sure our Nation to devour.
3. Thou, Lord, appearing on our side  
Hast humbled their triumphant pride,  
And (if their malice still remain)  
Hast baffled their devices vain.
4. Our inbred foes unnatural rage  
Thou dost restrain, if not assuage,  
Nor suffer Faction to suppress  
The Instrument of our Success.<sup>60</sup>
5. With him, of Thee we make our boasts,  
Triumphant in the Lord of hosts,  
Giver of power, and victory  
Thee we exalt, and only Thee.
6. O that our lives henceforth may raise  
A lasting monument to thy praise,  
O that our prayers may reach the throne,  
And bring the General Blessing down!

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<sup>59</sup>Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:89.

<sup>60</sup>Charles inserts in the margin the note: "Sir G. R." This is a reference to Sir George (later Lord) Rodney, who led the Battle of Dominica against the French.