

MS Miscellaneous Hymns¹

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.² 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 Most of the verse remained unpublished during his life.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.

¹This 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: September 5, 2022.

²See, 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 CW noting in the column that it was transcribed elsewhere.

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**At the meeting of Minister
and People.³**

- [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,

³Published 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.⁴

- [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'd⁵ 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?

⁴Appears 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.

⁵“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.⁶**

- [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,

⁶Appears 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.⁷

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

⁷Appears 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* (Feb. 10, 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 Priest⁸
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,

⁸Written 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.⁹**

[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,

⁹Appears 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* (Sept. 5, 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 should 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.¹⁰**

- [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.

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

[3.]¹¹ 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.¹²

[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.

¹¹Ori., "4."

¹²Appears 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,*¹³
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:

¹³Ori., "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 was¹⁴ 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.¹⁵**

[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.

¹⁴Ori., "were."

¹⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:246–48. The Earl of Ferrers, cousin of Lady Huntingdon, was executed May 5, 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.¹⁶

- [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 murtherer 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?

¹⁶Published 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.¹⁷

- [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.

¹⁷Published 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.¹⁸

- [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'whelm'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,

¹⁸Appears 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, and would fit the account of CW’s painful journey through the area Mar. 21–24, 1748.

- 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].¹⁹**

- [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.

¹⁹Appears 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 strugling spirit ascend
 And spurn the earth I leave!
Regard my strugling 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.²⁰

[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.

²⁰Published 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.^[7]
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.²¹

- [1.] What is it then²² 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?”²³
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.

²¹A shorthand copy of Part IV in CW’s hand appears in MS Spencer, 2–3.

²²MS Spencer reads “Lord” in place of “then.”

²³Hos. 11:8.

4. O for the strength of fervent zeal,
The faith in Jesus Name,
Which dares the floud, and scales the hill,
And rushes thro' the flame;
Which wrestles on divinely²⁴ 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,²⁵ 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 possession of my soul,
And dwell for ever here!²⁶

²⁴MS Spence reads "securely" in place of "divinely."

²⁵MS Spencer reads "life and power" instead of "power and life."

²⁶Ori., "there." MS Spencer reads "there."

For a Backslider.²⁷

- [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.

²⁷Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:256–58. A shorthand copy of this hymn in CW's hand appears in MS Spencer, 52–53; it incorporates the corrections in this longhand version and adds one variant of its own.

4. Well Thou knowst, I chiefly woud
Thy pardning grace receive,²⁸
That²⁹ my most indulgent God
I may no longer grieve,
Never from thy statutes err,³⁰
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:

²⁸Ori., "obtain."

²⁹Ori., "Thy."

³⁰Ori., "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.]³¹

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.

³¹In 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].³²

- [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 woud 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 Thou³³ 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, vehement³⁴ spirit to break
Dost Thou thy help defer,
And leave me thus to knock, and seek,
And ask in fruitless³⁵ prayer?

³²A shorthand copy of this hymn in CW's hand appears in MS Spencer, 54–56, with scattered variants and lacking the final two lines of the last stanza. A longhand copy in JW's hand also survives at MARC (MA 1977/157, JW III.8), which agrees with the shorthand copy on some of the variant readings noted below. The version in MS Miscellaneous Hymns was published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:373–76.

³³MS Spencer and MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 have “now thou willing” instead of “willing now thou.”

³⁴MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “own impatient” instead of “hasty, vehement.”

³⁵MS Spencer and MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 have “ceaseless” instead of “fruitless.”

4. Is there some cursed thing unknown
From which I will³⁶ not part,
A bar which nature fears to own,
An idol in my heart?
Some base reserve, some bosom-lust³⁷
Thou knowst if yet I have,
Which makes me secretly mistrust
Thy readiness to save.
5. Surely I woud³⁸ 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,³⁹
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?

³⁶MS Spencer and MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 have “would” instead of “will.”

³⁷Ori., “~~bosom=sin~~” changed to “bosom-lust.”

³⁸MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 underlines “woud” for emphasis.

³⁹MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has “remove” then suggests “erase” as an alternative.

Thou waitest now⁴⁰ 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 still⁴¹ 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,

⁴⁰MARC, MA 1977/157, JW III.8 has "how" instead of "now."

⁴¹Ori., "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.⁴²

- [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:

⁴²This hymn also appears in MS Spencer, 4–5, with one variant. 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,⁴³
 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,⁴⁴
 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].⁴⁵

- [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:

⁴³Ori., "with."

⁴⁴MS Spencer reads "To lead me through the gloom."

⁴⁵Appears 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 CW was spending a week at St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey—recuperating, in part, from the shock of his brother's marriage (cf. CW, Manuscript Journal, Apr. 9, 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.⁴⁶

- [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.

⁴⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:260–61. John Hutchinson of Leeds, an erratic Methodist, devoted to the Wesley brothers, 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.⁴⁷

- [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.

⁴⁷Published 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.⁴⁸

- [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.

⁴⁸Published 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.⁴⁹

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!

⁴⁹Published 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.⁵⁰
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,

⁵⁰An eight-stanza version appears in CW to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, Sept. 21, 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.⁵¹

- [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.

⁵¹Published 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.⁵²

- [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

⁵²Published 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.⁵³

- [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 cleansing⁵⁴ 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.

⁵³Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 81–82; and MS Richmond, 78–79. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:151–52.

⁵⁴Ori., “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.⁵⁵

- [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.

⁵⁵Appears also in MS Occasional, 82–83; and MS Richmond, 79–80. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:152–53.

Hymn III.⁵⁶

- [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.

⁵⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:153.

“Why dost Thou not pardon my transgression?”
—Job 7:21.⁵⁷

[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.

⁵⁷Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:236–37.

**Advice to One deprived of the
Means of grace.⁵⁸**

- [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.⁵⁹**

[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,

⁵⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:194.

⁵⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:270–73. Part III appears in a letter dated May 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 harm⁶⁰
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.

⁶⁰Ori., "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 inward⁶¹ 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.⁶²

- [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?

⁶¹Ori., "inwards."

⁶²Part III appears in CW to Sarah (Gwynne) 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.⁶³

[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,

⁶³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:244–47. It becomes clear in the third hymn that the person about to marry is a woman. Given their placement immediately after a set of hymns concerning Mary Degge, this set of hymns were likely written for her as part of CW's pastoral advice before he officiated her marriage to Lord Robert Manners (1721–82), son of the Duke of Rutland, on Jan 1, 1756.

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 ill⁶⁴
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.

⁶⁴Ori., "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.⁶⁵**

- [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 this⁶⁶ tainted air,
Adopt for thy peculiar care,
 And mark it with thy Name.

Prayer for a sick Child.⁶⁷

- [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?

⁶⁵This hymn was likely written for CW and Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley's first child, John, who would be born in Aug. 1752. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 279; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:273–74.

⁶⁶“This” has “our” written in the margin as an alternative.

⁶⁷Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 279; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:274–75. This was surely for CW and Sarah's first-born son, John, who died of smallpox Jan. 1, 1754.

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, 1768.⁶⁸

- [1.] Solemn, memorable day
That snatch'd my darling Son[†] 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;

[†] John I.⁶⁹

⁶⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:409–10; and *Representative Verse*, 281. This was the anniversary date of the death of CW and Sarah's first child, John, who died in 1754.

⁶⁹This note, in Charles's hand, distinguishes John (b. 1752) from a later son named 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 the⁷⁰ glorious Blaze!

Written in a Bible.⁷¹

- [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.

⁷⁰Ori., “thy.”

⁷¹Appears also in MS Richmond, 107. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:427–28.

**Written
when under Reproach.**⁷²

[I.]⁷³

- [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:⁷⁴
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,

⁷²This set of hymns likely was composed during the tensions between CW and his brother John after CW interfered with JW's intended marriage to Grace (Norman) Murray. Cf. CW, Manuscript Journal, Oct. 28, 1749.

⁷³Appears also in MS Occasional Hymns, 29; and MS Richmond, 121–22. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:123–24.

⁷⁴CW 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.⁷⁵

- [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.

⁷⁵Appears 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.⁷⁶

- [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.

⁷⁶Appears 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;
Afflict⁷⁷ 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.

⁷⁷Ori., "Afflicts."

Hymns for Redemption.

I.⁷⁸

- [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.

⁷⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:162–63.

II.⁷⁹

- [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.

⁷⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:163–64. A shorthand version of this hymn in CW's hand appears in MS Spencer, 33, with several variants noted there.

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.⁸⁰

- [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;

⁸⁰Published 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.⁸¹

- [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.

⁸¹Published 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.⁸²

- [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 our⁸³ sin
 The airy bottles stays,⁸⁴
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,

⁸²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:212–13.

⁸³Ori., “chastise of our.”

⁸⁴Cf. Job 38:37.

The rough east wind of judgments now,
Merciful Father, stay:
Our wasted⁸⁵ earth renew
With blessings from above,
Our gasping souls with gracious dew
And showers of Jesus love.

**Another
[Prayer for Rain].⁸⁶**

- [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:

⁸⁵The original actually appears to be “watsed” or “watred.”

⁸⁶There 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, refreshing⁸⁷ rain
With many a kind, reviving⁸⁸ 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.⁸⁹

- [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 sky⁹⁰
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:

⁸⁷DDCW 6/79a first wrote "inlivening"; then struck it out and wrote "reviving."

⁸⁸DDCW 6/79a reads "refreshing."

⁸⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:266–67.

⁹⁰Cf. 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.**⁹¹

- [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.⁹²
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.

⁹¹CW 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.

⁹²Cf. 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.⁹³**

- [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:

⁹³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:402–3. For the occasion of this hymn see CW, Manuscript Journal, Nov. 8, 1749.

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,⁹⁴
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.

⁹⁴Ori., "grace."

Written after a Fall.⁹⁵

- [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.

⁹⁵Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 333; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:171–72.

**Prayers
for Condemned Malefactors.**

I.⁹⁶

- [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,

⁹⁶Published 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.⁹⁷

- [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'whelm 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,"

⁹⁷Published 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.⁹⁸

- [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,⁹⁹
Let These at thy tribunal stand,
And hear their joyful Sentence there!

⁹⁸Published as *Prayers for Condemned Malefactors* (1785), no. 3, pp. 3–4.

⁹⁹Ori., “see.”

IV.¹⁰⁰

- [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.¹⁰¹

- [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!

¹⁰⁰Published as *Prayers for Condemned Malefactors* (1785), no. 4, p. 4.

¹⁰¹Published 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.¹⁰²

- [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,

¹⁰²Published 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.¹⁰³

- [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 [⁶⁴]Thou shalt not steal
"Shalt not commit adultery
"A liar, or a murtherer be!
4. "Thou shalt not take my name in vain;
"Shalt not my holy day prophane:
"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. [⁶⁴]Not unto me, O Lord,
not unto me!^[?]¹⁰⁴

¹⁰³Appears also in MS Malefactors, 3–5. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:347–49.

¹⁰⁴The note is added in CW'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.^[b]
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 compunction¹⁰⁵ feel.
11. Past feeling thro'¹⁰⁶ habitual sin,
My conscience seared for years has been,

¹⁰⁵Ori., "repentance."

¹⁰⁶Ori., "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.¹⁰⁷

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

¹⁰⁷Appears 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 us¹⁰⁸ in extreme despair,
But make thine utmost mercy known,
And give us to thy Pleading Son.

IX.¹⁰⁹

- [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 to¹¹⁰ hell.
3. O who can abide
 Unquenchable fire!

¹⁰⁸Ori., "me."

¹⁰⁹Appears also in MS Malefactors, 8–9; dated May 10, 1785. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:350.

¹¹⁰Ori., "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.]¹¹¹

- [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.

¹¹¹Published 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.¹¹²

- [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.

¹¹²Published 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.¹¹³

- [1.] Sun of righteousness, arise
Light of life, thy beams impart,
Pouring eye-sight on¹¹⁴ 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,

¹¹³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:276–77. The poem is perhaps incomplete, as there is room for two more verses.

¹¹⁴Ori., “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.]¹

- [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?

¹Appears 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.²

- [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 and³ 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:

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

³Ori., “~~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.⁴

- [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

⁴Appears 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.⁵

- [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!

⁵Appears 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.⁶

- [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;

⁶Appears 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 keep⁷ 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.

⁷Ori., "love."

Hymn VI.⁸

- [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.

⁸Appears 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.⁹

- [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.

⁹Appears 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.¹⁰

- [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.

¹⁰Appears 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'recome, 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 throw¹¹ off the load,
"And Baal's priests with wrath repel,
"And send th' accursed brood to hell."

¹¹Ori., "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.¹²

- [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.

¹²Appears 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.¹³

- [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.

¹³Appears 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,¹⁴
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 she¹⁵ 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!

¹⁴Ori., "skuls."

¹⁵Ori., "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 wastes¹⁶ 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.¹⁷

- [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,

¹⁶I.e., "wastes."

¹⁷Appears 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,¹⁸
 Conspire thy little flock to harm,

¹⁸Ori., "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 should 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.¹⁹
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

¹⁹Appears 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.²⁰

[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.

²⁰Appears 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,
 ^[4]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.²¹

- [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.

²¹Published 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.²²

[Hymn I.]²³

- [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.

²²This set of hymns reflect CW's growing concern about some of the Methodist lay preachers challenging continued connection to the Church of England (and subservience to ordained clergy).

²³Published 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.²⁴

- [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!”^[b]

2. Thy promise with thy Church t' abide
 For Ours may we not justly claim,

²⁴Published 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.²⁵

- [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.

²⁵Published 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. 1753.²⁶**

[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.

²⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:238. The set of hymns reflects CW's uncertainty of continuing financial support from his brother after John married Mary (Goldhawk) Vazeille. Cf. CW to Ebenezer Blackwell, Jan. 24, 1753.

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.²⁷

- [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.

²⁷ 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.²⁸

- [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;

²⁸Published 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.²⁹

- [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.

²⁹Appears also in CW to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley, Sept. 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 1768.³⁰**

- [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,

³⁰Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:279–80. This is apparently for a daughter of Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham. Her daughter Caroline (b. 1728) is the subject of the funeral hymn in 1756 in *MS Funeral Hymns*, 1–11. Her daughter Gertrude (1731–75) had married Welborne Ellis Agar in 1762. Her daughter Melusina (b. 1734) died, unmarried, in 1765. But Melusina included in her will a bequest to an unnamed “sister Hotham” (no birth record has been located).

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]).³¹**

- [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,

³¹A 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), 5th 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. 1766.³²**

[I.]³³

- [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.

³²The occasion was growing dissent among British merchants to the American Stamp Act passed in Mar. 1765.

³³Published 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.³⁴

- [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

³⁴Published 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.³⁵

- [1.] O how ready is the Lord
To help us from the sky!
While we speak th' inviting word,
He answers, here am I!
Oft³⁶ prevents the swiftest prayer,
More swift our heart's desire to grant,
Reading our intentions there,
He gives whate'er we want.

³⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:215–16. The Stamp Act was repealed in Mar. 1766, restoring peace in Bristol and beyond.

³⁶Ori., "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,
That³⁷ pure, primeval love!

³⁷“That” has “The” written under it as an alternative.

**For the Nation
in danger again.**

[I.]³⁸

- [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,

³⁸Published as *Thanksgiving Hymns* (1759), 19–20. See the introduction to this collection for the occasion.

[⁴¹]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.³⁹

- [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,⁴⁰
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

³⁹Published as *Thanksgiving Hymns* (1759), 20–22.

⁴⁰Ori., “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.]⁴¹

- [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,

⁴¹Published 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,"^[b]⁴²
And we ourselves resign
A living sacrifice to Thee
Thro' endless ages Thine.

II.⁴³

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

⁴²Cf. 1 Corinthians 15:57.

⁴³Published 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.⁴⁴

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

⁴⁴Published 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.⁴⁵**

- [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,

⁴⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:281–82.

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

Prayer for Peace and Unity.⁴⁶

- [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 impetuous⁴⁷ 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:

⁴⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:216–17.

⁴⁷Ori., “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.⁴⁸

- [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!

⁴⁸Appears also in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:219. It was likely written in Mar. 1767 when CW's family moved into No. 3 (now No. 4) Charles Street.

At meals.⁴⁹

- [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.

⁴⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:219–20.

Hymns of Intercession.⁵⁰

I.⁵¹

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.⁵²

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.

⁵⁰This set of hymns is copied, in the same order and with few variants, from MS Intercession.

⁵¹Appears also in MS Intercession, 1. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:227.

⁵²Appears also in MS Intercession, 1. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:227.

III.⁵³

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.⁵⁴

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.⁵⁵
2. Sustain'd by thy sufficient grace,
 Preserv'd by thy o'reshadowing power,

⁵³Appears also in MS Intercession, 2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:228.

⁵⁴Appears also in MS Intercession, 2. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:228.

⁵⁵Cf. 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.⁵⁶

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.⁵⁷

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 doth⁵⁸ more than grace abound,

⁵⁶Appears also in MS Intercession, 3. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:229.

⁵⁷Appears also in MS Intercession, 3. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:229.

⁵⁸Ori., "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.⁵⁹

For the Backsliders.

- [1.] Thou sinner's Advocate with God,
The poor, backsliding children save,
Who wandring⁶⁰ 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,
Yearn 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.

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

⁶⁰Ori., "wander."

VIII.⁶¹

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.⁶²
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.⁶³

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!"^[63]

X.⁶⁴

For men in a Storm.

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

⁶¹Appears also in MS Intercession, 4. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:230.

⁶²Cf. Numbers 11:26–27.

⁶³Appears also in MS Intercession, 5. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:231.

⁶⁴Appears 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!”⁶⁵]

2. Soon as to Thee for help they look,
Thy help to the distrest afford,
Silence the winds, the flouds 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.⁶⁵

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.

⁶⁵Appears 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.⁶⁶

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.⁶⁷

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.⁶⁸

For a dying Unbeliever.

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

⁶⁶Appears also in MS Intercession, 6. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:232.

⁶⁷Appears also in MS Intercession, 7. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:232.

⁶⁸Appears 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.⁶⁹

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.⁷⁰

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,

⁶⁹Appears also in MS Intercession, 7. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:233.

⁷⁰Appears 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.⁷¹

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,

⁷¹Appears also in MS Intercession, 9. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:234–35.

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

XVIII.⁷²

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,

⁷²Appears 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 in⁷³ 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.

⁷³“Faith in” has “hope of” written in the margin as an alternative.

XIX.⁷⁴

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.⁷⁵

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 land⁷⁶ to save,
Or rush into his Country's grave!
2. His talents take into thy hand,
And bless them for the public weal,

⁷⁴Appears also in MS Intercession, 11. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:236–37.

⁷⁵Appears 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.

⁷⁶Ori., “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, 1776.⁷⁷

- [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 mighty⁷⁸ arm in mercy bared;
Thy wonder-working power
Appear'd in all thy people's sight,
And stopt the spirit in its flight,
Or⁷⁹ bad the grave restore.
3. In faith we ask a fresh reprieve;
Frequent in deaths, he still⁸⁰ shall live,
If Thou pronounce the word,

⁷⁷A looseleaf copy (with minor variants, noted here) is present at MARC: DDWes 1/47. CW 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.

⁷⁸DDWes 1/47 substitutes “glorious” for “mighty.”

⁷⁹Ori., “~~And~~.” The transcript in the letter to Mary Fletcher reads “And.”

⁸⁰DDWes 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.⁸¹**

- [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;

⁸¹Published 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, 1781.⁸²**

- [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,⁸³
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.

⁸²Published 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.

⁸³The Duke copy substitutes “stroke” for “shock.”

Thanksgiving
for an Escape of being crush'd to death,
Nov. 8, 1782.⁸⁴

- [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:

⁸⁴Published 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.⁸⁵

- [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.

⁸⁵Published 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 14:17.⁸⁶

- [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:

⁸⁶Published 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.¹

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.²

- [1.] O could 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^s 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.

¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:185.

²Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:185.

³Ori., "of."

III.⁴

- [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.⁵

- [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,

⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:186.

⁵Appears 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.⁶

- [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
The⁷ fruit of thy passion
Accomplish'd is this,

⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:186.

⁷Ori., “Fo.”

⁸ 'Tis present salvation,
Tis heavenly bliss.

VI.⁹

[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.]¹⁰ 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.¹¹

[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;

⁸Charles 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.

⁹Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:260.

¹⁰Ori., “3.”

¹¹Published 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.¹²

- [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,

¹²Published 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.¹³

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.

¹³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:187–88.

[blank]

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

[I.]¹⁴

- [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,¹⁵
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:

¹⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:282–83.

¹⁵Cf. 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.[†]

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.¹⁶

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

[†]And while to earthly things we cleave,
Our consolation *here* receive.¹⁷

¹⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:284–86.

¹⁷These 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.]¹⁸

- [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 whole¹⁹
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.

¹⁸Published in *Arminian Magazine* 8 (1785): 64.

¹⁹Ori., "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.²⁰

- [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.

²⁰Published 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. 5:44.²¹

- [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 unrenew'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,

²¹Published 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.²²**

- [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.]²³ Inthron'd at God's right hand He sits
Maintainer of our Cause,

²²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:85–87.

²³Ori., “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].²⁴

- [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,

²⁴Published 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 hath²⁵ 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].²⁶

- [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,

²⁵Ori., “had.”

²⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:63–64. CW 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. 46:4.²⁷**

- [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.

²⁷Published 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 10:14.²⁸

- [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.

²⁸Published 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].**²⁹

- [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,

²⁹An 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 3:5.³⁰

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

³⁰An 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.]³¹

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.]

2.³²

- [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.

³¹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:457.

³²Published 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.]**

3.³³

- [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:

³³Published 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 12:21.³⁴

- [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,

³⁴Published 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.³⁵

- [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,
Mine³⁶ 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.

³⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:177.

³⁶Ori., "Him."

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

[I.]³⁷

- [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,

³⁷Published 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.³⁸

- [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.

³⁸Published 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.³⁹

- [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,

³⁹Published 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, 1779.⁴⁰

- [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

⁴⁰Published 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.⁴¹
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 our⁴² sins remove
And save us thro' thy pardning love.

⁴¹Ori., "heat."

⁴²Ori., "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, 1779.⁴³

- [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,

⁴³Two earlier drafts appear in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 7–12. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:306–08. In June 1779 Spain joined France and the North American colonists in their rebellion against England, leading King George III to announce that England was now in danger of attack by Spain, and to proclaim a special national day of fasting and prayer on Friday, Sept. 30, 1779.

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
The⁴⁴ 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.

⁴⁴Ori., "A."

Written Sept. 9, 1779
When the Combined Fleets of France
and Spain were in the Channel.⁴⁵

- [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:

⁴⁵Published 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 compact⁴⁶ 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]⁴⁷

⁴⁶Ori., "counsel."

⁴⁷The poem is incomplete. "The" is indicated at the bottom of the page as the first word of verse on the next page. But CW 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, 1779.⁴⁸**

- [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:

⁴⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:138–39. This and the following three poems concern Charles's confrontation with Alexander M'Nab 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, 1779.⁴⁹

- [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,

⁴⁹A 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 rash⁵⁰ 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, 1779.⁵¹

- [1.] My God, be Thou my Guide,
My strength and wisdom be,
And far from danger,⁵² 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.

⁵⁰MA 1977/583/31 substitutes "unkind" for "one rash."

⁵¹A looseleaf version of this hymn in CW'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.

⁵²MS 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 sworn⁵³ 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.

⁵³MS at Harvard substitutes "Resolv'd" for "And sworn."

Another
[Written at Bristol, Dec. 7, 1779].⁵⁴

- [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,

⁵⁴Published 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.⁵⁵

- [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.

⁵⁵Published 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, 1778.⁵⁶

- [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.

⁵⁶Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:195–96. CW's birthday was actually on Dec. 18. He consistently remembered 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.

⁵⁷ **A Father's prayer for his Son.**⁵⁸

[I.]⁵⁹

- [1.] God of all-sufficient grace,
Hear an anxious Parent's cry,
While my Intercessor prays,
While I on his prayer rely,⁶⁰
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,

⁵⁷Pages 249–252 were originally numbered 251, 252, 249, 250. In each case the number is struckout and replaced with the number shown here.

⁵⁸The son in question was surely Samuel; though CW broadens in the later hymns in this set to include all his children.

⁵⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:293.

⁶⁰Ori., “~~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.⁶¹

- [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.

⁶¹Published 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.⁶²

- [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;

⁶²Published 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 the⁶³ 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.

⁶³Ori., "their."

IV.⁶⁴

- [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.

⁶⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:288–89.

V.⁶⁵

- [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.

⁶⁵A 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.⁶⁶

- [1.] Father, who dost in secret see,
Or' overwhelm'd with anxious care
I cast my anxious care on Thee
In humble, pensive prayer:

⁶⁶Published 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, redeeming⁶⁷ 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:

⁶⁷“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.⁶⁸

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,

⁶⁸ 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 child⁶⁹ 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,⁷⁰
And spread to earth's remotest bound
The Music of thy Name!⁷¹

⁶⁹Ori., "Son."

⁷⁰Ori., "pr," which is likely the beginning of "praise."

⁷¹Ori., "~~powers of Jesus Name~~" changed to "Music of thy Name!"

VIII.⁷²

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.

⁷²A 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.⁷³

- [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.

⁷³Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:295.

X.⁷⁴

For the same, in great danger.⁷⁵

- [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.

⁷⁴Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:295–96.

⁷⁵To 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.⁷⁶

- [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.

⁷⁶Published 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,
Listening to Religion's foes,
 Left to infidels a prey,
Led by passion, and by pride,
Safe, he seeks no other Guide.⁷⁷
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.

⁷⁷CW originally ended this hymn (XI.) with stanza 4 and followed it with the start of stanza 1 of the next hymn (XII.). Then CW 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.⁷⁸

- [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.

⁷⁸Published 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.⁷⁹

⁷⁹“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,^[89]
 T' increase the joys of heaven.

XIII.⁸⁰

- [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.

⁸⁰Published 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.⁸¹

- [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.

⁸¹Published 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,
[^c]Woud I had died for Thee!^[s]”⁸²

4. His death could not revoke
Th’ abandon’d rebel’s fate;
But mine is not of Thee forsook,⁸³
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.

⁸²Cf. 2 Samuel 18:33. The correct spelling is “Absalom.”

⁸³In 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.⁸⁴

- [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,

⁸⁴Published 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.]¹

- [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,²
Go forth with the ascending ray
Our travel³ 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.

¹An earlier draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts), 15. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:70.

²Ori., "procure."

³I.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.⁴

- [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 repays⁵ all our toil,
 Of his favor possest
We an earnest obtain of our heavenly rest.

⁴A 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.

⁵DDCW 6/74 reads: “or’epays.”

3. While earning our bread,
 On the⁶ 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.⁷

- [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.

⁶DDCW 6/74, ori., "his."

⁷Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:290.

2. Thro' Thee, superior to their frown,
Superior to⁸ 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.

⁸Ori., "thro'."

IV.⁹

- [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,

⁹Published 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.¹⁰

- [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,

¹⁰Published 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.¹¹

- [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.

¹¹Published 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 artifiical 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 celestial¹² feast
A Sabbath of eternal rest!

¹²Ori., "eternal."

VII.¹³

- [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

¹³Published 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.]¹⁴

- [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,

¹⁴Published 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.¹⁵

- [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,¹⁶
T' arrest his haste to be undone,
And save the wretch—against his will.
3. [unfinished]

¹⁵ Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:140.

¹⁶ Ori., "will."

[blank]

For One seeking the truth.¹⁷

- [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,

¹⁷Published 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,¹⁸
Fitted by humility
Make me to salvation wise,
Then receive me up to Thee.

Another
[For One seeking the truth].¹⁹

- [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:

¹⁸Ori., "sight."

¹⁹An 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 roads²⁰
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.

²⁰Ori., “ways.”

[blank]

For preserving grace.

I.²¹

- [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:

²¹Published 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:
Shoud I see a thousand days,
I trust thy guardian power to prove,
Saved by all-sufficient²² grace,
And all-victorious love.

II.²³

“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.

²²In the last two lines of stanza 6, CW originally had “all-sufficient” reversed with “all-victorious,” but numbered the words to show the order shown above.

²³Published 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].²⁴

- [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.

²⁴Published 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].²⁵

- [1.] O that I, Lord, in Thee alone²⁶
 Coud seek my whole delight, and find!
 Thy perfect²⁷ will on me be done,
 Who to thy perfect²⁸ will resign’d
 In faith for full salvation pray,²⁹
 And for thy³⁰ 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 nothing³¹ 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.³²

²⁵Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:291–92. A shorthand draft of this hymn appears on the back of a letter CW received from Lt. Colonel Colin Campbell (dated April 25, 1786) asking CW to visit his mother, who was gravely ill and always drew comfort from CW’s sermons; 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).

²⁶Shorthand version reads “O that I in the Lord alone.”

²⁷Shorthand version begins “His holy.”

²⁸Shorthand version reads “holy” instead of “perfect.”

²⁹Ori., “stay.”

³⁰Shorthand version reads “his” instead of “thy”.

³¹Shorthand version reverses order of “I” and “nothing.”

³²Shorthand 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].³³

- [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.³⁴
4. This is the time: I surely may
Salvation find on this glad day,

³³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:51.

³⁴CW 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.³⁵

- [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?

³⁵Published 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.³⁶

- [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;

³⁶Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:254–55.

- O could I without ceasing pray,
And always watch, and always fear!
5. O could I faithfully embrace
Thy promise, Lord, as made to me
“I will refresh thy soul with grace,
[⁴]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,³⁷
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:

³⁷CW 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.³⁸

- [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.

³⁸Published 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.³⁹

- [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.

³⁹Published 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. 12:9.⁴⁰

- [1.] Full oft have I besought Thee, Lord,
 To take this thorn away,

⁴⁰Published 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 my⁴¹ weakness join'd
To thy Omnipotence.

⁴¹Ori., "thy."

**“Wash thy heart, O Jerusalem, that thou mayst
be saved.”—Jerem. 4:14.⁴²**

- [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 die⁴³
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,

⁴²Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 10:12–13.

⁴³I.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 dazling 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].⁴⁴

- [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,

⁴⁴Published 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 everlasting⁴⁵ rest.

For Redemption.

[I.]⁴⁶

- [1.] How long shall I complain
Of the fierce war within,
The importunity and pain
Of this rebellious sin;

⁴⁵Ori., “~~my eternal~~” changed to “everlasting.”

⁴⁶Published 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.⁴⁷

II.⁴⁸

- [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,⁴⁹
Prevalent still for sinners cries:

⁴⁷“One with Thee” has “join'd to Thee” written in the margin as an alternative.

⁴⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:252.

⁴⁹Ori., “tree.”

It speaks; and it hath gain'd my Cause,
And bought my mansion in the skies.

III.⁵⁰

- [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!

⁵⁰Published 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 in⁵¹ perfect love.

“Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.”
—Matt. 8:[2].⁵²

- [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.

⁵¹Ori., “is.”

⁵²Published 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].⁵³**

- [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.

⁵³Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:32–33.

“To do thee good in thy latter end.”
—Deut. [8:16].⁵⁴

- [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!

⁵⁴Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:98.

**For a Sick Friend, (Mrs. H.),
April 2, 1786.⁵⁵**

- [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 urge⁵⁶ 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 knows⁵⁷ 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,

⁵⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:296–97. This hymn was likely concerning Mary Horton, who died soon after. Cf. MS Death of Mary Horton.

⁵⁶Ori., “we not not urge,” an error.

⁵⁷Ori., “knowst.”

Walk in the works for her prepar'd
Inhance her infinite reward,
And win a brighter crown.

5. [unfinished]

Written in Uncertainty.⁵⁸

- [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.

⁵⁸Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 13:256.

Thanksgiving for our Victory at Sea, Apr. 12, 1782.⁵⁹

- [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.⁶⁰
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!

⁵⁹Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:89.

⁶⁰Charles 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.