

MS Miscellaneous Hymns (drafts)¹

Looseleaf drafts of ten items in MS Miscellaneous Hymns have survived in present collections of Charles Wesley's manuscript poetry. For the convenience of readers, we have gathered them together in this collection. They are presented below in the order that they appear in MS Miscellaneous Hymns. While page breaks in the drafts are reproduced, readers should know that the pages in the drafts are typically unnumbered.

All but one of the drafts included in this file are part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre in Manchester. Their specific location is noted below. Their transcription is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester. The remaining draft is found in the Charles Wesley Manuscript Letters and Documents section of Special Collections, Bridwell Library, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas; it too is transcribed with permission.

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.
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[Commemorative Hymn.]²

[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.
3. Bolder³ I with my Fellows grew,
 Nor yet to Evil *ran*
But envied those who dar'd 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,⁴
But visitedst my infant breast
 With trouble, or Delight:
Repuls'd, and griev'd, thy Spirit strove,
 And kept my soul in awe!
Or drew me with the Cords of Love
 Without the Fiery Law.

²MARC, DDCW 6/66. The three parts are written almost entirely on one side of a foolscap sheet of paper (8.5 in. by 13.5 in.), so page breaks here are not indicative of the text. A longer, polished draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 12–17. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 8:390–94.

³Ori., “In years.”

⁴Ori., “When farthest from thy Sight.”

5. Without the law I liv'd a while,
Till the Commandment came
And stirr'd me up, by virtuous Toil
To hide my vicious Shame;
To stablish my own righteousness,
"Controuller of the skies,"
And make with GOD my labour'd Peace,
And purchase Paradise.
6. Thine Eye beneath the Figtree saw
My self-concealing strife,
And sent the Thunders of thy Law
To slay my righteous life!⁵
The sin-convincing Spirit blew
My leafy veil aside
My virtuous Confidence or'ethrew
And blasted all my Pride.
7. O what a cruel war ensued
What grief, and shame, and pain!⁶
I only fought to fall subdued,
And rose to fall again
A thousand Vows I fondly made
A thousand Vows I broke
Master'd by sin, and captive led,
Yet⁷ not by GOD forsake.
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,
Unfelt, unseen, it still was nigh,
Throughout my youthful days:

⁵A "†" at the end of line 4 marked the addition of lines 5–8, located at the top of the column 2 on the manuscript page.

⁶Ori., "What heart distracting Pain!"

⁷Ori., "Yet by."

Glory to GOD alone I give,
Instructed from above,
Father, I now at last 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,
With sacred Cowardise!

3. Thy goodness plac'd my Parents good
As guardian Angels near,
Arm'd with thy flaming sword they stood,
T' inspire me with thy Fear
Paternal or Fraternal Care
I see was only Thine
And
[]

Part III.⁸

But how⁹ have I alas, repaid
The Blessings from above,
What grateful Retribution made
For all thy Waste of Love!

O Spare me a little
Forsake me not when my
Strength faileth me¹⁰

⁸Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:437.

⁹Ori., "what."

¹⁰These three phrases are written in a second column; apparently as starters for further verses.

On Entering a New Habitation¹¹

- [1.] Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
 Manifest in grace and peace,
Consecrate thine 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 Eternal dwell;
Yet who keep thy dear commands
 Shall thy constant presence feel,
Rais'd into a glorious 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.

¹¹MARC, DDCW 3/6 (photocopy of an autograph said to be on loan to Wesley's Chapel but current location unknown). A slightly different version appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 171. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:219.

“Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?”
—Job [14:4].¹²

- [1.] Not one of all the sons of men,
Not one of th’ angelic train
The mighty wonder can perform,
Or purify a sinful worm;
But Him, whom God supreme we own,
Such power belongs to Christ alone.
2. Thou canst a clean and holy thing
Out of a filthy sinner bring,
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,¹³
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,¹⁴ I sink to hell.
4. Uncertain what my end shall be,
My desperate Cause I leave to Thee,¹⁵
If justice triumphs over grace,
For ever banish’d from thy face,
If grace prevails, I rise forgiven,
And pure in heart, return to heaven.

¹²MARC, MA 1977/583/32, item #11. A polished version appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 220–21. Published posthumously in *Poetical Works*, 9:250.

¹³Ori., “~~Of other succour I~~ despair.”

¹⁴Ori., “~~Unclean’d, unsav’d.~~”

¹⁵Wesley’s original version of the first two lines of this stanza were:
My desperate Cause I leave to thee,
~~Thy will be done concerning me.~~

I John 3:5, *He was manifest to take away our sins.*¹⁶

- [1.] Eternal Son of God most high,
Whose glory fills both earth and sky,
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 precious¹⁷ Self reveal,
Satan, with all his works t' expel,
And more than conquering sin, remove,
Destroy it, all by 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!

¹⁶MARC, MA 1977/594/7, item #2. Appears with slight variants in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 221–22. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 2:472–73.

¹⁷Ori., “glorious.”

1779.¹⁸

- [1.] God of all grace and patience, hear
The few that still thy rod revere
And stoop beneath thy hand,
Hear, and revoke the dreadful¹⁹ word,
Nor let the desolating²⁰ 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
Than all the ungodly²¹ crowd,
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 spurned thy richest love.²²

¹⁸MARC, MA 1977/594/11. A more polished draft follows immediately below. The most polished draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 235–38. Here it is specified as written for the Fast Day declared in Britain for 30 July 1779, related to the ongoing war in North America. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:306–8.

¹⁹Ori., “righteous.”

²⁰Ori., “fierce invader’s.”

²¹Ori., “impious.”

²²Ori., “And left our former love.”

5. Our guides²³ have left the narrow way
Regardless of their faith's decay,
 Willing the cross to shun:
Our guides²⁴ have lost their single eye
And sought themselves to magnify
 And not their Lord alone.
6. Raised 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 which loves its own,
No more as hereticks²⁵ reject,
Or brand us, as an odious sect;
 The world and we are One.
8. How can we 'scape the curse extreme
Unless we all²⁶ ourselves condemn
 And to our Smiter turn?
Judgment must at thy house begin,²⁷
Unless our aggravated sin²⁸
 With contrite hearts we mourn.²⁹
9. Saviour and Prince, enthron'd on high,
To Thee, our last resource,³⁰ we cry
 And sue to be forgiven,³¹

²³Wesley underlines "Our guides" and suggests "Numbers" as an alternative.

²⁴Wesley underlines "Our guides" and suggests "Numbers" as an alternative.

²⁵Ori., "~~enemies.~~"

²⁶Ori., "~~first.~~"

²⁷Ori., "~~Before thy plagues with us begin.~~"

²⁸Ori., "~~Unless we all our fondest sin.~~"

²⁹Ori., "~~In dust and ashes mourn.~~"

³⁰Ori., "~~with trembling hope.~~"

³¹Ori., "~~To be again forgiven.~~"

We join our weak desires to Theirs
Whose prevalent effectual prayers
Can shut and open heaven.

10.³² Since Thou hast left thyself a seed
Who ceaseless for our Sodom plead
With Abraham's faith endued,
Hear Thy own Spirit's cry³³ in Them
And from a double death³⁴ redeem
The guilty multitude.

11. Our³⁵ 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 glorify
The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high,
Our Saviour-Prince above,
Extol thy glorious majesty³⁶
And give our ransom'd lives to Thee,
Th' almighty God of Love.

³²This was originally stanza 11, but Charles marked in the manuscript to reverse it with the stanza that now appears as stanza 11.

³³Ori., "groan."

³⁴Ori., "from eternal death."

³⁵Ori., "Their."

³⁶Ori., "Supreme in power and majesty."

Written in August 1779.³⁷

1. God of all grace and patience, hear
The Few that still thy Rod revere
 And stoop beneath thy hand,
Hear, and revoke the dreadful word,
Nor let the desolating Sword
 Go through our sinful Land.
2. In haste their measure to fulfil,³⁸
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
 Than all th' ungodly crowd,
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 spurned thy richest love.

³⁷MARC, MA 1977/583/31, side 1. See the earlier draft immediately above. The most polished draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 235–38. Here it is specified as written for the Fast Day declared in Britain for 30 July 1779, related to the ongoing war in North America. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:306–8.

³⁸Ori., “In haste to fill their measure.”

5. Numbers have left the narrow way
Regardless of their faith's decay,
 Willing the cross to shun:
Numbers have lost their single eye
And sought themselves to magnify
 And not their Lord alone.
6. Raised 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 would rise,
 But each would greatest be.
7. Our wine with water mixt, our gold
Is dim, our charity grown cold;
 The world which 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, enthron'd on high,
To Thee, our last Resource, we cry
 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 endued,
Hear thy own Spirit's cry in Them
And from a double death redeem
 The 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,
Extol thy glorious Majesty
And give our ransom'd lives to Thee,
 Th' almighty God of Love.

[Untitled]³⁹

- [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 life⁴⁰ within,
The⁴¹ grace which sure salvation brings,
And hide them underneath thy wings
From hell, the world, and sin.
- 3.⁴² 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. Inspired with⁴³ 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.⁴⁴

³⁹MARC, MA 1977/594/7, item #1. A polished draft appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 254–55. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:188–89.

⁴⁰Ori., “**grace.**”

⁴¹Ori., “**Of.**”

⁴²In the left margin, opposite this stanza is written in another hand “Amen. J. H.” This is likely James Henderson.

⁴³Ori., “**Giver of.**”

⁴⁴The last three lines above are Charles's replacement for this original:

~~Till thou the gospel faith bestow
And give their trembling souls to know
Thy sweet constraining love.~~

He also suggested in the margin “pardon'd” as an alternative to “trembling”; before rewriting the whole.

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 sinners' 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.

[I.]⁴⁵

- [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 Providential⁴⁶ call,
Things honest in the sight of all
Industrious to provide,
Go forth with the ascending ray
Our travel for our bread to pay,
And still in Thee confide.⁴⁷
3. Thy blessing makes our work succeed,
Thy bounty gives our daily bread,
And nourish'd from above
We here our proper place maintain,
And pay our *only* debt to man
In pure, fraternal love.
4. Assur'd Thou wilt direct our ways
Who Thee in all events confess,
And in thy goodness trust,
With chearful hearts⁴⁸ we labour on,
Till nature lays her burthen down,
And dust returns to dust.

⁴⁵MARC, MA 1977/583/32, item #15. A polished version appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 273–74. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:70.

⁴⁶Ori., “~~word and Spirit's.~~”

⁴⁷Ori., “As Providence shall guide.”

⁴⁸Ori., “~~restless strife.~~”

For One Seeking the Truth⁴⁹

- [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 knowledge cry,
Which Thou alone canst give.
2. All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
Nor can we find the living way,
Without celestial light:
Thy Spirit, Lord, vouchsafe⁵⁰ to me,
That I the shining path may see,
And serve my God aright.
3. Which of a thousand different roads⁵¹
Will lead me to those bright abodes,
Where my Creator dwells?
Father, I woud thy word receive;
The answer unambiguous give
From thy own oracles.
4. Thy Spirit doth thy word⁵² 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.

⁴⁹Present in Charles Wesley Manuscript Letters and Documents, Special Collections, Bridwell Library (SMU). A polished version appears in MS Miscellaneous Hymns, 286–87. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:295–96.

⁵⁰Ori., “Lord, ~~on me~~.”

⁵¹Ori., “ways.”

⁵²Ori., “mi[nd].”